

*THE COMPLETE
POCKETBOOK OF*
SWOON

Ann Vickery

VAGABOND PRESS dB

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The Complete Pocketbook of Swoon

deciBel Series

Series 001 editor Pam Brown

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Acknowledgments

"Autumnal Hook," *Overland*; "Epic Spin," *Southerly*; "Blush," "Theses on the History of Philosophy," *Yellowfield*; "The Great Australian Dream, Delivered in the Manner of Gatsby," *Axon*; "Vivienne; or, A Little Local History," "Another Chardin in Need of Cleaning," *Cordite Poetry Review*; "The Flea," *Rabbit*; "A Poem Like Alice," "un4seen Fxs," *Jacket2*; "Beatitude," *et2*; "Clayton's Law of Amor Fati," *Best Australian Poems 2012*, ed. John Tranter; "Edinburgh guard: fragment," *Land Before Lines: A Photographic Portrait Series of Contemporary Victorian Poets*, by Nicholas Walton-Healey.

www.vagabondpress.net

Published by Vagabond Press, Sydney
Design and typography by Chris Edwards

ISBN 978 1 922181 27 5

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Swoon in Miniature; or, The Youth's Pleasing Instructor

This is just fun-size confectionary,
pet-name or a pose generator, to palliate
the impracticalities of play.
In the fainting room, start compiling stock
photography. Bébé be your bisque
doll, dot on some conversational colour.
Dot on penny doll, currency lass
possessive as a grammatical imperative.
To be held back by a single hair,
which would not break. I wish I had
half of your armature. All to leg it,
or hand a copy back to you. Body pulp,
clean matte finish, character-faced.
Isn't it all too adorable, lustre lacquered
to be cuckoo?

Consider merry packaging.

Danube daub painful. The last form of joy.

We take Sunday maids on a victory romp,

All floating figures, bib and tucker among the reeds.

Artist's portrait in a dress. There being

"no human faces for that period." Unfinished *Dasein*.

How did we become so untied?

Deviation of a set piece, still dreaming

of ways to colour-by-number. Swayful

or lean-to, shadows gay beyond the footbridge,

dilletantes draped across dawn light

riding their divestments along the main drag.

Remember Troilus and Criseyde misreading
a mutuality. Test valence, test
moral ledger. Among the womanly arts,
swoon technology: a song for crowdsourcing
pale and wantonly green. Blissful Venus
minxing: what happens muse-wise
in the mired process of enchantment?
You guarantee gorgeous effects,
the-babe-is-wise pick-up line.
Stage an occupy Gertrude Stein
shed movement. A salon difference,
a very little difference between Hamburg
and handloom, what will be soft, hardening
to sight, a trimming tickle, a band of little groans,
there being present as many girls as men.

Stay fancy fine. Hay, noddy, may,
a scarletty scale of hat-trick.

Tinker's dilemma: a finite knickknackery.
The awkwardness when a woman refuses
to take the iron in a game of Monopoly.
Objects arranged in strict proportion, life inside life.
I find myself all replica with made-in-China
sundry affections. See, Susie, how I sit so pretty,
pursuing le petite vignette. The patient metaphor
for all books and bodies. A maiden innings,
maiden life. This delicate device of being
dollhouse wife. With all the theatrics of a pincushion.

“nothing is so foolish as trying to be serious”

Brushing up a tolerable likeness, she skirtlifts
make-believe for the leery lair. She or me,
rumour-bound mädchen, migrating parts.
Let's incorporate all the spoils in the world
as splashbacks. Bubble, flare or circle clouds
lonely as. Enhanced skylights fixing the suburban
firmament, designer angels cooling
their heels at pre-cast sponsor breaks,
my scaffold, your post-lyric measure.

In exercising a rule of care for strumpets
chastise, correct, evaluate sighs for length,
the sorrows of snow. Any indiscretion.

Duck, duck, goose! Giddy gazumping
daisy in the dell. I don't pick you, I do pick you
to be this decorative, half dust, half deity.
A cliché economy. "What makes dames
like you so dizzy?" Dire diadem, the roll of the die.
Tie a tussie-mussie of compliments,
truffle your letters to enervate a lover's vision.
I want all the abecedary trimmings and bold revisions.
Touching up is almost always essential.

Here, at face value, a futures reading.
Raised demands in ornamental phantom.

I write one hundred times:

I will always love you even as

I am never let to love you.

Budget-tamed agreement. Down the line,
Capital's coquine. The years afford no more.

She comes, it is whispered,
from an unpropertied Romanticism.

Let's locate our micrographia of little wars,
you and that lunchbox legend, I lushbox
of fine lawn. Together we hullabaloo,
a two-bit flea circus doing the rounds.

Your silence in between
the shape of a judge
not wishing to let go of too much
and leaving aside, longitudinally,
a lifestyle in question.

le fond du problème

Aristocrats luxuriate in small effects.
Like soap. Like lice. Like a velvet fingernail.
Always groom your dog star. As swain,
he was prone to convulsions, violent misery,
neighbours with a better-looking house.
The sex was pleasurable although evidence
for this is scanty. Slow bed as slow text
the softest of architecture silhouetting
another inner urban [Major Tom] malady.

I want you to want me. I want you to know who I am. I want you to take over control.
I want you to stay. I want you to be brave. I want you to abandon me. I want you to
shampoo me.

Trick lyrics for the uninitiated.

Deal-breaker: the wall-paper face,
a torn wing, that thorn-in-your-side swing.
You like to tell me what is tenable.
Exquisite control. That habit you have
of dropping feather pasted. My insistence
on hearing your voice. Echo feed. Tiny anxieties
tuned to your most tender frequency.

Sometimes in the darkest night
I lie awake and imagine you imagining her,
an endless short-circuited ghosting.

Ramshackle, neon ruin, an aptitude for laying waste.
Rose hip, rockafilly, a tincture of sweetest violets.

Digestible elements of a dickybird world.

Neurotic coherence reprised in mint condition! Emulate
odes to causality or casual goad. We set the poem
spinning in amorous game of surest delight.

Rules of induction: flirt openly
with random honey babes. Underscore tortured past.
Be your own peacock. Strut, strut, fine-feathered
with elaborate or go-gaudy stuff. Fur, Cicero,
a striking hat? Remember, be mysterious,
overt, and postulate. The imminent birth of bravado.
Just to be clear, always keep your options open.

Nothing says cavalier quite like a wink.

my little life and all the birds

NECKCLOTHITANIA



Oriental



Mathematical



Osbaldeston



Napoleon



American



Mail Coach



Trone & Amour



Irish



Ball Room



Horse Collar



Hunting



Maharatta



Gordian Knot



Barrel Knot



Way of Folding

© 1900 by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

He had a wandering (wistful) demonic eye, animal distraction.
 An Ottoman interior, outmoded regrets.
 O accursed cheroot! Lying among the depraved orange
 tulips in the 4 o'clock light. His portrait sometimes
 yielded no profile at all. Brooding barriers. Self-exile
en lap top. What lies beneath the skin is sheathless
 vanity. A social media vigour is to unlike yearning.
 To not have a harem but know how to shape one.
 The art of staying smitten; to bother, to irritate,
 an exact insectitude. On a whim as field of science.
 This falling in love over and over again.

Catalogue of conveniences:

fate	form	beauty	vision	display
kept	cupboard	Cupid	custom	kind

*I listened to all its problems and then I made it
 laugh. It'll go home happy.*

Eyelash wrath across my face, to be adrift
as your gazeward vessel. A compulsion for
endlessly fraudulent destinies. Nothing shiny
or bankrupt, just barrels overboard.
Forfeit rousing, we rollick, relic the decks,
storying our tilt and merger, bawd-laden.
To stage one pirate, now private reverie.
Body curling the world, bar the brace of syntax.

Skive the leather finely
Sharply define your corners
Set in gold and suspend from the belt by a charm or ring

“your Blackwood accuses me of treating women harshly—it may be so—
but I have been their martyr—My whole life has been sacrificed *to* them
& *by* them.”

Festoon: to watch each face alight
when your words cantered their way.