

LIMITATION MIMICRY:

Dance

fear not the guides  
of confidence  
and substance  
who fragrant and breast-full  
gable-necked  
and coarse  
roam the riot months

for they are the ones who walk on water  
build the bowers  
and head-duck  
beak-butt  
court nature  
and tut-tut  
in traditional rhythm  
with traditional books  
of courtship  
written in annual choreography  
without the need of a session  
to get the angle right  
and get the force of tilt right  
and tie right  
and tip toe without a slip right  
and corner right  
and colour pallet right  
and get right the known-for thing

for this is bone-ridden  
and blood-written  
from birth  
and a limited time period  
and stiff competition  
this is to weed  
and this is to bask

and sprawl outreach observation  
because this is how it's done

and done well.

LIMITATION MIMICRY:

The Feeding

something filling  
and holden  
weighing  
and weight-full  
in the fog  
a community of clarity  
in describing what day this is today

it is spring  
off the back of autumn, it seems  
there are speculations amongst the other  
ground-nesters and mud-dwellers  
that there may be competition once the mice break the paddock  
come flying round the opening  
out of the gatherer's pen  
and round, snake-ish  
lizard-like  
a bundle of stomach settlement

but  
there are eyes littered in the trees  
and the trees are professional performance artists  
who hide no flare in the wind-dance  
yet woody and wobbly  
are coveted

ONE

(adjust)

two, THREE

(NOW they're calling for)

FOUR

(cutting the fog -  
BEGONE mist -  
under the belly -  
let clear sight-full bliss -  
engorge the mouth -  
and set stomach preparations)

“YOU'RE coming home little mousy,

to feed my children”

and the others scramble  
as scramblers do  
fearfully fucked

until the new day breaks upon the paddock  
until the new day breaks.

LIMITATION MIMICRY:

The Fleeing

oh, ravenous bulge  
bracing the sky  
the colours are on your side,  
YOUR side

the clouds are underdogs  
or to support the underdogs  
or so thought

upon realisation the bulge is  
reigning them  
they are not the friend once sought

the / bulge / inky / tar  
grazing the wind with prepared and sharpened kisser  
stomach at the ready with temporary claws  
that come out when there is nothing in there

dip / swerve / duck / sway / drip

but it's coming  
it's more a mass than the fleeing

d o n ' t s t a n d a c h a n c e  
d o n ' t s t a n d a c h a n c e  
d o n ' t s t a n d a -

BUT THIS IS TRADITION  
and traditionally fell, of course  
but traditionally clamber out of the belly-pit too  
and do not get summoned unto the ground with might

Away now!  
Free now!  
Feel now!  
Breathe now!  
Deep breath now!  
For home now!  
Day now!

“NO, target.

Apologies for the inconspicuous nature of the bulge  
you were away when you left with celebrations at the door of the mouth  
because no thing nor being can bear a mocking  
and mistakenly you piss-took and your movements became erratic with joy  
well, no joy be brought upon the sky  
when all business in its grasp comes through, into my mouth  
I smelt the sweat spill off your brow  
I smelt the ground flowingly tarnish with the beads of your fear  
WELL YOUR FEAR IS MINE NOW  
and I feast full on your fear.”