

We're in love with the modern
world, Lighter than air,
primordial, solar-

orange. First arcade then
wasteland, where kids circle,
kids circle tubes

&. Modern- the
modern world. Come
Empire and chicken,

pools on the pound shop
roof, of light. Of purified gas,
a bright disco of

inert mouths. Noble
outed in the aftermath of
a missing church, broken

noses. An ache of shoppers
with craning necks, the rain,
in love, the world.

Infinite spark, birthing balls,
cries in fluorescence,
the gas/air of labour,

the pain of care, of un.
Geezers hold tight in their hearts,
a mother grasps onto a

moment- hair collapsing
upon her naked back.
In lust, in wilderness,

fragile as the skull of a bird,
dreaming only of England,
of love- her electric arc.

Earlier I see a woman with foil on her hair like a shining tree.
Spring is toothless as a mystic, missing idiot. The Mall is ripe,
bloody with Valentine's, men swirl around the cards in pain.
Sometimes the atmosphere here is thick as bastards, we
trot our paths like half asleep, sticking our kids on plastic.

A portal opens upwards. A lift bings and there we see
a goose-fat poet harping on, still thinking. A crack runs
along the narrative, a blind need. People hobble through
BHS with nothing to buy. Once a bird flew in and smashed
itself into darkness - a panic that ran through us like splendour.