



Soar (Notes scattered in Daedalus' new shop)

I

Ocean scar. There is granite water's scum left on the workshop floor again,
 grime lacey sausage casing at the forge base. Wicker mirrors wave crash in
sweep,
smuggles dirt and filings he must be still
sleeping I love him so.
Fed ego ends in ergot sludge, froth and roil
push and hurl waste crop off cliffs and stomach contents,
mass of his body light
pouring out of ear canal
I dragged myself out of it; left myself in the air long
as I could.

One, another, both felled by gods by myself lost, the agony
 —was it true—
that they felt in those moments certain
satisfaction. Take shame. An inverse slaying is piteous
you took a child out of the sky you built him into.
Memory calves off mind like ice
if I speak to what occurs I hear the gristly nitrogen vein.
I view it as blameless; the sun wants nothing, you
simply skirted my word.

Bloat bladderwrack take fodder in throat
gloat rudderless crack god jokes make odder
claim flooded the back wood backward-
facing visage eyes mauled out of Phoenician wood,

his face left swelled from soak and fed upon.

Chromatics—light fixed out of Cronos

fell gamma

permutation leading to difference as per mutation of lens
again falling, loss of wing the sun's mercy absent, object-
ive, who even saw spectrum in seafoam
on impact some time afforded
in inertial drag once I set myself in motion

I accepted my death not his

as an outcome rather than preference,

and I play that consequence of events over till the mind reels,
tears. No one asked about what the wax on his skin might have felt
like some unwitting tar and feather punishment.

I could have taken him for coffee, heard ice rattle rather
than the salted throat I conjure in sleep.

How has it come to this? That the panels open up,
the plumes edging around the surface the ugly water struck
about by diver birds desperate in stoop
are they under the
impression of attending to their kin?

Did I dress him in dark enough speech?

Escape—safe passage, match me, conserve lineage

do not rock the boats when you see them

if you see them hail them do not do not

think yourself better than me

and you may yet avoid being the

lens of defiance

the echo of hubris

take after me; do not take after me

come back to me I beg

the waters in their sigh their applause

of the world infolding on itself in
in their encirclement of what I was to you,
a fortress
to escape.

Your haemorrhage made right
so quick I had not registered your violence,
still saw your legs striking out at

cloud
running towards me.

Maybe a word or feather adhered to a gull,
was carried out of Icaria
so at least something was.

I replenish the water to wash the workshop, get it fit and ready.

II

Corvid retching lyrics and gut bacteria into historic blood
the judder-neck catching on all the necessary rhythms,
stars and coagulate caught in there like sweetmeats,
both open-mouthed as I could be,
none of it misses, maxillary caringly nested
word of god regurgitate w/seed makes for possible
digestion. Need to render take and give
parasites.

We pass bacteria into that which needs it.

Exhausted eradicated myself against my wings,
crockerly murmur pushing against skull interior,
the grain another sea there is always a sea in which
we cannot

land or be subsumed.

A feathered rain falls, fills furrows, all these boys
gathering up the little plumed chests

for hoarding, to sanctify in flock grammar.

Wings in Rorschach sound, brutalise convocation
all angles and perpendicular to heaven or the gap
taken for it.

Bird corpse made storm, radiates black sediment
out the massy light.

If I cared for restraint I'd be back in the water jug.

I am here to talk flight, station.

If the bird clutches at its chest with the spike of its mouth,
performs Promethean vivisections as horrid learned
behaviour, as consequence for grandeur; that it flew
too high, beyond station.

The severity of the avian mantled mount-
ed and perch let us take apart that perch
suggests a wait, a weight supported
ready to be sprung the perch
temporary unless it becomes the watch-post
the bird dutiful and salaried and ethical to the last.

The bird maybe glanced the snatch at clapboard
in the incendiary barn the felled children
I imagine and maybe it was shot down
from the perch beforehand for sport instead.
Observance offers no sanctuary for fascists
dragged as we are in a mythmaking project in-
escapable as light in gravity's swell and
black purl spotted and then not.

Inescapable does not mean I can't crush the bleak horizon in brittle fingers,
in fact it means I must.

III

Creel of skylark, four-fold forming kites
in circles around the cereal field.
Placed totems of the worm, their sowing assurance
of assurance of fair, ecumenical tides.

Hand in wicker //holding bird// release.

Bird-corpse in splay of course gravitated angelus
of course of course these things have their trajectories,
agrarian into seed patent in the tear-
down devolution of powers in
the ever-wetting room.

A broken reed dipped in the eye-socket,
gangrenous incipit penned on shortalls without
regard, without the sufficient candour:
A first name and greeting between fledglings.

‘Where do you even get enough feathers for that?’
The two of us. Whipped from empath soil,
stone gearing, a net/spear/divinity mechanism, us
catching birds by force of will;
will catching against the force of birds.
How else was I to get the feathers
which clotted his crying mouth?
Was it clear when it was inside you,
the spike, beads of glume brought ruddy in day’s end,
to fruition?

IV

Loom sky unravel tide, the full reel. Skål!
From your health

I guess
too much,
determine far too little.

A mass will/must gather, people say
circulation of fire no they don't
in actuality forms treads but they might
in tarmac made supple if a crown of atmosphere is forged.
Full also the grebe in plume, chestnut semaphore
of morning's volcanicity, may we burnish our sleeves
and find solace in arms. Divers break on the rocks,
lassitude-scouring, homing bent by eclipse
of luxury window-seat obstruction.

If I had not pushed him away,
reprimanded him for meagre fastening
when I had never shown him rudiments, merely
assumed a lineage of skill, mind
too locked against mythic zephyrs
carrying FATE
in threads of guano and salt.

A passage of commons renders common the boot
in skull (to your health!)
one arm on the branch; a broken limb,
the statuesque laid on a table for reportage.

Snip snip, beak on worm; snip
snip, my boy unstrung.
Uncalloused hands sheared the wings,
piled high for my needs. He said he hated the strain
of them in his hands, that we were
barbarous in not killing quick enough.

Look up. Must I? Well, if you're to have
any reference...

Navigation of rough passage, tide formidable

dabble in form, the border farm

licensed in drab folios housing malnourished...

foam dribble (that saline again salvific; no sorry, saliva)

we forbid blame, afford the lamb

bleat, accord full of blood the taken

limb trying say bile biting acid

out request entreat no-

on sun beat across crop the cicada

song retuned to altered longitudes. Too straight—neat box a glossy bow

quickly glucoses—supplicant taken twice daily.

The little wings, bent out at angles for impossible winds.

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