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a crown for plum

J. T. Welsch

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Thin Ice Press, York

I

our culprit emerging
reattaching its host

sharky lenses case
the known perimeter

somewhere a set of figures
somewhere uneven song

fists a lifelike memory
of this habit in time

let no man mitigate
the work of sisters

whose shoulders
no wild sanctuary

let none lapse soon
each implausible sleep

2

I'm past all sleep
life's too scary

but sweet face
drift in the dark

deaf to the wind
& waves above

if you feared what
should be fearful

I'd still say sleep
so the sea & I

might follow if
this is vain to

put on my own
child so be it

3

what sober chiding
our wee commune

takes every 20
minutes or so

strolling headlines
of a postself kind

I dust off theory
you pour waffles

as social praxis
x extended mind

the air we share
teeming with trust

& egos are vectors
I think you'll find

4

what will you find
in a wanting world

what will you find
wanting don't tell me

which of these bank
ruptures turns out worst

baby can't know everything
though the weight of their

precognitions is clearly
many times postmemory

& other cliquy noumena
to be wheeled out once

the tin cooled & bulk
shrunk from the edges

5

a shirking hedge
as fluids & lass

fluid pass so far
ould sofa incubate

inchoate systems
inwinch bodys

wills subject
eats other

two games
off chance

clothes reading
a ruttet skol inter

-dependinseas
moist apparent

6

mostly parents
remind us of sex

that lift's still down
& you can't go faster

& you can't move any
further into the carriage

without consent let's play
got your nose your chin

might be the only node
immune to day-doubt

some thought touches
up your bad shoulder

& the whole thing
bursts into t-i-e-r-s

7

bursts in two
least tearing

no small feet
for humankind

this giant lump
laptop charged

soonly chimes
its ready chord

so long meaty
tether so long

the void &
the waiting

to never
be lonely

8

nervy
a lonely

for a hetero
heretofore

I dreamt you
were mine

sun shane
birds singed

the stars of
love glew

in the dark
in my grip

you grew so
dumb & sad

9

some dads
are duds

some moms
keep mum

yours whip
up whole

worlds upon
your whim like

your sister's
legocentric

japes this
agapism

leaves
me agape

10

cape honey
bee needs

a daughter
into beeeeing

when will you be
told enough to

implore the signs
divine signature

nature healing
& at heel if

if feels quite
immaculate

it's actually
thi-lit-uh-kee



the little key
with which

out little keep
was thrown

not wide but
deeper into

polly pocket
sovereignettes

lets a pillbox
rolly polly

beta block
the literal

lockdown
locket wish

12

lock that shit
down may

your themes be
more than

pegs for
pegasus

exercuses
for life's bit

before bitter
habits root

the bullet
before dust

(sorry rusty
at prayer)

13

so rusty the bear
said he would

fetch the ladder
& he did & up

they climbed &
clambered until

they were very tired
indeed how much

further cried emily
the capybara who had

never been so far from earth
& whose voice was almost

lost in the wind as she
clung with her little arms

14

with little harm
in plum puns

a plumply
plummy

christopher
plummer

plummets
with aplomb

& plumbic
plumage

a prunus
exemplum

& a tough
cool pit

15

our culprit's
sobriquet made

the impossible leap
find a whole real will

warm at the sink edge
messed in aspirant

boast of tears (I'm
here) if only ever

we some days
cope funny

any bit of key
unblocking this

trusty compere's
sweet lols & alarum