

june

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eprodux
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I am sitting in Jolly Butcher by the window, facing
that old
Trayman's Solicitors building, and it is pouring
rain. They never
play music at Jolly Butcher and when I came in it
was dead
Quiet but now a few couples have appeared. I've
got a pint
of Cask Rum Cider, and am reading Liberty Tree,
by Tom
Paulin. I am reading one poem a sitting. That's
how I read
Poetry now. I am enjoying the heavy heavy rain! &
a flash
of lightning & roaring thunder. Well, this is it! and
today they
are voting whether to stay in or leave the EU. I
watched a

june

debate this morning on BBC and a woman in the audience
Complained about regulations imposed by Brussels on her
small business, and a woman on stage told her it was worth
it because it made her business competitive to the single market,
and I pictured her standing behind the till in her flower
shop in Wiltshire wondering how to sell her bouquets to
Croats. I was given a sticker as I walked up Church
Street, it's blue & says 'I'M IN'. I stuck it to my lapel.
I'm 29 years old, a full grown, serious man, a Canadian
I guess. Last night I found out from Ezra that I could
have registered to vote...

The origin of the word 'Taxi' comes from Tax, which
seems obvious now...

Last night as we were loading our gear into the cab a
kid asked me if we were going to the Shacklewell Arms. I told

him our cab was full be he just wanted to know if
we were going.

"See you there," I said.

if merit is based on exceptionalism then we must
love everything new; old ideas, & the appearance
of

age, tie contemporary life together. I like
everything

& hate it. It depends! Things that you
see every day become work, & I hate work
because it gets in the way of work.

"The 'headmasters' is the only
place she gave me shelter."

"waving a writ to find Aeneas
spring a thyme of empty tumbler."

Jo is eating the Indian food she ordered
& I am
where the kingdom of letters.

when you are young you believe nothing
matters as much
as finding pure nihilism, & by the end what
matters
most is the human toll.

june

my mom called on the way home from the studio
and we talked about Brexit, & I disagreed.

"Why leave?" she asked.

"Who can sell flowers to Croatia?"

"I'm glad you're becoming British."

I AM UPLOADING A MOVIE SHOWING ME
PLAYING

SUBIENDO 32%

O67N

IMG_

JASPER

----->
page... flip the

The allure of paradise obscures virtue.

PREGNANCY !

Thor
POSED !

to be a good doctor the key is in understanding
your patients' hatred of yourself...

if you can withstand that,
you are a doctor !

we are banned in your home-grown
position under the same roof
if you have a good writer.

my name's Jake & I ache to bake cake.

As I was in the studio it began to rain heavily upon
the plastic

skylight, & then there was a flash of lightning.

"Crack!" boomed the thunder.

"Woah!!! Thunder be careful of the
lightning :)

the cats are meowing," Jo texted. The
text

was followed by a string of alternating
mushroom

and palm tree emojis. it began to hail & I stood
at the open door of the studio watching it bounce
off the

asphalt. when it stopped I went to the White Hart
to watch

Wales vs North Ireland, but it was too busy. It was
totally

rammed. I walked down toward the Zucatan
hoping it

june

would be more relaxed, and found this place called
Haunt. They're playing the game on mute with
funk on the
stereo. Someone in the kitchen just dropped a
glass.

"Smash!"

I didn't flinch because I have trained
myself not to. The
guy at the table next to me jerked around toward
the source
of the sound, and then went back to looking at his
phone.
The chef, who was out front having a cigarette,
looked up
with mild concern. Nobody is really watching the
game except
me and it isn't much fun. its zero zero and now its
halftime. I spent the last fifteen minutes thinking
about myself
and my career, & now the football is back on. Its a
pretty
uneventful match. I remember playing soccer as
a kid
& we'd usually end up in a huddled mass, both
teams gathered
around the ball, kicking furiously. I love the Welsh
flag, with
the dragons on the lawn. The red and green doesnt

even bother
me. They voted to leave Europe too. Well, they just
got a goal!
It came off the foot of an Irish player who was
trying to clear it.

At the studio this morning Jo unwrapped
some of her big paintings,
we went to the White Hart to watch Ireland vs
France. the Irish
got a penalty kick in the first two minutes and
scored it, and
Jo went back to the studio. a couple sitting at my
table
ordered Roast dinner and they gave out little
French whispers
when their team got a chance. You get a sense in
here that
the English are cheering for Ireland, and I wonder
why. Is it that there are Irish people here, or
is it that English people think of Ireland as part
of the island world.

In the bloody gully it is always sunny
I found the sound of sunshine funny
it was late around that time
springtime, not wintertime

june

The ground heaves, sunday school class
a homestead under the weatherhead
plundered by fat green snakes
soap flakes on the leaves—

In wartime its a crime to die
& blueberry pie to turn a blind eye
don't cry, believe in the unknown
springtime, not wintertime

The stronger the torture the warmer the honor
transforming daytime to sometime
a thunderstorm, a hailstorm
glistening in vain—

with no truth

 Last night Rosie came by and dropped
off the electricity bill
with my name on it, and this morning I went to
the
bank and opened an account with it. Now I am
prepared
for my visa appointment in Croydon on Monday.
It has
been a busy week. Now every week is busy. A
woman just walked
into the pub and asked for a 'fresh' glass of San

Miguel in
an American accent. I was thinking about her and
had a
flashback to three nights ago when we went to see
Mac at
Electric Brixton. we went in & called the number
Joe had
given me and the dude said to meet him right of
the stage.
we cut through the crowd and found Joe & the
dude
standing in front of the backstage door, and went
in. I was just
picturing it, you know . . . anyways I've got to get
back to the house
to help Jo SCAN some documents, and get the
photographs of
our relationship together.

GRIM VISION

dish the deed if thank
late and bleed group think-wrote
wash what right ale torrid
wish go through movement
whispering grim fights, hot & horrid
traps! ate read gain content
heat lash gun fought did

june

slash him dead.

Grim Vision 2

Dish the deed if thank
Late & bleed group think-wrote
wash what right ale torrid
wish go through movement

whispering grim fights, hot & horrid
traps! ate read gane content
heat lash gun fought did
slash him dead.

CHRISTOPHER

haggard flapping dagger-strike
potentially expressions steam power
pigeon-coo hoog methane red fingernails
new dimension painted green jacket potatoes
the unknown soldier in a tri-cone hat witchy
long fingers frozen North never again
disco gunshots candy rabbit
my arrogance dire spring
red lipstick hunted down
strawberries world-famous sprung
sugar-coated a professional

YELLOW

extra-sensory
a naked man hammering home
builders yelling the marathon
clown the Berlin Wall
in Texas hobo
bandit yelling pitfall
cat call yelling yoga retreat
tight rope the seat of power
yelling consumed by
yelling an interesting idea
beacon of hope yelling

you can do
what you like

Do what you like
you & others

the Author
I inlerrg ts !

The Devil Stamp The Goat

STAMP THE GOAT

I P U Pm O in AH S

june

P O L O N D D A S
S K A S H K O A H
E L A L R F E B O R
A N I D E B E K E
E S I S O N I N I F E L

on my seat I cried to hear you
on my seat I called
I, cried, I wept all day,
I was lonely I could cry

I R U B
M Y
E L B O W &
H A N D I N
M Y F A C E

M R S T O M A T O

P A D D O C K

sound hogtied decide
confide extra special
stuck in tape measure
trained dimpled
increasing wolfish abide
ice age beachhead contain
tried to unlicensed

doctor's orders

The World Is Too Full

You had to be willing to fight
the first volume in the Dark Tower
A longer habit, more acquaintance gains
Contending parties are united
No longer then, I say, your minds perplex,
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
The firstan town that they cam' till,

"peace begins with a smile.."
Thus modern saints exclaim, and grin,
The valour that wore out your soul in the service
of man.

And stern I watched him with a narrow eye.
Senses from objects locked, and mind from
thought!
But Virtue thus that title doth disprove,
with beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
I so wanted to be relevant. Simple exchange—

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore;
We will figure out how to turn off the heat soon.

june

yesterday's Ye o meat-hook huge upside red
Rusted in the meat in the yard of meat.
Chicken boy fried A feather next—
cooked loads of timer undersides

A purplish Boat on misty liver life
Coming back in to the donkey isles
Mission six is about to fall over
surprising tenderness & compassion

Carving through timber trunks of trees
what does an American look like?

The Video

loser wicked
do this trust
feud bad
wrong frown unfair
should have angry why?
mistake pissed off world you
betrayal to me.

Nice
Earing

Birds' Flight

thy name was writ in water—it shall stand
for worthless land, ring chimes by winter fire
I cant even get off this chair, arranged
in folds so that they might cross the ground
freed city of gold & parchment twice dyed
The evils of pauperism in a living body
is close at hand! & peace & hope of death
Deform'd & sullied, & dragg'd to earth
between the waves, as the sea, the joining sea
gave a last shove at Vimiera also
across a bridge with lips of flame, let him die

Not five yards from the mountain path,
looking for your lost encouragement
Heat haze & wildflower when the shell bursts
The sticky stream that becomes anergic
& there, my babe; we'll live for aye.

Around the Heart

They have many a valiant hero
for their boastfulness that echoes

into thy pages labyrinthine
even when she was sleeping

Then I went to the Mosque
fast climbing a tide of tufty-tails

june

shiploads of warm clothing
for me and the moon

the weaver looked at him angrily
& press'd on him with such a weight

O hunter, snare me his shadow!
who doesn't love me enough.

METACARPUS

Prance the second empire
halibut for food, all earthly pain
set in the chest also
as men of that religion!

There were two springs that bubbled
side by side the circumstances,
it was our own real hearts
I knew that

An emblem to each other
carried from the field
thats when the panic sets in
& she was happy.

But although the English people

never hurry, here will I die.

OUTSTANDING

Cafe figurate
parent lazar
Tithonus

consistory

particular condition
berry damn
miscreant

the 'new' fascist flag:
the black is yellow
what yellow

FLAMININUS

"I remember the staff"
the poor king stopped to wait
& I walked like a bride beside him
my conscience lost—

wrecked little labourers, loudly tambourine
The errant necessity arose

a border to furnish royal loyal
of past existence on the banks

june

Rolled fast along the sky

For every inch of ground a son?
Knock-kneed & over-sad to sing again:

"I still can't pray
I will send my soul away."

The Ice did split with a Thunder-fist
timberyard & all in dreams assured were
one time, sometime, hyacinthine.

what man has made of man?

A Little Kingdom

Come, my sister! where none admire
the world, or make for its owner a name.

the odor of its sanctity as we float along
the waters of the spring at night,

I, too have pass'd her on the hills
of the marvellous city, how it snores!

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
the innocent moon will climb to me there.

UNFRIENDLY GHOST

my life is a torn book over my heart
& hangs to port just like the rest,
it looks just like the drifting dust
which overhangs life greatest blessings.

A flower unblown as if by magic
convictions that her artless story told,
for she was there reminding him of what
sinks the nebulous star we call the sun.

what a single destiny I'll build
when the world looks for wages
behind a thorn, this done
the hardest knife I'll use upon the grail!

A Country Churchyard

Refrain from peering too far, idiot boy,
fearless for unknown shores, so trim & green
upon the grass—love is like a dizziness
That broods & sleeps with a babe in his arms

After that I tell you I held it truth
to bring a doctor from the town
where wings shall all be overgrown
with all the most infamous knotted joints

june

in a young child's mouth a scone
is a true friend, such small machinery
dragging the corn by her golden hair
while our foul owls heap on more wood!

Double Sway

why may not a goose say thus:
"We'll find thy father in the wood."
why not may a goose say thus:
"Now laugh & be gay."

they wrote in the old days
that on the banks the touch of the one
past experience blesses us.

Once more the battle raged
unwearied in that service, it pays
my own name!

Immediately the old curiosity of virtue
& intelligence appears Dead!

Above the roofs used to make wine
to their meeting eye—words gathered to
Talk of Famous nullum est jam dictum.

Not seen before the episode of black fury
To give birth in bonds of love on his dying day

BEDROCK

we flew no wagers out seven prose style
for those that never few can bough /
parchment starred gentle alone its most
to the confederate March we are—

we're likely to frequent that elbow
& give a last Branch of autumn sun

UnLoved Flower

why are you more than two points above
this green pastoral landscape, how sweet
the last hill top and noisy fame
still as a slave before his lord
will rise in majesty to meet thine own
with his cruel brow just for tonight!
such race, I think, was never seen before
the smiles, the tears of hope
deeply buried from human eyes
seemed to see our flag unfurled
like some vast building, it is beautiful
beneath thy contemplation, this gravestone
with all its lovely images brought

june

to death's door.

SO FAR AWAY

the deepest thing we'll find is great
with lichens to the very top
shifting the point it blows from
Because he knows that only good Indians
would enter unawares into his mind
when Spring came on.

There is no open door for the moneyless man!
Rich store of cigars, hark! hark!
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
knowing that the village sleeps.

It's the folk that depend on us
and turn in at the open door
with downcast Eyes & modest Grace
it robs my heart of rest.

I shall light a candle beneath
The people one night in the gale.

SALTY FOAM

There is no such thing in life
to be sure where the speaking

over the heads of dreamland
did nothing in particular

If you want to rise in the air
my friend & I have built a wall
knowing that the greatest thing
her body would arouse
music, when soft voices die
& grunt, like hogs, about music.

He stood behind a bush of elder
in which the parish chapel stood alone
He saw that he had saddened her,
But, Betty! what has he to do—
she enclosed the spent penis in her mouth
& dreamt the future Fight, & early rose
to find its echo everywhere.

The flower of our young manhood
fled the noisy town, & pompous court
& wandering looked at me.

I hurried with him to our orchard plot
He had the laughter of a child
Let us have peace
of bound feat.

JULY 12, 2016, JASPER

june

We motorcycled across the bridge,
and under the train-bridge, and made a wish
because there was a train going over. In town Jo
spotted Louis on a bench, and we parked
and crossed the road. The man who operated the
rafting company joked with Jo, and
we got on the school bus. It drove us south on
Highway 93 to the Sunwapta Falls, & to
the drop in point. our raft-head was a man from
Quebec, and he taught us how to manoeuvre the
raft
through the rapids. A standing wave sent the raft
buckling up and when it fell we were soaked with
spray. We dragged it up the bank and wheeled
it to the car-park, stripped off our wetsuits, and
drove
to town. we motorcycled to the cabin &
went into the tub, and Emily & Jo went down
to the lake & swam between the rafts. I decorated
my pizza and Dad put it in the oven, and the
cheese melted over the ham. we sat by the
fire and noticed the moon through the
trees, it was missing half its left side.

How The Great Great Came

true satire is not like a cherry

who idly sits and thinks
about the wizard
that after many wanderings
where thought and feelings dwell
& men are free to think & act
ascends to Heaven again
& turns no more his head.

London is a man's town
when I cease to look
on this dreary dull plate
where seven more redskins
hit the dust,

Before the flowers close
I always drop a Quarter
in a wise passiveness—

The Fox & The Lion

Bottles were on the floor
& the sun looked
over the mountain's rim

their little shed
beneath the budding beeches

The thrush to whistle

june

waving a gaudy flag
as mighty make—

It will be Eclipse
like an aimless oyster
he to his city
shall sink

on the fold
in the sea wind

The city is the teacher
it came at once.

The Silver Age

It was like a thunderbolt
quietly rested under the drums
trembling before her bolted door
finally she surrendered
upon the surface flow
softly sweet, as the case stands
beneath the moon a humped road
in thee, beneath the daily sun
I've often had to notice
one impulse from a vernal wood
like those of a leopard—
"will you let me look at you?"

what you see, you cannot see over
is as good as infinite.

The Octogenarian Chief

a man is to be cheated into passion
with happy heart & countless stories
at the last minute that many have
& thou hast almost suck'd thy fill.

The wrath of Peleus son
in the valley between the hips
juicy as peaches,
It was a soft rainy afternoon,
I put on my hat,
Nothing is stronger than custom.

My part of danger with an equal share
when yellow leaves, or none, or few
found themselves huddled together
like chalk on a billiard cue—
Hopping from spray to spray.

What is a man, I no longer wonder
Because he knows & grins & soon
could not explain it to himself:

"When I am old, after life's stress

june

So you may kiss me kindly
at all hours of the day."

The mighty fragment was enough alone,
you hear it now if e'er you can.

jasper baydala