

Desmond Swords

ISOLATIMAGE

mover and shaker in the world of words forgets
(*rule number one*) abstraction overload weakens.....
the intellectual emotional complex

objectivine correlative

..... *.....thing.....* the... *erm...*

Image?

Yeah..yeah..yeah.....going right back in time

Old Ezrastotle told usgotta be the real thing

Real as telly?

Realer..... *...and...*

The mottle throated birds.....(*speech/words*)
need flight as.....

*rhyme needs dampening
like a piano needs muffle*

.....their red tipped titan wings beat
raging at a mournful wind
five score years full of sound
and
many more
such linguistic tricks
initiate in newness
a clumsy hold of half crushed similies
struggling in language jaws
striving for full metaphor status
begging more than strictly ordered
.....syllables?

Ten or so's the rule

.....give or take a few
but not many

as the image may fade, fuzz up
turn adjective turgid dense,
thick as a dockers cough in Franks cafe after a night down the Atlantic..
a verbiage of congealed word slop....then .

...stop

What's the.....thing.....the image?

A flash of thought like a knotted piece of string
striking as a felt paradox or polarity?
Like a grey towerblock from a distance
when stationary
at red traffic light in medium rain?

How to tease out a towerblock metaphor seeded in a flash of knotted thought?

Do justice to the enormity of it
as black wind buffeting silver rain
hammers all thought, stemming
the extract of poetic words from your damp mind
as you clutch
a wheel
check
the mirror
groped for outline.....*form*
inspiration;
and in between the talk talk song talk sound your friend
the radio churns out to make you..... *feel mighty real*
a good time driving
down.. the highway
cool wind through your hair
you lose focus.....shifting the frame
..... *to a honey not my money*
... pushing through
taking you away from..... *the thing.*

The amber light's feeble wink through
the blackening sheath of reinforced eye plastic
uncrooks it's finger and points go
releasing the block to natives
milling around the base, capped and casual
as nods at bus stops
and the eye drifts elsewhere
as your ear ingests big talk
in fragments
and..... *still it eludes*

like a pulse of rain fifty yards ahead
on the island
cropped of landscape.....*a cool wind in your hair*
by a thousand years of gale force
dream mixing heavy toil loose talk.....*on the air.*
with daily purple gold inferno shredding over the native

....stationary
at brindle cow
in soft drizzle.
The thirty year head mould cap
a weather buffer
sheathing thought...
...a cover tarp restricting wear
removed for meals and church business
welded by constant interior grapple with.....*the image*
..... *fading*
as the mountain in the distance
starts to quiver
outline unclear.

The native dissolves
into another picture
crowding in city
coursing with sound;
a sing a long metropolis bombardment
of neon vomit express
ejaculating seamless from mountain outline
... *surfaces*.....
illusion....
mirage....
fantasy....

compete
refuse to station
blend in alliance of fragment.....
..... *pulling me softly*
bringing me closer
.....*to the real thing*
.....closer now than ever
..... *like silver sparks dancing*

the two.....

...intellectual/emotional.... objective/correlative ...binary state's disintegrate

and I feel the image pincered by linguistic trickery
ossilating between surface play

and.....

taking my chance to seize understanding
juxtapose ancient cap and brindle cow
with tower block vomiting metropolis
and emotionally sense these objects correlative
as a discernable path resting on logic hardcore
laid by lithe boned intellectual sweatand see....

no thing alone



Desmond Swords firmly believes that he has a direct bloodline to the O'Dailaigh Fili, who were hereditary poets to the powers that be in South Munster, up until the Earls of Desmond were snuffed out during the Gaelic reordering of Ireland. He is 37 years old and is available for all sorts of writing and performing. His target status as a word merchant is Misty Billy boy Butler, as Desmond is also prone to bouts of high theosophical weirdness, which he attributes to a sighting of the Tuatha De Danann, in transit through the Grove, Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill London, N8 on millennium eve.

After swapping back slaps with a slightly sozzled Tom Pickard at an open mic poetry night in Liverpool, Desmond established a Yeats - Bunting - Pickard - Swords lineage. He spent 33 years gathering the raw material for his work, in a variety of locations, and served his apprenticeship under the nominal tutelage of Robert Sheppard, who came out of the Bob Cobbing Sound School. Although Desmond is not naturally predisposed toward this movement, the influence of Sheppard acted as a perfect contrasting influence in which his poetry could agitate. Desmond is now adept at employing any ratio of rhyme, non rhyme, meter and free verse when creating text and can be contacted at desmondswords@hotmail.com He and his work can also be accessed by googlehacking desmond swords, where he comes out top, as he seems to be the only person in the world of cyberspace world so named.