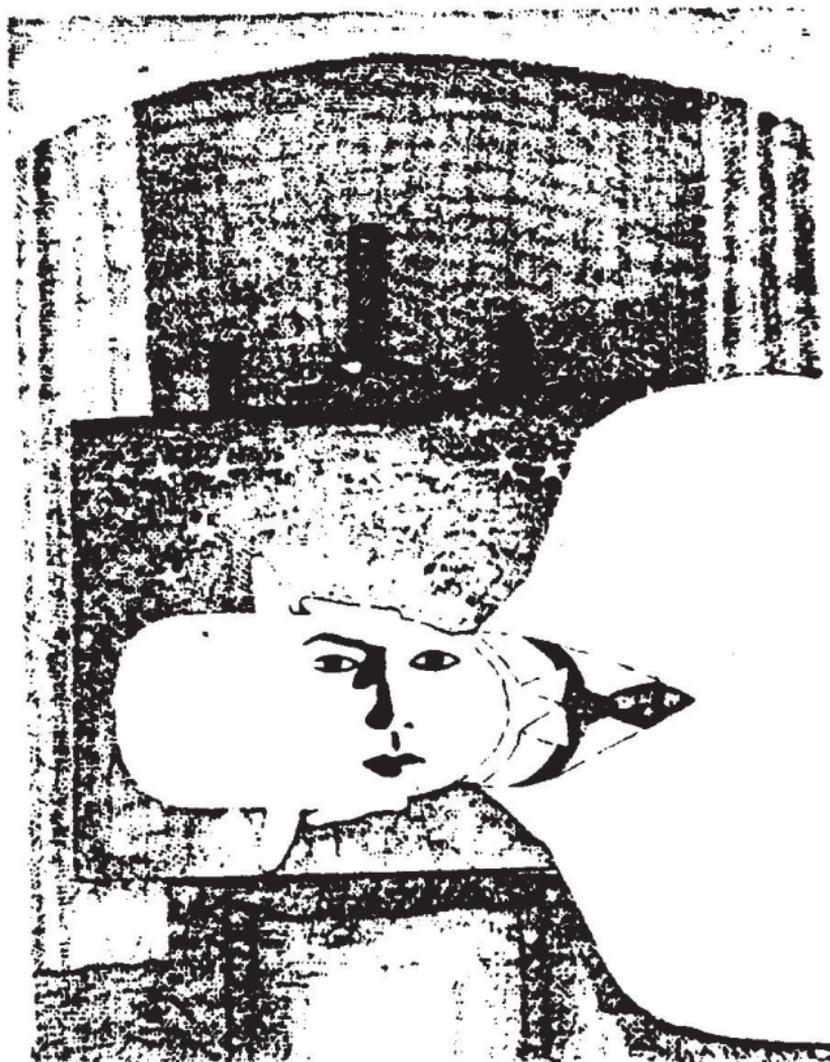


Bomb



Henry Graham

Bomb

BOMB

1.

Each morning we invent each other. Do we
put ourselves to death each night
imitating light years of stone
inscribed with scribbled cyphers, congealing
forests of energies, trajectories of fire-
amino triggers frozen in safe sidewalk glaciers.
Floating headless foetal teddybears ejaculate blackberries.
Constellations of spermatozoa drown tiny toes.

At breakfast there is always Apollinaire's wheel.
Ruined predigested grains litter the arctic's cloth,
malevolent technologies pervert redolant mornings.
Tragic somnambulist song
sprinkles brown swirling protozoic pools,
small pustules squeezed between tired vices
black poems scraped from calloused follicles.
On the blue mirror near the pitted nose, yellow pus.

And when we have taken each other to pieces
reassembled the world to suit our digestion
pissed philosophy against porcelain bowls
coughed and shat continents over
unsuspecting spiders scaling shining heights -
it is supposed to come down to love. A man
pushing shit under microscopes
searching for pain. She said
huge clots of blood are falling on leaves

smiling from beyond the limits of the universe
riding on the terrible light shining out of her
laughing and waving at the wrong way round.
' I have become death, the destroyer of worlds'
oh wait there is still time there must always be

2

A single line of simple words, a bomb waiting
in the brain, ticking in time to the mind's metronome -
a bomb she said, in another room on the piano.
a brain ticking slowly and far too loudly. Frightening.

Outside in the darkness the universe is ablaze.
Lit sometime ago the great Catherine-wheel of the galaxy
turns through gaunt clutching fingers,
winter trees and squealing children. Far away

across unbearable distance white paper kites
recede in the loveless, lifeless cold of space.
High above the dried up seas of Cassiopea
stars hard as diamonds on a jewellers velvet shine.

They walked all morning through the empty park
kicking the fallen burnt out bits of stars,
talking interminably, unable to agree
on the nature of their love. Endless and forever

were the words he used, while she said perhaps too often and too softly. Used up brittle suns fell about their cautious windy heads, as crows on gibbets in some far off dream picked out their eyes.

A single line of words waiting in an empty room. Simple words expanding through the universe of the park, felling the gibbets and the trees - triggering the endlessly separate particles of the bomb.

3

You said you would come to see me at seven
I waited for you, you never came. You see
diagrams of the body are maps of hell
the overwhelming weight of blood hard to read.
The distance holds the sound of a cistern emptying,
a dog barking, a child crying, a star exploding -
these things are recorded on the radar of the eye,
live in the islands of the blood, charge
the brain with flying bulls from Lascaux,
fill mouths with maggots from the grave. She said
she would come next Monday, if she could, if not
some other time, whenever possible; she'd see.

4

Tinkle of pisspots in terminal hospice,
the music of a thousand autumns.
All of these and others that throng this heedless world
the arrow of times interminable euthanasia of light,
crumbling pyramids near deceased canals,
broken cathedrals. discarded shrines,
awful laughter in deserted halls.

You came of course, always the door closes -
hang from those perches now the ruined birds.
Who reaches for you reads the surface of the moon.
Blue concave lenses, molluscs with gold claws,
delight the dreaming quasars geriatric dance,
pavanes of protons across the floors of charm
delineate the shapes of one's own dying -
towers riddled in the singing winds.

5

The picture on the easel is black
with what may be stars painted
upon it. It is night outside
the window with what may be
stars painted upon it.

The canvas on the stand has a
path with what must be trees
near it. Outside the house,
is the same sky but the stars
have been erased from it.

The frame upon the wall is empty.
Through it I can see a city street
in which people walk about not caring.
Someone has just come into the room
with what must have been a face painted upon it.

6

Prepare a face, consecrated
to immaculate perfection. Each day
a reconstituted universe, the best
money can buy. Andromeda
in Sunday supplements; understanding
of the fickle contradictions of the spleen -
a light at the end of the tunnel
cornering this way. To meet the faces
that we meet, ignoring night's onslaught
with a G and T ... knowing not
where hell's familiars fleet on their errands
catch us in between drinks
noisily singing in the steam alone -
rubber duckies of pink and blue
in cooling coronary bath tubs
sail smugly through
that small and merciless moment.

The tiles upon the wall
are blue as that careless place
beyond the clouded glass,
while through the sudden sounds
of frying fish a woman sings.

Oh safe circumlocutions of sound
ground in the jaws of the wave.
The distant spasms of the stars.
Our running down over the breakfast things

and during tea. The sea devours the land.
And deep within the dark
and superstitious rivers of the blood
tiny engines labour in the night.

7

I have a fellow feeling
for the fly upon the ceiling
as it toddles to and fro across the paint.
It sends my senses reeling
this fly upon the ceiling
and I sometimes think
it's glued on but it ain't.
I've been considering just lately,
all important proud and stately,
a thought within my mind
that makes me faint;
to you this might seem silly,
but if you consider willy nilly
perhaps it's me that's upside down,
now ain't that quaint.

In the beginning was the bomb.
Transubstantiation into being
I the progenitive of the biggest bang
celebrate my entropic relativistic existence
in this unthinking uncaring dwindling fire
with some small explosions of my own.
Fear of extinction not with standing
the damp squibbs of my poems
crackle in the dark
we like to think is living on this ball
of muck we call the world, where
in between the cradle and the grave
there's always art, or cogitations
on how it all began, while waiting
for the end. And every particle
of which the universe is constituted
find deadly interactions indispensable -
the squeezing of a trigger.
the imbecile earnestness of love,
depending upon this detonation for the next
given moment. Reaction upon reaction
the chain of helpless being
as world without end goes gradually out.

Stupendous constellations strive to prove
only their interdependance and our end -
bomb of heart and brain, of spiral
structures smaller than the poem
recreate us now and every final moment
of the still turning word.

She spoke of the spiteful callous acts of God
of a hat full of rain at the edge of the world.
The plate techtonics of faces at dawn.
The high prices of tunnels
in between the long sad crying
of old rusting ships
turning with the tide.

At the edge of the deluding sea
in the vegetable dark
unimaginable indifference cavorts.
He returned again and again
but was fmally overcome.
They died quickly without knowing -
as the end came they were singing
His pain in the final stages was unbearable.
Patterns of mathematical elegance
enhanced by the indeterminacy of dying.

In her own bed she spoke again
of the untidy endings of men
after their gods perfectly vicious acts.

The delicious monster behind glass.
Adolf Eichman caught at last
by an unforgiving Zion.
Isolated by hate proof plastic sheeting,
taken out of life, a stuffed bird
but already gone. Perfectly
preserved from all sins of the flesh
action in stasis, thought suspended.
Like all things under glass he contains
only the past, the present is separate
untouchable, the future denied.
Uke all things behind bars
he contains the total of every
thought and movement of the crowd
pressing its nose to the clouded
glass of his previous existence.
At that exact point in time their life
depends upon what made him appear
before them. The very court becomes
a transparent casket of frozen beasts,
removed from the bustle of the streets
concentrating on the certain death of one man
which for a short time removes
the certainty of their own dying.
Then on until the world is seen
through the turning lens of the universe
as simply still avoiding its inevitable end
by owning only a past. More universes
worlds and Eichmans lie ahead
than we will ever live to remember.

11

Tomorrow I shall go into the hills.
Today I am just thinking about it
but tomorrow I will really go.

I have been there before
and there is nothing to see.

Bomb: Henry Graham

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WINDOWS

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