

NATIONALITY TEST

David Berridge



Digress into residency
Enjoy more space and upgrade

but I have a cutlery drawer like
into WORLD TRAVELLER

daylight itself an
industrial revolution

Q: if someone knocks over your drink what
poetic form should your reply take?

A: A waterfall in prose

Human billboard twenty metres

Madness with selected hand sets

Go into an ear
In citizenship

Bagged leaves in September
Anticipating speech

Shattering choice of exits
Stood before nonsense

In front of the face meat
If it was galaxies or op art

Award a dead tree
Inhabitation of a laugh

Nettle cordial
Drunk in the middle of the river

Finally I have the kind of job
Where the distinction matters

Between glass and grass
The face is an invasion

I should have paid attention
Grass everywhere

welcome to your nationality to test
we come to your nationality test

what language would you like

please choose a language
please choose a nationality to test

this is your nationality test
if at any point you feel particular

then comfort should be comprehension
sounds of the throat clearing

not recognised as proficiency
by the computer whose nationality

is beyond reproach

[Sheep in eye hospital]

looking at the face

is a moment of loss
evolving from a form

Faith in

face counting for itself
supplement of stories

Eyes

Tower of snail cheers
the tail could dominate
withheld date of birth

of course it's worth remembering
this definition of a nation state:

those who set the questions
don't know the answers does

your conception of the face when
you talk like this have ears

Only kidding
It's Russian roulette

Guessing what side of the tube
The platform

Wasn't sure what intuition
Would be here

Transference of road or
Transcription of
Verse and song

Either way, sing
Map into alignment
With surface

The life or death
Right or wrong
The consequence

Demonstrates with the fact
Of an egg

One pedagogy to each lack
Fighting for

Democracy. How
Was I to know my face

Speaking on behalf of another
Successful men identify

Gender of different
Brands of spring water

Standing under the Post Office tower it no longer exists. Know your limitations such as. The stars cannot be touched but by your own humorous intentions. L i n e s of I don't know the word. Stairs and stares and putting sulphuric acid down the plughole. Names inflected inflated infatuated tested. The water temperature life promotes. To tune then accompany. If only regulations allowed us to catch eels in such enchantment. Camouflaged everyone seemed complacent. They had absorbed balance along with intuition. Over time invented the face as a place of anonymity.

Stories

Today about foxes. I made one child sad
Playing protective of their one male nurse
As my stories do tend towards sad
Water guarding him endings

This one ends with a bear
Between seat and perch

Facing a lonely friendless winter
Found certain rotting faces
After a fox tricked him

Of his food and money
His wrist in his mouth biting it

The other hand wiring a plug

I'm out there on the streets
Campaigning for relevance

And all the world can do
In reply

Is get smaller and smaller

Until there's not enough room
For standing and speaking
At the same time

And the shelf of eggs
Fell when I opened the fridge door

We had a rule
That the person breaking a thing
Didn't clear up

But I was busy
And said: you do it. Only
To myself, but still
Sorry. A tradition ended

And all hope of relevance
Is cancelled

Loved the franchise opportunities
That could be applied more broadly

So the pigeon has legs again
Maybe the “you” is constructivism

Must go and pick up the fox
Take him to African worlds
Of entirely blue cloth

The children
Like stroking him and
Touching his teeth

He has the sadness in his eyes of

Course which is why I love him

Nonsense regurgitated punctuation

Then we went to a film
About a painter painting a quince tree

He paints it for a while
Puts the painting in the basement

And starts a drawing instead
The quinces fall from the tree

At the end of the film
The quinces have lain on the grass

All winter and rotted beautifully
It's a long film so caravans

There are people coming to fix
A hole in the wall of the house

And they sit around a lot
One time they eat a quince

And they don't like the taste

Wait
You'll wait
Your wait
What

The fantasy of a quiet life
In the country the chair leg

I am sorry it structured
Our lives for so long

Structured *it* and *maybe*
Colonised *if*

Little sister
Of the architectural column

Was dead
Not even if I made a fortune
Writing poems

Is the connection between
Vertical and horizontal

Not even an alcoholic
Finding pig solace

In *Daily Express* trauma

I, too, was an immigrant
I woke 'The Conservative Party
My subconscious was the phone book
Had emigrated to Iran

But it was only a fact finding
It was for the blog

David Cameron
Loves *War of the Worlds*
Like all school dinner ladies

I, too, live in Notting Hill Gate

I need a you to make sense
But in speaking to it I third
Affirm it in the only existence
That matters moment of
The rollerbladers pass us

I don't know
And I don't see why
I should have to pretend otherwise
To get invited to give these
Reith Lectures

And be asked why
I am such an optimist about globalisation
Help each other to walk ten metres
You don't share my optimism
Well that's okay

My not knowing spider
Is available to us all
It's already out there

Pointless to deny
My meanness won't stop
Nor disorganisation
Won't sabotage the
Nothing to sabotage

This is lecture one of five
Goodnight illustrious

[ABUSE IN A CUP]

We'd call each other
Both on the kitchen floor
Hiding from neighbours
Faces at the window

Now they are banging
On the door you suggest
It's not agoraphobia
Because open spaces are

What we invite
Seek by acting like this
Like what? I say. Hold on
I think they're breaking in

And I don't know if
She hears me but then I say
Spaces aren't to do with
Faces are they? It's more

Random and we want
Random. We don't want
Neighbours we want
Abuse in a cup

The immigrants love of caravanning
Particularly in Hyde Park

Limits vagrancy to free concerts
There was no war crimes tribunal

Global displacement but funny
Other people arrive for the test

We divided the tasks
Lightbulbs Sea shells

Don't stereotype me
House emptied apart from a biscuit

Other European capitals interrupt
An English accent of ideas

Face the river
Amidst traffic

Advertisements
Arms and backs

Cancer research
It's nonsense

Envelope glacier
Defeats drunks

Many long rivers
On Greek faces

A little purse
High in the tree

Climbed up
To place the coins

Velvet coins
Intrusive ethics

Envelope glacier would leave. A
roundabouts harvest. Adrift on the
Northern Line. Birds more literary. I heard
of a summer where it was always blurb. In
desperation for some sort of cultural
alternative. Into spiders tower. I started
smoking. Amidst traffic it is intended as a
blessing. The sink is full of paper and I'm
not going to spend all of this plenty sorting
it out. I find you, robin, adding ice cubes to
soup.

PLEASE TELL US ABOUT AN
IMPORTANT INCIDENT FROM YOUR
CHILDHOOD

To ease family tensions
I would eat an ice cream
With an extravagant name

Yes knickerbockerglory
Share secrets like glacier cherries
No one must ever know
I have sensitive teeth

Because then the jokes
Yes that cafe where we sat
Would have to find
New sources of ridicule

I ate like tomorrow would be
The concept of ice cream

HOW DO YOU THINK THIS
INCIDENT HAS INFLUENCED
YOUR LATER LIFE?

I am an adult now and like
Creatures without memory
We are on holiday together

Knickerbockerglory is late
I am an adult now and this
Is not going to work

Can't eat that much ice cream
Everyone that bit more annoyed
I am an adult now

Knickerbockerglory
Itself is crotchety so
Some of us bin cones and

Speak other languages
I am an adult now hold on
This isn't even my family

A:Cabinet had the ability to fly
No details of our daily lives

B:A philosophical dialogue
Expanded face

C:The launderette of Gormenghast

D:None of the above. The real history
Was the shadow play version

Tingely nations
Its subsequent fantastic lack
Of motion

Q:MAKE AN OPENING OF
PARLIAMENT SPEECH.

A:The Queen opens parliament
By biting the head off
A London rat

I loved that flat
There was a kitchen

And there was a street
Of heroes

I got to them both
Through the same door

Brass band in the stone
Small interventions

Forbade sitting
Fingers arranged

Ready over the holes
Lips making a bud

Pretend currency