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from PHENOMENAL

Drew Milne

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Abstract
melancholy of a style grace hence the room only when s/he shines a whole cloud copy as in no.5 above, sad and intricate, long to tone that quiet will to squeaky bubble wrap or neck shine of span grey and meal into circles of his pictured arm knocking stance till when it is stranger to tights and sunk to all affronts so tall
Drew Milne

*from* PHENOMENAL

‘... we can assert that every biological fact implies transcendence, that every function involves a project, something to be done. Let my words be taken to imply no more than that.’

Simone de Beauvoir

i.

melancholy of a style grace

hence the room only when

s/he shines a whole cloud

copy as in no.5 above, sad

and intricate, long to tone

that quiet will to squeaky

bubble wrap or neck shine

of span grey and meal into

circles of his pictured arm

knocking stance till when

it is stranger to tights and

sunk to all affronts so tall

ii.

because it is die a secret

die by she breaks her wings

stills to conversing on the

done thing, come as patient

with morning of glass sky

to accented beating or sails

that ever shed to the event

of dreamy parthenogenesis

and revolting union of this

tracing ways across defiant

stones, abiding in parallel

to bring the point home
iii.

to its application face in a
day's fruition and folly of
jacket on to a sprung floor
not in so many words but

s/he where it gives to open
rendering the slick biddable
do as can but needs pluck
and you do as you do spark
terms in the domestic open
where the bright car studies
amid the day fall against the
bark blue of feeble kinds

iv.
sure blinkers of material in
 bracketing out monumental
purrts appearing in the sight
and its passing of great mirth

as the plangency of its scalp
bids for inertia and affective
to the point of becoming dry
then lighting for this strange
bridge and making headway
are empty fires almost bright
but genetically fresh produce
for the jostling inch to inch
v.
to be camera high, as pencil scores but a trace in the sun for the found texture to crows over and do away with crews projecting the left over pastry place whose laughing lines to polished glasses the tinkling of each smile gives new parts at least if the moon of chrome turns to hear a way through the usual spokes, hand held to blend in the merging scar

vi.
and the louse goes ouch to the mother of all spiders in from its grinding petal, so shrewdly says the v-neck attending to the nigh court of the dim and loopy shake that’s noun high to stat plumes in scart curvature sliding down off the data bone bind and sheer lucre who spools their nerve tints but stroked to fillips of pool
vii.

having a mazy run whose membrane rag glues hooves and all the nelsons for leaf and lifter flowing wild with just off hundred blue whose cut penny gem always said come charter its glad rink under a guild of glove plate through the humour and the bulb of what's suddenly the riding harm of darkest saffron noise beside a grave

viii

shoddy in shambles bundled through the corpus snags in loose but sweet bother and can you hold the good frond that heads the field so spick and preyed upon to fevers of leafy coral, ice and legal balustrades in scarf wounds whose spearing but sunny can steel all but the urgent places of drafty and ample that does for the ripped aim