

GILES GOODLAND

SCORPION

Once under a time and beneath the moon
the eye on grey terrain tracks other eyes
the meatwands and feelery digits by
which search-data sight, question flame. Think
like stone, sink like sand, wound the heel, issue
a tree the leaf of which curdles things
through head-openings on the trailed moon
that crawled into senses long behind us.
We mirrordrown our vectims with machine-
breath, headstrike the stonehinge, cut the middle-
man for love is our endonym with which
we instring the illominate unstrument
by rule of claw and law of cruel, by
stone will answer stone, spilling units of
harm. Revenge is a chilldish: we do not
make false stars. Understone the hole, the strings
run cool. The act of reading brings alive
the indoll with prick and tong the oracle
for sand derives us from tact and the stars
are caught out too long by our answers.
We forest the shadows, are nothing but that
which our name is full of: take head, surge
from rock, seize power while the people raise
cactus-flowers: our children might sing in
the world trade abstracted. A failed state's
ruler starts from the wasteland. Tails, they win.

SOLDIER ANT

Smiting with a hammer in the garden at
 rocks, they would be free of minutes.
 Their call to arms might be
 footfall, chemtrail, breadcrumb.
 Upheaving in hostotality
 they are looking for the bodies
 they shrivelled from. A joy-
 tormented tumultitude of
 centaurs in the dragonworld
 sugarsurges to the spalatial chambers.
 Political body is a panzer division.
 Theirs is the world through which the writing
 shows. When their army occupies
 the dictionary. Lawnforcement
 breaks down to turf-wars.
 When the Kings of Brazil are on the march
 dismay is general, since they have all one soul
 and make bridges of one another. River of
 pureprose or chaingang. They cast stars as lots:
 disorderers of seedstores, sappers,
 deforesters of pages, agents of
 entail, retail. In their khanates uzis
 and calamiterrors spread heavy loss. Their cry:
 allow the gods to judge men as you judge ants;
 art is efflorescence of capital, no more.
 Each fear handles its arms, swings warhammers
 to make the sky stop then setfeet into
 Noigandres and bladestorm the foodreserves.
 The black-helmeted 6th foot charges into
 the teeth of danger, it's said, to innovate
 is to destroy the words fall wrong, cutting-
 edge is cornquest, avant is guarded,
 will not withstand the pincer-move, the drowned fields
 of Mars where grass is flesh and art is dead.

WASPSNEST

Mao Tse-tung checks in to Schlosch Malebolge.
 A ghost dips in the crystal its image of
 desensed head hanging from the crossbeam
 as burn victims are inverted to facilitate
 blood flow. His mouth shoots semi-autonomous
 drones among the applefall, the fly zone.
 These ground-to-air bullets are thoughts.
 The nursery is ideawarm, peer inside:
 nightscrapes the glare-winged window-
 wing fanning with cellophane. In the head
 archive dossiers are chewed over, in the
 infirmary ans are added to aesthetic
 technicians draw the screen so silently.
 His thoughts are tending the Elysee's wide
 grounds' smoking orchards. The peace process
 is ongoing. Conference of worms, of flesh,
 comes to its predatormind outcome. Swarms
 blue the horizon, the media plants in
 the archival mudflat its cuneiforms
 concerting the busy griefs. Playing queen save
 the god in puckfist of clamber music
 the delegates over dinner speak
 meatlanguage of force majeur, tongueglue
 the unabrogable protocols. They don't
 say how each war is ground for the next: bombs
 are eggs of grubby dormant dynasties.
 We once included their briefest discourse
 saw in their paper, to spit through the gagged
 dumb mask the weaponry weeps and feasts.
 Powersurge blows the chandeliers.
 Thought, only nature can destroy the state.