

tusitala of white lies

Iain Britton

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Contents

extravaganza	7
the last lamppost in the world	11
tusitala of white lies	15
profile of a yellow circle	19
spiked	22
glass cathedral	24

from *tuistala of white lies*

a million blackbirds

fling full stops at the horizon

but who do I prefer to believe –

the lady in black feathers

who owns and occupies

a fig tree

or the slothful bugger

who lives in the letter box

posting mail to himself

or the toilet roll author

of Kingdom Street

the tusitala of white lies

of uninhibited wafflings /

the view from here

is global / inviting

extinct frogs

continue to purse their lips

to chirp (bird-like) through solitary séances

the moon's / a cold lump

stuck hard

and helmeted

but I prefer the brunette

her feather cloak

her moulting shadow her strut

I coax her to come in

share the dilated vista of another's reality

I'm the tourist guide bus driver jesus janitor / the son
reorganising the future footprints of a family yet to cement
its language in stone in grubby layers broken like old teeth

another thing?

I walk through my house every day

to the sound

of water music

a forest shuffling its roots

doors opening shutting

a mango melting at the altar of my mouth

but then

not all is at right angles

all isn't the perfect hideout

for this fresh-air junkie

contemplating

a dreamtime jaunt

an astral flight /
with no strings dangling

from *A Glass Cathedral*

tell the blackbird / my ribcage's not for hire

the thistledown's

not there for the privilege of matting-up

my groin

I procrastinate zombie-like

uninterrupted by pregnant females

shabby male varieties

any misogynists

about to stick their heads

into garden mulchers of different sizes

I'm happy just inhaling the Esplanade's

green chemicals

the bush-sprung foliage

where rose beds

suck in the town's powdered ideals

the planet isn't dead yet

fur coats of grass

are readily affordable

for the scrabbling hungry

wind turbines

power hills

shift fractures / further east

stone statues

dig in along a beach

expecting deliveries / a shipped-in city

free demonstrations

on how to assemble

a glass cathedral

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