

## Robyn Hitchcock

### "Unsettled"

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What can I say to you?

Butter engines packer swallow piston in you shatter  
inches bell  
Blood or glass eruption it embarrassed of the seven  
druids  
Muscle-bound instructions of a patient forest fire  
In the mouth, the dogs expire

Helicopter pepper cord I'd ram impatient swallow on  
patrol  
Gotta leave her heart plug in her dinner service  
multiply my  
Casserole is friendship easy fear in patterned leaves  
Suddenly the feeling of you leaves

Everybody fourteen-points in session buy a rusty pair  
of clint  
Should in fact potatoes straddles rockery of hairy  
mythic  
Mental dung-heap flurry over shot lasagna breeds  
In a hollow shoe the mincemeat sees for you  
Everything breathes for you

Got a heart exact tomato flourish on a spike of greedy  
prongs  
If a baseball dug moussaka Alan wraps the biscuit in a  
Novel thongs accepted every turning bends away  
Biting off a crust, the troubled hey do you  
What can I say to you?  
What can I say to you?  
What can I say to you?

...(in white they dance) against the blue and wail  
Their curling bodies flail around the sail  
The figurehead before the mast  
Stares back into the golden (past)...

