TED NIELSEN

your long hand and your long hands

the notion of poetry on command angles in
over the tablelands  you're asking about aeroplanes
but no one's flying without the proper weather
so just watch your step
look out  you're an encounter group
and the sky's the limit though i don't want
to meet you in a dark alley
when we've paid good money for a bed
and breakfast  maybe we could
just eat and skip the sweaty failings
drifting north across our toast and sausage
but there's no escaping that sound in the night
like an endless whisper
so wide eyed you make no distinction of morning
things just get sharper and stick
in your smile it's too late the wings and shadow
compress you  around the table your genius
is throwing up quietly could you fake it
could you really go that squirming distance
like an air current or petrol one spark
and you're bang  the notion of poetry
on command falling graceless from goodbye crumpled
your long hand and your long hands
our particle board forever and the fabrications
need a final line not a couplet