

CHRIS ANDREWS

Sort of Kind of Like

Promiscuous as hair on the floor of the barber's shop
Safe as his scissors bathed in ultraviolet light
Obvious as spray-on hair thickener
Sharp as a cutthroat stropped on the palm

Like the brand fidelity of thieves
Discreet as the ears of a vole
Like a fluffy cocktail when you're really thirsty
Tangy as an old five-volt battery

If you can imagine a cross between
a tattoo soup and a musical sloth
or something like a cubist's routing tools
but more so, as if it had limped from the dreams
of a Gaudi of debt restructuring
or Melbourne's answer to Sydney's answer

Like the soft armchairs in funeral parlours
About as diplomatic as a wildcat
Like a traffic jam of driverless vehicles
Emphatic as the plumicorns of an owl

Frangible as a grain of incense on the anvil
Black as a drum of quenching water
Vast as the hindquarters of a rearing draught horse
Precious as a stardrop of solder

As sharp as tangy as emphatic etc.
as a trap for the only thing that will not spring it
set and tense with expectation
like a single ear of wheat in a limitless plain