

FEATURED POETRY

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ENDOW ME AN IMAGE AND I WILL STICK TO ITS OPPOSITE

The man on the stairs is afraid of glue
I'm watching him—
he's asking people to clean their shoes
now I'm trimming the hem of his pants
When I think of the word collage
I think of the rolls of unsealed tape
and scissors
thumbtacks and gum
in every drawer in the city
lying face down in a marsh
I write the word collage
again and again

collapse

cumulus

cirrus

In heaven even
the water isn't wet

DEFENESTRATED, DECAPITATED / I AM THE BOTTOM IN ALL MY POEMS

Imagine Medusa
and the entire winged horse resting inside her

When your tongue was inside me
my face was pressed
against the bedroom window/ if it broke

I would have cum
in mid-air as I fell

I have pulled myself
up
into being

surplus of form
a lumpen dialectic
heap of blossoms/ blooming
a syllable-coated barely holding throat/ I am
swallowing language an exercise
in surrender

It fills you with the sound of/ wings
spreading from an open throat

and when the poem ends
when I lose my head/ say
I died to make it

say I gave it away

ANTAGONISTS OF EROS

Prologue

When I'm always running down spiral flights of stairs in my mind
I want my tears to fly upward behind me like birds
when I am thinking about you
I can feel myself becoming
the sort of person...

Chapter 1

Hair like a wet wing
metallurgic
improper noun
I said listen
I'll tell you what I'm unlike:

You
I can love
anywhere I am

In the art installation of my dream
there is a thin translucent
angel letting go

Chapter 2

Here I am, dashing
with a drop of rain stuck

to the side of my mouth
I do feel bad about it
when I said
I'd rather be
poisoned
than get in a
kayak with you

Chapter 3

I argue with the passion
of one whose rightness is
Emotional

I go to parties alone
thinking I am late, I arrive
extremely early

everyone is wearing
these Keith Haring drawings while I turn to dust
in the shape of a beautiful woman

Epilogue

Yet say that in my hubris I was just—
what's more distressing is the form

theatrical images are written
from unprofessional feelings

An atmospheric cinch
or human heart
I was coasting
the grassy middle

of a moment stretching and stretching on

Goodbye goodbye
goodbye I'm gone!