

# the hack

*And so was the ghost of Diego laid*

Bret Harte

Christopher Mulrooney

## austerity measures

the righteous commonsense view was that means were to be found  
and sought as needed in the crisis what was that crisis  
oh that was number one thousand forty three in the series  
as seen on from the bestselling book by don't miss the musical  
now playing on Broadway yes that's the one the very one

oomph

it sidles in past the gate and has the place all to itself  
that is to commend by halves all to itself step by step  
turning here stopping there finally making its mind up  
to go now stop then go enough to fill the great room  
with ambiance color and light that is son et lumière on the monument

## kite strings

the pull of the atmosphere the weather like a big fish  
in the upside-down puddle the poet observed at a very tender age  
and gave a name a very poetic turn of phrase later on  
a cathedral going down he said and a lake rising up he saw  
and so the kite flyer with his eels and stored in a jar the key

the startling completeness

I had an appreciation of that day before yesterday  
when the big lie broke big over the newspapers  
said avocados were in trim not festive fuckers  
heedless of any annoy except when their eyes grew reddish  
and you didn't think you knew what must be riling them  
that was the proposal we had the ceremony later in church as it were

d'accord

OK it sets any thingumabob in motion so what  
like a ray gun that sleepeth just the opposite  
there you are again up on your toes opposite me  
in the dance sequence of what's that film now  
you know the one can't stop to think somehow anyhow and how

fair fickle findeth fortune fate

for so it seems anytime look it says a pickle it's so worth  
a dime maybe ten cents right off the vine in the barrel and zam  
you cook it later in something some goulash hash  
it comprises meat poultry hash eggs fish and fries  
the natural component balance of a kitchen diet for cooks

bran muffins

here's brave provender a kind of sour scrub  
for all your innards you swill-sucking bub



## canzone

in the calm parapets I say something odd there bard  
surely you mean someone standing on the battlements  
looking out across the champaign at those hills and forests  
deer frequently um er frequent don't you mean Sir  
whereas all these cornets and these sackbuts Sir are sport

the pistol range

I have considered your report and left these instructions  
at the office nimbly things go by as spurt things may  
I do not care to hear it said nor am I overmuch perturbed  
by it neither so you will kindly convey my instructions  
to the parties concerned and let there be an end to all this consternation

factually

my friends describe me thus and all ways  
affably meant to be sure a wee bit too fantastical  
not quite hunky-dory in decorum as you'd say  
missing the mark of verisimilitude as who should say  
I don't know where you got that from I never

the same old story

she will sit into the day at night  
and into the night all day long too  
spinning at her tales on her plum duff  
melancholy caparison'd of plain twill  
fiddling and twiddling round the dial

forespeaks

as at the play he stands between the curtain look ye  
and the crowd with a morsel in his hands half  
twice-bitten truly and espousing discourse unto the multitudes  
the throng that's us the wee beneficiaries of his dithyramb  
not exactly Afton nor yet entirely the flux

all gone

I have et it up Mater let the child now say  
some ghastly lukewarm medicament or mash of salted goo  
or here you are Pater an empty glass for your delectation  
and my smiling lips besmeared with the pharmacopœia  
art happy now old prat and proud fit to bursting ho

## ghost rider

now what should I tell you about dishyer feller

what come what fer is the question what come as best he kin

for to see Mabel Lee at her cookin' squash pot

ruddy arms past her elbows and her bosom right in it

practical near and the odd stray hairs katty-cornering her face

# Rumjob

the most indelible character I ever met was Rumjob

why he could talk the turtles out of the trees

and have them eating birdseed out of his polychrome pockets

faster than you can say whatever it is you say

in a moonlight flit you fly-by-night scarper the letty



angst

on the screech of hilarity in some cockamamie parrot of the Amazon  
amid the dark tentacles of green things making a spectacle  
of jungle undergrowth and overgrowth as Frost would say  
comprehensively well it's just the tire tracks home in the Land Rover  
and that well it passes for a guffaw in the jungle

## ledger book

here is the mainframe registration number

and the key there is the emergency generator

if things get lost go to the British counter at the Bibliothèque Nationale

and remember the woodwork to polish with your sleeve

or a handkerchief as you go up and down the stairs