

Sanitise Here

I

Sanitise here, you who are weary, bodies wrecked and diarised  
with machine angst, you who are up against walls inturned  
trailing the scars of experience bought never earned  
tearing at the stone parapets  
as tall as they are wide  
in your compartmentalised minds

from which you now wake, megaphone scratchy with static  
alarm bell church bell diver seeking along the radar  
a point of contact a pulse a beat in the senseless feed  
from the airconditioned interior of your vacant lot  
the insideout of cars the silicone linings  
the magic of materials lives lived  
littered in the footwells, giant scrapyard magnets  
and how we gravitate like flies toward them with metal  
mouthparts the powerful invisible hand of god  
comfortable as a spark.

Sanitise here, in orchestrated, vain groups in clumps  
and fatty acids digesting as you slouch  
the flabby undersides of arms  
the conceited histories  
the grunts and gnawings  
of rats at their ever-persisting  
bubonic fleas.

Raise your fists your idols your icons shaped  
in the image of tools  
open them so birds fly out, misshapen birds  
with their wings poorly crushed  
and inadequately realised  
but alive and watch them hammer  
against the glass, this archway to the stars

the twisted imaginings of suburbia  
the instant gentrification your disinterested longing  
shadows stretching across tiny sectional titles  
as burial salts seep inland encroaching  
on your strelitzias and bougainvillea.

Pour your heart out on profiles, you who were promised  
telegrams from the angels instead the war-office  
returns his belongings  
with regret and condolences sculptures  
memorials rendered historically inaccurate

a greenish tinge accumulated layers of grime, of shame  
haul them down re-erect welcome  
changes extol the virtues of new  
dictatorial norms

it is easier to sanitise here to come clean  
to enter the confessional with a clear  
conscience brighter eyes, to baptise  
in filthy rivers where your heart  
has a lighter tone,

to piece together the ikea machine  
when you don't understand  
the individual parts, the instruction  
manual the results speak  
for themselves; and the political meanderings  
water follows the path of least resistance.

## II

Sanitise here. And here. And here. Let the flesh leach off the bone  
let the lysol flow let the lime lie in ditches two meters deep  
two inches thick after midnight let the tipping trucks  
reverse under halogen skies the endless beeping  
of construction yard gearshifts concrete mixers turning  
over and over before going back to sleep. Go back to sleep

Go back to where you came from, even if it no longer exists  
even if you are no longer welcome anywhere except  
the mesmerising limbo of holiday brochures worn thin along  
the many folds and the many hands that have passed them  
along whispering whispering hands  
the falling sound of bombs  
of machine guns wrapped in their oily rags  
potentially actual, as if seen through highstreet shop  
windows held inert by mannequins, headless and smiling  
regardless in the LED display.

And the boats that carry all these dreams? May they never sink  
or when they do, may the children survive by clutching to  
the floating plastic so that it carries them over the coral stormbreakers  
washing them up at dawn into the arms of smiling strangers  
may the custom officials the border control sergeants of the future  
wear legitimate smiles, and if they don't may they make it  
quick. Not waste our time.

Sanitise here, using tigerbalm, using rhinohorn against the bats and  
the pangolins and the alligators with their snouts sewn shut  
and the industrial farming syndicates who would like you to  
believe mad cow disease was a publicity stunt  
and that Brexit will solve all your problems and balance  
your bottom line from the not-so bottom of the well if you look up  
you can still see the stars wheeling above a great conjunction  
always just about to pan out a prospector sitting smiling in the mud

### III

Sanitise here, come clean come shiny to the altar and  
mix and mingle there is room enough for everyone  
there was never room for everyone there was enough  
space between pillar and post for the altar  
the stoneslab the sterilised gurney the mirror surface  
the book that opens the door that closes

and the birds that erupt from the undergrowth as the shots  
ring out the villages that empty quickly for a lack  
of boreal rainforest.

Come you sniggering pallbearers, you coagulated overlords  
of consumption, you capital cut-outs inching your way  
across self-made deserts, come and stand in queues  
or congregate beneath the indecipherable  
banners of your misspelt rage,

these wars are not being fought in your name  
you pestering fatuous lurkers of the internet  
there are too many names to mention  
the telegrams are mechanised are automated  
are nailed to the base of every cross.

Raise your hands your weak thin voices in protestation and song  
your children above the crowd so that they too might  
see the king his oily filmy entourage and gawp at the misery  
reflected in his multifaceted eyes

As the robots descend *en masse* where we no longer own  
the gaming controllers there are no special moves  
there is the wilderness and the darkness moves  
along it a bright blade a panga  
through the sugercane.