

“what is poetry?”

cleaning vacuuming wiping runny noses a scraped knee
stroking tummy to put her to sleep or when it's sore
singing bedtime songs spreading one's legs being
responsive consoling stuffing dirty washing in the drum
for the tenth time fishing pubic hair out of the drain
closing the toilet lid clearing mugs the entire family
has left on top of the dishwasher into the machine
swearing but inaudibly pondering the parenting
of men abandoning all parenting and bending to feed
the dog playing parcheesi like a total noodle
locking oneself in the bathroom at last pandemonium
a minute later: wiping snot spreading a jam sandwich
picking jam sandwich out the shag-pile washing
their swimsuits not having set a foot out all day
hunting the house-key admiring and despising multi-
tasking mishearing it as mummi-tasking shovelling
a dead bird off the window-ledge not finding it
icky taking it into the garden glancing at the solar storm
butterflies all that stuff left around the pond (which
is desperately in need of cleaning) dragonflies
a seconds long re-
flection: oneself
bleary, small
a child showing its
white teeth, your teeth

it is your body
you have no better words
for what you see, vital
and detached
from yourself
knowing more about you than you
can bear and it says: my love
for you is deeper than a forest

it says: dark is the inside of the mouth
and everything that thinks

separation spin

early morning at the mirror **i'm**
dreaming look i'm **going** but
breathless swivel **round** and
suddenly **the** air is thin you
bend into my ear to whisper
why can't i come **round** i'll
winkle you out **the** mirror
splinters light **bends** back i
see **i'm** only flailing not
going at all a blurring spiral
on an axis where you see **the**
face mine at every **bend** on
every label say **i'm** your you
it's **going** to hurt you jerking
round to spit your rage out
through the foam and will i **round**
on gleaming you **i'm** sure you
think i'm **going** to blithely be for
you **the** circling moon and never
bend this time to whirl
away

with little beings (3 poems with child)

lustous (she doesn't pronounce r)

it must be big the wanding eyes: my light buns on it
hums it nods screams looks thinks it is the little staa mixes
and finds neitha it no us the easons aa a mud
on the wellie side leaf stuck its vein thea the tee „the magpie
is flying“ black-and-white the „moon is too“ whea is the fo-est?
the invisible cat eally sits on its wist out thea whea
it went till it not beaking the jaa all-eddy and does the
bown eye know its chee-eeeness when like hiding
what it (is)

paprika mamrika

she's been saying r for three days and
what is it "paprika" after nursery
"mamrika" she said we raughed ran
raced: to buy a bike-ber as her prize
instead of a pink riry fairy she picked a brue
one with a mouse then we sat in a café
she had cheesecake we prayed "big girs"
in other words we conversed under
swaying prane trees for wasn't her theatle
lole the led dlagon whose eyes wele no
longer gleen ... and tord me of fire
and srithering, how wonderfur
rife was in this fawr

wolffy

a gray child long-haired dark her brown face smeared white
small, delicate in loose clothing a gray fleece gray trousers
sturdy shoes a wolf-child, broad-shouldered in her way
coming down the few steps from the bus little thing still
after three day's kindergarten trip smelling of sheep donkey earth
as if dumb-detached with her wild questing gaze
for seconds seconds a stranger she came towards me
down those steps of the bus just a few steps were a
world, after three days so strange. we needed to
find out where we were we first to move towards
each other those gluing or cementing ideas
that were visible as arms and hands between us
when i, carrying her in my arms, touched her more
she said "ow" as if i'd grown a beard
as if my wolfish beard had brushed her
my wolfish gaze.

i'd been waiting so long
i prowled