

*A visit to the city makes it easy to visualise the description of an early visitor to China who reported that buddleia thickets on shingle beside the Satani River provided "famous harbourage for tigers". O L Gilbert, quoted in Richard Mabey, **Flora Britannica** (Chatto & Windus, 1997)*

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laughter with purple

that's what's important

sunlight's good

across what's diverse

chubby green waterways barges

a man watching his son fish

it doesn't matter about the self

there isn't one

possession please

only from what nourishes

other people'll tell you

trust them & you

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berries like far points of light

red flashes condensing

arcing like cars

stubborn resistances

a trembling reflection

covers us

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stand in the throng

inverted city shapes

late afternoon and grey

some urgent talk

traffic and the others

on parle français

look fucking being

there's an entry

perished through cold

a courtyard of dustbins

this is the place

suddenly here

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stray voices

obtrude in shaving  
you want bleak  
we'll give it you  
everything  
will be done  
the beached fridge  
under the oil tank  
mind  
you don't hurt yourself now  
see birds like big fuzzy felts  
ruffled back a bit silent  
alleying like iron  
county intuition  
a true reflection  
some of us

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layout and consciousness  
irony hangs like earrings  
long, dangling and pink  
don't keep out a sound now  
this teacher is serious  
our horizon bleak  
codings mesh / unmesh  
seeming arthropod engagements

spastic abreactions twitch us on  
can now take place  
in the midst of all this pleasure  
some cloud in our knowing

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one of us  
not one of you  
no fucking millions  
like flies  
no accounting in this  
for the unplanned  
just grown there  
a coral self of checks and monitors  
you can see my tampons  
not the inner office please  
why don't we play at playing  
one of you did this  
and you don't see  
why not

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