GILES GOODLAND
SCORPION

Once under a time and beneath the moon
the eye on grey terrain tracks other eyes
the meatwands and feelery digits by
which search-data sight, question flame. Think
like stone, sink like sand, wound the heel, issue
a tree the leaf of which curdles things
through head-openings on the trailed moon
that crawled into senses long behind us.
We mirrordrown our victims with machine-
breath, headstrike the stonehinge, cut the middle-
man for love is our endonym with which
we instring the illominate unstrument
by rule of claw and law of cruel, by
stone will answer stone, spilling units of
harm. Revenge is a childish: we do not
make false stars. Understone the hole, the strings
run cool. The act of reading brings alive
the indoll with prick and tong the oracle
for sand derives us from tact and the stars
are caught out too long by our answers.
We forest the shadows, are nothing but that
which our name is full of: take head, surge
from rock, seize power while the people raise
cactus-flowers: our children might sing in
the world trade abstracted. A failed state’s
ruler starts from the wasteland. Tails, they win.
SOLDIER ANT

Smiting with a hammer in the garden at rocks, they would be free of minutes. Their call to arms might be footfall, chemtrail, breadcrumb. Upheavening in hostotality they are looking for the bodies they shrivelled from. A joy-tormented tumultitude of centaurs in the dragonworld sugarsurges to the spalatial chambers. Political body is a panzer division. Theirs is the world through which the writing shows. When their army occupies the dictionary. Lawnforcement breaks down to turf-wars. When the Kings of Brazil are on the march dismay is general, since they have all one soul and make bridges of one another. River of pureprose or chaingang. They cast stars as lots: disorderers of seedstores, sappers, deforesters of pages, agents of entail, retail. In their khanates uzis and calamiterrors spread heavy loss. Their cry: allow the gods to judge men as you judge ants; art is efflorescence of capital, no more. Each fear handles its arms, swings warhammers to make the sky stop then setfeet into Noigandres and bladestorm the foodreserves. The black-helmeted 6th foot charges into the teeth of danger, it’s said, to innovate is to destroy the words fall wrong, cutting-edge is cornquest, avant is guarded, will not withstand the pincer-move, the drowned fields of Mars where grass is flesh and art is dead.
Mao Tse-tung checks in to Schlosch Malebolge. A ghost dips in the crystal its image of desensed head hanging from the crossbeam as burn victims are inverted to facilitate blood flow. His mouth shoots semi-autonomous drones among the applefall, the fly zone. These ground-to-air bullets are thoughts. The nursery is ideaswarm, peer inside: nightscrapes the glare-winged window-wing fanning with cellophane. In the head archive dossiers are chewed over, in the infirmary ans are added to aesthetic technicians draw the screen so silently. His thoughts are tending the Elysee’s wide grounds’ smoking orchards. The peace process is ongoing. Conference of worms, of flesh, comes to its predatormind outcome. Swarms blue the horizon, the media plants in the archival mudflat its cuneiforms concerting the busy griefs. Playing queen save the god in puckfist of clamber music the delegates over dinner speak meatlanguage of force majeur, tongueglue the inabrogable protocols. They don’t say how each war is ground for the next: bombs are eggs of grubby dormant dynasties. We once included their briefest discourse saw in their paper, to spit through the gagged dumb mask the weaponry weeps and feasts. Powersurge blows the chandeliers. Thought, only nature can destroy the state.