

Poems

Christopher Barnes

Imminent Arrest

Ken dolls in superoxide coats,
Propellered hats, jostling-lead gloves
- Not a riot-run of delicate distinctions
From The Others.
A middlemost set.
Brisk-casual, faces unsolved.

They're figuring,
Sure-footed at sweeping along
In digitally unbending lines,
Wire-pulled cruelly by The Fist
(Electrified vertical rods.)

Nowhere veiled on C-deck,
Nor in the Parking Orbit.
We make for Upset Sea
And its transparent tunnel.

Imposed Regimes

"Mr. Dregs these photographs are anti-types,
I'll kiss the book.
A dragnet of 52 Urban Gardens.

He supplants the scene to a pencilled sun
Haloing the window.

A shutter-release billiard room,
Junk landing, framed kitchenette.
In shift-lens
A next-to-nothing subbasement,
A fishtank of foolscap.
A telephoto zoom
To a stone dead personal bodyguard
On the floor.

(From the Spooks poems)

Imprint

The moon-squint flickered
On the lake's spine
Where once a monster
Laughing with grassed teeth
Frolicked like a much loved child
Before a time when we danced
Like quick-footed tadpoles
Over rock tops

Impromptu Gypsy Tangles

Slap-bang along the airwaves
New flamenco pitapats
In taprooms, saloons, mazy lanes.

Picasso would have chinked out
Jiggling to pluck-beats
Tapas in hand, dosi-doing from bar to bar,

Would have squelched umpty primers
Into sunset,
Smearing palette with matador gore.

We see no clued-up vignette,
No brush of charka,
No "tasks of youth leagues" chapbooks.

Just a blow of bulls in Pamplona,
A carnival of beelzebubs, monkey-monsters,
No-holds-barred tomato hurling rackets,

Open-matchbox verandas, smouldering pebbles,
Handkerchief headed English,
Seven seas of concrete.

(From the Castles in Spain poems)

**“In My Room The Sick Junky
Shivers On The 7th Day”**

A bust of Trotsky
And the abc of vascular diseases
Warming pages.

You breaths hot
Around the room,
Crocidillia, a leather doctor;
We side up
In the wiles of an unhurried hour
Waiting for life to stir.

Cell membrane is outer boundary;
A kiss is dry flowers.

Then the playground,
The pine bed.

Inhaled as vaporous light
You tiptoe through this pageant
All things loosened.

Sharp little cracks,
You might even make it back
Finding your head
Upon the pillow.

In The In-Rep Digs

O Krishna O Krishna O Krishna

The wall-eyed lovie
Sets to rest chants,
 Plain-sailing breaths
 In meditation,
Buoyed up for a goodnight widdle.

 Twilling the cistern wall
A ruffle of wide-spread millipede. Black.

 In a swivelly-peek
She lets him slip

With the contact lens.

O Krishna O Krishna O Krishna

Sleep runs away.
Dreamland's flinch-riddled,
Cold feet stirring blood.

A third-eye brow
Ripples hems on her head
Groping for a homely spot.

She quacks hysterical,
Calling in tongues
The enlightened spirit
Of transcendental browbeating.