

The Tower

Sudden reversal/ it's
jealousy is all it is, sky's a
jealous god and that's the
lesson/ could you ever
hope to last in
monuments with no
roots, oh my darling roots
you'll see/ scant
picoseconds count the
lifespan of mesosphere's
own towers/ see your
tower and raze you/
ozone notes and that
peated front on the air,
full-on Islay-type you
know, all kerosene and
Lapsang/ flash - no tower
but my tower,
Lichtenberg brick dust
flying/ roots, you see
now/ flash - no gods but
my gods/ none but open
sky

Hanged

Hung is when it's meat
and hanged is a man by a
rope from above and
nothing underneath the
feet, you see, so I'll be
hung/ all coated koji to
cheat the time and
smiling, that's the funny
thing the smiling/ just
keep the air kissing me
cold, two to four days only
and I'm golden like young
veal and rosey/ nought
and cross beneath my feet
but hooks for the
Achilles/ toe the line you
said, I toed the line - it
sang for me like catgut
wires/ I said well who's
laughing now?

Horseshoe Spread

Page of Pentacles

Chant a little canticle o say
a little prayer for me and
watch so closely/ this
part's the trick - knack and
ruse/ words with weight
enough to move the world
about them, all an
incantation ever was or
will be/ and there it is
again, that undercurrent,
song/ cant is a patois
down pat ah a little
rhythm thrums/ in this
circle is her name forward
and backward
anagrammatised/ on me
darkling damn gone
Rilke/ 'cos coins is gauche
you know, I know/ damn,
gone, Rilke

Moony

Your teacher and your
guide in this transitional
period/ an exhortation to
flow, to change 'til change
is master/ the first lesson
in fixity is this - you're all
water and stirred as the
water stirs, waning lyric,
waxing lunatic on the
shores, feet sand-scraped
salt-seasoned/ moved
unmoving/ lessons now
in gazing, say that never
should you look too
forthright at the sun but o
but o its gorgeous tho/
you watch instead it ripple
back - cold, pale,
distance-glassed/ as if
through a glass moony

Four Cups

Or maybe five, I'm sure
unsure at this stage/ cups
is often hearts and both a
flow, economies of fluid -
air, water, memory,
name/ the body passing
through along its thread/
suit for the first estate, so
fittingly monastic - the
hand offers a cup and says
take, drink, this is wine
and that's enough/ no
metaphors today, we're
letting things be just as
they are/ the poem will be
the thing and the thing the
poem, each to lie quietly
and dissolve its linkages/
look, see, and know - no
further

Alex Rose Cocker is a Sheffield-based poet whose work examines queerness, the lyric, and objects as sites of meaning. Their first collection, 'Say, Spirit' is available now from Girasol Press.