

I ate all your car mints now my mouth tastes like seatbelts

clouds spook the mouth /
filed between / the adverse camber / of mountains / we cross two lanes / the
shreds of tires / roadkill's slumped ghostings / wave in the wind / heartlands
comatosing / between hay bales like pale full stops / you / can spot a sales rep
car for miles / you said / all front heavy / and angry / strangely clean / and
parked badly / outside McDonalds / the exhaust grey faces / of florescent
workmen / eating dirty burgers / fog creams their periphery / glitched out
kids / strapped down and flappy / flowers / taped to the overpass / are dead /
deader / than most / a storm / snagged on pylons / over Crawford / maybe lost
/ ? / I am air drumming / to Talking Heads / Stevie Wonder / Def Leppard /
submitting slithers of myself to passing cars / this / universal license / to
scream in our tin box / out of tune / mouths full / eyes perched / for the
smallest of victories / counting down junctions / we are somewhere between
crease and coffee stain / boiling rainbows / locked in quarries / the iron
sludge of forgetting / it all / for the glottal romp of vowel sounds / rare as
horse gills / yet fast as shark hooves / we sing / to the white van militia / to
the distant fires / to the long haired chug of lorry drivers / co-existing /
between tarmac and fruit machine / to the cult of traffic cones / to the streak
of juiced bug on our window / the fraternities of conifers / holding dark /
dark meetings / we sing / to the mystery / of the one roadside shoe / miles
from anywhere / to the sand bags slouched like dead babies / and I / just ate
all your car mints / now my mouth tastes like seatbelts