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.S 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

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'... 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 rending 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 purrs 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
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