

Long Paddock

Lucy Wilks

Between existence

between existence and just how the cat jumps we fare

between our similarity and divergence we emulate the novel

between our amplitude and its strangeness we detach ourselves to parcel out the upshot

between our footing and the sphinx we swarm

between our complement and infinity we count our bevy over and over again

between this respite and our fitfulness we avail ourselves of tomorrow

between mutation and destiny we mellow

between our origins and their remedy we pour balm upon quiescence

between this room and its antechamber we sojourn like fish out of water

between Gargantua and left-handedness we crouch

between the cut of our jib and the concierge we lubricate the gate

between our transference and our ferment we dance for provender

between our bodies and their buoyancy we spiritualize the ether

between solidity and sealing-wax we thicken whirlwinds

between ecology and eclipse we turn auroral

between the therapist and our dreaming we predict by all means all means granted

between our meaning at first blush and its broadcast we're macaronic

between spontaneity and getting by we fire our turbines with tonics

between our influence and cupidity we incur a debt

between our humours and tranquillity we take it easy on the transport

between our bed of roses and its roisterers we heed the better part of valour

between camaraderie and rivalry we weep with the myrtle

between the scales of justice and the rod we observe with due decorum the gentlefolk of the long robe

between the Godhead and the meeting-house we read Lao-Tsze

Things to do today

Begin by acting out of character; if you are a stick-in-the-mud, become a connoisseur of penny arcades.

Sit in the lion-tamer's chair and dream of St Jerome, whipless.

Add *giocoso* to your list of nautical directions.

Read Dickinson and Kerouac concurrently.

Season your salmagundi with a footnote.*

Compose a polka dot psalm in pink for a concubine in need.

Walk through a looking-glass into the magnetic north of your juvenilia.

Make your eclectic daisy-chain an epistle to the soul of Sherpa Tensing.

Confess to the Ministry of Advanced Density to once having manifest the sanguine humour.

Exhibit the new worlds of your peripheral vision in the atrium of the fathomless.

Applaud the quagmire for its sooty oystercatcher.

Conjure from your ditty-box an accolade to amplify the birth of Venus.

Cushion yourself with moon-dust for a collision with the implacable juggernaut of gaucheness.

Summon to her investiture as queen of piquancy the hapless street urchin.

Console yourself for desuetude with *adieu mon coeur*.

Recite the *Mahabharata* to your landlady in lieu of rent.

If you are feeling separation anxiety, go for a walk in the rain of a lopsided geomorph.

Try to harness to surmise the bewilderment of your boudoir.

Be the custodian of Mesmer's selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor.

Drop your guard in the face of the lantern beneath the bushel of your cohort's fringe.

Inscribe the monogram D. S. upon the blazing cipher of your minor third.

Be true to form with stylus, bookmark, eraser, Dr Syntax and encyclopaedic offspring.

Introduce your familiar to the rest of your family.

If you must split hairs, lampoon the result.

Make your architect a gardener and your hobbledehoy a swimmer of channels.

* If you are monolingual, translate some English into some other English.