

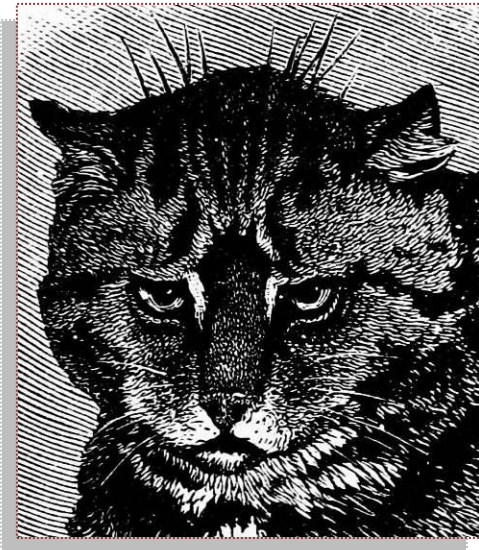
Clockwise Cats



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Miro's ennui

Miro's ennui shook the foundations of time.
It isolated lethargy in a continuum of shadows.

Miro's ennui shocked the universe sublime.
It isolated apathy in a spectrum of windows.

Miro's ennui
created a hierarchy of shadows
that shocked a spectrum of apathy
into a lethargy of windows

(Black Heart Magazine 2011)

Anachronistic anarchist

The anachronistic anarchist
uses post-it notes
to remind herself
of her dinner date
with the sun.
But the sun
has a cold
and sends a rain check
that bounces
into a
reverse
black
hole.

The anachronistic anarchist
sends two gmails a day
to her former self
but they are flagged as spam
and the user is blocked
from
the
future.

The anachronistic anarchist
wants to start a revolution
to protest the dictatorship
of synchronicity.
Her identical twin
outlaws coincidence
and abolishes punctuality.

So the anachronistic anarchist
shows up late
to her date
with the sun,
who is covered in post-it notes
about the revolution
against
the
anarchy
of
space.

(Calliope Nerve 2011)

Death is imminent and I'm still smiling

It's raining cats and clocks.
I drink an entire bottle of dreams (vintage 1919)
and drift down a road made of smoke.
The umbrella of my imagination
flies away
flies away.

I am in no hurry to die.
My smile blooms
like a cyst.

Further down the road
I meet the phantom of myself.
I say hello and she laughs.
I smother her with my raincoat.
She wilts like a wounded smile.

Sleep waves to me with its green hand.
I gulp down a flask of smoke,
and fall toward the clouds
erasing themselves from my memory.

I knock on the sky
and no one answers

except for the stars
except for the stars

(Wings of Icarus 2007)

Hours

The hours rain down
like soft sparkling skulls.
The children catch them on their tongues,
eat them like they're stars,
and become illuminated time.

(Counterexample Poetics 2011)

Miro's scream

Miro's scream became a new color of crayon.
His scream unfurled across the middle of eternity,
spattering the sky
with colors the shape of centuries,
and shapes the color of oblivion.
His scream cast a shadow onto the pavement of the sun,
climbed up the staircase of the moon,
and erased every star.

Miro's scream ripped open like a red yawn,
and lullabies fluttered out like blue bats.

Miro's scream became locked inside itself:
Miro had swallowed the key to eternity,
and oblivion unfurled like a new color of crayon.

(Cerebral Catalyst 2006)

Invisible twilight

Dusk dreams herself into being: the sun swallows itself whole, spits out slivers of lunatic light; an unknown hand scribbles graffiti of sightless eyes upon a mangled mask.

The trees with their many quivering tongues speak a terror of truth to the wind. Birds weave a maze of melody, and cats stalk invented shadows.

Time bursts into tiny spiders who coil white shadows to snare snatches of twilight. The spiders gulp their prey, and grow plump with darkness.

Starved spiders shrivel, and dawn screams himself awake, flinging blood-stained shrouds over a memory of mad moons and impossible twilights.

(Counterexample Poetics 2011)

Coma

The clocks weep an ennui of tears.

The black hour spills
through the eyes of the house
and strokes me with sleep-poisoned fingers.

The chimera licks me with her languid tongue:
I drown in dreams.

The clocks weep a euphoria of tears.

The white hour yawns
spilling pearls onto my sleep-fingered eyes.

I do not awaken
and I do not die.

(Medulla Review 2011)

Miro's Nightmare

Miro's Nightmare is coming to get you.

It crawls into your mouth
to lay eggs
that hatch into dreams
of murderous blue.

Miro's Nightmare bleeds cats onto your eyes
and whispers fangs into your ears.

Miro's Nightmare is an upside-down clock
and an inside-out heart.

It is in love with death
the scent of blood-streaked mirrors,
and with the color yellow
when it used to be black.

Miro's Nightmare is coming to get you.

It lays clocks inside your heart:
they hatch into cats
with upside-down eyes.

(Haggard and Halloo 2009)

The Clockwise Cat

The clockwise cat
is wise to clocks.
She knows their motive:
to tame the savage animal of time.

The clockwise cat
hisses at the clock-cages;
her fangs gnaw the numbers
and her claws rip holes
in the frayed fabric of space.

The clockwise cat
moves in counter-clockwise cadences
across the hardwood floors of infinity.
She stalks illusions of impermanence
which flit like shadows
across the paint-chipped walls in her mind.

The clockwise cat
tells time with her eyes:
they blaze like candle flames
in the dim closets of oblivion.

The clockwise cat
sleeps 16 days an hour.
She dreams about the minutes
she will devour like bugs;
she awakens to seconds
poisoned like rats.

(Cerebral Catalyst 2006)

