

Funenglish

Funglish

Ruth Larbey

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Ruth Larbey



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“One can say of language that it is potentially the only human home,
the only dwelling place that cannot be hostile to man.”

– **John Berger**

[from *And Our Faces, My Heart, Brief as Photos*. (1984)]

Funlish

in beaks, in coats, on the air,
the spores of funlish
broadcast a persistent contagion,
a black-market pestilence –
the beginnings of our sentences die in the middle

we hatched out those poisons
that stunk in the mud,
scratched our dreams into songs,
blind in the dust –

unseeming, unstitching –

whilst a post-mortem shock registers:
we knew none of the secrets
coming out of our mouths
and still don't

we stole those words
that congealed with meaning,

(bubbled heavily)
went bad on the inside –

sick; rank and wicked,
our mouths mildewed and wanting,

with the spores of a funlish that's

hard to
define

Doldrums

making the decision to unhang
myself is met with mental applause

there *was* a time when, wildly special,
my personal latitude, set at thirty-two
degrees warmed up a beamed room, similar

*

and a black hallucination
of beetles typing on skin
overtook wobbling thoughts
threaded with (intermittent) veins

*

for all the finesse of those
insistent fairy wings
mimicking unfurling crenelations
to the short line of slaughter,
this mantid afterglow still
castigates chastely
the pride of the castled

a birthday in binary
turned a smug blood-colour:
and this two-cup-clink
into sunken, drunken silence...

Fusion Sonnet

I am repulsive. I can't help it, though
you – who would use this sleeping miracle
kraken lurking in my depths, my heart-piece,
to create electric constellations;
because you have the *data* to leash a
Sun; because 'cleaner', 'safer', are words you
understand; because, divided, things will
fall-apart; I am your ouroboros.
Ibexes' head-cracks fall the melting snow
from the echo-laden trees across the valley,
while gleaming prophets in white
monitor tokamaks, preen magnetic fields,
for an indication
of the utopia to come.

Small Words

then one small word from you just overcame
composure, spectrally veneered with glass:
(the heat that singed my face and neck with shame,
triumphant Rose, that mocks this painted vase –

full-blooded rush, the joy of guilty things
alights a wick, a Flame that catches fast,
a self-consumer, fuel within it, brings
a touch of arson to my daily mask –

and all my poise and Paints do not remain
but stripped and true my face and neck are thin;
strange ache to recollect that scalding pain
burned out, reduced, to my internal Skin)

however, I quite hope that you inferred
little from my response to one small word

The complacent hum of parasite traffic cusps
non-existent hedges and the edges of kerbs.

This problem is names. The war is language
or, maybe, is sound:
but mention production,
mention community,
and
this land
is private property.