

# Squares

*A line is a dot that goes for a walk.*  
Paul Klee

1. *I spoke my message into a boat, not a bottle.*
2. *Infirm infant.*
3. *At night, clouds fall out of the sky and splash on the asphalt.*
4. *Slight. Sleight. Sleighed. Slain.*
5. *The side of a train slides open. Nowhere to alight in the dark.*
6. *We have a habit of leaving things behind, taking what we want, then wanting what's behind.*
7. *I gamble with fire. Fire gambols with me.*
8. *Thinking is not such a powerful thing when you know about it.*
9. *Astonished leaves of vanished trees.*
10. *Knowledge is not such a powerful thing when you think about it.*
11. *It's not a moral, it's merely a chipped marble.*
12. *The tsunami versus the asteroid.*

13. *I saw fireworks from under the lake, like somehow I stepped on a light-switch.*
14. *Her pining and needing. His pins and needles.*
15. *Overflowing rotten flowers. Rooted.*
16. *A cool fool in a coil of coins will only fall, once full.*
17. *Future, fortune. Betwixt and between. Good news is never enough.*
18. *The light chills. The night spills.*
19. *Fast cash. Car crash. To bide your time will bode well.*
20. *A refracting cry: kaleidoscope of birds.*
21. *You can sense the fish being pushed deep into the blue by the ship's undercurrent.*
22. *Bottomless hoop of hope.*
23. *Is the desire for importance a design of impetus, or impotence?*
24. *This realm of howevers and horizontal lift-shafts is real.*
25. *No ball, no master. The bawl of an old dog, neurotic in oncoming fog.*
26. *I grappled with my green apple.*
27. *You can cut up that skein of words, but a poem does not shed skin.*
28. *Graphs. Confetti. Graffiti.*
29. *Supine under a ceiling of mirrors. In case you're uncertain, he's on top of you.*
30. *The logical at loggerheads.*
31. *Dinosaur, steeped in ennui. I saw the omen, but seeped into boredom anyway.*
32. *Too much fiction deflecting off the faction.*

33. *Why feel so tied? The tide can't always contain itself.*
34. *Interaction, inflammable. Inebriation, preferable.*
35. *Cynical academic in a clinic.*
36. *The split atom spilt its beans across the night sky like a billion die.*
37. *The remote is always at hand.*
38. *Non-stop road-train-brain on the barge through outback-black. Pride that overrides.*
39. *Stumbling onto his sword, the sword obliged.*
40. *Glossy-eyed magpies read gossip magazines.*
41. *The curls of a young girl's mouth go south.*
42. *Hyperbole, perfectly ripe. But that's another bowl of hype altogether.*
43. *In the head, an ardent ache. In the heart, an arctic ache.*
44. *The icebergs, pitted against the volcanoes.*
45. *Drinking angled rain, I slip like an anchor down the drain.*
46. *Is metaphysical matter grey?*
47. *Alley-cats on the slink under crystal streetlamps.*
48. *The home on the cliff, with an itch, inches towards the water.*
49. *Each of us reserved in our reservoirs.*
50. *The feeling I get when out of body is akin to orphanage.*
51. *Idea for a painting: one drop of blood, tainting a mug of milk.*
52. *Weird storm. Yellow storm. Summer burn.*

53. *A little later is a little like a lot of never.*
54. *If only the colour could go from his collar.*
55. *Down with the sharks, drowned men ripped into shards.*
56. *I don't ululate, I undulate.*
57. *Worm. Squirm. A lie is a word that goes for a walk.*
58. *Fire sucks life out of the firmament.*
59. *This occasion has no need for an equation.*
60. *In front of her eyes: the air, awry.*
61. *Feckless in a land of reckless abandon.*
62. *Poem and poet: instigator and investigator?*
63. *They said something bleak, followed by something oblique. We were in the dark anyway.*
64. *Ugly algae. Don't drive in drivel. Don't dribble!*
65. *Her hair pulls on her thoughts.*
66. *Black and blue puddles of marbled fear.*
67. *Yesterday, a flower drooped, but rose just now on the moon.*
68. *Endowed with borrowed time, or embowelled by borrowed time?*
69. *That sliver in the purple mountains: our silver river.*
70. *Nation, notion. Betwixt and between. Bleeding gums of trees.*
71. *Spun, a pun is its own reword.*
72. *The fluid in my lover's eye: liquid mystery.*

73. *Artless monkey, handfuls of money. Visibility equals viability, apparently.*
74. *Colossal tree, torn asunder by wind, like a city on fire with fear.*
75. *Bloopers on loop in a pool of bleeps and blues.*
76. *I know, we undermine the horizon.*
77. *Friends and fiends, lose yourself within your love.*
78. *I am far too circumspect to tinker with my telekinesis.*
79. *Rubik's cube. Cubic ruse.*
80. *The creeping mosaic of dusk breaks into an early night.*
81. *You've had too much to think.*

Toby Fitch