

GAVIN YATES

Autogenic

Waterlogged at Hawthorn station. No, I myself, could impose, enough times, such as the celebrations headed for the laundry, where, partly burning, the mouth still wears every suburb of the software it runs, teases what is most adored while the next table's shakshouka slides in front of the rotator cuff, dodges the butter knife and since the business of slowly entering in fits, and without much confidence, can clear away some of the darkness, I presume, only with a steering wheel to work with, the stinking fish are green-bellied, plentiful, and exempt from the basketball club's rules.

A dejected period could substantiate, to the fullest, a deliberate misguidance that will always prove to be loathsome, and weeping for the weapons in our own heads, usurp pineapple meat that a thirst for scratching at the lizard and, if the party degenerates to an immodest lament, the trouble I take to steep the otherwise, and sometimes in English, spells of the eyes and close-woven linen, an own goal would be amusing, enough to compromise an edifice so seemingly rigorous, profound, buoyant!

Honeysuckle

Medicines, or Internets, from sketches by nutmeg, hear the bottle shop eight hours after tea and the cumin of cinders. Hear our neighbours in the mint, plum seeds, squashed grapefruit, and the workshop of raised saws, irregular steps; hear the radio eat itself into silence and away I fled, incautiously (that is the only way to flee, and to notice that, as well, obeying all natural mechanisms, even if you're called by your Christian name, the last time, Honeysuckle, I fear for your life under perfectly irrational circumstances as the marble, when struck, successfully produces sound), with all manner of teething nettle and bruises.