

# Selene

*Wild indolence and music have no date.—YEATS*

Christopher Mulrooney



restive nights

over the black winds came

and the pink nights

and yellow heebie-jeebies

we made a brown study of it

six ways from Sunday

down the river at noon

it's an important point

and bears thinking on

the more obscure it gets

well where was Moses?

up a creek without a paddle?

# Selene

a moon in the Yellow River shimmy dancing

for the Space Age couple and the lesbian couple

Pavane pour une Infante Défunte unto the silly bitch

and the bicyclist in the French helmet with his anus winking red

mythos

well don't tell me Inspector Feuillade

have you got them Les Vampires

jolly well done Sir if one may say so

fey coves all in black fancy dress

# Hygieia

the faux Martin

the real Lewis the amusement of one crossed in love a Hickman

A King in New York

the demolition crew aimed at the city

right for it

stall in a flood

what are the animals in a do

about it is the waters

they remember ancestrally

when they were carted

from one end of the world to another

so go figure

the cracked world reels and spins off its axis

magnetic North flies into space

to the Big Dipper and the Star

and that is the controls

rosary

lady in a moonbeam

gratuitous thing

and then the life of it

and the rest

turmoil

the grand pictures arrived from the Tate

great Turners fresh from the cleaners

it was hard to reckon the beautiful colours at first

so we had our tea and then we went to have a second look

do-si-do

an arrangement of porcelain on the ceiling

more properly stucco in the best ornamental patterns

laid on like a dream of wet vegetation

rippling from the centre of the room

gilded of course against the white flake

# barcarolle

Fanciulla del West hat and skirt and boots  
with six-shooters on the canals of Venice  
a barber pole swimming by the pale reflection  
of the lapping sky that shines and glimmers by turns