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*Angels the Size
of Houses*

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SAMPLER

Contents

Vanilla / 9
Elements IV: Carpentry Exam / 11
A Black and White Photo of Bioluminescence / 13
Dear Mother You're Dying / 15
I Have Eaten the Moths and Now My Mouth Is Soot / 16
Life Is a Perpetual Trauma Machine / 17
Morning in Retrograde Part II / 18
Elements III: Sapin Noir / 19
The Perimeter of a Femur / 21
Portmanteau / 22
In the Span of Five Hours / 24
Musical Passages for Theatre Interludes / 25
Cress Soil / 26
Ice Skating, Garden of Eden, 1998 / 27
Levant 1919 – March to Ruin; Swollen Dead / 29
Iona / 31
Psychos*/*((Girlyas)) / 32
Moving My Family into a Den in the Corner of the House / 33
Ration As a Sum (Weight of / Our Stomach Lining) / 34
Contingency Plan: Red Circles (Ophelia) / 35
A Kaleidoscope of Butterflies / 36
What's One Death / 38
All Five Fingers But One / 39
Amnesty International Workers / 41
Elements I: The Sober Spirit / 41
Container Poem / A Space for Improvement / 43
The Mountain's Ugly Head / 44
Rise Balance Rise / 45
Blood Red Blister / 47
Reasons to Take Part in a Treasure Hunt / 49

Hail Sincerity /	50
Skidbladnir /	51
Morning in Retrograde Part I /	53
Elements II: Your Tree Is in Decay /	55
The Old Man, The Boats /	56
Snow Smear /	58
Northern Siberian Sign /	59
Yellow / Red / Cot /	60
The Reservoir /	62
Still Fires /	64
The Dead Love the Unborn /	66
Old Fisherman Kosztka /	68
Feralism 101 /	70
The Stress of Movement /	71

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For Rue. For Otis.

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Vanilla

Eighteen verses of birdsong
pull our boundaries towards
the heavens in a cynical display
of gesture and gesticulation.

*Aaron, the editor begs, you cry angels
– the volatility of spirituality as prayer
is evident – then kiss the back of your neck
as if in serendipitous loss.*

I've got low blood pressure
stamped into the pulse
of my temporal lobe where I feed
nightly seizures with rat poison

and an idiot's guide to night terrors:
don't scare the children,
eat dark chocolate,
be intrinsic in your grief.

If I can learn to drink gravity's lust,
it can split the vertigo I have wrapped
and assumed for the birth of my son.
His eyes; two oysters with tape radial

the pearls, the living dead with asthma
pumps, a catch of the mirror
in the dead of night. Otis was born
driven by Gods the size of houses

and armed with the luck of Ouija boards,
a smile entrenched in every nap
cut short by abrupt chaos. In my waking
I now dance in vanilla pods, salute

the sun's waning epaulets and pray
for the dead to wake in clusters
so we are pleasantly surprised in aftermath;
silent in broken stride. Rue, radical.

Otis, scientific. Emma lacing mastitis
through the bed / consumed by others.
My eyes; a mistake on a postmodern canvas,
two holes in a hot air balloon, watching angels

kiss the back of their necks.

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Elements IV: Carpentry Exam

Dark in firefly histrionics
where sleep takes the shape of lightbulbs
oozing vagabond tricks
and *love the ocean, I love the ocean.*
Thematically you direct intention
to maintain eye contact,

a motif in precise movement,
yet we are two points in an ocean,
semblance in balanced resuscitation.
Two buoys separated
by a turn of the century
on the back-broken rem,

I called down to the shop to get coffee;
chewed the beans raw on the way back up;
you never stirred
as I caffeinated a volatile addiction.
We have both felt the arc
of narratives where our paths path,

we the rivers swell across the stage
and our convergence is no longer two elements
but a singular unanimous unison
of forward planning.
I promise to try to clean the hand
and we can bring ourselves into moments

where the crowd is in gentle song
for matrimony
in which we expect to be iridescent.

And angry.

But we, the scales, get heavier on one side
and we begin to push our feet

into terror, firm and low;
because we can kick our ancestors out,
deserted by his own daughter but not his own.
By the hysterics of rage
and the heavy-gloved hand
so as not to cleanse analogue radio

now dead alongside the memory
late cold dinner.

We are all to feed ourselves
but ourself is harder to work
more for less and the versus them:
it's about us, *versus us*,

versus a method where we can all find
to stop the drift of tender reasoning.

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A Black and White Photo of Bioluminescence

The night's knot
comes loose
with the gravitational pull
of lunar vessels. The coil's heart
pumps depth charges
the shape
of homesickness – we wait
like stolen children. Us. Waiting.

We learnt algebra, studied lines
of broken expressions,
and shape of the sum.
in the crook
of swollen sleep.
There are languages we share
in Morse code / kilohertz.
Twenty degrees
longitudinal.

We drift back and forth each hydrangea night
on orbits
we find mapped
on the back
of receipts.
No size or space
captures the turn of rem.

Three tiny moons
among Icarus'
first flight,

two splintered boats
across the face of Saturn.

Anthe

somewhere in the distance.

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Dear Mother You're Dying

You are wasting away, you have
cavernous sinuses and hollow flesh.
Eat gracefully: there are those that are starving,
you told us this and shoved our faces into

Mother, ten years dead and veering further
right. We held a wake while you overslept,
I forgot your name, had to cycle through
every teacher I knew before I got Mother

you're like communal wine: a representation of
blood. This is how we love each other now,
posthumously, wafer thin, before a father who
believes in spirits more than us. I've tried to save

you, but you don't need saving – there are scars
on your pupils, lessons embedded in the corner,
rope knotted red in veins across your milk-
lapped eyeballs. Your funeral was joyous, we sung

the only song you ever knew. Your body so pale,
So sodden in drowning, you are course corrected,
Mother. You were as small and tight as a
lock of hair at birth. I've tried to shut the

casket but your arms stick to the seal. You've
been dead longer than you were living, Mother,
and we've left a hole next to yours. Two singing
bodies.