

Magna Matters

When love was rot
and full of holes
and heaven and sky
were laying upside down
on their backs,

Meanwhile...
each one arching into
an elegant topography
weighed down by a
an awkward mythology
smeared across
a black hole abyss
with an ambrosia stain.

As gravity
grabs a hold of
the weight of time
sealing pursed lips
together
while stretching a picture plane
of fractal infinity
into a stitch of threaded fabric
a weave of wool
to pull over
the eyes.

Through the act,
of placing stars on a map
by puncturing holes along Orion's belt
leaving each orifice
smouldering like
key hole
of tire fire
forever burning
and turning
until nothing but
space dust
will orbit around
your anus.

As Magna Matter
lifts her head
accentuating her architectures
from the heights of the hills
to the bottoms of the seas
who were born outside of a love
that willed the power
of immaculate contraception
while mixing and churning
a primordial stock,
reduced to a boil
for a mutating stew.

As a matrix in slow motion
containing X & Y
and sometimes ZED
is laying like a blanket
connecting the dots
between A & B
elongating a map
woven into a double helix
coagulating a solidarity
growing
outwards and
upwards and
unfurling into
a sprial
towards the sun,
flowering into
dimensional reliefs.

While foundations
crack their backs
over faux statuary,
and mud heaps turn to:
Building bricks for
Building bridges for
Building barracks for
Building bungalows for
Building bunkers for bollocks
housing nothing but
stale hot air
and the time it takes to tear them
down
down
down
down the termite hole,
to eat away
at an organic green mile
ploughing through the soil
cutting like a glass
into complex citadels
and intimate infrastructures
of patterned flannel
and networks built on feels.

When a microscopic
microcosm
Runs rapid
Runs rabid
Runs away
and night crawlers
tear at the flesh
of Scotland Yard
Gestating
Reusing
Infesting and
Disintegrating fortresses
into a decay,
speaking words eroding
secret codes in
unheard languages
written as pin ups
for an enigma in foolscap.

About a point
between two lines
flatter than
piss on a plate, then
opening up like an infinity
where surface looses depth
and angles loose their grip
and angels have no hips
and soaking wet dogs howl at the
Man Made moon
held up by heaven and earth
reduced to a horizon
in all cardinal directions
seeing nothing but maps
between 2 points
spinning a message
across a pearl necklace
into forever and ever
Amen...

