

Matrices by Rony Nair

the refuse huts fill up
with detritus; placed carefully
over differing names. Numbers.
canards. once violent. Blame.

the corner flags flutter, and a flute half broken,
splits under my fear.
wisps of floating interpreters nod their visages
as though knowing it all.
satiabile. Sated.
rasping in dissonance.

call outs and poster cards
fall over each other.
pulpits rise from the plains.
a pugilist becomes the pope.
and soccer fields fill up a few fathoms,
spacing themselves in sequence, across your home.

slime in green stays still born.
stagnant. waiting on ripples.
the old fish monger wipes his sleeve
floating in sludge. Today's bait.

carrion carriers in repast
envelop the head. leading on.
i think of your breath down the street
raining down underlips.
i look into your eyes as you bite me.
unconscious.

fragile states and you are a twosome
an orb
reviled and painted
over and over.
a trapeze artist seizing the head and twisting it
sideways. the neck craning. hoping

for that one last glimpse of your eyes.
half mooned. kind.

let the derivatives suck the oxygen
off my breath.
you gasp as we clench our fists
in negation,
a half open door across the floor,
with slippers next to your children's bedroom.