Selected Poems

Christopher Barnes

Topsy-Turvy

In widow's weeds, the bull, the sun,

the flower, the light bulb – it clings

to room 7 of Centro de Arte Reina Sofia,

Guernica,* the fizzled-out horse, the woman.

Ma'am

so long as I

assimilate themes

from a cubed root

suchlike "whole pictures"

in gone-bad colour

you will remember:

gun-burst at railways

Jose on the bicycle,

rose-tinting an escape

in the blackness of your lace.

^{*}Spanish Civil War painting by Picasso

Another Rationale

"By accumulating & replacing commodities, obligatory work merely boosts the power of bosses, bureaucrats, leaders & idologies. So it becomes the object of workers' disgust."*

If this was a proem to carnage Where's the inference? Cannon fodder's under the paternal roof fathering a squirm. With no intent to talk tall on factors ponderably grave we've received corpse desperadoes.

We're ready to spring to shock.

*Raoul Vaneigem, Contributions To The Revolutionary Struggle

Legacy

They ramrod his insteps.
Ear-splitting.
Tongue-wag at your peril
on lose-a-chance auspicious hours.
Dead duck dupes
do out-on-a-limb hurry scurries.

His potency rattles firewalls into our palms, we'll thunder the door with combustibles, greasing the downdraught.

Don't turn a dead one to the free-for-all on your street – anyone can stunt ballistics.

Ideology

It hemorrhaged into the midline of fingertip packed lunch, a wavelengthed playing field, an excess, full-fraught inanities.

I'll shadow-inch your daily round unrolling a once-only way to your soon-dead self.
Resign to what's indulged, in flesh-creep credulity.

Spits of ammunition, a Browning, cordite and a Beretta'll squeeze you – catch the eye. Think!

Seeing Red

We'll facelift the darlings of sedition, tyrannise haunts of overseers, backlash the purge of upturners – newsflash! –

Our "cussedness" is decreed to exist. There's dustup nerve-wracks in this call to arms.

They vote against knowableness, the well-grounded. Is he despaired of?

A dying breath? Has The Minister croaked?

Policies

Pummel die-hards. Poker-faced power-drivers in the format of thorough-going damnations.

A nod, but do you scan, that far-flung pitiless glare, the biophysical essence of interception? Puke, dishevelled, an unwell envelope scares The State.

Pressure's to be husbanded. We don't kneel to the back-pat of wet blankets.

Tit And Tat

In our neck of the woods at dawn chorus, the garottee was dragged clangourously into the Peugeot for some tucked away provocation.

We're a lullaby, miscalled, white-collar root-and-branchers have gamesmanship to plot, 33 bludgeons of gelignite, a proclamation.

We're no mercenaries.