

## Components

*after Roger McDonald*

Here are  
jade notebook,  
milky distance.

A yellow desk,  
straws of sun,  
coppery wooden knots.

A plunging forest,  
light flung  
and falling into chords.

And the thought of a river  
creeping through the ravine.

Here are the clearest  
sounds, all three.

An old man  
clumps things into a case  
for the last time.

Birds trill,  
sketching plans  
for the afternoon.

The mind  
sweeps it away  
with the stems of dried phrases.

*Stuart Cooke*

Stuart Cooke. 'Components' and 'Buenos Aires Contemporary'.  
*Transnational Literature* Vol.11 no.1, November 2018.  
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

## Buenos Aires Contemporary

The sturdy painter hikes through the swirl  
of his grey, Scotland hawk

the stacks build and drill against purple  
and pink, horses stop to think

who chopped off his ear? and  
left it in the other room

with a small desk by a window  
a blanket tucked tight, striped

like my umwelt, the lonely chair staring  
it's all so woody, zero connectivity

my lonely breast, my long, white alien  
behind my elbow I'm despair.

The brainy old coral of the landscape  
the bubbling stone at dusk—

shrubs grow there, along the ridges  
beside the dry riverbed

and the dead, grey woman, plastic doll  
sucking her tit.

Eyes half-closed, she looks  
below your waist

her ready hand—will she  
take life back, take you

by the throat?  
Tears of green glass bottles

strident candle maroon.

No one's lashed with city's

fiery spools through night brick  
but her head splits

then a burning horse onslaught  
halo of laser and blossom

cooled into weedy arc  
with a crust of skeletal baroque.

Paris was a party; Buenos Aires is Aussie  
the storm's bluest knot

cracks a tiny mule into white  
hides it beneath a torn sheet of itself

grows testicles of abstraction  
while Eleanor Rigby's cello reverberates in circles

of white, black, orange and yellow.

Frames splinter in the insatiable pampas mouth

prey dripping with eyeliner and cherry  
things get cleaner years earlier:

blurbs get written, vibrant brides  
sucked into clowned accordion

world renovated into gleaming  
guttled mouse.

*Stuart Cooke*