

# THE QUARRY

## Inveterate Tongue

Timothy Sharp

The lip.

Blackened rubber withholds a bruised tongue

That licks the edges of morning

The jowls.

Dripped in bone marrow awoken under

*breath*

Feared just moments before the taste could settle around the fur

Violent piercing of tendered dreams

A cracked frame sucked dry

An alarm.

Ring a familiar cry

Rang a familiar cry

Rings a familiar cry

A response yet to be catered for.

These lines don't mix

A pungent odour lingering

is nothing but melodies entangled in rhyme

Corded weight brought unto shallow offerings

Absent to the adjacent minded

Enough batter in the pan to find a resolve

Enough glimmer in the doorway lightbent to bathe in

Sodden paws tear at closed wood

A repulsion to

discourse

&

unformatted turmoil

A strain to the waste

Release across the white carpet – again.

A lisp of a tongue,

down the rim of an endless bowl

Unfamiliar cadence is wrung dry

Discipline is reserved for those

lucky enough to receive purchase

A body exchanged over currency  
knows no price

Fractures of a static harmony caught on fishing line

The jaws

A tail in transit,  
throwing spit to the wind

Alt-forgot, delete and decline

Soundwaves calling in distinguishable fears.

An alarm rings out

An alarm rang out

An alarm rings out

And seldom to the bodied saints of before that carve their dilapidated  
eyes out of bruised flesh

Awake to the linger of scent

A pool of red spools across the carpet

Painting vibrant scenes.

Imagined chaos similar to that witnessed in the late hours of screen-wise flashes

Slice

Suck

Cut

Slice

Fleshy

Squelch-ed

Frigid

Tender-soak

Moist

Crisp

Wet meat in bruised red with familiar scent

The lip.

Dripped in skin stale to currents

Rigorously slips

Aware of implications but unable to act upon set  
thought

Any means to be removed

Nails tear at the seams

Reveal the pink in streaks

Jolted in staggered reels come-undone

Carved paws draw lines down wooden doors

Consume what's left untouched in cupboards

Nothing more to eat

No satiating the homeliness

Missing is the east

Augmented winters

Toasted sleep by the fire-pit

Ash white eyes, like baubles spread down the leaves

Understated yet devastated

Tear down into the fat of the familiar, for it no  
longer mutters

or gasps.

Eat and consume

Unfortunate to come unto this

Wet jowls and lips

Bite down to the bone.