

MICHAEL FARRELL
Pope Pinocchio's Sky

When a pope dies everyone takes LSD

I wasn't waiting

I talk to stars online. I say 'How are you?' Stars
Don't know. 'I'm made of popcorn and cherries' I lie
Beseeching 'eat me'. There's a river with a goat near here
The goat wears glasses and sometimes takes my place when I'm
Tired

A mélange of coffee
& croissants floats through the room, fleshing
It
Out, distracting the mirrors. The mirrors say
'How are you?' to the goat. I
Used to be
An emperor but that went out
Of style. This isn't a poem
About drugs. It's about Photoshop: marmalade hair
& all that jazz. Beatles
In the Vatican. Everyone had a phase
Of it in the 60s

I think what my kaleidoscope thinks

When I get a woody
I start floating on a river: thoughts
Of shavings, chisels, The Carpenters

I'm with my mate-stars (blessed primates, shy quasars)