

PINK DOGS

Sam Riviere

AFV Press

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forgetting all studio rules
the overloaded structure you've been made aware of
for next-to-impossible reasons
like looking out beyond the windows of a
greenhouse
for the first time seeing
another tourist
equally lost
a pink dog
in the evening

there were earthly things beyond the frame
whose lines glow faintly at night
contact on a train for instance
a tunnel of figures in sequence
where you don't imagine a witness
but set off regardless
down the darkened corridor
—newly darkened

down there
in the almost sun
where the beer coloured river moves surprisingly fast
a couple not quite young
lean into a kiss
her mouth working like it's regurgitating food
him receiving it stunned
as a hummingbird

she could have been hallucinating for months
the star on the bedroom ceiling
terrible roses that choked the sofa
the foghorn in the kitchen
—a dream was coming to lead her away
its palm clamped over the peephole

a woman bends onto a sofa
facing away
a man empties a bottle of champagne
over her skirt
men in football gear are queuing up
to kneel behind her
late sun bathes the scene
in a yellow glow

at first she couldn't understand why she was so
irritated

was it the screech of a young dog that came
regularly

staring at the street from the window of a waga-
mamas

where a prawn tail from a sushi box

was trodden into the pavement

or the supposedly spontaneous cry

that repeated every chorus

two sets of small black flowers
that make you think of widows
or a bulldog rolling in buttercups
—one cannot tend a window garden
with sarcasm

the theme from sex and the city
audible from a distance
and the thought that someone out there
must be dying their hair
between now and the ending
thirty-seven hours of home box office entertainment

five days on the south coast reading about satanism
and smoking at the beach
watching the surfers in your skate shoes
italian teens with deep voices
the prime minister's head apparitioning constantly
like that haunted bag from american beauty
finally you remember the elevated view of an
 unknown city
someone posted on facebook last winter
captioned
there is a conspiracy against the horny boy

you could always aspire to boredom
if talking makes it worse
just another opportunity to be forgiven
“long live your thoughts”

when the new life opened all around you
as if a golf course
had become a maze
of doves and skaters
you couldn't read for weeks
is this a postscript
or your new address
contents page or kill list
solstice night
or a song called "separate lives"

this moonlessness

a woman in the window
drawing clouds on the window
eventually covering the window completely
you've visited this page many times
waiting for the email that will change your life

as passers-by get progressively uglier
one says to her bf
it's like a fairytale I'm not lying to you
in an accent you can't place
and you're staring like a poisoned lion
you're going to see your friend the toilet
you're taking pictures of a weird moth

the angel of separation

is a goth estate agent

a man with nunchucks is shirtless in the square

calmly destroying your year

near where

it says pink dogs

eventually there will only be conversations about
the conversation you're having

it's good to talk to you like this

no encyclopedias of apocalypticism

or golden knife arches

no introductions

just a choice of punishments

and a piece of apple stuck in your throat from earlier

don't mention it

your carriage awaits

inside the garlic woods

with another tourist

who'll follow you everywhere

equally lost

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