

YOU WOULD BE AN  
ATTRACTIVE  
HAWK



BY ROB SHERMAN

Το γεράκι είναι ένα  
σπίτι,  
ένα τροχόσπιτο,  
λαμπυρίζει και  
γυρίζει τη δύση  
φορτίου του.

For Sarah

# FORGETFULNESS

I NEED YOU LIKE THE HOLE IN YOUR HEAD,  
PUT THERE BY FATHER DEATH, OR MOTHER OR THE OTHERS.  
I FELT YOU LIKE A MAN FEELS LED  
THROUGH AN ARCHWAY TO EXPERIENCE  
RAIL TRAVEL FOR THE FIRST TIME.  
I FORGOT YOU LIKE A DEMON'S SURNAME  
HE WHO SITS AND PLAYS RISK  
AND ALL THE MEN ARE YOU,  
WITH STUPID HATS, ALL YOU.  
I REMEMBER YOU LIKE I FORGOT YOU,  
QUICKLY AND WITH GUILT,  
DRAWING MY HUNGER LIKE A BLANKET  
TO YOUR THICK THROAT,  
BITEABLE AND HUGE IN MY HEAD.  
I IMAGINE YOU AS IF YOU WERE IN HOSPITAL  
AND YOU WERE,  
MAYBE,  
THOUGH I WAS NEVER THERE.  
AND YOU NEEDED HELP  
LIKE YOU NEEDED HELP,



THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO SAY.  
I ATE CHINESE WITH YOUR BROTHER  
A TALL MAN, A SERIOUS MAN,  
AND WATCHED STAR WARS WITH YOUR DOGS.  
THEY LIKED THE LASERS,  
AND CHEWIE'S ROAR.  
AN OLDER BARK, THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THEM.  
I LEFT YOU WITH MY HEAD WRAPPED IN CONCRETE  
LIKE A FLYING ROAD SIGN  
RIPPED BY A TYPHOON  
CIRCLING OUT TO SEA.  
OUT INTO THE SEA.  
BUT I DON'T THINK YOU FORGOT ME,  
OR THE DAMAGE I LEAVE  
THE TWENTY THOUSAND FALLEN TREES  
THE BURST WATER MAINS THAT CONTINUE TO BLEED  
SAP AND TEARS INTO THE GAPS UNDER THE FOUNDATIONS.  
I NEED YOU LIKE THE HOLE IN YOUR HEAD.  
I NEED YOU LIKE WE HAD NEVER MET.  
BUT WE DID MEET,  
AND I AM SORRY.



# DARK AND DEEP OLD NIGHT

ALL IS SILENT, ALL COLLECTS SOUND,  
ON THIS DARK AND DEEP OLD NIGHT.  
KESTRELS DREAM AND THE MOUNTAIN STREAM  
SITS STILL JUST A LITTLE QUIET.

AND THE DOORS THAT CREAK, AND THE LOVE THAT SEEKS  
REST ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT.

A GIRL THAT SEARCHED FOR A NECKLACE THAT WON'T HURT  
DIED ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT,  
AND THE BATTERED BATTLE DOG THAT MURDERED MOTHER MOON  
BROADCASTS ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT.  
AND THE ANSWERING BITCH FOUR VALLEYS AWAY  
LONGS FOR THE CUTS ON HIS THIGH.

IN A SWIMMING POOL UNDER MILES OF SHOUTS  
HERE RESTS THE DEEP OLD NIGHT.  
AND ON A MOUNTAIN RIDGE A COLLARED BEAR  
ROARS ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT  
AND THREE LITTLE CHILDREN WITH DOLLS IN THEIR CUPBOARDS  
CONJURE WORLDS IN WHICH THEY CAN FIGHT.

A JETPLANE PILOT WITH FOUR WEDDING RINGS  
IS GROUNDED THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT.  
A CICADA WHO TRILLS WITH HIS CARAPACE OF SONG  
SINGS LOUDER ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT  
AND THE GRANDFATHER LOST ON A BEACH AT SUNDOWN  
STILL IS FLYING HIS KITE.

THE RESTAURANTEUR FRYING SCREAMS IN MILK  
SWEATS ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT  
THE COUPLE SWAPPING BODY HAIR UNDER GRANNY'S OLD CLOAK  
SWEAT MORE ON THIS DEEP OLD NIGHT.  
THE UNIVERSE UNDER KITCHEN SINK,  
GLOWS ALL THE MORE BRIGHT.

AND I MAY BE SITTING, WITH YOU FAR BELOW  
SET UP FOR A LONG COLD NIGHT,  
THE HAIR THAT I GROW IS NEVER LONG ENOUGH  
UNDER THE MOONLESS LIGHT.  
BUT I'LL END THIS SONG, AND WE'LL MOVE ALONG  
UNTIL THE NEXT DEEP OLD NIGHT.



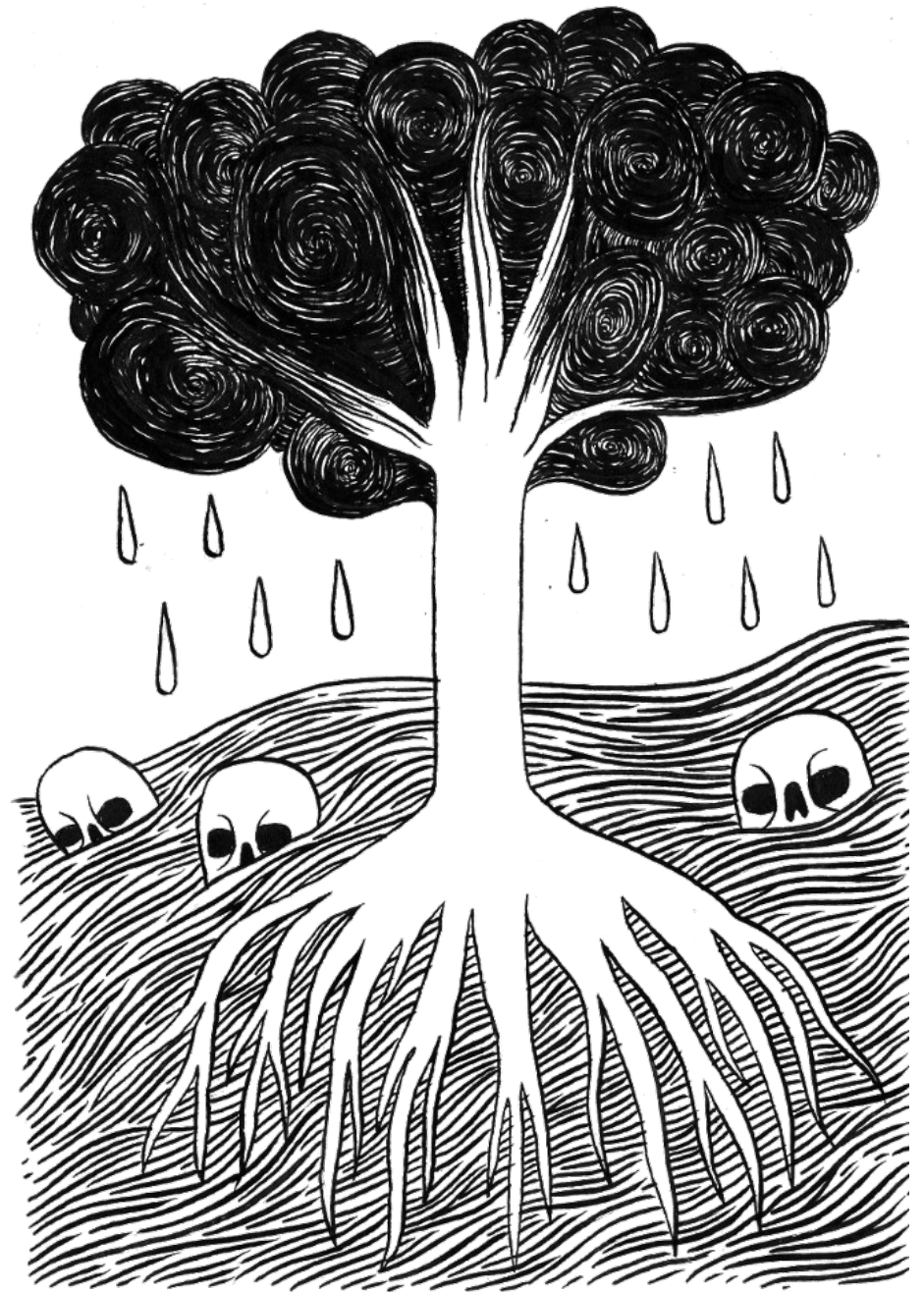
# THE FIRST AND LAST

IZANAMI SWIRLED THE FLOOD  
IZANAGI BLEW HIS FLUTE  
AS A PAIR THEY TOUCHED THE GROUND  
AND SAW THEIR DEATH IN THE TREE THAT GREW

VATEA WAITS FOR PAPA  
BENEATH A MANGO TREE  
HE PICKS AT ANCIENT COME STAINS  
ABSENT-MINDEDLY.

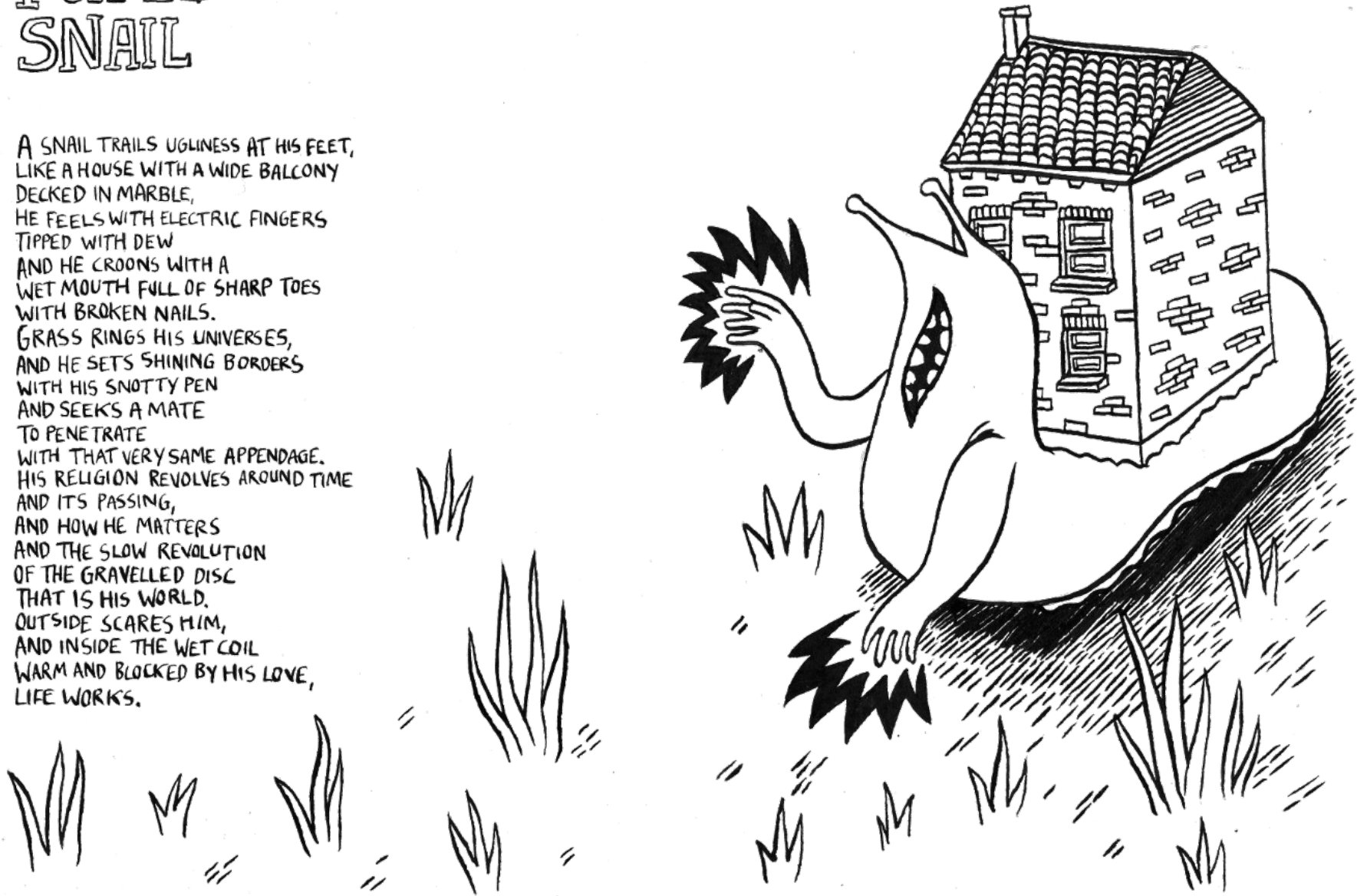
PANDORA RUNS FOR PRESIDENT  
TRYING TO DO SOME GOOD  
BUT THE BABIES SHE KISSES KEEP DYING  
AND HER URN'S NOT IN THE MOOD.

ALL THE WORLD WILL WATCH  
THE FIRST AND THEN THE LAST,  
OLD GODS, MEROVINGIAN  
JUST ICONOCLASTS.



# FOR ELIZABETH BISHOP'S SNAIL

A SNAIL TRAILS UGLINESS AT HIS FEET,  
LIKE A HOUSE WITH A WIDE BALCONY  
DECKED IN MARBLE,  
HE FEELS WITH ELECTRIC FINGERS  
TIPPED WITH DEW  
AND HE CROONS WITH A  
WET MOUTH FULL OF SHARP TOES  
WITH BROKEN NAILS.  
GRASS RINGS HIS UNIVERSES,  
AND HE SETS SHINING BORDERS  
WITH HIS SNOTTY PEN  
AND SEEKS A MATE  
TO PENETRATE  
WITH THAT VERY SAME APPENDAGE.  
HIS RELIGION REVOLVES AROUND TIME  
AND ITS PASSING,  
AND HOW HE MATTERS  
AND THE SLOW REVOLUTION  
OF THE GRAVELLED DISC  
THAT IS HIS WORLD.  
OUTSIDE SCARES HIM,  
AND INSIDE THE WET COIL  
WARM AND BLOCKED BY HIS LOVE,  
LIFE WORKS.



# SZU-NIM-TUNG

## CONTEMPLATING AN ORANGE

OH WHAT LIFE THERE WAS!  
THAT RAN THROUGH MY FINGERS  
AND ATTRACTED FAT WASPS  
GIDDY WITH JUICE AND VENOM  
AS I SLIPPED ON THE MOSS  
AND DREAMED THE DREAM  
OF PROGRESS AND PHOSPHORUS.

GRACE, LIGHT MY PATH!  
BEAR ME AWAY TUCKED BETWEEN  
HORSE'S HOOVES  
AND GRASS-TIED SHORES  
THAT  
CREEP  
LEST  
THEIR  
MASTERS  
HEAR.

TREMBLE AS WE APPROACH!  
WHEEL, FOREST, FORTRESS, WEIR,  
JUST IN CASE MEN WITH CONFUCIUS  
IN THEIR MOUTHS ARE NEAR.

CURSING AWAY WITH HURRIED FINGERS CAPPED WITH TEETH  
THE HEAVENLY HURTING MOUNTAIN LIGHT BENEATH.





# GOD HAS ABANDONED OUR ANATOMY-VERSION 1

GOD HAS ABANDONED OUR ANATOMY  
TAKEN HIS WIVES TO THE NEXT NIGHT WITH HIM.  
SET UP FIREFLIES FOR DEATHLY DEMOLITION  
AND EATEN UP HIS TWELVE LOYAL SERAPHIM.

HE HAS ROLLED UP THE SKY HELD IN A WINTER-TIGHT HUG  
AND PLACED ALL THE VIRGINS IN A TOOTH PROOF BOX  
EMPTIED HIS HALLS WITH A LAUGH AND A SHRUG  
AND LEFT BURNING SWORDS AND NO NEED FOR LOCKS.

HE WEARS SIX WATCHES AND IS MISSING THREE TOES  
HE LICKS SHERBET LEMONS AND SUCKS SCREAMING SOULS.  
HE IS A CHILD WITH A BOOT KNIFE AND THE GODDESS ON THE BEACH.  
HE IS SECRELY OF WINDMILLS AND THE FRUIT WE JUST CAN'T PREACH.

HE IS THE SPACES BETWEEN FINGERS AND THE CORNERS OF MY ROOM  
HE IS GONE AND I'M AS LOST AS BEFORE,  
WONDERING WHAT TO DO.





# RAIN DOG

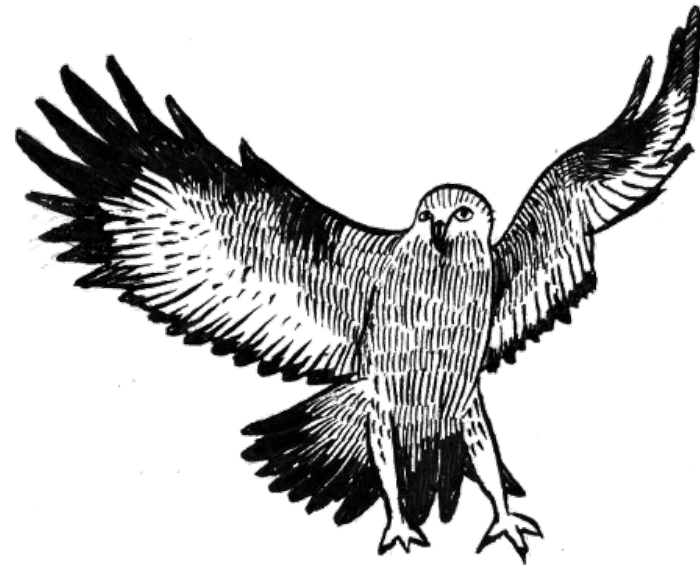
I SAW THE RAIN-DOG  
SOAKED WITH RAIN,  
FILLED UP TO WHERE  
NO STITCH COULD SEW  
AND LIKE A JUG  
HE OVERFLOWS  
INTO THE SCOTTISH ROAD.  
IT BENDS IN THE MIDDLE  
ACCOMMODATING, HOLDING  
HIS EXTRA WEIGHT.  
HE HAS CARRIED HIS RIVER FAR,  
AND HIS TUBES ACHIE  
LIKE VIBRATING THROATS  
AND THEY BALD LIKE TYRES  
AS SECRET MINERALS  
DISSOLVED AGENTS  
SCRAPE THEIR SIDES  
AND MACE HIS COOLING  
BODY.  
HE'S TIRED,  
HE'S VERY TIRED,  
AND NO ONE WILL LET HIM REST.  
THEY RACE TOO CLOSE TO HIM,  
THEY MISS HIS RAGGED PAWS  
AND THE INCHES HOLD IN HIS  
TIDE.  
HE WANTS HIS NAP  
HIS ROOST AND DIP  
FOR HIS SAGGING BELLY,  
BUT HE'S BLOWN UP LIKE A DRUM SKIN,  
PULLING AND PULLING,  
RIPPING HIMSELF APART  
WHILE HE GRUMBLES IN PROTEST.

HE TURNS YELLOW AS THE SUN HITS HIM  
AND HE'S A CLEAN DOG, AND HE DOESN'T  
WANT TO SMELL,  
BUT AGE CLUBS HIM LIKE A GANG,  
ALL THE YEARS BEATING HIS SIDES,  
UNTIL HE BURSTS, A WATER BUDY,  
AND THE GROUND LURKING BELOW  
BELLOW'S LIKE A WOUNDED SOW,  
KEEN, KEEN,  
HOPING.



# ALASKA

BIRDS  
CURL, CURL, CURL,  
DIVE FORTH!  
FOR PEARLS AND PEARLS  
BENEATH THE SWIRL  
OF THE ROCK HOLE  
AND THE BURLY  
BEEF TEA OF  
THE DEEP DEEP  
SEA.  
WHERE ALASKA  
AND ME  
PART  
PAINFULLY.  
AND OLD DOLPHINS  
SLEEP  
WITH A CLACKING  
JAW  
AND A SEA-STAR  
THAT ONLY  
ALASKA SAW.



ΔΕΝ ΕΧΕΤΕ ΤΟ  
ΥΕΡΆΚΛ,  
ΕΧΕΤΕ ΣΩΜΑ  
ΟΣΜΗ ΚΑΛΗ  
ΘΡΗΣΚΕΙΑ ΤΩΝ  
ΦΤΕΡΩΝ ΚΆΤΩ  
ΑΠΌ  
ΤΟ ΝΗΡΌ.



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