



#FUCK THE APOCALYPSE

POEMS BY STUART BUCK

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casually discussing the infinite

we are all brittle and spotless and so infinite
standing under the same endless spark blue sky
staring through the generations of madness
to find a reason for this insignificance
and god is not the reason, man is the reason
man and his eternal need to cause suffering to
those who deserve better and now i ask of you
to shed your life and shine your light and join me
in the beautiful, noble race for death through
peace and whispers and lord let the electrons
flow through my fingers as i kiss your cheek.

Quantum

the single best
day of my life was when
i read a book about quantum
theory and it said that everything
that can happen will happen and that
there are infinite universes with infinite me's
and infinite you's and infinite colours and infinite
feelings and to me that was the greatest thing that ever
happened because if there is just one single universe in which
we are happy together and holding hands and lying in purple grass
then i am willing to put up with the infinite other universes where we
are not

fante/pollock

its cold beyond the walled garden
where the fizzpop cranial nerves and
the butter yellow of the creeping wisteria
mingle in the ever fading dusk-light of the
nebulous yawn of time and now i'm standing
in a field talking to you about john fante
and now i'm sitting by your chair as you die
and now neither of us have even been born
yet and the gluons and the quarks and the
electrons crash against the cosmic wall
like a pollock canvas forged by god

jocasta awakens from a dream

a breath away from sunrise, she swallows the neon light
casts xylophonic slivers on the cardboard walls
draped in nothing but a smile she whirls;
cyclonic amongst the explosion of monarchs
stained glass skippers she holds in her hand some flying free,
some crushed beneath bare feet like panic breaths taken while held underwater
and when the sun turns up the volume on the day
she will open the blinds and let perfection thrash her corneas
stare straight in to the screaming mouth of luminescence
erupt in to a new day, full of exquisite green hope

keep yourself warm

for scott hutchison

i hope the water was the comfort you craved
as you waded out in to the firth of forth
with no alarm set for the new morning
that when the pricks of pain hit your heart
as the slate swell embraced you in the way we could not
you turned up to face the lights and in that last panicked gasp
you saw the sky falling to meet you

we can't take back the ugly things
but we can learn from loss
place my hands where your heart aches
keep yourself warm

kiss/boom

there are electrons passing from my lips to yours when we kiss
some infinite number of universes dissolve between us in the warm spit of
passion
and when i close my eyes and feel your tongue ask such sweet questions
it's like
it's like
the most enormous thing could not possibly mean less
and i can feel it now
it is the life that we live again as we die
and it is long and it is warm and it is easy

poem about everything

when the comet finally hits and the glaciers melt away
like unanswered equations on a blackboard and we know
then for certain that we are going to die
i will tell so many people that i love them
that their fat beautiful hearts will explode
and as the sun turns a bruised socket towards us
and we can finally see the sky is falling
i will turn to you and tell you for the first time
and the last

that i loved you most of all

cellular automata

i found a single seashell alone in outer space
engraved with ancient language
i climbed into the wash of its vacuum
rest my head against the smooth inner wall
closed my eyes, let it drift towards so much nothing
a billion years of starlight warmed my blood
and this is how i learned to love, upon the letting go

STUART BUCK is a visual artist and award-winning poet living in North Wales. His art has been featured in several journals, as well as gracing the covers of several books.

His third poetry collection, *Portrait of a Man on Fire*, is forthcoming from Rhythm & Bones Press in November 2020.

When he is not writing or reading poetry he likes to cook, juggle, and listen to music. He suffers terribly from tsundoku — the art of buying copious amounts of books that he will never read.

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