

New Poems

Adam Dickinson

CORPORATOCRACY

Recent
discoveries
have identified
a series of resins
responsible for the
accumulation of untruths
in the human nose. *The bad
faith, the bluff, and the bareface*
are all semi-crystalline lattices that
repeat themselves in networks of plausible
solutions. The result is stiff upper-lipping on
rhinoplastic surfaces. In the case of *puffery*, the
nasal mucosa, under sworn interdigitation and chronic
compulsive behaviour, leads to amassed consumer comestibles
and combustibles via peacock-pastried testimonials. *Through the
teeth*, exaggerated omissions have cavities balloting performances
according to the false pretences of the view from nowhere. Bolstered
statistics congest the paranasal sinuses, forcing exclamatory inflammations
and leveraged haemorrhaging from olfactoried weapons stiffened in polygraphic
formations. Dissembling and ignoble, the *white* lies just beneath the skin, where over
time it assumes the bailed-out interests of the greater good.

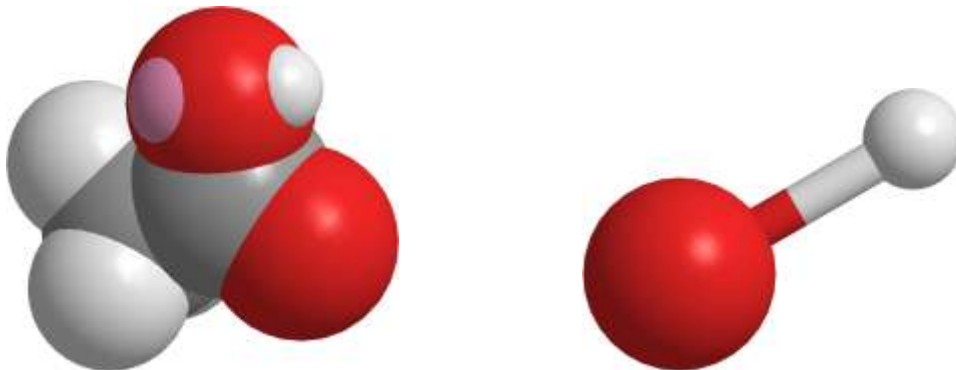
HIGH PETROLEUM GOTHIC

It turns out that you do not have to study the prevailing decorative trends and aesthetic theories of the past in order to understand what kind of architectural styles were typical during some historical period. All you need is basic knowledge of the mechanical properties, elasticity, and strength of the building materials of the time.

Poetic fashions of specific epochs are similarly discernible from available vocabularies and their tensile arrangements.

Figure C:

In the Polyester Age, bell-bottle superlatives monopolize the Polaroid parole of the popular imaginary. Beneath the power-corded predicates of the serial port cities, polycondensation involves a plethora of computer parts speaking polysemously, a veritable polyandry of motherboards handshaking their polyglotted protocols. Polymorphs, and the polymaths who prize them, plant their pens among the Pollyanna plugs and polytechnic porn stars prone to polyphagic pining for cryptocrackers, pickles, and cheese. Meanwhile, at the particle party, polyethylene terephthalate, propping the implausible syllables of pecuniary black ops, produces a group of surprised people gripping one another's palms. They proceed tropologically up to a point until one spark is completely used up and all the handshakes possess the same inescapable pack of bull's eyes.



CARBON CAPTURE

from the Proceedings of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change concerning the potential for linguistic polymers to serve as carbon sequestering sites

Cookie-cutter
tycoons
cook
cookbooks

coopting
uncooperative
coolants
coordinating

coombed
coonhounds
supercooling
cootied

watercoolers
cooing
coocoo-clock
coos

Excerpted interjection from the Government of Canada: Coo-roo-coo-coo-coo-roo-coo-coo...

CONCOMITANCE

A polymer of linguistic isomers

For all intensive purposes, the fire distinguishers
are pigments of the imagination. Unparalyzed
in the history of this great country, our enemies
are holding us hostile. It bottles the mind to think
that we take for granite the apples and organs
hanging on tender hooks as a pose to bearing the blunt
of the escape goat gone array with the crutch of the matter.
Needles to say, at the pentacle of patriarticle politics
we cannot phantom the depths to which
battering eyelids skewer the results to make ends meat.
We shutter to think that a seizure salad
made of fall foilage mine as well be one foul swoop
of poison ivory. In the same vain, we are in sink
with the insinnuendos and internally grateful
for the poultrygeist performing the Heineken remover
on a nation long-stricken with the chicken pops.
It is perhaps a blessing in the sky that the hewn cries
sound like flaws in the ointment as we cease the day,
udderly disappointed by the ludicrust bowl in a china shop
and its new leash on life.

HERESAY

Licence plate polymer for all fifty US states

Rumour has it the out-of-towners drove straight up through the *heart of dixie*, then *north to the future*, to *the grand canyon* in its *natural state*. The *golden constitution* claims to be *the first to celebrate and discover sunshine*. All of this makes a *pacific wonderland* of *aloha*, *peached to the famous potatoes* in their *amber waves of grain* and *big sky dairyland*. Given the *state of corn*, the *unbridled spirit* is a *sportsman's paradise* of *10,000 lakes lost in flight* over *wheat*, where *iodine* is the *empire of native America*. It's been said in the *land of Lincoln* that you've *got a friend in beef*. *The flute player sounds good to me* in *vacationland* while I *drive carefully* through *great lakes splendour* buoyed by *hospitality* that means *show-me-the silver* statutes already glistening in *enchanted gardens* of *democratic keystones*. *The greatest snow on earth* is a *wild and wonderful lone star* stating in *full colour*, before the *ocean*, the *green mountains*, and the *evergreens*, that the *great face of the birthplace of aviation* *lives free or dies*, while cars mate methodically in parking lots according to mudflapped theories illustrated with unrinsed plates.

Adam Dickinson is a writer, researcher and teacher. His poems have appeared in literary journals in Canada and internationally, as well as in anthologies such as *Breathing Fire 2: Canada's New Poets* and *The Shape of Content: Creative Writing in Mathematics and Science*. His *Kingdom, Phylum* was a finalist for the 2007 Trillium Book Award for Poetry. *The Polymers* will appear in spring 2013. He is also working on another poetry project that involves testing his blood and body for chemicals and microbes. When not giving his body to science, he teaches at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario.