

assume the world's wealth is in pebbles & leaves

freely laying there

on the ground

joanne kyger - summer sorting (from *on time*. city lights publishers. 2015)

if a kitsune (japanese for fox) offers a payment or reward that includes money or material wealth, part or all of the sum will consist of old paper, leaves, twigs, stones, or similar valueless items under a magical illusion. true kitsune gifts are usually intangibles, such as protection, knowledge, or long life. wikipedia

rain bright thru shine / meadow floods mead / my vixen sharp-ears & coat enflamed / & am
blindsided, blood-unbound / brave new, brave new / language clumps & clots to my
tongue / lifts some foxiness off this day / haze around my heart so much dew under sun /
map some margins / am still predator & prey / my sweat-furred compromise to yr wordage
/ am in hyper-awe to the lure & law of land, yrs / this celestial-fox rather than field-fox is
birthed under sun & rain / & once in a generation human knowins / yet still fox-magicked /
how my power increase / shape-shift - gender-twist - trickster-be / can grant visions even /
tho careful what yu ask / & treat us with respect / old times live close with yu humans, yu /
now is the return

call me kitsune - dusk-eyed fox / & servant ov edges / edges ov light, edges ov night / ov
town & country / ov surf in the didsbury duality / i am the blade, don't lick the blade / look
up from slink, see this burger-boy / window ov *chalk* lickin the blade / boy are they hungry
/ wolf it down / am no wolf tho plans are afoot to re-wild these into our green & sceptic
land / & underhand? / multiple poisonins birds ov prey, moors beyond

my kin walks downin street day election calls / that on yr artery-narrowin viewtube? / fox
among the chickens, cat among the pigeons, armadillo among the rednecks / beck & call,
love-all / the political pile-up so much roadkill sweet / no goin far az the prodigy's *the day*
is my enemy but ... / dusk is venue for carrion & carry-on / now this kin - fellow red fox, not
blue fox / red & black actually, defiant to tip her tail / against downin streets *never*
apologise, never explain / seeks rain to wash her sweat spots off urban grass / the
smoked glass s/he walks in / alien worlds ov win or spin / vulpine politics more red than
madder / more mad than red

th' honeysuckle hedge ov lapwing lane weaves a heart-edge / heats on / & by the smell
out every-door, cookins bein performed / homeless camp central library ov cottonopolis /
copper on door / & the quality ov leftovers means economy - even among this leafiness -
is still down / wheres parmesan rind? / bacon cracklin crispy? / marrow-fat narrowin
arteries not mine for i run, run it off, run / best i get is handful ov fries throw-down *fosters*
by student / slim pickins for this didsbury outlaw / no safety net, all bets off, hear sunsets
for sale / after all-else is priced in todays market / play dirty, clean-up, all profits towards a
new death-star / yet under pavements the moorland, wetland, spring

hope above experience tattoos neckline / a question-mark az earring / *webuydotcom*
sunjunkiespraytan up window / *big-value-s.u.v. aromatic facials* in paper / crime &
punishment second-hand, only £2.49 & slightly torn / *crystal clear waxin to escape* / ripped
poster on phone-box reads *destroy & wages* / skin in the game? / skin in the game! /
unlock me street-food in the raw / return petals to flower / late sun stitchin the cull to my
rough carillon / a hack-barkin cough / from vantage-point to vagabondage - didsbury has
my back / don't, wont cut me enough slack / & underneath? / mosaic ov dune, heathland,
scrub

am not audrey niffenegger's raven girl / not de lint's crow girls / not leonora carrington's
egg or ermine / not gunter grass' flounder / not don marquis' cockroach / not kafka's beetle
/ not arcimboldo's *earth*, hunt mouldin to the face & to the chase my ruddiness among that
livery / am not herman hesse's steppenwolf / not the werewolf ov london / not norsteins
fox / not jiminy-cricket / not mary chase's harvey / nor pippi longstocking's monkey nor her
horse / not babi yaga's hut on chicken-legs / am not - usually - a team player / & not
chaucer's coal-fox / tho tips my tail & nose are also obsidian / am dusk-daughtered / the
musk ov my family across continents / a line ov such blood! floodin yu & yrs / az i raid yr
playbook in far-flung, star-stung hack

springheel-jack - yu magpie fellow gleaner ov suburb, nestlins, th' gleam / how yu spark
dark az any alpha / rag-robin cling to brick-cracks / wind-toss lovin that bluster ov pink /
while blister ov carrier-bag gathers pace down palatine road / its *very little helps* ending
under wheels / such dog-rose entanglin the hundred year library where previous royalists
encamped / beneath the pavin slabs my marshland, forest, grit / parliamentarians too / but
all that's bust / the general election posters still up / their tickin in wind after heavy roast /
never kissed a tory tho i've bared ma teeth at more than a few / thieved their meat too

china miéville's *kraken* in oxfam / page 116 talks ov secret urban hunts / & would it
surprise, aye? an anarchist-acquaint once said / bring fox-hunts back but only for the
urban / yu raise a well-waxed eyebrow?! / see that shower - slasher-cameron, slow-boris,
armagideon losin all in jeers / my tail - flag brandin air az i outfox, lose & loose them /
street on street, the didsbury-indies in ferocious clamour / bangin pots & pans, cheerin me
on, hunt truly lost / if only government wz one money couldnt buy / the price ov future
shock / ov sutures stocked / wont price me out / don't stare me out

mighty silver birches honour-guard the super-gnarl ov fog lane park / nineteen iron chairs
lip-surf audience with horse chestnut / some are break-up seats / others are for the make-
up / *i've been following yr advice / sung since eight this morning / they're pissed off but it
feels great / - did you get a good lawyer?* / this widow puts out bacon buttie daily in
paperbag marked fox / glamour myself to fletcher moss pipe-tobacco leaf-mold / last waft
ov bluebell whisperin mersey bank / edgelands downstream / to break from pack & free

captain beefheart *no snafu, no fol-de-rol* / pounds down car-widowed stenner lane /
invincible juke-boxins / havin yr rave & eatin it / the czars wore fox furs, look what
happened to ... / wont catch my fur, me fury / get in amongst these dream-notes / th'
weave across marshy flats / sweet overspill into feral raspberry canes / my tunes the
songs ov meaty borders / i don't have to worry about curtains / slatherin, snap-gone, a
neat mouthful / & i leave only goldfinch wing / wznt me who air-rifle-pop it / then a squirrel-
heart gives out before / take that sweetmeat too / clean up the welcome, lick lips, move on

handful ov brunette blows down barlow moor road / yu humans live by noise such that / i
long to hear my own breath, my own breathin / this arc ov life we cleave to / am i the only
one not prisoner? / sometime i lie / *cheese weddin cakes - purveyors ov fine - & hints ov
dark berries* / fishmongers work their window / lovers? brothers? / they finish each others
sentence / pack fish away / scrub then sluice the slab / my gut - always this growlin & the
lights go dark within / but there is not so much az a piece ov tail or fin / i slink

head-over-heels with th' luthier on & ov school lane / cellos from eaves, their strings
vibratin wind / this aeolian song-pealin / she saw my ears ridin that wave / long-story-short
- we civil-partnership / on to raise our wean like dandelion / thru so many cracks ov city /
but the rays ov noise / their spread spoor / bit so much exhaust / all this raze me / beg
luthier-she to move from that precise point where chaos congeal / but she roots az habit /
suburbs attack - all vulpine i flee / *yu may be fox but yu are our weans other mother /
come back az yu please* / each night sneak to lie her arms / till the heavy tread ov first-
lights floorboards sends me flightin

we're all pink-triangled az road-kill on th' inside / our rainbow ribbons - mine ancient song -
tear strips from real / why war me thru so many thin hours? / till moon - out & proud - no
rhinestone / throws lustre near-everywhere / i stick beyond shadowin / am not yr
resistance / am indignado alley-cattin th' water / skirtin playin fields / tithe to this ground
where wild ransoms out the mersey / roll lithe in their crushed-ness, lessen my musk /
prepare for dusk-shift among broom, forget-me-not, borage / my borders open az blood /
little-nation, yu cant thug me / lengthen my stride / step over edge, edges / return to earth
like golem to clay / today scout a way thru / take my luthier far / our offspring too / to dance
& sway / this night-glean / den-deep downstream / eat much nature & away