

Poem for the L.A. of Europe

Sobbing

looking at my tray of condiments
ketchup in a glass bottle; refracted light-brilliance,
brings me to tears

The problem of applying ketchup to my
scrambled egg, from the blinding glass bottle
To the toasted bread, I'm sobbing

At the crack of dawn below the stove light I have stood my ketchup bottle
I have stood it on a silver tray as if it was a model
The light above my stove, at dawn its colour glows favourably flooding

Sobbing, laughing
Condiments on a silver tray
Refracted lights on buttered toast play
With the might of my reflection

Through tears I see the light embark
Above my stove it strikes the dark
The polished surface of my silver tray
Leaving me all but blinded

From where I sit I see door, the knocking clic clop clip clop like a horse galloping
My loan shark he comes knocking

Now he's muscular type of guy
With a sprawling bush of chest hair barely contained in the perennial wife beater, he's taken pains; to
polish his favourite size 57 snakeskin boots, a custom job to throw me off they sound when he walks like
the hoof of a horse galloping down the corridor he comes knocking

My hand reaches for the light above the stove and presently in the pleasant glow
as if on an overnight flight below a lonely glowing reading light; My fridge begins it's humming
All Around the brilliant cone, endless rows of sleepers throned; bones then skin I feel my hands from
within; they're covered in dough for I fell asleep while baking

I often dream of ascending
Galloping now presenting; an absurd image of horses stampeding on the grass fields of my mind, then
down cobblestone brain folds reaching my spine
Hoofs of horses racing orbs of brilliant light around my stove, Around my pancreas, lungs and ears and
their lobes

My god I'm chocking, my loan shark wasn't joking
In the reflection of his eye I see the light in my own
Waining

Mr Daniel's please! From his grip I'm partially released: don't give me that shit guy, I've had it with your
horsing around, your pitiful face, your squandering ways
Mr Daniel's man, sorry I am; your such a based guy; and at that he snaps my elegant neck, leaving my
body, I see the scrambled egg; I see my lifeless, not unreasonably recently manicured fingers, stripped of
their golden rings my loan shark lingers

As I ascend to the heavens it's plain to see; the city's true face is revealed to me,
A gloating sprawl shaped like the palm of a hand held forth in way as if to say: no can do señor,

Or the shape of a patronising face halfheartedly mirroring my shock and awe;

Or the green of the bush that my publisher has taken to, spying on young couples from a bed of flowers

Or the shape of the permanent indentation in my couch that is my supine profile; the vestiges of a man
most likely to be found reading Gerald Murnane, neglecting the urgent matters that fill his soul with dread

Through tears I see the shape of a lark
My Sobbing laughing beating heart
Faces smiling in the Dark