



WEST

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Buster

Published in Leyton

by RunAmok

Second printing 2021

ISBN

978-1-8383604-0-5

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Buster

Andrew Spragg

For JH
with thanks

I

O Buster

this is too much

this modern time

this swollen sense

this is too much

this duration

O Buster

I had thought

I had patched a barrier

then this one then another

then this one a squabble

then shuffled the paper

I listed a little
but then it died
the big pause as

this laugh came
O Buster
this Bergson

he's thought and it's
rich as a trap
a time that flustered

at the prospect of forever
a bit arbitrary that Buster
don't mention forever

its transferring out of time
as shadows between the bulkheads
at night on a lurching path

and all you remember
of our projector
is the thrap thrap still

as it galloped on disinterested
and blind
o mark this time dear Buster

its lessons and wild classes
trace in it what the brigands
have left

we might not even have spoken
we might have said good evening
I'm not saying

Buster I'm saying
there's no more
than a couple of feet between them.

II

O Buster

I'm not certain
this collision could

have been your only
recollection
looking out

across your elbow
a face as lean
as a plate

we mention we extended
every courtesy
no such thing as

this prospect of forever
a bit arbitrary that Buster
don't mention it forever

we often say
see you
later on deck

I'm not sure there
is no other deck
there is no other

by a yard I mean
it is hard to judge
distance

it is harder still

to judge

duration

you ran and stood

in a gap as the house

fell but was it

distance or duration

that could have produced

a fatal error

which was most

ambiguous there

which was

sharp looking but
right on time
ahead of another

episode the reel
is changed there
is something in it

thrap thrapping
ever prompted the
moment too much an injury

first seen there is
always the bit with
a little dog in it

there is always something
for the head and something
the hour

III

O dear Buster

how

long even

is this duration

this time it

smarts

I see you annually or as

a birthday present

a face all tied with

a bow

you are a sufferer

of tooth ache perhaps

I wish I was drunk dear Buster
and idly marking the hours with
you

a pain or an ache has its
own form of duration an
ache is yet another

kind of duration
this time it smarts
these then the lessons

when it was announced
it was oddly a little better
we learnt that for a spell

IV

O Buster

I had
hoped to be

absorbed in a
deep project
like a desert letter

or something grotesque
and national
and perhaps forever

or just lolling in as an ocean
that is a kind
of sedation

and it being
no matter how
it is

measured in
many mindful hours
a quelling chime

hush it now
there is just
the thrap thrap

still of the
distance as it rolls to
duration

plaintive

vacant

sensible duration.

V

O Buster

we are nearly at the bit

with the little dog in

we will

soon see it lolling

like any great hound

Rupert is his name

a becoming little name

and then there is a baby

Buster

not a baby Buster

but a baby

Buster

Ellis is his name

he is too small

to loll but one

day he will be

tall enough to

loll what will

Ellis think as

he lolls

about all this duration

this gathering up of

time

what will Rupert think
of Ellis thinking of
all this duration.

VI

O Buster

remember

when you

were named

by your own father

your father who

gave you a number

of names

the human

mop was a name

he gave you

when he and you

performed together

he also named

you

the little boy

who can't be

damaged

however he did

not name you

Buster

Houdini called

you that

many people forget

VII

O

Buster come

on

tidings for forever

for there will be

no longer

this world is

this one

round the clock

its horizons chase duration

man eats his

measly portions

to grow and purge

the day is ours

to inhabit with

its divisions

mark off the

instances by the

clock the thrap thrap

still your thought

on this a moment

VIII

O

Buster tell me

when

there will be no

one and no hunger

no longer

when each I

framed in intervals

will find respite from

what dissipates or coheres

in the thrap thrap

still

a movie marked
with your pale stain
of a face

movies marked
with persistence is it the same
Buster but no he is different

circumstance what led
this man or your manner
to this scene or another

Buster mirrors Buster
in one film or another
enough the same for a configuration

in one there is an imposter Buster
another Buster Buster
not a Buster Buster but another

Buster

Buster

in every still

another duplication

in every reel a duplication

on duplication then every

print a duplication of those duplications

Buster your presence persistent

and underwritten with every duplication

IX

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Buster picture

this limit

on it as an inner

diaphragm

this time that it passes

smarts it goes

singing down

your reflexes

by time take it

to mean this something

condition

something

attended to and then

forgotten

like a misspelt

appellation

or a page at a time

X

O Buster

an unsteady claim

such as this

your time

decanted to

a spool

divided

frame by frame

moon face as pale

as yours those

cow sad eyes

casting about

causing the light
to pulse
imprisoned

on a foot length a
fall sharpens to
a finale



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