

autumn, or Further Eradication

Laurence Upton



nowt press

Another bloody autumn shows its blade,
glinting from rain-mashed leaves on dull paving.
The lunatics are not locked up; or else
they are in parliament, legislating.
The mediocrities are all awake:
one of the best artists that I have known
is charged with gross misconduct by a fool
identifying suspicious behaviour.

It'll be a cold winter to keep running
all the pointless wasteful engines of bleak desire,
the citizenry chattering to its selves
on toy familiars, grasping advertising
prepared for it by those of it with jobs.
That's all the work: mugging us at lie point.

Notes

Note 9th Oct 2012: I am not at liberty to name the artist just yet; but this not a metaphor. A friend writes: 'I worked with those otiose tossbuckets who've done that. I know exactly which shitty little truffle-snouted vacuosity will have done it.'