

u n s c e n e

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Abstracted all the letters of the void.—DYLAN THOMAS

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lost sox theorem

grant money pays off college loans
to kids washing sox in a lab
thus proving sox not lost
nor kids missing after all

gadfly

still the submissions at the old P.O. box

keep the idea alive of a bagel without lox

Bucephalus

the wind what is to have been

there is a case in point

let us have you Sir that is the point

the wrong end of a jackass no mistake

can your utterance in the supermarket be piled high as quinces?

good fruit Sir damn fine-oh

royal engine bums

quatuor à cordes

in Paris evening light

the soirée dresses go up

at a sudden gust of wind

whatever it can be it most certainly is

**that historical imperative
no-one watching is
and that clearly with microbes that have white staring eyes
and memories nearly photographic
along with all these stooges pansies
patsies and funsters**

cancellation of the cooking show

I will eat Ba Na Na and shut thee fuck up

and it is the sin of eat Westside and eat the nothing that is there

the what? say the critics look at my bonbon my bonbon my bonbon

drum

not only that the dried skin of a cactus
worth 2¢ plain on the open market
still pricked you understand and reedy and jade green
with the sunlight through it this is all the rage
a dull thump in more ways than one
here's 25¢ go buy yourself a squirt of lemon with that

farthingale

**I should have studied on it
perused all the leaves
read every chapter
learned all the verses by heart
now I hold my pen what customs dictate this outpouring?**

salad dressing

cold chops and alike

sad beer in the fridge cold nuts to that

that perspicuous summer vein of melting heat on the quick ground

strike

the great old drill

renewed every day or so it seems

breaks through the rock

stream of water and then the black stuff

liquid gold

to furnish our cars on the motorway one two three four Hupmobile

a fragmentary sensation

a dispensation of royal authority down the road of kings

a royal courtier on a prancer with a royal warrant

handed down in the provinces

a dusty death any short of that

a quick one

at the hotel-hacienda much time is any spent wisely too
in the swimming pool are gathered princes of the realm and heads of state
girls on flowering branches from the four corners of the world
lush tropical seas of greennesses and queennesses and inbetweennesses
although it's only the brochure that says so
you can smell the soil and there's many a tree

prognostication

fabulous discussion tonight did you hear the one about
I left it here the one about tonight's discussion fabulous

snowflakes

power of snowflakes never to be the same
to be frozen and perish as water and be pattern
sign and symbol of something else a star as one dead
in Greek and Phoenician alphabets of constellations Arabic also
that neverending stretch to the farthest part of time
and melt when the sun shines out again my lovely

Colossus

how that my foot with its pink tip rides my waveborne mistress-mad
lover's root with a tenderfoot step she says
so that it shudders
all through me the tips of my hair sparkle

twat the butler saw

high crania high upon the sky

high sky upon the clouds

high clouds upon the rain

soaked earth towels around

naked waists sauna bath

compound lashings of greenery

low sounds carried up far behind

low mounds caricatured

tumuli low bustle and

caricature a depiction to fit the cattle cars

the Maserati salesman

his Tinkertoys litter the salesroom floor

rather like overpriced foreign-made so-called sports shoes

and his are the best of the lot

there's the new Aston Martin and of course the McLarens are there in their number

polestar

fix the consanguineous rind on its flagpole
there is the dithyramb creative girls run the show party
æsthetic evidence is their tea baggage
it keeps the boys at their pens and out of their hair

swami

**prestidigitations he's got
mystic figurings up to the casement of the seventh heaven
and back down to this ottoman
you are in his power**

fortuneteller

**I will cross thy palm with silver so
just a dollop
now wrestle me with thy serpent's wisdom
a smattering of forecast in thine ear**

indispensable

the fortunes of Fifth Avenue are told
a wonder to behold they grant
they grasp
life like Cleopatra's asp
o stung me they has good and proper
on my upper
but I has done the deed
indeed I has and like my boots
on the pavement of the proud
I is enrichment
personified

festive board

the relief of all things
another Makeking
comes down all the pipelines
like fine wine

dear Admiral somebody
me and my buddies
we have to thank youse
it's certainly due

ye are the stanchion
in a house of many mansions
that is all ye know of lovers
we uncover

impregnable

**in Christ Jesus have we all
since the Fall
been raised up
and drunk the cup**

**that is all Sister
call me Mister
and don't let the convent door
call you whore**

a computational chart

to publish the altitudes of modern romance
and provide records to the almanac on the state of feeling in the state
that is a rhetoric and enjoyment for the sons of kings the daughters of princes