

AS
So far as
is this.

Desk
P.O. tr
Cup

AN UPTON THOROUGHFARE PUBLICATION



Museum and um and errs and awkward
moments. I love how awkward art fags
are.



NIGHT OUT

I am indigo powder
indeed:
go power

deep blue
neon
cobalt streakchalk

there is fried egg on my face
dried egg
sulfurpus
bisque crust
Chinatumor
tawny communistic approach
lemoncustard decay

I am crumbling
there is a gel holding me
okayplacenta
its arms together
trianglepulse
sick



BOXED IN

boxed in
ten minutes ago
it's old news
sour milk
bad coffee

this city moves far
too quickly –
going around twice
jolly trolley-people

the city speeds until
you bring the box
back again –

a present slows us down
past passed people up



FURTHEST

furthest as the marigold
reached out of the sod
in a field
or the cock crew
lacing hay among strewings

resembles which as the farmer
stretched a hand humbly
across an oak night
table searching for spectacles

sun parading coyly on
enamel backdrops
hints of glossiness
house paint living

picket farm furnishings
pretend they are suburbs
but nobody scorns acres
without neighbors



SPINES AND TENDONS

tender love and tough love
do not what a mother make

a mother make of womb pain and wonder
when baby borne blues to revive irrationally

what a God said she to have He
been so merciful in keeping taking and giving against gain



WHEN THERE IS NO GOD

when there is no god
there is no meaning to suffering -
suffering simply is is what

what matters little
to the sainted exiled housewife
gripping pearls instead of rosaries
saying crosswords in her head
instead of prayers

she'd be less cross with her words
if the lord's words were worn well

while all that conspires
spiteful condensation melts
her wax-merlot lips
she is less



OF KINGS

they were once powerful
telling us what we should do
in husked voices

furrowed in marble
pewter officiousness
phallic
tyrannical

we couldn't stand them
so we sat instead
ejaculating fear from our nostrils

sovereignty dissolves
like aspirin
neglected on a rainy shelf
pale pilled

now we chuckle through our breath
uneasily
at the damp powdered remains
whetted impotent dust



GO

go

to the corner and get the morning paper

go

while the sun still shivers behind trees

go

before the neighbors wake and spot you

go

before you soil the good nature of our surname

go

before your eggs congeal

go

before you miss your transit bus

go

I want to read the obituaries and headline news



DISTASTE

enigma blued
fast slipping through fat fingers –
doughy white.

painted porcelain
a jug of anointing oil
a cupboard bare
a midafternoon Dali

everything streaked in oil
unmoving
distantly distorted

with one small sparrow
brown flecked, boisterous
fiercely aroused –
caterwauling.

it would not be
enough if Magdala
〈disputable enough as she is〉
were to climb the shingles that line my house
choking on asbestos in her mission



to feed that sparrow
quench its arousal
the brown winged mouse
a wood-chip in a blue ashtray

would she be satisfied doing
St. Francis' job?
neither here nor there
neither prim nor fair

so take your anointments
Miss Martyr
fallen sparrow

you and your Alice robes
your cobalt grin –
everything about you blue

gather what possessions
O, you have few
gather and grew
unattached to them
as now I find you

you intrude with good cause,
you, in vestments seemingly chaste
but woman – I know not seems



I only speak
to what I know true
enigma greening
yellow, red, violet

a scarlet sonata
a sangria soliloquy
a soured saintress

I peel myself
away from the sky
a lonely hermetic astrologer
unattached to you
withered blue

esoteric thoughts
I grew, grew, grew.

I peel myself from you
a pistachio shell
green green aquamarine
falsified countenance will have to do

my fallen emblem
my faded star
pinned to a corkboard some sixty years ago
by a rusty tack
this is world war two



and you're a world war, too
a whirled whorled whore
more serpent to the core
than my ancestors bore

a burden to the present
a chipped-away piece on my porcelain jug –
oil spills.



HOUSEWIFE

discs that are hips
adjacently crooked
bow bent and kneed over
abuse from overuse

slammed to the floor
the deal of brass tacks
a small golden glinting
shiny army

newness of verisimilitude
brought on by old scars
wounds deeper and winding
minute molten soldiers

frames that are bent
manila portraits sheepishly shown
spines browbeaten to a dull hot point
a poker in the hearth

domestically disputed
whether to leave the home to alleviate
or stay straddling suffering
decides demeanor
encourages nothing



DAYBREAK

heavy headed
your morning drive
hair frazzled
a child's cotton
pillow stuffing

steering with grey knuckled
heavy handedness
zoning in or out of life
marrying yourself to the dawn

coffee-impregnate tongue
flat on your jawbed
scraping egg from tepid nooks
a second feeding

ambient hums and radio cracks
soundtracking your travel
keeping your atmosphere level
your thoughts lost

amber film smeared panoramically
side to familiar side
a hazed nest of dull luminosity
a filtered fading façade



you arrive
bursting from sepia into technicolor
bearing routine and purpose
wind whipped and willing



THE SECOND SET: EXPANDED

no panes tilted however diagonally
 (these are windows, imported, expensive)
can hope to replace the eyes
 (if windows hope at all)
that set upon the fingers
 (set upon them as tigers in tundra, orange fury)
which unbuttoned the coat
 (plain cloth, inexpensive)
and let fall to the floor
 (it was a careful carelessness)
where sunlight looked through
 (curiously curious for something so old)
as a voyeur



OPHELIA

you seemed alright
your usual flurry of tendencies –
a toss of the head
a flick of the satchel

over your shoulder
warmly officious
distantly busied
in control

I never can assume with you
fiercely triumphant and resolute
when spiteful hissing faces
of adversity scream at you:

she's dead!
she took her life!
she's gone!

I never can guess with you
and expect to get it right
what exactly you hold
at the center of your locked mind



you did so to flatter me with sorrow
inviting me into the life you know so well
(privately)
the life taken

I can only picture you
motionless at night
snuffed out by exhaustion
sleeping off demons

head pillow-tossed
hair mask
feather pressed
faceless night sweats

is sorrow knowing?
nay –
sorrow feels
but the curse of your job
is that you cannot



COOLER RED HANDS

cooler red hands
stretch and frame unthinking
a blue
predisposed whited out

grey undersupports
for feet or fronds
feel needed or unpresent
patient and plain

uprisings sing unproven
when calmed down ask
why can we not also
see sky





Derek Piotr Crofut is three people and no one at once.
But someone's swallowed his everything so he is
nothing at all. But no one at once. And everywhere
never.

