

STUART BARNES

Double Acrostic

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

—William Blake, “The Tyger”

Horror, in the beginning. Folding, unfolding of
universal holes: where, when, why. “Apologies,” I
murmured, kissing the salty feet of hypnagogic
apparitions. Vanity fathered nightmares: anti-
neoplastics, the purple people eaten alive,
“I am Nemo”. A sea reddened by execution,
marram grass’ rhizomes tuned in the dunes, an ascetic
moulded from mercury. Photosensitivity
underlaid bone. “*¡Andale! ¡Arriba!*”: a TV
near childhood. To ride the white horse of black death (XIII),
or riot, Ed? Am I truly a happy number?
Did they who made humanity make me? Amanu-
ensis, they’re igniting subjection: baby-blue pills!