

Locate the Body

Locate the body,
will you, with the right voice
and I'll walk you

to the black rock
which shunts at the surf,
at the soggy signs

of failed stellar readings,
plans broken up,
of one god's

bungling attempt
to do things
properly.

Locate the mind map,
the navigational pulse
that blinks

like a small blue eye
and I'll prove to you
how a woman,

successfully
charted this ocean
of basaltic stumps,

how she discovered a midden
of ancient eaters
and sat down with me

amongst a litter of yesterday's
discarded delusions,
a woman

whose closeness
wrapped its clutches around me,
whose intent

was clear and I shuddered
to the sound
of clouds clashing.

At Himatangi
we sheltered from
the decomposition

of wrong turns, dead ends,
the road that exhausted itself
of houses to hide in.

The sea rushed up
her thighs and swirled
into her head.

Locate her, will you.
Prove to me, she was worth
digging up skeletons for.

As Fat as Good Taro

As fat as good taro, you reckon,
fatter than the belly of Maungawhau.

You search the mirror for space and brush
your hair. I squeeze in beside you,

beside the sharp corners and wash my face
in its silver shallows. The sky

changes behind us, pushing the day's furniture
across a parched floor.

Herds, in long thin lines, meander endlessly
under huge tubes of upended dust.

History has caught up with itself,
ghosts paw, hoof and plod

after a watery mirage,
rippling at the world's flat edge.

You say, a cold lemonade would go down nicely
and your throat swallows on body fluids.

Behind us, a cavalcade of swashbucklers
make names for themselves. We too

work hard at creating new things,
experimenting, scratching poems on the shiniest

of animal surfaces. We too become blood-lovers
and renew our vows to beg, steal

from each other, to kiss occasionally.
In the end,

we go with the herds. *As fat as*, you smile
and you fade from the bathroom

and I take up your position.
Behind me,

a band plays Gershwin
and a shipment of live meat passes.

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Cinnamon Press (UK) has just published my first collection of poems – *Hauled Head First into a Leviathan*, which is also a Forward Poetry Prize nomination for 2008.

Poetry is published widely internationally and nationally in such magazines as *Bravado*, *Poetry NZ*, *Glottis*, *The Lumiere Reader*, *White Fungus*, *Takahe*, *Deep South* and others.