

# *An ode to Jackson Mac Low and therefore, indirectly, Buster Keaton, and possibly maybe the ghost of Frank O'Hara*

*Written for MAC LOW, hosted by Benjamin Forster.  
Saturday 13th June, 6-8pm, 2015.  
55 Sydenham Rd*

As a 12 year old girl you'd rest your head into your father's shoulder  
after getting up too quickly  
and feeling dizzy in the warm 11am light.

As a grasshopper you'd have green normal neat legs  
unlike figs  
and more like springs.

As a Gum tree you'd grow tall strong over Summer  
next to a lovely neat potato field  
and shed leaves through Autumn, although this is unusual,  
then rejoice again in Spring.

As a platypus you'd be a monotreme, naturally, necessarily.  
Inherently a creature that does three things  
when most creatures do two.

As a blanket you'd be fluffy, irregular and patterned  
much like a german cross hatch  
or a beach towel.

As a thumb you'd be stronger, taller, fatter, neater, squarer,  
lovely,  
and slight more cuticled.

As a plastic Brontosaurus you'd be green, have stripes,  
and rest slightly sadly deflated  
in someone's memories of childhood.

As an emotion you'd be love -  
a pleasure to experience  
but difficult to understand.

As a coffee you'd be an affogato.  
Short neat  
and a little bit sweet.

As a gadget you'd be a FitBit,  
always counting.

As a fence you'd come between people and things  
and bow slightly during the rainy season.

As a drawing you'd be a scribbled asterisk  
much like Kurt Vonnegut's in *No Man's Country*.

As a flower you'd be fluffy white sun yellow,  
cotton and Malle,  
much like a wombat berry.

As a candle flame you'd glow unseen until you didn't.

As a font you'd insist on compatibility only with an AZERTY keyboard  
and turn all emails into word games,  
causing confusion in the corporate world  
and quite a few lovely little ghost lines.

As a word you'd be 'soughing'.  
The sound of somethings passing between otherthings -  
the interstitial.

As a logical statement you'd be a universal bio-conditional.  
Going both ways,  
through all possible worlds  
and dependent on everything.

As a writer you'd find chance in things  
most things.  
Inciting controversy on the Internet much after your time  
because of your treatment of Mrs. Stein's words.

As a sales clerk you'd scan every third item once and every first item twice  
then skip the rest  
and sign the receipt: JML diadastic 1003

And we'll love you anyway.