

1982

Lazy Days of the Matter That Fills You with Guild (And Ecstasy)

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*Lazy days of the matter
that fills you with guild (and ecstasy)*

Upsidedown hat
Sits on the ceiling desktop
Beneath the cast iron typewriter
Above the sackish denim strangler
I call my coat

Sunbeam filters through the madly reflective
Geometric institutional panes
Broken glass of yesterday's renderings
All upon the radiator
Beating to the floor

Blazes of hot wet colour hang on my walls
They drip and sway - delirious
They tremble and shatter my lime green truth
This is tomorrow and after tuesday
This is a drive in deathtrap

Cool jazz slithers from well spaced speakers
Dribbling over the shelves
Onto the desks and carpets
Up my trouser legs, chair legs
An aural climax morning

Hands flaked, slashed, chipped and bent
Writing in tune to the beat
Of a mind more used to wear
A square amidst the echoes
Of slamming doors and drunken laughter

Eric Stevenson