

E·RATIO

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from the series Untitled

by Jody Porter

untitled 96

many-starred branches hand down acorns,
marbles and lionesses. three newborn

jacarandas between toes trumpet-like, their qualia
unearth an iron lyre. each string buzzes low

drones purposeful. the garlicky taste of dead birds
blooms in the hollow treads of feet.

untitled 97

noon-west gaps skip defiantly, coloured glass
pleases next the rail. a pub. stretch by grief.

cup. missed mornings and missed agreements
rescind by the by. stock controller stacks the drinks

wide. gauzy spilled lime slicks and deafness.
moot marred beginnings by halves or less.

untitled 98

coos meantime map the garden's puncture
under wheel and the rack. scrutiny calls the curtain.

it was in the red restaurant when we were four,
when i said that it was *lack* that was the word.

ash-made frames pocket upstairs and walls
Yggdrasil holding nothing from all.

untitled 99

dust gathers in the myth-coughing corner
through shutters and whisky stains, sooner

sightless days wander. too many battles.
i don't drink there any more. no one does.

dreamer at his seat speaks into his drink:
tomorrow we will be, and we will not be dust.

untitled 100

amarelles mark the path, coffee spooned into
cups and dark paint hushed. so sour as to be blue

they glow like fish. eyelash glued by honeycomb:
i can't wake or move. castleteeth are cracked stones

and can't speak. guided by the amarelles death in noon
sleeps past day. a conch shell displays a bloom.

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