

SAM LANGER

Fantasia on Themes Printed in Southerly 73.1

is a *withered-pope* mobile,
safe as terriers
brought him to fears

to think of, Human
Nature Peoples World Historical
Leaders, upright
before all the vague gate
forest both sides
all animals ready to get
through but to where, when
city is forest and backwards
too, that she controlled all animals
that their race was run
by one, and so it was, effective

The animals, many
he had never seen, spun
around his child
artist paradigm
in wheel-form, his strong legs
pedalling air out at the hub.
His lungs were still young
could still cough
as smog drifted at the gates
and mum and dad looked smug
down at him
adult, masculine, feminine.

Suddenly he'd been

in the world nine weeks.

This was enough for him
in some contexts
to live for ever after, he had
a card, a number, and a picture
he was part of the inner resources
of the modern subject now,
different from mum different
from dad, he set himself
the task of differentiating
from the others in a pale fluid
by a series of experiments
at the swings –

this was later

a mirror for the leaders
who though disgusting
or totally automated
still destroyed
separate lives
just like Bismarck.

That was their response to the problem
this dreadful gravity presented, this
was his.

As he decayed (i.e. fell)
toward something
ever more modern
white sheets, beeping, instruction,
he let out to them
the rules, 30 centimetres long

at that exact point of cry
to them, strictly and traditionally
lyrical.

withered-pope: from Nina Power, "She's just not that into you", <http://www.radicalphilosophy.com/web/rp177-shes-just-not-that-into-you>