

Jayne Fenton Keane

camping

weaving fire. licking. red echoes snap.

a larva jaw collapses in on itself, too white
to support its own rage, spitting rocks
like a drunken rugby player spits molars
after a brawl. there is a huddle in a strung up

corner. a gathering of vapours, intoxicated
by their temporary human form. crazy
shapes of light drifting in and out of children.
a cornucopia of failing mirrors, dissolving

to silver backs. a crooked scent. hair.
full length cinematic shampoo commercial hair.
singed. special FX skin, an acetylene torch.
close up of a fire proof face in a suit.

reruns of a man walking on the moon.
in the fuzzy background, blurred for the sake of art
a comet sprawls like a speilberg couch potato
at the core of its own gravity. the centre remains

yellow, hot and noisy as hell.