



Carrier of the Seed

Jeffrey Side

Argotist Ebooks

Cover image by Rachael Ann Lisi

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What Reviewers Have Said about *Carrier of the Seed*

Marjorie Perloff

'It's very striking. The reader is propelled forward, thematically and mythologically. The result is extremely interesting.'

Hank Lazer

'An engaging avalanche of a poem, and I like the collision of various registers of language throughout the poem. Overall, a feel of contemporary myth-dream propelled narrative to it. A truly contemporary quest.'

Pam Brown

'The poem is breathlessly written, imbued with distinctive imagining and, perhaps surprisingly, it also maintains a satisfying dynamic-yet-steady rhythm, reading like a long measured monologue or song. Side intersperses antiquated traces that sometimes suggest classic fairy-tales (robes, kingdoms, forests, parlours, maidens, minstrels, pilgrims) with a contemporary everyday lexicon of cybernetics and plain speech. The made-up language overtakes the poet intrinsically and emphasises the suffusion of feeling that pulses throughout the poem.'

John Couth

'All the way through to the poem's conclusion, with its implied continuation, the reader will have embarked down an extraordinary route of languages, registers and vocabularies, which function to arrest, surprise, disrupt, flow together, collide and cut across each other's current like a plaited waterway. In turn, this flow has been enriched by the assimilation of artefacts from different generations of writers; these deepen the work, interlacing it with echoes and experiences from different times and cultures. The integration of so many disparate elements into one cogent construct is the poem's triumph.'

For
Sarah Abigail Cowie
and
Rachel Ann Lisi

Carrier of the Seed

You made Pandora
visit me from
her disruptions across
the sea her
mane was stretched
like Cyprus-flow
and her mind
was as smooth
as causation at
a time I
had reached my
most content you
pointed her up
and to me
you sent like
when I passed
quickly through the
sheep pool clustered
together there at
the edge of
a clearing the
struggle for mating
territory accident and
necessity but at
base level this
just comes down
to quality asset
concepts recommended for
global incremental alignment
nonetheless you were
loved attracted by
cries of the
tormented with the
stick which she
uses for leather
no less than
poverty expressive of
self doubt held
in a headlock
laughing whose mother
emerges as I
sometimes do myself
known for contending
scandal in the
libraries exposed on

sale insist we
tolerate anthropology in
the island fashion
much of our
lives women and
children with equal
truth that burns
produce syndrome which
accelerates metabolism and
the midnight blue
of zenith impersonal
and personal made
clear by the
notices and the
poster exploitative and
acute against various
defences we might
keep the altitude
in view by
the stream near
Vancouver yet the
exploratory research points
to functional monitored
contingencies and the
upgraded model now
offers responsive logistical
innovation while at
the same time
no place seems
lowest to these
my kindred born
out of me
where I have
made my bed
in charnels and
on coffins robed
with pure snow
and crowns so
wadhik and murquitb
that there is
still not too
much hassle for
the pay but
still unsure of
the steps and

the music graph
arch cavettos tudy
overth enext few
mount etogetm downaga
forgotten hin gish
here have eel
lye busy wild
owntose mistaking the
rogue creative principle
through the dark
and profound hypothesis
into evaluation with
the template associated
format-tree broken
backed prospect over
screening biology that
visits my sad
heart agaiden or
that remore and
memore fory or
time dease pleave
but I will
not hold chindred
plears main winds
youndred meming time
yeave I just
refused as I
wandered fast and
ran to a
bar where I
was seen last
and sitting in
the corner too
far from my
view was the
hint of a
woman who to
the city was
new where solidity
is a stranger
and reason a
mystery he looked
at words confounded
like they were
magnified and from

that day on
wherever I went
in the cities
among the rounders
in the mountains
I always remembered
my wife was
with me hanging
her headgear as
in Hades ganging
against the maiden
gonad and hinipog
there at loonis
doth also come
acquittal just like
a gokonil and
my luck has
never been thin
like the bed
or something even
like vessels elk
half mad crying
suicide she made
me count up
to ten she
was up all
night working on
the site but
is there a
safe way home
through the city
or must I
always take the
8.25 from Geneva
to Paris and
get lost on
the way so
don't let your
father blow the
whistle on you
my love I
need you so
much but more
than else I'm
waiting for you

what kind of
a girl do
you take me
for but captain
don't give the
order to live
separated from the
silver canvas that
upon its surface
holds the projections
of so much
dreaming forced to
drift sleepless without
intention and in
the morning came
home like once
you told me
to she got
her cards marked
out so well
it only made
me blue and
my skin it
reeks of illness
now and complex
symmetry he was
my lover for
front-end web
services cross-platform
functionalities so I
had to be
on the safe
side whilst on sorana
and that was
no joke but
undisciplined vowels fall
hypocritically which I
know now and
the thought of
politics and rocks
aren't succinct enough
or conspil but
he was too
depressed and lerpig
to find out

that a liar
was all the
time working so
how come angels
all the more
yolonert don't remain
still like boisvert
for he was
a commander of
the sea and
took these things
seriously and appearing
suddenly nobody left
to see if
you had waited
freer than the
ocean that came
down almost in
ecstasy who gives
a shit in
any case but
it was a
came and went
too quick for
me night after
night incessantly millions
have wept before
me and after
when she was
putting roofs up
in Mexico I
paid all sorts
of money like
a man who
was mad with
the sound of
many furnaces before
the mountains were
removed a cross
for all men's
sufferings yet we
are perhaps unaware
of that and
at the same
time possessing wisdom

which tells us
so much and
it is some
time since they
were on their
way here and
it is some
comfort to speak
of these things
I'm not saying
it would have
been better with
me a dealer
in trade but
we have seen
his star in
the east constitute
of mirror residue
contracted progression and
the saucer saw
a few things
early in duality
and female preference
variance depleted genetic
good genes handicapping
costly traits she
was a choosy
female correlation clover
in sepia canticle
perspective overloads concrete
completion and becomes
a personal issue
to cure the
deadly grief certainly
experience out of
all retreat and
of course finality
and the latter
mode participators activate
how will the
end be for
me I heard
her cry sometimes
things are easy
sometimes things are

hard sometimes things
just fall apart
and now we
see the marks
of joy and
sorrow and the
ties of life
as we are
moving towards a
theory of beauty
tremenous natures veiled
butane on jehoaphat
stigmata nationalist condensation
steals redemptive like
cool alabaster twixt
the seasons of
love finding foolish
fair for frankness
and killing the
mind she kept
in kindness though
pornography darkness is
rechargeable for ignition
through contemplation of
stench I was
abandoned with reclaims
of the high
nature and there
are no accidents
except her anatomy
bred forth organism
like that time
she stood me
up her dominant
motherhood wave-matron
phallic surplus condition
of autonomy closing
her flesh envelope
over her minoan
female tower made
me curious as
I crept towards
moment maximum intensity
horizontal chain-like
arranged whereby conversation

became pointless camouflage
consumption for the
sailors was her
call so don't
make me go
into debt and
don't make me
play this way
now thou hast
sorted out this
stuff in your
head he's just
trying to get
back cable symmetry
forgetting reproduction and
transference blows unquestioned
opaqueness through conflation
or colludes with
the refusal of
insert and service
while situation process
repetitive delaying my
love has gone
escalator she's calling
the river over
illusion at my
core while on
high heaven's vengeance
what you send
out it comes
back more get
out of her
my people the
lady from Baltimore
like we did
for the eight
rivals loose at
feet where they
lay in the
vale water-shot
last to go
down with that
man with high
quality territory providing
nuptial gifts for

some other cherries
in their eyes
and my plea
before you opened
up your court
was misheard but
thieving was a
thing she never
was inclined to
but I should
take a notion
to and I
don't care if
they all despise
me or make
shimmy-down on
Monday but my
love's across the
sea ten away
or so and
it's nobody's business
and no friend
can replace it
or walk by
the river's brim
with a hey
down low walking
as it were
while the eldest
pushed the youngest
in yet I'll
be true to
my love for
the lane is
longest that hath
no turning as
the fire that
always keeps on
burning to greet
me as I
am churning glad
progressively more and
kalarna but some
coroni corpal pororva
clapsin otorle boodon

nortal she comes
on a train
at dawn but
no one ever
said Orion come
out because he
knew her reflected
vaguely a continuity
and feeling they
maintain but generating
vertical spreading memories
or existence but
it's not like
you to hurt
me and blessed
yak den arta
or resigned to
his fate commander
that nat den
harper was caught
for the joy
of his crime
still counting extant
yak which widen
as if dangerous
wind stripped that
meal for charities
to the womb
of her paps
remain calm all
the important decisions
have already been
made for we
don't wrestle against
the flesh someday
we'll sit on
a mountain and
work it all
out pen on
the table ink
on the spot
man outside the
stable pin on
the dot keep
searching there's a

pain in the
arms of the
women now dead
must split this
round before convocation
remembers cold as
it was relative
I'm not sure
if it was
Nova Scotia or
German Expressionism obsessed
me looks like
now ignorant all
was interested in
came back for
money like looking
good natured whore
was supposed to
comfort him or
something be on
his side in
the morning and
by night safe
from his long
dog from Manatai
aura of civility
complete pattern of
when I was
deep underground or
widespread and she
couldn't see the
point of closing
next to me
looking like a
crystal stretched in
water she was
a mistress to
all the world
before the end
came when we
could see her
market research as
she stopped the
foaming waves and
as to how

may erections she
caused in a
crowded room who
can say with
signs and signals
from her hips
no matter how
you start you
end up the
same and besides
I like to
rest sometimes and
just linger while
life overflows triumphantly
perforated by a
chivalry that dies
abruptly while his
clasint concubine concocts
drunken entries for
aggressive sheep in
plastic comas and
I was lying
down in the
rehab on the
way out of
Milton without any
thoughts as if
it were embers
reaching depositary and
let your lamp
shine before men
and renew your
mind as feet
make up the
floor get this
over I haven't
much longer they
must have had
me in mind
ask that man
who knows me
best she's still
that girl to
me till the
two of us

go down noodling
nomark nonce playing
pensive like the
dog pandering beneath
piety your name
is not important
nor your standing
in my sight
I never knew
you I never
knew your dad
with the appetite
of Darwin translated
into the protracted
grimalkin that parsiful
the ubermansch and
eater of the
eaten is it
possible to lactate
some even when
she seemed complete
upon her seat
with the first
speckles of gray
on her head
yet possibilities still
forbid conglomerate without
elatedness or logocentrism
harbinger of legs
or thorax water
then some empiricism
postulated something other
than the potter's
field credible and
sulian to this
temperature should I
now respond with
molecules due to
artefact like rape
terminology of specifics
or perlue for
you know my
love was kind
and cruel but
the judge sentenced

her anyway so
the entrance down
hope eteld his
find well etso
omnin this or
are kwa dright
all day and
night I fight
for light while
you were with
my mistress it
just makes a
fuck of me
as I go
up to the
south of hills
lower than that
wagon which tendeth
to slow me
down but your
father is too
much within you
he can still
see a spiral
of your trust
seeking to find
a path out
you still find
your security in
multitudes while your
husband is brooding
in doubt I
couldn't put you
in the magazine
even if it
sustained us all
for seven long
years my love
and I are
parted but young
men there are
who are preciously
deceitful while the
harp through its
playing has language

for me whenever
the light through
its branches is
breaking a host
of kind faces
is gazing on
thee as animals
signal their distastefulness
with warning colours
as auto-mimicry
within species show
that this cheating
strategy avoids the
cost of toxicity
but cry not
in the passing
there was something
like a brocade
you bent me
to love you
in your American
sort of way
but all the
same you never
put me in
your circle and
I can't agree
that it wasn't
all your fault
nobody else could
keep me still
running or keep
me thinking how
someone as mad
as you can
make a name
for herself in
the rush for
a certain peace
I can't get
you under I
can't be leaving
you not until
I've done everything
I have to

do in the
home of the
brave word while
the world becomes
you traded back
in sleepy quarters
jealous now juvenile
jeweler elective reluctance
is ebbing endeavour
such are the
men who came
to be tamed
while there's a
lion in the
room and there's
a mountain in
the straights she
came here on
a single fare
with no papers
in my sack
and you were
told to lie
with her and
on her until
the end while
the clergyman sang
in her ear
as his bath
almost fell from
the roof and
I went to
the north and
had a girdle
given to me
so we don't
know the day
or the hour
and I've had
my share of
squeals and deals
as communicades and
God knows the
cavalier lost his
face thinking he

had been in
love but he
couldn't go back
to wipers lady
and desperate men
never left it
that way as
it is only
comparative like plaintives
corroded with summer
heat and exigencies
of time longelled
complete Absalom curator
sprung gevelling cross
rombost fields and
conold spracken now
in at a
valued kingship branded
spurring hard drives
and all sorts
of things like
that coping out
on top of
my regard after
I saw a
man fall down
in Texas and
get up in
Tennessee the night
was on the
downhill balance and
slows of other
times coliseum sunken
stolen flame harlot
bedded crucifix down
by the flanks
as stars go
so it was
in the multitude
where no one
cuts a stretch
out your hand
who has withdrawn
it I gave
it to thee

the other week
under that oak
give me a
spoon to feed
me hammer for
no young man
should venture where
once he could
not go into
sway as her
will in grass
tail-worn and
fortune reminds with
tomb entrenched shaven
locks in different
degrees of heat
like rendered ramparts
and heliotrope chained
to resignation like
descended and you
shouldn't be so
touchy shalt thou
ditch me for
some other guy
after I mixed
with the crowds
that trod the
road on which
the fool strode
while others whose
circles and cliques
the outsider it
smothers by close
inspection planted now
far apart once
loved and worshipped
right at the
start knowing not
the weather nor
the season deluded
with reason that
did not reach
my ear or
the other guy
who drove you

home and the
messages sent to
me never came
clear and I
limped home each
night from the
hurt of a
woman who came
home after work
in a cheap
form of Pullman
her lover I
regarded most unworthy
to recline next
to her body
and watch her
decline into sleep
where she hid
unable to move
or move an
eyelid when I'm
in the midst
of chaos there's
no need to
reassure your husband
that the quality
is endless like
the snow there
was nobody to
ever know but
as if on sorana
was likely to
occur in orata
or control her
tane and norot
which I never
needed in the
first place as
far as I
could tell but
what can I
do now that
she has gone
and who can
describe how it

went wrong I've
got nothing now
to recover my
doubts apart from
a feeling that
the world's gone
out and I
don't expect you
to comfort me
with words like
oniligonoe or anahiah
or make a
denidon for me
she generates vertical
like opiates on
wind-paper causing
elapenion a vision
it was near
to where you
were born there's
a lot of
shit looking for
a place with
embraces to smother
the things we
do for just
a few inches
leave this place
I can't reappear
not after all
the betting that
in earnest we
had made though
you said you
don't believe in
biology it's expected
that you'll change
so much trouble
I've been through
for you while
he just danced
with you a
couple of times
calling all cars
calling all cars

Keats let me
down too much
you left before
we could be
strangers this is
a trying time
you know how
I feel what
about that man
downstairs we've made
a bargain you
and I the
incendiary of memory
creeps upon my
toes but what
is the dust
to me we're
just going to
have to handle
whatever comes along
I was just
telling the boys
here how things
are going to
be with me
I must have
forgotten something I
can't get it
off my mind
but it's not
likely to happen
again I'll be
going but you'll
be coming back
if I were
a man I'd
be swept away
ationwai tingon forho
uset hesalec ouple
buyi nogith aveh
adth ortgage edsoa
should go then
oftra vel so
Tom don't look
so stern across

your shady brow
that's nothing to
what I need
he must increase
but I must
decrease it'll help
him feel that
he's part of
it helping like
the rest of
us while everything
was still I
looked into her
stare outlining areas
on the land
and on the
sea looking at
skeletons in some
ancient encyclopaedia until
the appearance of
the fleet and
the Queen of
Space chronicler unrobed
offspring below lineage
at the back
of her climbing
stagnated indwelt watery
light flushed with
the wind and
marry me no
figures can corrupt
a mortal mould
saltpetre colonies pentagrams
of shipwreck and
depetalled plagues reproduced
facsimiles of specimens
abandoned I'd do
anything to just
go back again
windred and remorest
befored like remintery
hung deareve choose
today who you
will serve the
sea cannot drown

me she had
the best hands
in the business
could you ever
be engaged where
is everyone I
thought by this
time I'd be
alright I never
knew where they
came from someone
just told me
and I thought
they'd come pilot
high telepoint feel
fine coping down
greatly on the
way like it
used to be
with you riding
and inspiring upon
yonder hill we
will meet again
in this life
don't worry I
have been able
to come to
some conclusion like
a book I
picked up at
the time you
used to bathe
in silver seas
with a white
horse along with
everything and the
motion I left
her taking pictures
of strange men
with nothing as
a thought when
the change came
in the sweltering
tropics now the
news has no

proof on the
bay ordering it
about time to
remember still today
flunky chain and
forsake command for
the word is
quick and powerful
and suffering sense
identity confiscating the
mass over Helicon
slaughtering the coward
flatulent pillar of
tirade to abandon
mountains awaiting you
in Norway but
I need you
in your room
with the skylight
and the wooden
chair beneath for
it's you I
long darlin' and
the friends of
my childhood again
are before me
as each step
wakes a memory
as I roam
after wooing a
maiden in her
wintertime and the
look in her
eyes reminds me
of that summer
and the many
times I held
her in my
arms so well
I adore thee
dearest maiden must
I leave thy
shade forever as
a hundred years
is very long

and you can
believe it if
you please for
a lofty ship
is never breached
but now you
try and tell
me that Microsoft
are my keepers
and you an
energy-state thindred
and remored felt
only deave and
adoreve alike come
now he that
runs may read
but the sun
is standing still
and I'll call
on the morning
of your birthday
but I will
not offend thee
my sweet for
I am the
embodiment of retention
and will not
be conspicuous anymore
the chariot that
came for me
caused me dread
it must have
been that woman
elongate who has
haunted me forever
and which none
of us can
resist while I
sit with you
under the tree
in the wrong
season without a
pass or any
knowledge of information
systems so don't

push me too
far the world
doth wink whose
thoughts are hid
and I'm afraid
of nothing now
because in the
morning you are
with me and
I know it
is the beginning
of your moving
back in June
sleeping where God
has planted you
never saw me
at my best
remain with me
men of high
ambition from the
night skies flung
amid the wild
now we're getting
down to it
and how long
must I be
standing in the
middle of the
road but nothing
gets me down
too much though
the seasons change
too quickly and
the last time
I heard she
was in Baltimore
I couldn't get
in contact no
matter what the
year I couldn't
get in contact
with my dear
I want a
word with you
about her who

lives up there
we were lost
upon the moment
before cloudy the
winds did's't sigh
to noisy fame
though lowly it
may be a
blessing afternoon call
and again all
details lay me
down I'm just
glad to see
her rain on
the just and
the unjust vials
of wrath the
voice is heard
within land and
the way of
a man with
a maid is
apple of discord
fortune elephants in
Cyprus boats of
ermine squandered devils
gloat freezing up
the heat of
life with fetters
cut from water
pearl you never
did learn to
love me right
chain down now
the half-wit
who manifests doubt
upon the harbouring
phone-lover on
the custom of
tirade and summer
learning empty talk
its pleasures are
blind its lords
are slaves now
to the Internet

summer is over
the cold night
of winter coming
so that I
may be gone
never to hear
the forest melody
or behold amorous
villas suspended on
dry summit platforms
and fatal harvests
blocking cupid on
the bough or
the mind wandering
on this journey
reaching the extent
of image and
not satisfied thinking
the background must
be chosen and
what shall be
like counterparts of
wisdom that can
make humanity a
lie or facilitate
customised experiences with
remote web-enabled
convergence systems for
new business channels
in a world
breaking down but
that it should
come to this
at the time
of the evening
breeze my dear
make forever sustain
delight or before
long my walls
will be almost
spaceless and why
did you pick
on me when
you are what
it's all about

and pure on
the earth in
the crowd on
fantastic tension and
heaven pathless winds
the tenth condition
life sleeping like
silent of dream
without regions and
diversions where we
meet to talk
so as to
speak no dogma
would be applicable
therefore he came
and said he
would take her
from me she's
mine I say
marry me are
you in the
future already or
do you remain
the same like
the image of
love around say
450 BC when
you jilted me
behind the tent
and spiral focus
matter collection exchange
cyclone male and
female gametes began
when I didn't
have any money
which left me
no choice as
I wandered down
by yonder lake
one quiet autumn
day by ancient
gate that leads
unto the hall
where the poor
old dame had

wandered with her
blind man and
the lonely widow
weeping for her
children in the
ground hearing about
ransom to share
decline of the
west science and
sanity she left
him writing even
starting attraction to
crime north of
the pines believed
his intentions though
he was near
sighted this invasion
precipitated plane tickets
and other receipts
almost death in
the catalogue the
patrician of magnificent
boredom the book
is not the
object in your
hand that heaven
led me to
be off with
you took me
for a ride
but no more
rise up in
the English lane
rise up like
grief as you
were bound in
some confusion with
your memories at
night and you
had a pocket
to keep you
out of sight
as you tried
to be so
helpful but maybe

we never existed
separately so nothing
can be sacred
and I cannot
love or hate
and I have
no care for
fate and it
will be chaos
in the end
when the wings
of fluid hold
you tight and
the beggars deep
in plight stumble
without sight somewhere
in the mind
out of the
darkness which hides
your light but
I couldn't let
go of '89
to rest my
fate and ragged
soul beside you
how many men
have hungered for
your open palm
and longed to
be succoured but
you lost what
you had discovered
and were elegant
in sapphire daisy
organdie and steel
and I could've
been someone like
you I just
don't know what
happened and with
tresses to your
bosom your full
bloom did reveal
but I'll never
get over the

love you gave
that man if
I'd known how
much I was
going to miss
you I'd have
made you marry
me in Baltimore
and the ones
who could not
understand would make
do with the
world's approving eyes
or skies held
in oceans where
footsteps once trod
tiny towns and
where lovers love
and artists meet
and in your
cylindrical desert where
the wandering night
wind sang and
where fell last
summer's leaves and
closed was every
door a childless
mother sighed and
sat in the
silent bed a
lonely pilgrim she
carrying the coat
that her darling
used to wear
was the last
that she had
left and all
her thoughts were
there when I
come to thee
into the night
that knows not
the morning between
the womb and
the shroud unto

the poorest of
us all I've
wandered over landscapes
and am alone
on the embankment
to which my
love returns no
more that's why
I told the
conductor don't stop
this train let
it move let
it move let
it move because
I'm just mad
enough to come
and see you
gram marh avet
ostu wmonths sotim
etogetm yhea down
again for gottensom
so don't ask
me ever again
I'm getting older
and more rueful
fast by minutes
all the time
as I observe
people young walking
freshly painted tall
sublime uch thin
ash ereh ave
beenokre all busy
willing etdown to
see you before
we go but
back in those
early years she
would ripple the
waters and I
needed to get
her in fresh
air outside that
French place where
my feet slipped

but please keep
it real I'll
never fail you
are afraid to
be honest there's
always a way
I said your
wife knows about
this you see
that's just it
I wanted to
put things right
down to the
letter while he
was just a
child and she
called him to
her bedside and
said I'm dying
I'm poorer than
your parents and
I've nothing much
to leave sometimes
I think we
have no choice
I wanted to
be real not
plastic as once
I loved a
bonny lass safe
from all the
sleet that had
accumulated on frigid
England's sterile streets
while somewhere in
the light an
artist drew you
near trees that
will never start
and cooperation was
not forthcoming so
that it shall
not be confused
with itself come
on baby do

your stuff you
know how to
serve me suppose
you screeve or
go cheap Jack
sometimes it takes
luck even to
think straight but
they would hold
you in the
darkness and kiss
you in the
light and they
would listen to
your story until
your stress was
slight then they
departed in the
evening when the
sun was turning
night and her
pulse did beat
for thee I'm
lost and I
don't know why
sarakawi you loved
me really even
though you ran
after your lover
but could not
catch him I
should've been somewhere
by now I'll
see you back
on deck no
reason for your
mind to leave
you the clarity
of the native
hands are deep
within your bed
and the mournful
words that are
uttered can never
be unsaid and

the ones who
were within you
are now without
toiling in different
cities your fortress
stones break now
that kingdoms come
and kingdoms go
and your soul
is in Gertrude's
precious chamber for
in the world
outside women in
the parlour have
remembered and over
the scattered graveyard
the stolen church
bell tolls you
through the maze
that surrounds you
to America in
this life and
in the next
from your computer
they hope you
travelled to claim
your freedom back
cattle on a
fading then you
came home with
a letter written
to shattered hearts
your Arctic beams
shone down on
the eyes who
would not leave
a minstrel revealing
the pure sound
of the music
and the blood
that must sustain
you pilgrims suspended
between life and
death and the
still cold trails

of autumn-dawn
shown to you
caught between two
vast shores where
the wind had
caught your breath
you were taken
from above and
all that did
remain were dancing
girls writhing in
their trance with
their chartered bodies
in jeopardy and
all the men
who surrounded you
waited for their
chance they were
ghostly then but
now they do
not haunt you
for those days
are long behind
weary confession but
you still retain
your grace and
all of this
territory where all
the maidens in
the valleys are
trapped within their
sleep and soldiers
cry out in
their cages and
you feel the
padded paws of
squirrels all about
you I could
never work it
out myself as
I went out
one morning in
the college woods
those child bearing
hips playing on

my mind and
there's nothing I
can do with
my heart still
entwined while I'm
rootless and my
swan has gone
but I don't
want to wish
anything on anyone
I just sunk
a well and
answered to my
lust but so
great is his
mercy like a
father who pitieth
his children for
you did not
receive the spirit
of slavery but
send me on
my way so
I can go
back to my
homeland they were
a people strong
and numerous and
nothing of theirs
was missing and
I am about
to go the
way of all
the earth if
only my anguish
could be weighed
so return to
him you who
have so greatly
revolted and you
who are far
away hear what
I have done
and accept the
gift and live

the truth in
love it was
revealed the other
day near Miled
and the Gallatin
valley but we
fell into dubious
company one of
the bunch was
on the square
a full house
of raw crooks
I will see
you all in
hell first she
said one score
one fight and
no funeral so
we left for
Judith Gap decked
with an angry
priest and a
happy bride and
I'd make you
my lover on
Sunday but you'd
be leaving me
by Monday I
know anything goes
even the death
of a rose
for the silenced
people sheltering with
fixed authority trala
expropriation also fish
with Cretan bull
monotones cross over
turtle-mocked libertines
as the remnants
in the house
back the lane
there yard mosses
glow and come
to Galatia at
sumison flood beside

my yearning sword
when you opened
the gallery on
Tuesday at two
Maria de Marigrane
was helping you
she said I
was not welcome
in the big
city where she
had great expectations
while everyone else
thought her beneath
their stations come
down the steps
to where you
once crept my
dear I'm walking
out on the
town with my
lady she's got
red shoes on
and she may
be significant for
every investment all
summer long beside
the compliant seamstress
I felt better
in my bed
so let's drop
the bassoonist I'm
candle-weary even
though love's day
numinous rubies after
the kiss trapped
in brutality while
river-shaded lesbians
celebrate absorbed skin
and Lazarus regains
the spear and
destiny might be
reserved in case
I hear a
voice shell-encased
turtledove similar to

Tripoli where she
met me her
singularity showing itself
in the way
she descended mirrored
accordingly to come
hither consistently but
it isn't an
illness there's a
chemical element that
takes place at
a certain point
though nothing's been
proven yet come
off it you
have a stable
mind so hang
on this is
one of the
voices calling though
you were forced
to closely release
faculty with those
who will be
familiar among the
admired melting into
nature resented constructions
against the gluttoned
apple and those
drained myths of
religious faith where
mannoisms were writing
contorted letters that
became contempt producing
flood disorganising processes
and time's interior
form of art
converging on kangaroo
only to implement
mourning dogs while
laconic restraint passes
into opacity but
I believe it
to be the
obsession with perception

which formed a
contrast in pomegranate
bruising before time
jumped for nothing
in Venice apart
from autumn and
gas near Geneva
night come I
will fold you
in vinegar lest
some time comes
between us but
I've used up
all my sanctions
and I've used
up all my
speed and I
can't find what
I mean like
a man with
no seed I'll
be with you
in the springtime
that's what she
said to me
but in the
meantime just let
me be a
son coming from
your own body
to be your
heir while you
have been our
dwelling place and
under your wings
he will find
refuge holding on
tight to a
lot of things
he couldn't let
go of and
I haven't even
any kids to
remember my name
and I miss

your scent in
the hallway though
your mother treasured
all of these
things in her
heart when the
doorposts shook and
they covered their
faces and they
covered their feet
for I am
a man of
unclean lips and
you were as
anxious as I
was have you
been faithful to
me or hast
fornication to summit
occasion of death
been spittled in
thy lankness so
go not yonder
loveless prophet in
tainted borders of
rebellion flux on
the downward slope
flying while she
strutted betwixt nylon
and flower-calling
truth to tell
so miss her
not but lament
her falling in
sounds and installations
lost like that
girl I used
to stalk who
had worship on
her mind but
now is away
and I don't
want to accuse
anyone else but
you I'm not

friends with the
lens now and
I can't explain
why so let's
leave it at
that and we'll
just say goodbye
whatever belongs to
you will never
be lost to
me and you
who now says
nothing drove me
mad while she
without prior knowledge
contains states for
me sumptuous to
spurned nakedness now
that lust to
breath veritable flesh
formal animal manifestations
close the space
between us odour
framed in doctrinal
jewels and preordained
ledge-folding wealth
biological so I
can buy a
cunt for a
nickel but after
he gave you
his cape I
saw your true
nature when you
were dancing out
there strange love
when there's nowhere
else to climb
yet the lady
of turquoise and
the lady of
sycamore say that
nothing endures and
nothing substantiates through
the combination and

separation and all
will be dissolved
again in the
panic-flight as
the heat fades
in the day
by the woman
at the well
while the world
is in darkness
and even the
high-placed lady
that your world
knows slumbers the
whole night long
as iron sharpens
iron and crowns
are not secure
for all generations
as doom approaches
like you knew
it would because
I have come
and there is
no other for
with your own
eyes you will
see and with
your own ears
you will hear
and they might
bring attendants to
us or they
might not as
for the captain
he fell on
deck everything he
gave her she
brought back and
all through the
summer I lost
my head but
Bellerophon he followed
her when she
was upset but

it backfired and
she was shaken
by a mighty
wind like that
time near Jericho
Lane I'm so
sad I have
washed my robes
yet the land
has darkened shall
we be without
blemish as I
run out of
time and something
has gone wrong
and I can't
sit here moping
now the alarm
has gone so
fall on us
and hide us
like those worthy
of an open
look because mysteries
are confounding me
that no man
could number the
price of wisdom
that is above
rubies and is
hidden in the
region of drowning
nights where the
sweetest thing one
can see is
daylight when we
shall meet but
do not leave
me tortured by
your tube for
as I have
said unto them
this day shall
be unto you
for a memorial

seat despite their
hunger and the
brethren who came
before her deep
in the past
nothing seemed right
to understand but
what shall we
say when the
sack is full
and he with
whom it is
found will want
more like the
third child in
the desert whose
house of bondage
was where the
people had started
but now were
down low soon
to come up
but nothing ever
changes and nothing
ever lasts I
just feel guilty
over Enron and
certain things from
my past in
another part of
town with memory
fading clock-struck
sins the preacher's
mission has come
of age and
the son has
lost a father
and the father
has lost a
son for rescue
in the desert
there are many
triangles still showing
but I know
you will get

through withstanding just
as the vibrant
concubine denies herself
plastically and crashes
vestigial unopened in
streets as shrieks
of baleful dreams
shed finally on
soundless nags unholy
impersonal but yet
still vibrant for
life whispering like
sullies completely sucked
but numinous lubricous
dragon-like whilst
rodeo clowns clench
themselves with enzymatic
destitute flux but
let's not dwell
on such things
here catch up
with him madam
before the rocks
are on you
and do the
monkey with me
in ignominious craves
and condescension chivalry
expectantly upright enticement
falls on vexly
placed drones near
unsanitary spoolers succumbing
to reason but
me I just
come for pleasure
now that companies
are investing in
responsive digital matrix
approaches and offer
outside the box
incremental mobility but
you are too
kind maid and
I will not
let you go

because I have
travelled the world
and she hath
made me enter
to draw forth
a spirit outcast
back with the
mountain goat so
I never really
did understand why
he left although
some said he
smelled like flounder
but watch and
wait upon psychopaths
in the bar
remembering the girl
that you once
were and I
am sustained by
that memory that
you picked up
on at the
time for the
hungry dog knows
where you are
and you were
too good for
my love but
where art thou
now playboys as
you adjust the
restraints on Lady
Bertha who used
to stay in
a corner room
where I broke
the glass at
midnight one time
in summer I
consider myself more
expanded than when
Caroline became potluck
at weddings where
nobody protests after

the fact therefore
you must really
force yourself to
change your mind
once you know
why but ye
O my people
rise up who
is not there
yet and still
counting as this
is all but
inevitable come unto
me in the
time that passeth
incapable of improving
it whilst discontinuing
the doll-range
without limit no
thanks I mean
what the hell
is she meant
to be proving
flashes of light
brighter than usual
or something diffusing
will be every
morning an educator
and make the
others keep cultivating
programs for people
material with broken
credit made mesh
available near the
sad stream where
the fragment hunter
strays and I
sit among the
trees while you
hide the money
we stole withering
with bare flesh
arising the valley
keeps blue shadows
and hides the

water and cold
am I awash
in blood and
pain confused and
shattering I wish
I could dance
forever but I
am not truly
alive because the
material universe is
defined by polarity
splattering only the
offers I saw
in the eyes
of death while
my soul is
like poison and
my emails keep
getting returned after
she couldn't fake
whimsical to panties
men who search
inward after empty
hairy fights which
lay come on
meandering love-structures
in the days
following the petition
the painkillers are
starting to work
with a hazard
ejaculatory until deflated
the master of
the vagina makes
you understand me
so we can
speak about when
we were poor
and how things
came to pass
like in the
lanes and rambles
and among the
trees of the
garden near the

custodian of the
gate I envied
you your view
though it came
slightly late there
was nothing I
could not stand
but in a
more robust age
than our own
I should have
taken pleasure in
calling you out
long ago though
most tenderly did
I love her
in my heart
and this can
never be torn
away by the
daughters of memory
who formed a
colony of themselves
but I had
a really good
day today when
you remember this
I want you
to know I
had a really
good day and
are you explaining
exaggerated ornaments of
courtship not easily
explained in natural
ways in taxonomic
groups in dull
dreaming out of
the dim silence
with suggestions elevated
in the rear
or at any
rate with traits
reproductive isolation although
she said the

idea is scarce
and it is
passing strange but
let God be
true because you
really had a
wonderful life and
on this fateful
day I sought
some hours and
escaped among certain
friendly trees and
I saw a
rose upon the
land half buried
in the sand
all day in
the breeze I
made some plans
for the Golden
Lanka and wrote
a note to
a woman to
thank her for
while in some
fallen moment and
some unknown kind
of way I
passed through that
day like the
master of ships
after he reversed
himself so thank
you for everything
you've done for
me though my
friends are dropping
like flies and
will forget me
like meta-level
parallel databases as
I yearn for
my diver who
can stay at
the bottom with

his wind holding
out for lease
befory poolside frievery
or replenish carbuncle
ruminations beside nocturnal
semblance and remoter
memory a poor
girl stood close
by his side
where the sun
it never sets
nor darkness dims
the sky reaming
beleand wing ever
memored O my
lads we'll yet
wear the jackets
of the blue
when we return
to the sweethearts
that we drew
lange deep ornamic
and notive pixony
for aroduction all
elden like a
flower I am
fading away don't
let me be
absent from her
thinking of the
days gone by
too weak to
stand and too
proud to lie
I have looked
but have not
seen and I
am waiting like
in that summer
when I was
free and we
were together and
I brought my
love a ring
to wear upon

her manipulate for
a token of
our own true
worship and to
remember me when
she returns no
more to be
parted when I'm
with you around.

About the Author

Jeffrey Side has had poetry published in *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Cuib Nest Nido*, *Underground Window*, *A Little Poetry*, *Poethia*, *Nthposition*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, *Eratio*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *Fieralingue*, *Moria*, *Ancient Heart*, *Blazevox*, *Lily*, *Big Bridge*, *Jacket*, *Textimagepoem*, *Apochryphaltext*, *9th St. Laboratories*, *P. F. S. Post*, *Great Works*, *Hutt*, *The Dande Review*, *Poetry Bay*, *The White Rose* and *Dusie*. He has reviewed poetry for *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Jacket*, *Eyewear*, *The Colorado Review*, *New Hope International*, *Galatea Resurrects*, *Stride*, *Acumen*, *Orbis* and *Shearsman*; written articles for *Jacket*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *Isis* and *Shadowtrain*; and written peer-reviewed articles for *The Literary Encyclopedia*, *Postgraduate English*, *English Magazine* and *The British Association for Romantic Studies Bulletin and Review*. From 1996 to 2000 he was the deputy editor of *The Argotist* magazine, and is currently the editor of the online successor of this, *The Argotist Online*, which has an ebook publishing arm called Argotist Ebooks. His publications include, *Carrier of the Seed*, *Slimvol*, *Distorted Reflections*, *Cyclones in High Northern Latitudes* (with Jake Berry) and *Outside Voices: An Email Correspondence* (with Jake Berry).