

SIMON BARRACLOUGH

BONJOUR TETRIS

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EXAMINATION AT DOOM'S DOOR

Who owns this puny little gun? *Doom.*

Who owns these fragged-up body parts? *Doom.*

Who owns this chainsawed demon spawn? *Doom.*

Who owns this lake of toxic waste? *Doom.*

Who is stronger than work? *Doom.*

Who is stronger than will? *Doom.*

But who is stronger than Doom?

Me, evidently.

Pass, marine.

ROSS SUTHERLAND GUILF

Rotated into Tan Son Nhut, the young
airman became the toast of mess hall brawls.
Scrawled on his locker: “WHAT SIDE R U ON?”
after rupturing a sergeant’s abdominal wall.
Later, in Thailand, hair an airstrike,
he gives his unit the ‘Coppola speech’:
“Francis was a fag. There’s nowhere to hide.
The Nung river’s busy as Bondi Beach.
If your friend was called Charlie you called him
Charlie. And when he fought like a bullwhip
you were his echo. See?” Holding up twin
dogtags, knuckles whitening in his grip,
“Move fast and they won’t hear you running.
Let the kids count for a flash that ain’t coming.”

ALIYA WHITELEY PARADROID

Smooth slidey robot, you glide through decks
of an eternal yet slightly dated starship,
and you capture other not-so-lovely robots
from nought nought one to nine nine nine.
I've killed six joysticks with my jerks
and curses, chasing your yellow/purple puzzles.
Why, on the far side of fourteen, must I be
the one that CONQUERS (exclamation marks)?
Can't blame it on testosterone
although it worries me that maybe, inside,
I'm a man:
robot lover; fan of Doctor Who;
drawn to decks of starships;
Not interested in pink but evil masterminds.
Ashamed, I wanna be a slidey glidey robot too.

GLADDS BREAKS UP

It really is a shame I loved your wallpaper And I liked the way you would badger about in just your jeans I even had a surprise planned if you completed our relationship but I'm not going to tell you what it is Frankly you have enough to regret before dying Love is beautiful because it is a programme whose ultimate function is to become functionless The way you used to look at me would remind me of the way the wind comes in through the smallest opening Love is Love is a shame It's a shame you are so stupid Frankly the way you badger is the way the wind would surprise you in just your jeans The way love is your wallpaper The way the wind is dying A shame

DAVID FLOYD SECOND HALF SUBSTITUTION

Jesus is ready to come on
John the Baptist will make way
Jesus comes forward
Jesus plays the ball to Peter's feet
Peter loses out
Matthew gathers up the loose ball

Matthew hits a 30 yard ball ahead of Jesus
Jesus is free of the last defender
Jesus bears down on goal
Judas brings him down
A free kick is awarded
Jesus will have to go off
The Referee wants a word with Judas

Matthew puts the ball into the six yard box
Peter has the goal at his mercy
Satan puts it behind for a corner
He somehow got his fingertips to it