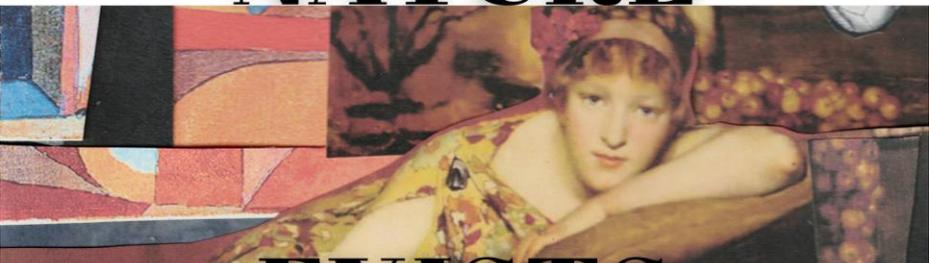


**HALEY JENKINS**

**NATURE**



**EXISTS**



**LAUGHING**



**Nature**

**Exists**

**Laughing**



# Stone Corpse Press

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# Nature Exists Laughing

Haley Jenkins

Thank you to the publications who previously accepted the following poems and gave my work a chance to shine:

'Sand Heart Sequence' (containing *introduction, void* and *evolution*) - epizootics, Issue 1 (2016)

'deccan traps' - datableed zine, Issue 7 (2017)

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Stone Corpse Press



life entire  
life in vacuum  
rock, tooth years  
thunder-sound  
humanity  
abyss revisited

## introduction

neurotypicals

the tantalizing sign, cosmos fodder  
milling around on digits (enter innumerable digits of love  
seeing cells biology)

spying the scaled thighs

we never thought we'd get this far  
behind neurons Jurassic snail-trails  
bangs loud

light enough bookstall tales when price is products  
the means justifies

a wash of sand hearts  
build on granite closed eyes tidal drift  
drilling beaks and petrol tome

the philosopher screamed the nails in

sorry my darling, this is all there is

foresight into ligaments that fluid rock

I would rather be swallowed again then feel this roll

afterglows of volcanic ash

more powerful your tongue on my molars

the light-of-hand heartbeat so small to plesiosaur mouth

glimpses of memories layers of seismic sealed

can you remember the parasitic crater batholiths

now [where...where...] this segregated existence

the tide

we no longer ask how [why?] this

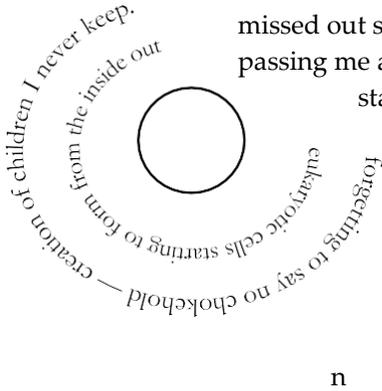
subduction zones, non-comparative

human emotion

electrode



# evolution



missed out sulphate on the first try  
passing me a mantle of ocean crust tasting naked

statue too far ahead

shattering

s

s

c

a

t

t

e

r

i

n

g

molten arms

discovering sex forming unknowable fun & warrens  
finger-tipped fungi I built in my shed you brought me  
trilobites lost them in the ocean

thinking pastel feathers you say it won't catch on  
we won't retrieve them

some days you find it impossible to exist

blipping out for a millennia

back

singing tipping scales into

our belly

predators

roaring blood

growing forelimbs we can run

"have you always been an 'I'?"

grunting under young stars

# deccan traps

wings

flood basalt solidifying bones  
fix knit drilling holes for aerodynamic

ah

zircon screams birthday hallowing we  
cradle spluttering and where were you

go

smog

heart handling around the slit  
spitting out magma too cool lizardry  
under glass magnify our dead  
oxygen irreversible choke

go

go

gone

lift

deep hot hell broken plate  
fume

-ing

me

flying with pole-Paleocene  
dead crane walking edge babe  
cradling what is left out of right gloom  
nail in my womb-ing

//start

over

T

up a K

restart del alt K-

playing for size a T

game you forget a Y

signal come you

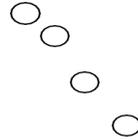
Chicxulub um

oh k-t

# tektite

somewhere we  
dropped our darling  
crystalline and blow - us  
hypervelocity kisses in  
sweet silica in your ellipsis  
fits dandelion bursting on  
jellycombs sponge love I  
collect in the museum of  
primary shapes plastic  
deformation better  
than choking gases  
though you smiled  
the tiny arms that  
couldn't hug –  
down re-enter  
this bastard  
child as  
solids or can  
we molten  
upjust a  
while in this  
cold  
inheritance  
wind-blown  
trajectories  
I love how  
you spalled  
every-  
where

# cyanobacteria



they will live the longest my smallest bloom  
lilpoison no clever grey-romance of apes will fix for recreation  
pleasure you marvelled on their toxins each a  
strung  
green bead dripped off our marine  
seamstress no ordinary movement swelling  
a thousand odd disconnected fragments under my  
nails where last you left love that swelled  
to  
blue-green photosynthetic dreams just where last  
you left unicellar arguments out lived by my

## sandstone

singing lines into cliffs is mother-work we're talking  
glacier persuasion with the promise of erosion the sound of  
one thing leaving another a crack splitting worlds and  
wouldn't it be something to divide again? Working in rock and  
ice as our incorporeal energies begin to erode. I'm working this  
anger into the stone and the stone feels it.



# rootwork

*after geraldine monk*

snaked with a forked tongue

desperate & doggerel

with ant-step of working angels      miner's flickering  
archangels

teeth chipping flint      lipsalt      survivor

*spread-clink-spread-clink-survive*  
*spread - ssh - spread - ssh - runamock*

rhizome      ginger corm      viking cairn

taproot tea-party ice-breaking network groups

mycorrhizal fingers of probing carbon      lateral  
thinking

candelights soaked in soilshine  
minute laughs of

bacteria

the chaos swollen womb      warrens of secret black  
skies

gravediggers lifegivers      garlic aorta

celeriac ancestral

rooting futures

in  
in

eyeless space  
less space  
space  
pace  
ace  
ce

# seeds

*after chris paul*

This is just a buried note. Written in hope. Just a buried entry. A green reminder. Soil, rain mixed with acid, a cheaply wrought imported sunbeam. The enemies in our lounge, the devourers speak in soundnotes exude a devastating energy throughout our home.

- Holes made with radulas
- Holes made with mandibles
- Holes made with molars
- Homes delivered prepacked from the catalogue
- those monks practiced the heat of genesis

Spare my head a while. I need to grow.

- delivery from paperslip
- delivery from frosstkiss
- delivery from hoofclop
- delivery from the winged
- deliver me into a fertile position
- Leave me be here a while.

Land-lore has osmoisified into textbooks. Constraints and false ingenuity. I shun and act wild. Grow-me, grow-me. You cannot tame, I'll tell ya, don't change me don't change me.

## primordial depression

wanting to lay flat

gather faultlines and boil them soft hide away  
lightening for her anvil crawling reluctance I layer  
myself for the eventual rise you told me I smell of  
a condition in far below burnt cinnamon in burnt  
coffee in burnt worlds we haven't made yet

you spun a little island handed it purring to  
my chest and told me that's how winning is done

# eruption

she remembers how the memories fell out of her                      with ribbons  
through her teeth pulling out birthdays celebrations    each colour            a smile  
each colour    a piece of  
beauty            cooling as they landed    cotton-mix cardigans    to freeze her  
weigh her down unseen            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
flowing a stagnant pool            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
unbricking of walls and wild    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
grave, a grave for women for    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't  
a grave for dogs, birds, eyes    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
eyes for dreams reality said    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
dead apple tree tall and de-    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
construction of postcards of    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
faces you didn't caretake in    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
albums - I don't want to say    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
unmaking by another name            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't  
you losing your demons and            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't  
angels to cheap soap and            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
chemical bleaching and            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
joke with death "my child            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
sentence to a solitary room    this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
home anymore for you            this isn't you            this isn't you            this isn't a  
peaceful way to fade"            this                            isn't                            you

## comfrey

their	no blood spitting	burstings
woundes	no sharpness biting	healings
will	after blanching	consumings
heal	after bruising	breakings
their	white sugar	syrupings
ulcers	red blisters	infusings
will	remedy	curings
heal	broken	heartstrings

your kisses thrive in damp habitats  
your memories spring up across cliffs  
your ashes are sprayed out of the sea  
and in the yellow buds of the commonly forgotten  
their woundes will heal  
their ulcers will heal

# samphire

seas	arks	maps	Pods	hues	ifs	ribs	eyes
sea	aura	mura	plea	hydra	infauna	rhea	era
seam	allium	medium	poem	hilum	inseam	ream	eyebeam
ship	airship	midship	palship	hip	inship	rip	equip
shoosh	awash	mosh	posh	hush	inrush	rush	enough
shanti	aalii	maki	palpi	hour	indri	rishi	ennui

## nuclear exhibit

*Aerial photographs of feasts and carousals with believers and twist-recorders-writers, uttering words into a bowl passed from hand to hand. [Photographs #1168-1169]*

*View of blast shadow, ash-corpse showcased in their museum behind glass. Working to preserve the shadow of death - families claim their own [Photograph #060845]*

*Aerial photograph of plutonium daughters, swimming in neutron stars and deep sea floors, the cracks in their wombs as they are extracted [Photograph #141240]*

*View of babies with rubber wings, teeth glittering in touchlight outside their skin, eyes wider - voids where the truth was stuffed - a roasting of Sunday futures. This image was rescued [Photograph #25486-26486]*

*Aerial photograph of rapid evolution - black frogs dogs cancer-resistant wolves being bled, bacteria on the wings of swallows. [Photograph #25486-26486-1]*

*Dedication to the dark brothers pitchblende yellowcake uranium [Picture postcard, see #25486-26486 and Photograph #060845]*



Haley Jenkins is an experimental poet currently residing in Surrey, UK. She has published two books - *Nekorb* (Veer Books, 2017) and *Colourbast Blues* (Ghost City Press, 2022) - and her work has appeared in publications such as *painted spoken*, *Tears in the Fence*, *The Journal of British and Irish Experimental Poetry*, *Strukturiss*, *New Note Poetry*, *Cutbow Quarterly*, *Streetcake*, *The National Poetry Library* and many others.

