**valfreyja** ∙ for ‘floodlight’, in fitzroy gardens ∙ *by felix garner-davis & nina nervegna*

crisping grass

blue; you: like a bird. some

prefer the street

much-petaled, dry

branch, hot — some fountain, full

of legs. we drop ice in our milk.

one gullet; same sunglass-arm

arm, straining at a box; some feeling about

familiar, eat the same pink-bill bowl,

run for three hours & full of sweat

after a night presses overclose.

the iced gra—.

i stay hot, you cold:

bladder & kettle warm.

man in a yellow jacket,

at the coastal track, full

of sand.

the trees wake to soak

discomfort from us.

some of the bends span

less than a ruler.

we become close.

the owl was your father.

feet seem comparatively unimpressive,

sat in carpet. talon

takes a polyethylene thread:

assertive, certainly,

but reasonable:

we could all do with a militant

bird-scourge of outdoor furniture,

needless or prized.

you should invert

a mixing-bowl, might say

a raven, given the strength produced

by its steel & half-cylindrical shape:

sit on that. *indeed.*

forthright,

but right. unclear

as the avian position

on cushions is, you smile

wetly.

the place is by water, grasses,

duck, stone. you break

a leaf. we survey its ribs.

the place is under an early moon.

it is long, like a line,

& we walk it to work.

we came from a bed: was made

of a rug. the place

is full

of clouds.

one cloud is like one episode

of television.

we have listened

to clever people talking about it,

so we watch it all the time.

*so — here’s a story that just came out.*

*david lynch, you know, the great filummaker;*

*david lynch — he puts down headline: trump*

*could go down; this a hollywood guy: the reason i*

*do this, is, you*

*know, you don’t hear this; & plenty of em*

*voted for me; plenty of em voted*

*for me. david lynch (sic) could go down*

*as one of the greatest presidents*

*in history. of course,*

*there goes his career, right, in holly—? veteran*

*filummaker david lynch believes…*

the place is by water,

grassed blue. man

in a mustard jacket.

i think of a cold eye, sat in sun

from willow’s sluice.

ducks are lined along the limb

of a trash float.

i wanna say: bark

overgrowth makes meniscus

lateral, at each of these hacked

trees, like portholes

of many boats spindling.

kayak, flashing.

there are few encouraging parapets

along this stretch: by water,

furrowing at the ducks’

staggered leap,

whose whole regard is motor

& not a bit about soft-sand construction

problems in the area, long local

villains of split brick.

you walk on asphalt, firm. the sand

is paned in a big metal.

the person wrote that book

was cooked at the low rack

of a gas four-burner.

the cold sun is, at distance,

insistently throwing flares.

some kayak, pecked

by a curious egret; man

in a jacket,

colour of the beast’s beak.

we drink cordial,

yellow also: diet-lemon.

i understand its chemical

composition; spot an eyelash,

soon blown off fingertip

after a wish:

*close your eyes, cross*

*your fingers — over open fires,*

*in just about any ocean,*

*to welcome home sparkling*

*pleasure!*

the man looks

spiky. the grass

reminds us to whisper:

*the grass is blue, new*

*frost casing its tips.*

mosquitoes love when you feel

blue, too.

pebbles can be found anywhere:

this one is a seat;

this one is five-hundred years

old; this one is warm

when i give it to you,

to hold.

we have joked

about being old: falling

over, it’s a big deal, rails.

it will be lovely to clasp

a nicely diametered protrusion;

& people of advanced age

are like ceramic: wipeable,

& much-textured; stackable.

i know of a retirement village

in capel sound, formerly rosebud

west. there is a ply cutout

of its proprietor

at the entrance, ten-to-one

scale, grinning. teeth

are flaking.

it’s really nasty

paint: there are green bits

all over. the masterplan

is extremely confusing.

one gets the feeling some

parliamentarian should go for a golf

bit, then say something

mid-volume — perhaps after losing

three dollars at the vending machine

in the triangular building,

overlooking that thin log. the orange man

comes twice-yearly to caulk

the windows.

some smaller bit was left out

of another bit, when they built.

it is consequently often the coldest

triangular building in the precinct,

out of many total

triangular buildings, all of which feature

the complementary aesthetic characteristic

of many-angledness:

an underrated, subtle touch

of the postmodern, probably,

according to doctor peterson.

*you are pickier*

*by the day,* we have joked.

the iced gra—. people

have diameter: cylinder-people.

*this is hilarious,* you say.

we’re so proud of the peripheral

line: our complex geometry,

making dicks stand up

in linen blue-washed

by screen.

some serious philosophy could be done

by pipe-people; so, your father was

the owl, now

a polyvinyl extrusion,

& old — like ceramic. green man

with a long car, stacking

the tray with dad-cylinders,

somehow negotiate traffic,

pulsing up

air during hot stretches,

through the single channel

of the carbound cylinder-body.

blue grass. we draw maps

of places we’ve been,

& many we’ll never.

there are spiders. i only hear

constants when you type;

there is an interlude whenever

a shape is very pleasing.

we drink the cordial,

yellowing also.

crisping grass

blue; you: like a bird.

some prefer the street

much-petaled, full

of legs.

the ice melts in our milk.