

noise of recognition

By John Sparrow

## SODIUM

Traffic at right-angles, flows  
through the mill  
dismantled  
a dream over thirteen years  
visibly deconstructed  
surgical inaccuracy. Exposed  
stimuli displayed stuck,  
confirmation paper can only now  
be small then  
until nothing at all

He was good enough to  
confirm to me that he  
had received the statement that  
the fee collector was  
in the distance  
the machinery broke down,  
the tennis is over and the body  
confirmed

I leave home, ring  
the bell and swipe the

key evidence  
riotous light box

The husband flew to the  
cellar, pans covered with  
warmed shapes of the  
food trade  
on my side high  
water sails above  
the possibilities of the semi-synthetic  
in almost infinite number  
scored by tracks  
cut by transparent shuddering  
noise of recognition

He dined freely, revolutionising  
peptic ulcer therapy and  
various other dainties  
impregnated in the extraordinary  
functions of the genes in the human body  
deprived of jam sandwiches

The widow on her deathbed  
vomited wildly in slow motion  
I swallowed and looked

down the central staircase

A simultaneous reflection  
and refraction have come to suggest  
pliable movement over  
deeper solids partly  
access we answered

Down a hill past a murder  
is a stream  
of one-way information  
reflecting the light  
fibre-optic at the top,  
a brawl staggers, flashes  
and illuminates  
crime sprinkled on my dinner

## LASSO

Inanely I kick a ball  
without quick action  
or luck. Flaming  
royalty and discovery  
cloud trustees, we  
are an audience and then  
an audience of an audience

Sending a probe to a planet  
is much more difficult  
than showing  
the healing miracles  
of Christ  
she fills cracks  
in the stone walls  
with gypsum  
I am tired with  
alabaster  
with insulated  
French language amongst  
just us four

Skill and ability  
can be etched into sand,  
and become so  
faint they are illegible

The evening spoke prayer  
requests, a thirsty  
walk to coloured tables  
of segregation.

You get in and try  
to maintain concentration  
for an hour

Phase 1 became more  
latticed structuring  
attracted a  
gothic horror theme  
from my armchair

He lay on the grass  
with one useless leg,  
hot and screaming down the telephone  
lines now unstraightened  
often pre-stretched  
so we know it's fair

A mixture of smoke  
and steam expelled by  
the lungs as a tube  
of barely expanded memory  
as mercury constant. Human  
steam engines  
fuelled but empty and tear  
through with just one  
or two contained, the acting  
really shining through

We'd cross if we could be sure  
we would not be seen  
Cricket facilities to reduce crime  
IS THAT A TELEVISION  
OR MY INNER EAR?  
The ball curved in 64 bits  
for tomorrow's revolution

My lungs burned  
smoking turrets pursuing brightly coloured stamps  
of approval, hinged in skeletal trees.  
The shrubs, weeds and daffodils, and my key, buried  
beneath, fearing the heat and smell of maths  
numbers and pencil shavings.

75 Hz

She processes packets of information,  
streaming back and forth  
men and women ping  
back to their homes  
their loss relays back  
in bar codes, keypads  
and hardback

The refresh rate flickered  
his cap sideways expanded  
violent deaths  
providing neutral terror  
Description 1: Was the girl  
polyendocrinopathic?

A trapping noise from a frying  
pan, a phonecall lying in position on  
the floor has restrictions  
imposed on more than just the ground  
only a little less severe.  
She tried to call her grandmother  
with blood from her business.



A slight skew has come to represent  
memories muddied  
by football, left in a cupboard and  
rediscovered uselessly later. He needs to  
use a spacer, a transparent graphic  
which is designed  
to take up space  
invisibly

Things are coming along nicely for those  
sacked for bribery  
central spit shoots at  
model. We were yesterday's  
social issue, justified in  
universal esteem shy public  
The hardest thing is to see through  
sheer dust in vacuum state. There is  
no clear evidence for the day  
centre lids firmly slammed into  
hammer graves. I tapped the  
graphicless interface and smashed my nose  
in red and black and white,  
stuffed back home

## MOON

A linkage attached to  
a cross-head made  
the queen steam powered.  
The high-pressured  
noises sound like his  
father waking up and coughing  
blood under the pressure  
of a licenced thug

Wlaking with a swagger  
a man bends and turns blue  
plastic, "has he read this  
colour and understood?"  
where  
the "choo-choo" sound comes  
from  
here on, we fear becoming  
the innocent  
multi-million project  
chocoholic taxpayers at recent social gathering

I generated more heat  
than light and  
I swapped chocolate for  
booze

Her flowers have died in  
the High Street chewing  
gum books and desks  
surprised my numerical flesh  
in an act of outrageous violence  
stemming from this unnecessary  
system of education.

Come on parents, feel  
the internet a firm case  
for community brothels  
outside a car crumbles  
with speed and lamp post,  
the driver is dazed despite  
being drunk,  
runs across Slough  
non-linearly exhibiting  
stoned chronology

I spy a beneficiary glance  
our daily routine isn't  
burning fuel consumption figures, it's wasting  
time launching empty bottles and tapping secret  
flame. Conditioning issues at the  
junction

You walk one way then stop,  
see another habit  
and liquidated domestic incidents

A feeling of return  
a deep sigh  
into a dance workshop  
after 5 minutes' located  
concentration I spin involuntarily  
forwards received emailed false information

An ear ring appeared in the right  
ear  
a bicycle  
will twist and buckle  
beneath the weight  
of a lorry's touch  
a shot rings

out screaming the elderly  
and someone falls  
dead every day

Perhaps it is the promise  
of economy which attracts the young  
to socially undertake quantum  
smoking backstage, going  
for a song

An extra hour has been  
given to the public,  
a cultural beating  
for us to be mild, moderate or  
severe depending on the extent  
of damage to the brain

If the children like wearing  
zig-zags,  
they shouldn't wait for the midnight  
rush for confidence  
or Smirnoff

We totally oppose everyone  
the sports centres

don't. She is here for  
wedding surgery.  
She cries attack into  
glass eye  
announcing spotty-faced  
attack of the classy,  
an old law which no longer has purpose  
except to cut bank  
notes into psychiatric holes  
and admit worried throats.

A firm in nude sparkle.  
I pick up my feet and  
prepare once more for  
repetition, the rain  
donated to a churchyard  
for the mornings.  
It is colder than it  
should be. It is  
knowledge, art, literature  
and money laundering

The pigeons have melted down  
my rented window  
in a room hired for the purpose.

Preventing congestion.

A long line of aeroplanes were blasting

specific prayers

across the carpeted road

who wantonly administers gratitude.