

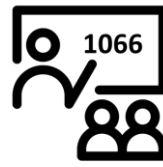
CO
MH



*bandage up me eye with
me own history*



blind me to my own identity



*dem tell me wha dem
want to tell me*



*but now I checking out me
own history*



*I carving out me
identity*

Emigree



*it may be sick with
tryants*



*but I am branded by an
impression of sunlight*



*That child's vocabulary I carried
here*

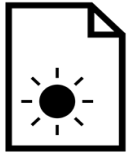


It tastes of sunlight



*My city hide behind me.
They muter death.*

Tissue



*Paper that lets the
light/shine through*



Fine slips from grocery shops



*might fly our lives like
paper kites*



*raise a structure/never
meant to last*

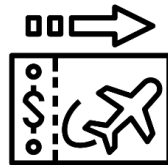


turned into your skin

Kamikaze



*Her father embarked at
sunrise*



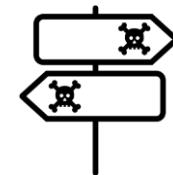
*Enough fuel for a one-way
journey into history*



*A tuna, the dark prince,
muscular, dangerous.*



*They treated him as
though he no longer
existed*



*He must have wondered
which had been the
better way to die.*

Poppies



Spasms of paper red



*I wanted to graze my nose
across the tip of your nose, play
at being Eskimos like we did
when you were little*



*The world overflowing
like a treasure chest*



*Without a winter coat or
reinforcements*



*Hoping to hear your
playground voice
catching in the wind*

War Photogra pher



Spools of suffering



All flesh is grass



*Running children in a
nightmare heat*



A half formed ghost



*Eyeballs prick with tears
between the bath and
pre-lunch beers*

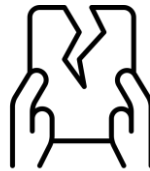
Remains



*On another occasion, we
got sent out*



Probably armed, possibly not



*I see every round as it rips
through his life*



*His blood shadow stays on
the street*



*His bloody life in my
bloody hands*

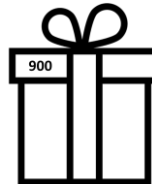
My Last Duches s



*That's my last Duchess
painted on the wall*



*Twas not her husband's
presence only, called that spot
of joy into the Duchess' cheek*



*As if she ranked my gift pf a
nine-hundred-years-old name
with anybody's gift*



*I gave commands; then all
smiles stopped together.*



*Taming a sea-horse
thought a rarity*

COLB



Half a league, half a league



Theirs but to do and die



Into the jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell



All the world wonder'd



Honour the Light Brigade, noble six hundred!

Bayonet Charge



Suddenly he awoke and was running - raw



Bullets smacking the bell out of the air – he lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;



Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame and crawled in a threshing circle



King, honour, human dignity, etcetera dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm



His terror's touchy dynamite

Ozymandias



I met a traveller from an antique land



And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command



The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed



'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'



Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare

London



I wander through each chartered street



Marks of weakness, marks of woe



The mind-forged manacles I hear

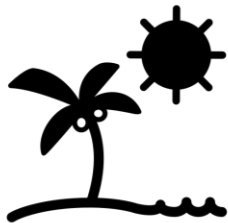


Every black'ning church appalls



And blights the plagues the marriage hearse

Prelude



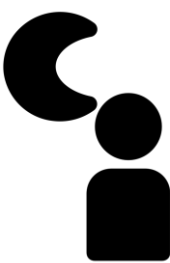
*One summer evening
(led by her)*



*A huge peak, black and
huge*



*Upreared its head. I struck and
struck again, and growing still in
stature the grim shape towered
up*



*There hung a darkness, call
it solitude or blank
desertion*



*Were a trouble to my
dreams.*

SOTI



We are prepared



*You might think the sea is
company, exploding comfortably*



*Spits like a tamed cat turned
savage*



*We are bombarded by the
empty air*



*Strange, it is a huge
nothing that we fear*

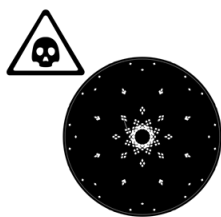
Exposure



*Our brains ache the
merciless iced east winds
that knife us...*



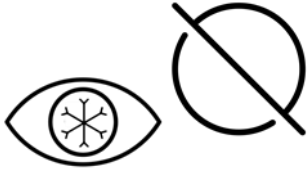
*Dawn massing in the east
her melancholy army
attacks once more in ranks
on shivering ranks of grey*



*Less deadly than the air
that shudders black with
snow*



*Shutters and doors, all
close: on use the doors are
closed*



*Pause over half-known
faces. All their eyes
are ice. But nothing
happens.*