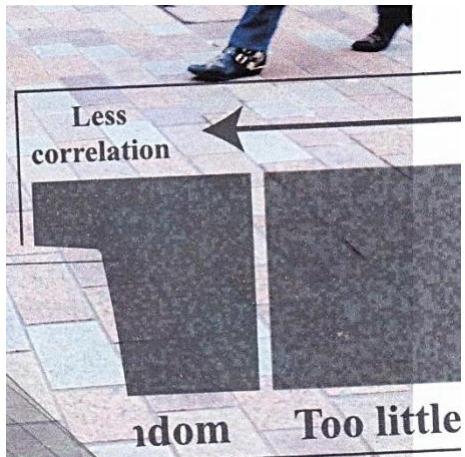


from *Coaglorhythms*



Cog Moth Rashly

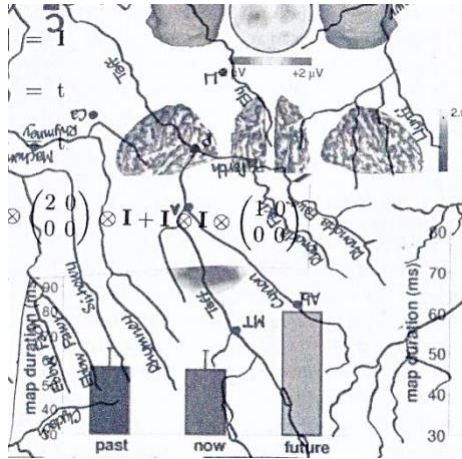
Dust suckle. Ulcered
streams, street-sucked,
ushering frost. Hymn coots
skate. Lapped into rattled
runes.

My Choral Goths

Ah fuckinks. Tink innit.
Frozen vomit in my hands.
Woolly puffa skullhead
stares me out. Told him to
pick me up. Rain patters into
nostrils in icy ribbons. The
nitric chills drag him out.

Coral Gosh Myth

Ponty duskwork. Breath
clusters hustle, pawing
glottalk. Corridor rustle,
dense shriek. Tongual trees,
stems in meaning, shuffling
flames, forms of forest, heat
of twists. Cinders a foliage
of voice.



Om Char Ghostly

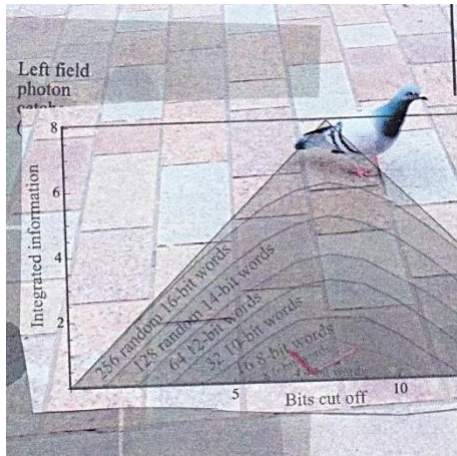
Gills lap, dangled by grins.
 Darkings himmering from
 their nettle-viped strip.
 Cufflings concased in stone.
 Hootsteps deadwhite.
 Calcined haze. Carrillows
 curdcurl from the strangle.
 Windled.

Hot Glory Chasm

Costa frost cuts you, candle
 numb. Cumuloids roam
 binlid yoga tinkles. Bass
 bobbled Burberry sky.
 Amoeboid from buddleia
 plasma-peel. Snood bones
 getting clustered. Spatted
 sniff.

Chart Gloom Shy

Gaunt guts rumble an ache-
 wane of thunder. Chamois
 spectral pages of snow with
 porous glow. Tuneless
 breath scratching wafers of
 greed. Glottal fumbles
 modelling chocolate algebra.



Log Roach Myths

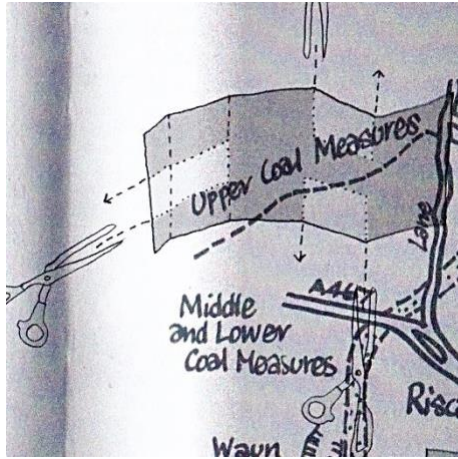
Dayglow bodyvest calls over
windscreen sky. Minion
airfreshener in conifer
reflection like a funhouse
mirror-road. Snapshots bend
the flux interface. Underpass
revolves tube reality hoodie
observer murmurs.

My Choral Ghost

Milky carcass. Foliage
mackerel. Equine and
bejewelled, arcs fuzz from
glottered wood. Diagrams
squirming. Graphical glitter.
Language lycra. Living
grains speak the beanie
amoeboid.

Charms Go Hotly

Parallel weathers: rhythms
froth. Cement streams fray
up flamy sky. Path lifts on
binlid bone. Pegged girders
cracked off shadows. My
legs walk head around door.
Rainspecks vary on glimpse
edges. Scrunchied synapse.



Hootch Gram Sly

Charred ponds. Phosphorous
echoes of quarry ploppers.
Glottis traces crater the
thickets. Listening flickers
into metric smelling. Coal
snores a haemoglobin curl.

Char Smog Hotly

You fucking ever throat
from my pixelate.
Kaleidoscoped headlight
then patter of glass. Purple-
fanged sky looks fuzzy
drizzlesquint. Slick shower
of sands gripping. Curbstone
claws up. Pylons fumble.

Hog Myth Carols

Headlights glow through
ringtone. I wipe my nostrils
in it. Ragged roundabout, I
look down at a metal
skeleton, hand over totem
pylon. Vape billows
nosedive in the diesel dank.
Moon in blue screen.



Ham Cog Shortly

Shining beds expire into an
old man's hands. Wane of
mine winks through a rift in
his eye. Skin cracked in sun
peels upward exposing a
layer of coal. White gown
sobs on either lung.

My Scholar Goth

Christled on the floodlit
couch, he jumped badoom.
Brow-knotters slooshing
barefoot. Sun-strings of rain
against tarmac. Liquid
carbon wobble-speeds.
Beached lush of hill-coal.
Gaspd chortles.

Gym Torch Halos

Rattling shadows.
Scratchings in soft cunt.
Shoals molten in the elms.
A hushing thing, damp and
spine, stripped heaven's
skeletonsilence.

Steven Hitchins (b.1983) is a poet, arts project organiser and publisher. His books include *Bitch Dust* (2012, Boiled String), *The White City* (2015, Aquifer), *Ilan* (2018, Stranger Press) and *The Lager Kilns* (2019, Aquifer), as well as collaborations with Rhys Trimble and Camilla Nelson. He runs The Literary Pocket Book press, publishing contemporary experimental poetry in miniature origami editions (see literarypocketblog.wordpress.com). In 2017-18 he organised Canalchemy, a walking poetry performance series at locations along the route of the erased Glamorganshire canal (stevenhitchins.wixsite.com/canalchemy).