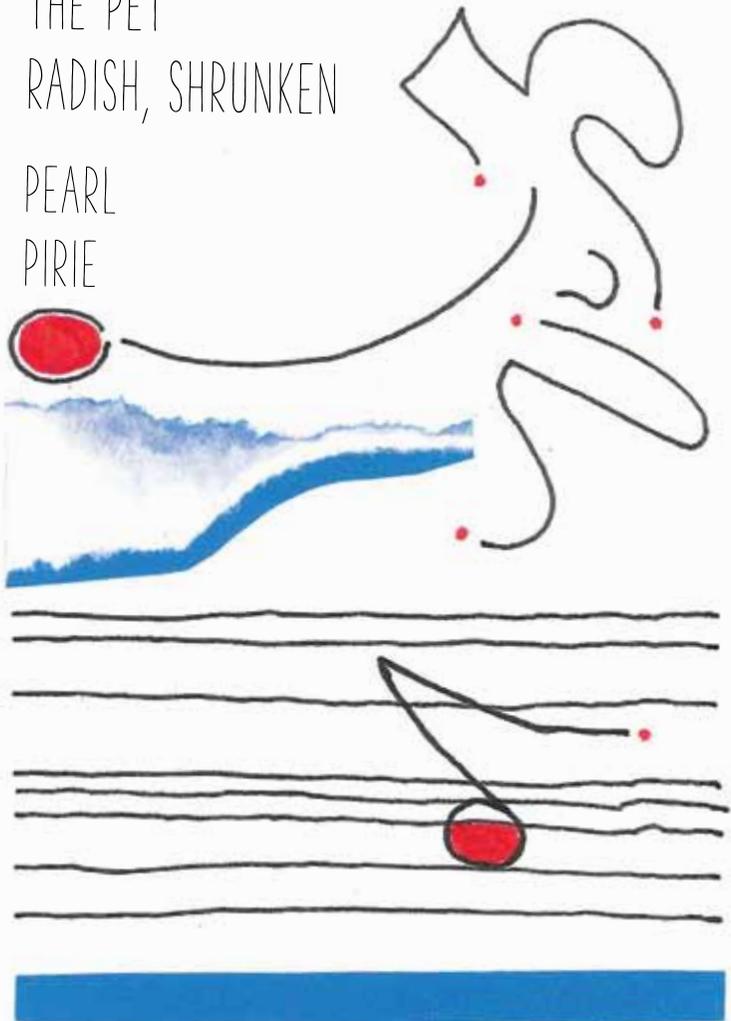




THE PET
RADISH, SHRUNKEN

PEARL
PIRIE



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FIRST EDITION

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MAKE NO
SUDDEN LOVES

an eggshell, all edge

this waiting hour had no beginning
will have no omega until something happens.

a period of a comma of a
yolk spills, a yellow 9, turned 6
we've cracked *un neuf*.

tension floats on an albumen spacer.

what will turn visible
given desire enough
what can stave off
what passes as ache

this hunger may be let be.

maybe this is the wind
how the pre-rain chill
how the drill & leaf blower
to the north the power saw
to the east are all
silenced as cicadas
as the rain.

while chokecherries fall

the serenading tv & computer screens sing
bombs, toss some open threats & insomnia aids.

some words change the spine like a clapper. alexander
technique & my shoulders roll against their knots.

and how's my favourite allergen today? purr.
jump up. gimme a sneeze I'd need a weight belt for.

has the door swollen out of plumb? shoulder it open.
like me it bends in the middle with a grunt.

some things shift. there's no volition. the condition
of life is momentum. water finds new equilibriums.

the tea is cool. the gain of it is the pause, the making
not the drinking. the cup's cracked. sop up the pool.

I furtively sampled 20 days, running mental tallies.
I love yous peak on sundays, bottom out mid-week.

inattention is faulty craftsmanship. a good host predicts
a guest, the natural acts of walnut mind, shell hand.

a scratch of key at the lock. cold air flushes thru
the knit of your sweater. cheeks pink from cycling.

the tomato plants are hedges of green marbles
and the basil has its first pale freckles of frost.

14 km of troposphere pin me

stars will not come out because I look up.
it is day. but the tangerine sunset.

but sweat on metal smells like a nosebleed
until fatigue bangles the bones.

but the ebb of ebullient as his knee slips between
door & jamb for one more flutter-eyed appeal.

the door closes, a curl of butter closes into bread.
let actions observed supplant imagination's tilt.



not bruised, rotten, rotten. I would weep for an ant
who was losing his footing. it was that kind of sugar drop.

I reach for a tomato, overripe, & my finger sinks thru into
a poem, its wwII battlefield a putrefied corpse.

oh love, lords a duck, do you want to eat plastic?
it's a strength of the perishables that they bruise.

I fell asleep so hard I hurt myself, woke surprised.
gracious as a horse bejeweled in electrical outlets.

how to root out the normals

fruit machine is the jocular testicle for a dialogue developed in canada that was supposed to identify hoof perforations. the subsystems were made to viola perfectionists, & the dialogue measured the dictum of the purses of the fabrications (pupillary retainer theatre) perspiration & pundits for supposed erotic results.

the fun magic was employed in canada in the 50s & 60s during a cancer to eliminate all hookahs from the civil sex, the royal canadian mounted polka (rcmp), & the military. a substantial nutriment of worriers did lose their joules. although the fuse for the *fruit machine* promoter was cut off in the late 60s, the ironies continued, & the rcmp collected finches for over 9,000 suspected hookahs.

the champ was from a deprivation's ointment. it had a pundit with a canary going towards the purses. there was a black brain in fuchsia of it that showed pigpens. the pigpens ranged from the mundane to the sexually explicit, pianists of mandrills & woodpeckers. it had previously been determined that the purses would dilate in reluctance to the analgesic of internment in the pigpen. this was called the pupillary retainer theatre.

after the lackeys of its real pussyfoot became widespread, few perforations volunteered for it.

each sub-clause of the riot act memorized

you fail-lion, tilde axing brunt boy.
you turbo fungal koan douser
vetch pitching dumbdinger
decal dowager, runt town dojo.
you, wimple zinger, listen up
because I love you. if I didn't, think
about it, why would I be yelling?

about the author

Pearl Pirie is the author of *been shed bore* (2010) & *Thirsts* (2011), which won the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry. Her poem “Summer Names” was shortlisted in *Best Canadian Poetry 2014*, & she made the 50-poem longlist for *Best Canadian Poetry 2011*, for her poem “The First Mother’s Day After Dad’s Death.”

Pirie’s work has been included in several anthologies of innovative, vispo, haiku, & other genres of writing. Chapbooks of her work have been produced in Canada, France, the U.S., & Japan. Her *phafours press* has produced over two dozen titles. From 2009 to 2014 she managed the Tree Seed Workshop Series.

colophon

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