

FLESH RAYS / DAYTRAIN

Sample pages

ROB HOLLOWAY

FLESH RAYS / DAYTRAIN

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if p then q classics

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Published by *if p then q*

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ISBN 978-1-9999547-5-8

Biography

Rob Holloway is a London-based poet and teacher. His first book PERMIT was published by the US-based poetry collective Subpress in 2009 (www.subpresscollective.com). From Nov 2002 to March 2004 he hosted the radio show "Up for Air" on Resonance FM. In 2004 he launched the poetry CD label Stem.

Acknowledgements

Cover drawing by Phyllida Barlow - working drawing for installation *after dark into black* 2000-1 (hardboard, paint, felt, black mattress, plastic pipe, rubber tubing, painted fabric, paper, tape, roofing batons, stitched hessian, casters, plaster/concrete. Overall 750 x 330 x 900 cm). Dean Gallery, Edinburgh, Scotland; Southampton City Art Gallery; CVA, Cardiff, Wales; The Gas Hall, Birmingham: UK. Courtesy of the artist. Cover photographed by Martin Pover.

Thanks to the above for their assistance in the production of this book. An early crop of *Flesh Rays* appeared as *Crater xi* (London: 2010). Some poems from *Daytrain* appeared in *datableed 4*. Thanks to the editors. Thanks also to James Davies. Special thanks to Brigid McLeer.

for Brigid and Stella

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FLESH RAYS

FLESH RAYS

Two doors disconnect, watch time riot, a saw cut out of a fugue my street furniture's shadow reshapes. These are mountains charging entry in my head for her, her flesh stays, but a country strewn over bricks swells the skin thought with stones restrains. Pre-amped as smoke, approaching frozen, we insert iron rods to jump an inch certain, stay whispering at cement. Sacks of cloud and clothes echo our kingfisher's thud, more huddled white in a database than colour lost in a wrench. Stepped up, collars lick, animation's bushy, heads her eyes, pond dark, cars wear. FIVE the black diamond of that road if human still my pierced theatre when being the floor of her option. All sun's got inside breath, soft as a head without a ghost. I make another piece of thought furniture, surround tar in you. Crystalline this heat voice lathes, a syndrome proportionately swung. The roof most of us form keeps in most of the smoke, and furrowed is the water she'll price, who bends on leaving the gyratory.

LILAC RAILS

Woollen for a decade, the curtains speed up the sink. Day's shoulders jut shut. Asking for lighter fuel from a match loosens a belt's start-up status, so why is it only the laughing boy that also pre-laughs? One mile of taut paper. Piles of fluorescent-orange-overalls box labels, indexing law crime. Might one walking century of women represented by five parallel red lines prompt state permaculture? Might night delete the planes caught inside a late, interior conversation too US-invasive in denial of the right to normal sleep of the night's season to let me hold you correctly between these folded strips of war comic? It's purpler than the box I breathe bread slowly into the second Ukrainian restaurant turns him on. Painting starts an action, is getting *on* everything. It was *on* each of her political hands, fraudulent as white. I spied reclining buddha-badges pinned to the udders of the others, and ran. To decline his lip means living off male food before dawn, so she'll recalculate the cosine of air.

PRIME SAUCE

Pinballs soaked in toast slide shinier than the flag my radiator and I back-light. When vacuums, we hang from meat-hooks. When traffic, we short retail, semi-religiously. If such an applause track be the drone the Rentokil contract depends on, might tyromancy soon reveal your predestiny, that I may clasp even tighter to your *anguish*. Sew this line-up of policemen's uncles onto the underside of your hat and subdue your feet with my Madonna, Stan, it's incredible what an untimely pink kettle can hug. Come back combat and fight like a female. Be lopsided, if not a little semicircular. Let feathery throats feathery water reconfigure now there's no engine noise that's not its own oil.

OP-ED

Twining mucous outlets with stationary trains subdivides me supramaximally. I'm jury, bitmap ready. Seditious, I pattern wallpaper (look no lips) but won't for the life fry Eddie. O, foraying then, bridling with hurt and hunt, you became a kind of well off security firm: balls padded, eyes rinsed all mother/son-like in cola. Sold off-label, her motorbike is stamping down the wheat. Greasy relics sit at the end of his headache. Reload before entry criteria jail more smoke. Look like me but without the memory coat. Burnt, know too many people. Breathing, join them together using song, you meddlesome Lilliputian! I'll outrun your source data, soak your walls in skin. It's like skateboarding but without the air heaps. Try wearing some hubris underneath a 14' 6" signage system *without* initiating fresh face-loops.

SKY LID

Porous as a mouth, the organ flew. The duodenum hung looser, and young. Craving video, men and a child are emerging from an intricate borehole system in-between Presidents (are the burials always this anecdotal?). Light from seemingly inside heat is fattening the coral my eyes once were, so pass me the plastic pineapple, the resizable bucket and some string. Move a human queue into this shop to hear arms being sewn into life. Sit warming prices amidst men preparing for love. Some grow music horizontally and watch others wobbling bird air when not. Might the fiery belly of our hope be the heart left cradling such ladles.

PULBERRY

Shift left red sun, I'm cutting out a girl of paper. Residents are building flowers as if the teacup had guts. Standing laughing cutting enough wood to counter ice melt, barbers are growing their head hair bareknuckled. Squeeze the left side so we can smear on more motorbike. That sparrow's feather could look like children but won't. Thick with glass, it's forcing knots inside the book of the audience. We reappear launching riots through doors so patriotically trapped even recent torturees must abjure them. Would that my only cloud not obliterate! Alignment thus requires either I ascertain you or you switch your magnet for a man. When brick-rich, that we quarantine the echoes we mishear.

STAND AND LIGNIFY

The loss of the ant to the larger ant-farm leaves one boy tree-local and me the ball you wish you'd only lent me. It's more than the Inspectorate could laugh! The furry light windows left in the sun let partly in is revealing the myriads of baggage handlers. Lifting one, you memorise his ears, leaving water waiting in a pile. With my hammer a history of nails, and fish the nets they're caught in, we won't be needing life, it's claimed, just more glass for sieving through the sand. Smelling of weaponry, the lighting dims. Cornered, further bacon requires further study.

IN SITU

Moving closer to the dog-track close-up, we're all proving perfectly retractable. Delicious man, take your watch fob off, I'm feeling superficially financial. That grass is too greasy for a hat, dense cross-hatcher, once patterner of denser vegetation, now gum-glimmerer to the deepest potholes of our us, now a leaf's the new kind of neighbour and sound the high wire care plods on. Hearing skyscrapers' trees spurt new engine songs, rinse roads as if bricks were still wrapped in their towels. Leave some paper out for making heroes out of glue. I'll stick them together with some buckets and put them into some T.V's. Under the dog, sleep builds sleep's layers incrementally. Move through them shirtless and slow, known only by the size of your friends. I'll be rivers and pout at tree surgeons, feel happier when reassembling the central crab apple.

JIM'S WORRY

It seems buttons twice-rubbed increase zooxanthellae in the faecal discharge of heavy shorters. Market quality remains unaffected. Underneath, it's all about staring at internalised coercion and running performatively for a shovel. I, too, have licence to perform (how itchy my horizon) but no wolf lying lengthways on my nose eager to naturalise the panic. Of the three piles left, only invasion was feeling the pain. Draw down clouds through the T.V's of men and sheen the elbows of the young, my friend, for only then will our screens resonate with stainless steel's smile's lovely hum.

BACKWARD FOG

Line-caught, I've more hips coming out of my legs than paper has teeth to fall flat on. Leave me a little wobble to dry my face with, the night-life of Pam is declining. How to turn that computer into this clown without anyone exploding? The enclosed aisle of my chimney-reasoning has designated you a violence of swans, my flags burn with the last oil of your kidneys, and still my only London ruin is the left thigh and ship of your poetry. Is that any life for Elsa Triolet? Echo echo off the wall, who thought the RICU was a goer? Pin-ups of birdsong all down the corridor are discovering internet drive-thrus in most of the fruit. Umm.

MANUAL ELECTRIC

I've camped out on the sloping lawns of civility and mined the darkest seams of sweet Rhoda, but now my face sits postmarked and sunned, as innocuous as a lump on a desktop. Who'll round up the lapwing's habitat now its book of yachts has harpooned the wind? Freeing ambulances to careen down spines, we're vicious, can successfully mimic emailing children. There is no poem-reader contract strong enough to withstand the exposure of my complicity. On finishing washing the computer early, he enters the life of a knife-thrower's wife to feel the banks she's gestating.

MOULDED BOOKS

Tape stretched to one metre nineteen encircles PsyCorps. Turned on by the Ukrainian restaurant waiter, she says it's the colour of his fear. At attention, the two Asian women soldiers at Checkpoint Charlie turn me on. Their hut roof is covered in birdsong, shadow yoga is all over the park, and no quiet tones whispered into the ear of America bends a brain as magnetic as shrapnel. They cluster together beneath trees, slide-rules to the changing (clunk) light, juggling the projections of leaves. Comfort arrives wrapped around flakes of motorway you pattern into ends of cigarettes. ZOOM goes the air from our clothes. ZOOM goes the burn from shoes circling the perimeter of my finger.

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