

## SJ Fowler

### (rexroth's knuckle)

and she is lovely  
and has red hair - Apollinaire

untorped, her hide-red  
springs free allowing a foxes  
underbelly to pattern  
upon her skin presumably  
her whiter skull looks  
up more often than the others

taking notes, preempting forgetfulness  
that will deny the prattlings  
of the speaker, while a netball  
is struck against the turf  
trying to alight the reluctance  
of the religious college

divides my attention  
from a lap matted too  
I surrender with perfumed  
foxfur. Imagine, as she crosses  
herself, she might lisp  
my name, her intention tame

**(how hopeful, how hopeful is the landscape of Southern Spain)**

though we are barely friends we holidayed  
together and when you left the room to shower I  
milled, I grasped the witness throat, and  
threatened her should she tell you of what I  
was to do to the pajamas you left on the bed  
I sniffed the crotch they were not yet dry  
the other girl soiled her underwear through fear  
having witnessed what I warned her she would  
have witnessed and not be allowed to speak of  
which led to more difficulties when I had to tear  
them from her and smell them and then prise  
open her legs which is how you found us when  
you came back into the room from the bathroom  
and got the wrong impression because the only  
reason I went on holiday was that you would  
come with me and that I might get a chance at  
your used clothes and we might live together

## **(Brotherhood of Odin)**

fire is not appreciated so Loki comes free  
Odin, snug in a blue cloak, hides

and huddling from the camera, explains  
mythology is Eliadec. Fenris is unleashed

father is distracted by two cars  
engines explode as he has them collide

Balder sleeps on the mountain undisturbed  
Fenris eats the sun and the world goes dark

Surtr is all that can be seen, the size of the  
disc, pregnant, a broken arm

he cannot get his motor started, he has tripped  
over varg and that light too is extinguished.

**(Ekelof)**

I have a travelling circus  
the support act is a  
lecture series of obscure public speakers  
I set them their topics  
they have met in  
private  
to denounce my control  
I am overbearing, they say  
'even a man who can't pretend  
remembrance  
to be the purpose of his poetry  
is slighted when  
totally forgotten'  
how do you know who is remembering  
what & when?  
the whole of Orebro might be thinking of his verse  
this very minute  
I doubt that  
they are dancing alone  
before their laptop computers  
miming  
quarter naked  
icing trailing a line from their  
chin to the their groins  
so quiet  
make them recite Ekelof  
off pat  
indelible in memory

**(later writings)**

boredom leads to every possible kind of ungenuity - F.D

who is qualified?

the relentless hymn of a skinrash is certificated  
lacing waterslush with dopamine  
dust and air and skin rendered into a wafer

dreys of mouse dropping  
dry pithy and grey  
a gouge in the net of sleep

for more black is coming in, streaming  
through the millipede crack, more night

a coinslot, in collusion with pistons, blinking  
the vehicle of somnolence wheeled

feeding off  
suppressing the portents  
of its overwhelming

so idleness has lost its light again  
paralysing the pause  
appetites rapid or starved

the physic anorex  
soto its seeping  
I send greeting

beneath the leys.  
And we have had to lead the way unailing,  
to come against the canals of mixing screens

the unnoticed growth of a paunch  
boredom sits  
beneath our coats

**(the clearing hides)**

to live authentically is to live in full  
awareness of the nothingness of one's self  
Martin Heidegger

wanting it alert, ears up, we skin over the  
lightning that collects around the peeling blade  
incising the breastbone of the bear and running  
down to the anus, listen to the whispers of clouds  
underwater, the melting black armour of water  
dregs of the red cannot escape the body of the  
maw, keep the leg bones attached to the toes  
the toes keep attached to the hip, secure the  
clearing, use firebreaks. Keep the flesh in paws  
the bear teaches her lovers her secret, leave  
the wings. No chemicals. It is in the hiding that  
she offers herself to me most truly. Mounted  
on my wall, the fourfold, the worlds behind