

from Rift Designs  
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## LIV

we collide while passing through the ring stage  
where our theme is maybe and perhaps  
we're incomplete  
the telegram reads  
found dead white cottage  
near the worst of day  
on a calender nitrous with oxide  
he slowly turning, tattooed and  
naked to write the past particle of psyche  
with gut of string to isolate—  
I don't think it's that man in that dwelling  
lips dry and quizzical, but  
sling out his remainder  
come nightfall, just to be sure

LV

threading towards a faint  
gesture the terminus  
where she lay in the mud  
with shoe of straw  
and I don't want to be part of the problem  
I see only a succession of pitiful actions performed  
with tweezers, bitter almond and peach-kernel;  
before we order could you please tell us, very slowly,  
whereabouts we are—  
she's got a licence, see,  
sticky in the ebb of code where  
if she doesn't she doesn't—though  
it's too late now to afflict myself  
with numbness, with imbalance

## LVI

before we talk about the remaining options I should say  
I've sunk more reasonable economies than this—  
there's one note left per bar for the corporation  
that busted gang in petrol  
has actually recruited more sound  
(the legal contemplation isn't as dessicated  
as outsiders tend to believe: caput or what, backer)  
under volunteer tongue, left arm twinned to a misericorde,  
you could do with some inattention yourself: memory here  
insight there as we head out and up—  
protect me at the hinge,  
a chalkface suddenly flaring in the light—  
imagine the effect of saying *and thus I slew him*,  
though what I'm thinking of is more like a lift

## LVII

it disperses a sequence of drops  
a wake and automatic as  
big dollops of weld circuit me  
in whereas this resembles a little  
jet of warm—  
I wonder if it's so interesting  
when always available—  
senex to guttering candle the  
scrape of wax at tun of road  
beneath a gate dialectically  
opposed to free radicals at the upturn  
of a youngish mind  
and I presume if you lose you are lost,  
seen halfdead with me oxygen on, for sure

## LVIII

as I open the gates they catch up (simply say yes  
to everything) in such protected works I envy the dissolving  
glimpse of wilful vagueness rather than discrete items:  
ash-wedding, a sprig of metal attached to a cheekbone,  
the remnants of Element One—  
our strap is asymmetric, the lovely old house  
up the hill with its gravel mizmaze  
habitual nightwalk and convulsives,  
cognition stalking abroad after curfew—  
I wouldn't say it was all pointless,  
you could migrate if you wanted and  
there are courtyards out back, but I  
wish you were here scanning up for me come  
morning, wash-hand extended

## LIX

the post-haste position is unnecessary  
and as such can be waived,  
tests reveal there's very little oxygen left—  
I did as perplexed  
surrounded by people talking of their own excretions  
(she's now two and half miles thick)  
sickle cut, primary in the disruptive mode  
red-hot soot behind the eyeball;  
with one lumen per square centimetre  
she says I'm not region one I'm region two  
then it's the big sprint finish back into the grounds,  
use your rhomboid arm and any redundant levers,  
we need to know when you started feeling younger—  
nothing bears so heavily on the events of that day

LX

he knocks these out three at a time  
delicate circles of hell pierced by coffee grounds  
set loose into daylight, but here comes the night  
the slope down to spleen with distal bearings  
a chain of suspension in the descant,  
drop-eye of atropine;  
there has to be a loop in this dialogue  
which I'm just not getting  
roofstrap split at the same metre  
played out identikit—  
now give me back my anon  
(trust me, you won't even remember we were here)  
I couldn't watch but am content to listen to the crowd,  
now let me be impossible once more and once more



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