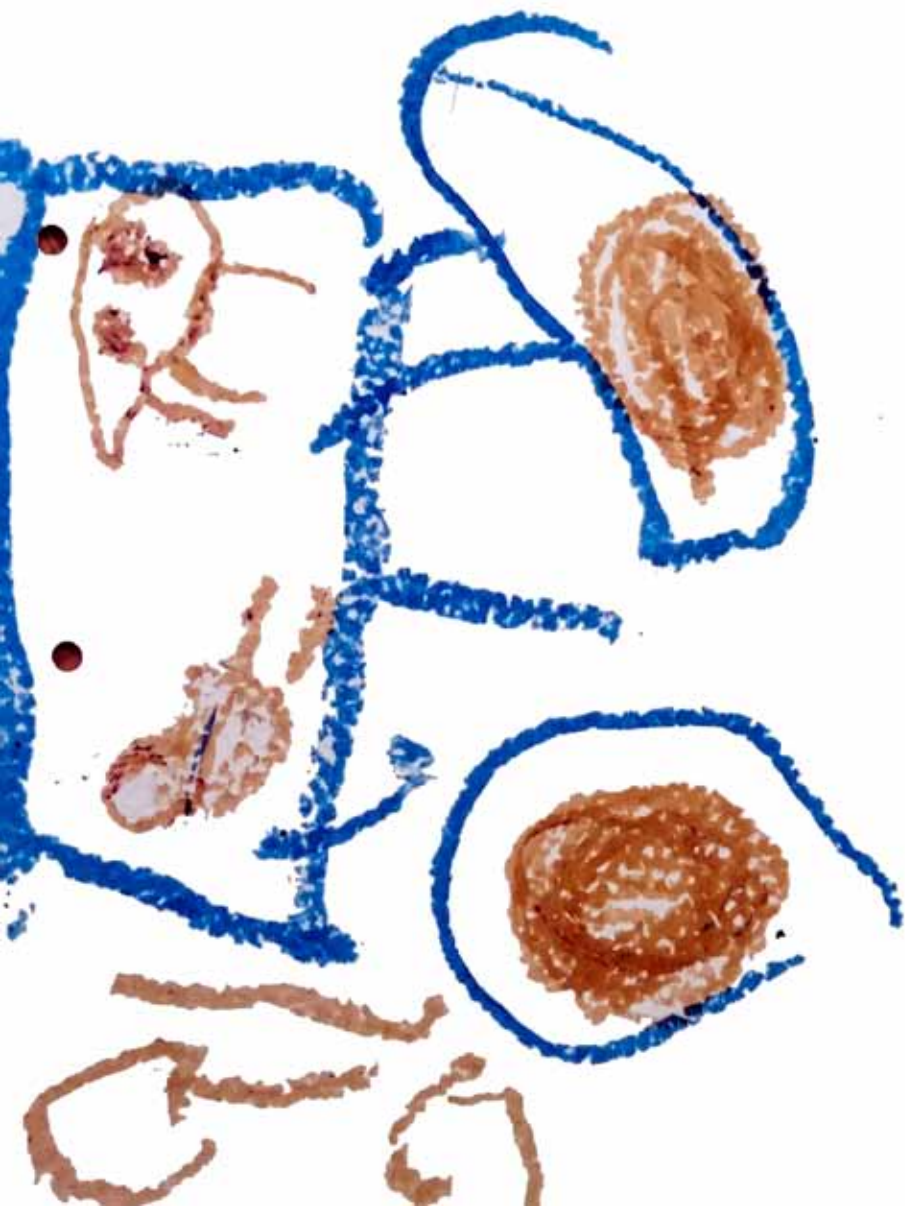


Cherry-cha-cha: The Art of Mole Poetics

Michael O'Brien & Johannes S. H. Bjerg



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S. H. Bjerg

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Bones

Cherry-cha-cha: The Art of Mole Poetics

**Michael O'Brien
&
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in fall the subterranean eye blinks once

cutting a forest in two
w the memory of mistakes

in your family tree
you discover
a sewing machine

asking the birch how they lie to god

when examined the hill
shows no sign of remorse

even in October
never a one tells rome
about persimmons

the last letter sent is a holographic ocean

over the baseball stadium
and beneath Rodan's shadow

you string a guitar
with flies' eyes
and rain-shine

after a smile the ghosts rebrand

in the leaf archive
a protest singer mummifies

his endless labour
with all the ham of Memphis
stuck inside of Mobile

but of course leaves can become paranoid

when the boy is bitten
and your thoughts lost in barley

a needle scarecrow
just as you touch
the ink of the river's heart

he tells you Oswald's rifle was Italian

the cup's shadow's
left behind on the table

counting bricks
w the tigers
and dragonfruits

when you meet him you think of two sounds

the mole hymnal
and us tied to sick bags

falling
is our second
nature

covering the knife song w blue feathers

pear-borne clouds
recite the rust sutra

cardamom pods
a future buddha
out of tune

rain begins in your swan gland the

east of Nashville
starting to roost

between lorries
carrying spare parts
for the jello parliament

after you leave they eat samosas

left on its own
the left hand goes blind

then milked
the leaves abandon
witchcraft

another flood fills the toaster manual

beyond bread crumbs
a hare stops in the clover

and the imported sunset
is full
of grass bells

he extends an arm

a beetle for each crossing
of latitude and string

disappearing
bleeding black
w absent birds

into the 4 months of November sneezing

behind the spit shine stand
hanging horses

the Great Apple Sacrifice
just where the Rhine
bends

as if Florida even exists

where bleating, barking
and shooting is a language

and Seminole tongues
are now seeds willed
into ebay notifications

before leaving you stuff a fox with rowanberries

speaking of beauty
in the past tense

to a sign saying
'this way, that way,
no way'

how we escaped the slaughterhouse

with our eyes
rolled in honey and thunder

a soft innocence
closer to the the sink
you move a chair

just lifting a foot will change everything

inside the mammoth
where Napoleon dies of wallpaper

and the 1001st singer
will have to stand
on a daisy

a city wins the academy award

the snake's rewinded
to the initial A

absolved but still
talking about bowels
to the moon

all it took was 3 nails

for john's empire
of ornamental onions

mouth down
you lie in
the Cathedral of Sighs

land of a million beards a horse bites your shoulder

time petrifies
in bones and boats

the universe observing itself
as toothpaste
on your shirt

on a cold morning Zacharia's name drowns in porridge

his mind a walnut knot
tied to a dream

climbing the dew ladder
always climbing
the dew ladder

the chimpanzees are made of soup

an unborn eye gives room
for Piazza di San Marco

beside the water's edge
we left our shirts
and gospels

beneath a sparrowfall writing porcelain letters

Constantine's fear of trees
an inkless equator

a slingshot shooting
bridges Milvian
or not

beyond the wooden poles scenes of jubilation in the city

a passacaglia through
the broken populus

the trophalactic air
muted by a child
asking for caramel

now you can't swing a cat for Doomsdays

anchored by the great odds
he draws the wind

and movement returns
to the white thighs
of the night nurse

the first meadow as you leave the city

a thousand reeds
wait for their oboes

a slow build
and then on the horizon
a bag half full with horses

having travelled from Crete an olive starts prophesying

long diversion
the loneliness of peace

7 years after 7 cats
Hades opens
for new recruits

a movie, set in Arizona, about food falling on the floor

and what if there's
no daylight to save?

all the ways
heat-death comes
and we order protein

you stop a question from entering the cherries

twenty years is a long time
for a rhetorical holiday

then you measure out
three sighs to paint
a Bollywood moon

you forget what lobsters look like

the frequencies of your internal organs
picked up by the radio

obvious things
to say about sound:
green

you ask a stone if it's vegan or gay

dog medicine
showing a child the rainbow

after all
there's no ® on the bodies
in Mare Nostrum

sometimes helicopters not exploding

it's a therapy
involving fried eggs

on top of noodles
w father
watching pro-wrestling

true, 2 out of 3 poplars go insane

in new ways
some people made of clay

what's in a name?
a broken toe? a failure?
a way out of the crocodile?

ruffo watching the dodgers

no break for commercials
in the rain

inherited wisdom
getting the wishbone
a monkey

a jellyfish circle isn't for posterity

but for deepening autumn
cooking curry w milk

and you empty the reused jars
of their reused
emptiness

the frogs learn to sing in rat

what kind of philosophy
would exclude fog?

danmu individualism
on the window
rain

but the wood is too dense for desire lines

a priest's collar
the moon tied to saturn

after that it's not important
that they can't draw feet
in anime

you imagine yourself good at sports

just how unwilling
can a wind be?

realistic
in his cruelty
doll parts

they tear up the road like it's a body

set trippin
a bird comes to your window

you ask
but the flower next to you
won't tell you its name

who actually leaves pie on a window ledge?

the man with La Mer
in his clarinet is gone

to paint a tree
w a deep desire
for trains

but can you hide a city behind tall buildings?

distant bird song
the wine pouring vertically

it's your IQ test
against a wind
of eels

he pan's handle comes loose

you cling to the Earth
the Earth clings to you

looking at her reflection
through the soft rain
hare ears

in this field there's a remedy for unknown fears

this morning
not being dead

at the end of a violin bow
Venezia floats
away

finding a stone in the lentils

today it's all
onomatopoeia

behind the clouds
a roar
of dinosaur bones

you fake a sunrise

a million hands
greeting you

and you mark your time
with nail clippings
and coughs

thinking about dirty dishes

crisps or Baudelaire?
a crow fights a deflated ball

in your pocket
the cold egg
sounds wet

Armageddon out-sourced to an Indian call centre

in the happiest place on earth
a man shaves a cat

I'm just saying
IF we were
magnetic

a fleck of amber in your left eye

within this stone head
the sun's burial

underneath
the leafless laburnum
a boy counts the wind

wrong! dusk-nurses don't do the cha-cha

abandoned mambo
the cherry front-kick of moles

you step aside
and watch yourself
shake a fist at the rain

the lack of a doctor's phone call

it's one popcorn pyramid
after another

disappearing
into the rosepatch
your ideologies

