## M.T.C. Cronin

## A Tickerto Trilce

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XXXIV is dedicated to Jim Elkins.

Extracts from 'A Ticket to Trilce' were nominated for a Pushcart Prize, USA, 2006.

A Ticket



# I on one undated day, then <br> 19 April - 24 April 2006 and a frisking on 29 April same year 




Pay for watermellows with ticker tards; unhabit the pub late and pry back.

Two or three sweet sad words and you can think of nothing else!

Have you not been considering the mirrors in your eyes; not been wondering what is the name of the city in your mind?



## I

Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!
Backwards you're born. Two different ways this is so.
The island is not what you leave but what you inherit. You go on alone.
With no consideration the future accepts only you.
Inconsiderate time, liquid and insular.
From Australia to Peru it ignores and welcomes.
Welcomes and ignores.
Just like the mother gives birth to the most perpetual dying. Din. The flattest B's.

At what time the pivot on whre you swing and listen to the sound made by peradox? PLOP!

Whether you thin a pelican or a gannet in Alcatraz hasnet thar with here or there. Nor nor.

[^0]
## II

Temporal lobe lobe.

Here and now is the joke of being. How it got stuck in the experience that we feel feel feel feel.

Pin prick prick.
Scratching for blood in the bloodless.
Bleached mouth alive around the word word word word.

What is it? It it.

Up against this.
Both fully dressed as if they could could could could.

And yet yet.


The poor brain's always trying. Copying the little bit into a new bit that's that's that's thatIS.

I'm forty-three
and still waiting for my mother to come back.
It's still dark.
My mother and father were always at work.
Tim and Miss X and Jennie sit on the step and draw names in the dust.
Four letter words are giggles (Bald Iggles.)
Across the hill that never comes closer the road, the soundless road. All eyes travelling. All little arms entwined for a hundred years too

The story is thefredead. One can always maketifothers cry. The old babysitter gets the soap to wash out their mouths.
Put your foot through the wall. Tell the old bitch she's a goner.

No wait! The arms of her, the arms of her are coming to hold us, hold us in the sun of grease-marks smelling liks soup tunes rice and nostalgia's never-leaves.

Tim, the one, Jennie?

We're alone all in the dream that won't stay the same.
We grow old together in the dark.


## IV

The metal of the truck's gate hits his head, closes his eyes with the same sound the sky makes coming down on the tree-tops. Mother hems it. She can hear an eggshell cracking as the spirit releases.

I undid the chains, followed orders. Opened his face with the weight of a thumb. Second-born. Leaving prints all up and down the cross so shock could marry the game. Withdrawing mother frope he silence.

So what!
He got a metal peathat travelled his discoloured cheek for the next loose decade.

The scar was a song.
Song-like-jelly. Song like her hand tracing this massive eternal welt. (Courage-song.)

## V

Group of the wrong number.
Instable. Too many to climb a cupboard at once or fit on the back of a bird.
From the plate grows a jungle of beans, the universe folds back again - both halves - to let them see in.
Mmmm. A voice-man. He's the one. Trapped the listeners in a family made out of hypocritical fast cars. Mmmm. The whistle transcends the horn. Chrome collapses him. Till change flies.

The three little creatures set up a bird-song. Forever makes no sense. 1 they sent out the window on a 0 was heard. Still was survival againstetherter.

Group of politics and love.

## VI

Putting on my glissade and frisson!
Filthy from being left in the dark. From crawling around looking for me in time I've not entered.
Bloody anticipation soils my heart, makes me mean.

All the water-carriers
have smelt my ungratefulness, know
I'd sell them to the devils
for a chance to fly.
Yet they laugh at those
who become yourself.
They know the Goddess $f f$ Wheat
and remain sealed.
If I knew how to spen them
I could get the secrefsand dress
like a nightstand. The world
would be that small because happy
happy it would always be me.
HOW COULD IT NOT!
My berry soul would squash and kold juice of chaos spread over the lot.

## VII

Every outroad led me back inside.
As usual.
Out I'd go and come back in.
In and out; out and in.
Nobody seemed to care much for my safety.
All the corners backed off. I huddled bare-bottomed into them and they halved themselves rawly.

The magnitude of it! Shouts passed down the street until they reached my door like an axe with its collapsible journey

No bells, no eyes, no ringing ope
But 44676000 minutes in an Atrswarm endeared themselves like crpptes to the smoking years betwegn 2006 and 1921.


[^0]:    5

