



ARTICULATED
AT THE
HIPS

THOM BOULTON

Poems

Hooch

The Worm

Strikes the Hour

Belly of the Black Hole

Kumquat

Articulated at the Hips

Sympathy for a Wax Man

Tide

Hooch

Intoxicated by the rim
of a bottle of Hooch
glass rim tight
resistant rim keeping
its secrets to itself
not pouring out
selfish bastard
cracked down with shattering
pieces of sand scattered
and the sagging eyes
of the camel lapping up
the wound and cut fingers
until sealed tight
and healed until
the dip of Autumn leaves
falling over drunk
just one bottle of Hooch

The Worm

I remember you
and the worm you ate

conjured as you lay
so still in the bleak light

Tore apple skin with
teeth and ingested

whilst the grasses slept
by the soundless moon

Could a choke stir the
deadened song of moths

it would summon a
thread of cotton to

hide rosy puffed cheeks
snacking between sheets

Limp arms crushed as you
slid like the worm and

rested on the earth
with the shrews and mice

for gods spare little
thought for mortal dreams

No consequence for
the broken swordsman

Strikes the Hour

Sat on the park bench
with a cuckoo clock

silent slumber
for the cuckoo clock
surrounded
by an aged playground

silhouettes
of buttresses cast
upon the wetted field

Every time the cogs
of the cuckoo clock
bob and turn
the tiny bird pokes

blowing kisses
into the night sky

Pisces and the Great Square
of Pegasus don't see

For all of the clock's
moth-eaten faults
the maple shaped heart
swings with ambition
longing to please
all in earshot
and those who gaze
upon its timid face
with indifference

Belly of the Black Hole

The adder coiled
in a cosy bed of dry grass

a black hole formed
on the flicker of a fork
no light to escape
as the star swallowed whole
stored in the infinite
of every quantum bump
upon its tongue

the predator drained
bloody stump
a nourished darkness
wilting dwarf compressed
the digested clumps

Rotating the axis forced
an enveloped mess
It once breathed air
and walked on two feet

In the moorland
parallel paths urge
a duality to battle in the heavens
should roads untravelled
lead to a slithering abyss
hunting flesh
best left undisturbed
as greener grasses
hypnotise the horizon

Kumquat (2 pages)

It winks
as the blowing breeze
forces the eye
to weep

boozed up
oozing an arm motion
a Nazi salute
before collapsing

should it march
storm the gates
its helmet would shine
from a friction burn
as metal bars clench shut

there will be no parade
it retracts its statement

in the foxhole
the damp encourages
a bout of trench foot
a new pair of socks
fails to rectify

gratified by an exotic fruit
poisoned by a fairy tale
under the breast
beats a kumquat
blood flows
from its pulsating rhythm

it is lost under
the weight of flesh
slowing into a coma
brought about
from careful study
of a science textbook

sharp taste
a bayonet scrapes the tongue
cunning
it lingers
the flavour returns

natural sugar is more satisfying

casual rhetoric
leads to early retirement

the kumquat peels
and relaxes into the comfort
of soft soil
ready to germinate
a sapling
which cannot survive the winter

Articulated at the Hips

Her lips walked miles
secretly crossing valleys of doubt

smile lied over false dentures
showing no shreds of white

in the valley
the hosepipe ban was in full effect
following a side of scrambled eggs

breakfast was a pill
washed down with a cup of pride

meeting friends on the edge of a precipice

chatting on park benches
with a rum and coke
poking stomach lining

cocktails were half heartedly sunk
tie a knot in the cherry stem
she's a carnivore and hates pips

allergic to conversation
choosing instead to lay her head
in a flower bed of pansies

wherever possible she'd choose
articulating at the hips
over Socrates on the steps
or digesting an ounce of Marley

Sympathy for a Wax Man

Pin inserted
an effigy of what used to be

a witch out of rags
pierced with intent
induced illness
cast upon the pippy

lodged in a dark spot
soaking up the damp

carve the base of the root vegetable
sympathy for a wax man

the advent
unpicked tight threads
released
a slavery of emotion
breaking the bewitched

Tide

Waves skimming the strand
a scallop fished and flung into a pan
aroma of kelp
dancing in the shallows

tide drifts delicately
blazing trails
a shaft of light
luminescent curving beam
teasing

a hook catches the lip
and bait stays cosmetic
daring the cosmic core
to release a true name
a word

if the surrounding cliffs
could melt
they would crumble
tearing into the waves
ripples outspread

a bottle of wine splashes
upon the pebbles
sun screams as it sets

the beach listens
and times its reply
to the ocean's beating heart

when night whispers
a gentle sleep
the currents flow
a gentle pace
leaving foreshore
a calmer sea

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Chapbook I

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