

SAM LANGER

You Were

you were what you ate forever. you were
dressing on george monbiot's apple
procrastination, and a police-cold
face, i've nothing against
on, either
an eighty cent packet of ice
lemon buildings collide with
their parents, to wreck themselves,
the dictatorship knows no contradiction
including time, the unconscious
leaves all the lights on forever, an economou
of plenitude full of cells
his parents bought him his first epaulette
that echoes yet, off windmills far
from the land, with its hidden
edibles, lost in red time, what was that colour
the eighth. there is a fly in this room
no book is worth it and only a mug
gets himself killed over a car
so how about you and i
escape the massacre, even if
colour of the palest autumn,
and race the sky instead, glowing,

a final image of escape before the song?

and you pilot yourself by sheer stones
and they collapse through you
with a neglectful wave, expel
that child, for he is shit
and the company should shut
its doors for ever if
the dictator's disgust
were there to help us,
and the wave thuds into the sky.
full of cells, you pilot yourself
and burn things, i tell them
eucalypts explode and they imagine
rambo, the book shot not
the book read, hard to finish
while stimulators bleed and
my memory is full of skinheads
the first men brought forward in time
but with polytheistic software in
a swedish cowboy, a knockoff somehow.
with replicas in jingle, with tanks full of dino,
ice, ice, pick your time and plumes, pick it
out like a poke in the eye, pluck out
the card, with fingers on your fingers,
remove the money from tom thumb's metal trap.
what did i feel, what did i know

but anxiety, my hands on money

as it created situations, don't get
arrested, don't throw paint or go through
without paying, or it's goodbye
to this funny cone you can see a small boy through.
just back of your tailbone the mouth
of t-lex, teeth like knives, while near
human faces on bus, street or in shop
i believed, a conceit tiresome enough
i could detect their potential to do so.
and if the money ran out change sides.
it was outside of anything about what
they look like or said. from
the balcony, from the dice, he
commanded sleep, and divided
death according to food and drink.
so that the conversation might go on
switching electric lights.