

## Patricia Farrell

### How when I caught the daylight/translated

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listen up

I am shedding light on the arse ends of instants the glaring errors of time  
on each circuit of a vista of uninvited visitation  
a veering of the vital organs from the menu of the day  
trading the small intestine in one supreme moment  
in a body of loud farts  
generated by a life in this garden of variegated vegetables  
packed like anchovies against the contours of propriety  
eyes fixed on lovingly washing one bollock then the other  
in weak tea brewed by nuns in a more exalted history  
the cheesy honour of intentions  
a cantata of raccoons retweeting  
a sepia image of frilly knee-length knickers  
that anyways will only make you come too soon

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kapish

this hilarious state of affairs this fabricator of aery sugar cones of colourful ice  
creams is in  
    need of a major rectal examination  
do you have either the will or even an edited light-lift expendable launch  
system to do  
    this before it is too late  
the nymphets and lunar groupies have already sussed their imminent demises  
from the  
    ‘what’s on’ pages of the April issue  
these pretty pigeons will enjoy sweet fanny adams from the sworn by hippo  
spunk  
    rejuvenation plan  
though we’ll be copping an eyeful from the balconies of their uplift bras as  
they explode in  
    Spring  
look chum at this point in time the fundamental issue  
and we’re elephants so we won’t forget the numbers on the clock  
is to prop this life up against itself and stagger with it from April into May

supposing it easy peasy having hanky-panky whilst singing *Nessun Dorma*  
comes between  
    ambition and a bad case of the flu  
to live with your eyes full of disinfectant confronting the same ghosts  
singing to each other  
    again and then again painfully unravelling the perfumed vapours  
they expel  
the wandering souls whose fixed-grin skins became the parchment on which  
their stories are  
    described  
this adult exemplary life is contradicted by the missives they perform  
the words fermenting into vintage mouthwash gurgling underneath your  
tongue

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I ask you  
whilst the movers and shakers of our benighted times are still in the stanza  
piccolo  
conning timely fine quainterries and trying not to piss on their Gucci shoes  
out here contractors carve up the fields with gusto  
it's a bit late to reminisce about the sunset when the entire fucking  
firmament is screwed to a  
    standstill  
however is it enough to straddle the mountain in a complementary fashion  
ripping the meaty  
    parcels to tagliatelle  
mum won't save us this time  
and the statement that our brains have been carved into tiny pieces  
is no excuse for reducing our ability to think to folded paper models of the  
land of our  
    childhood  
did our forefathers eventually fall flat because they were a trifle  
unconvinced or were they  
    just a little drunk  
we can't go on picking the pears out of the fruit salad of sensibility  
shoving them in  
until our mouths are stretched beyond shouting in the citadel  
nor write the wrongs of the world with a free biro