

Crantock

2021

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polly joke

polly joke guillemots surf the clean wind on our north coast. and crow, and gull. I drop a cigarette butt for the police to find, my rust patina blister waits on grass to burn rubber. I take water and sit, on land as familiar as my own body. nothing I can see from here has no analogue in my flesh. every grass, each dusty shard of slate, the chunk and crease and fold of the granite I have seen before, reminds me of myself, as as much home as my chest and arms, hair, skin.

sea change

a sea change brings billowing sheets and a crinkling of lightning. gull, starling, raven. adrift, unhanded. a limpet. bloodsurge pushes a face against cool crystal wall, grimacing, full of colour, raw, soft, healthy.

memory collage 1

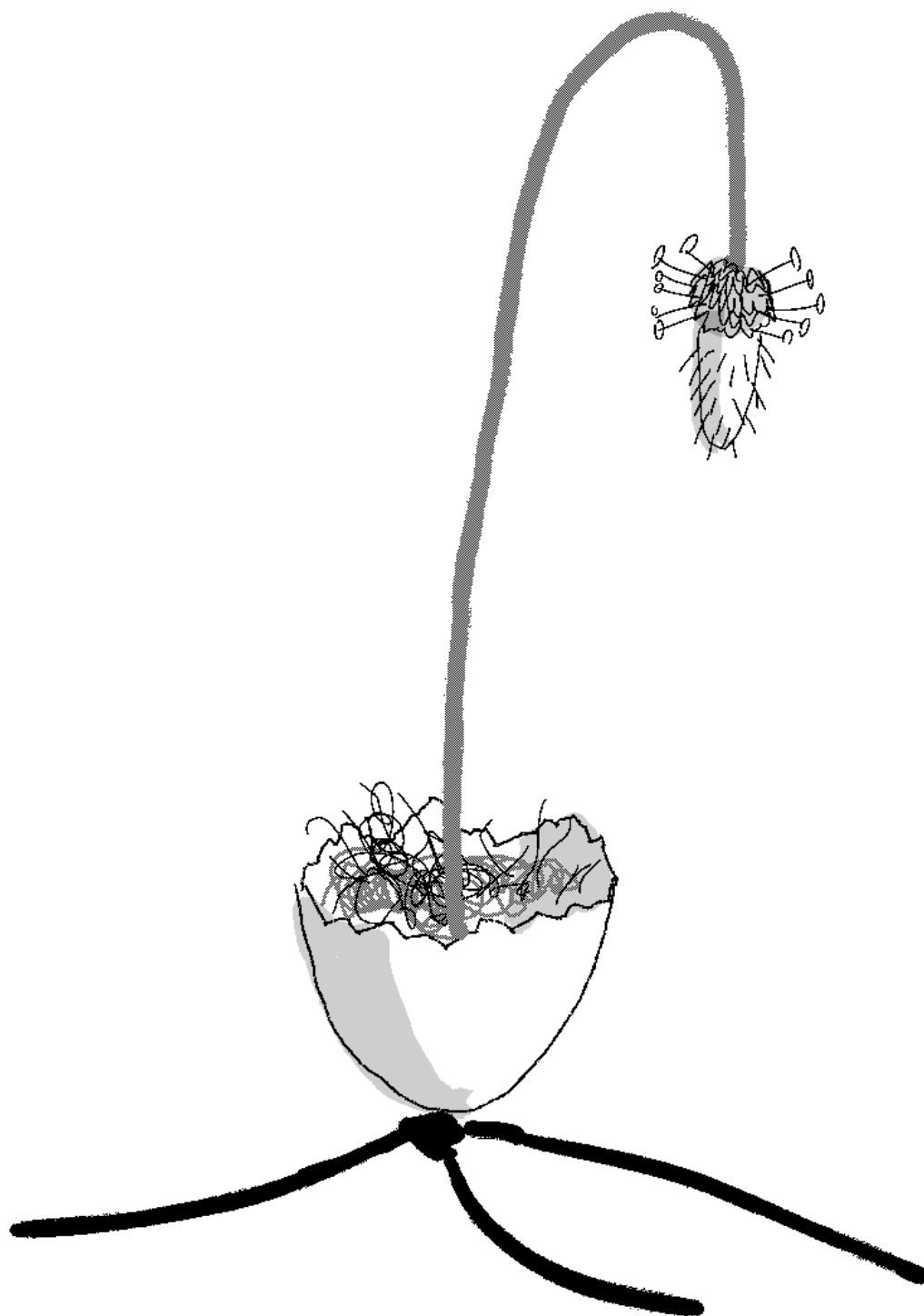
chattering ferns at camp, and gull, and starling, and raven, deer. the corner of a cleaver sunk into pine, handle as handle and is not moved. shelter is given by amyrrillis on geological scale, spilt earth, rolling there. pale little creatures dressed in all black, creeping through the woods, startle easily. we do not

turbine

myself a turbine, pile and stack and boy, squat. three sky
bows, nose and axel clank, stark come close and plates
are laid.

conflict

stack and blind rage, blind love. the surface of an eye
nearing its subject. glaze, flop, nut. pale leaf, running
water. tripod, eggshell, wool, plantain.

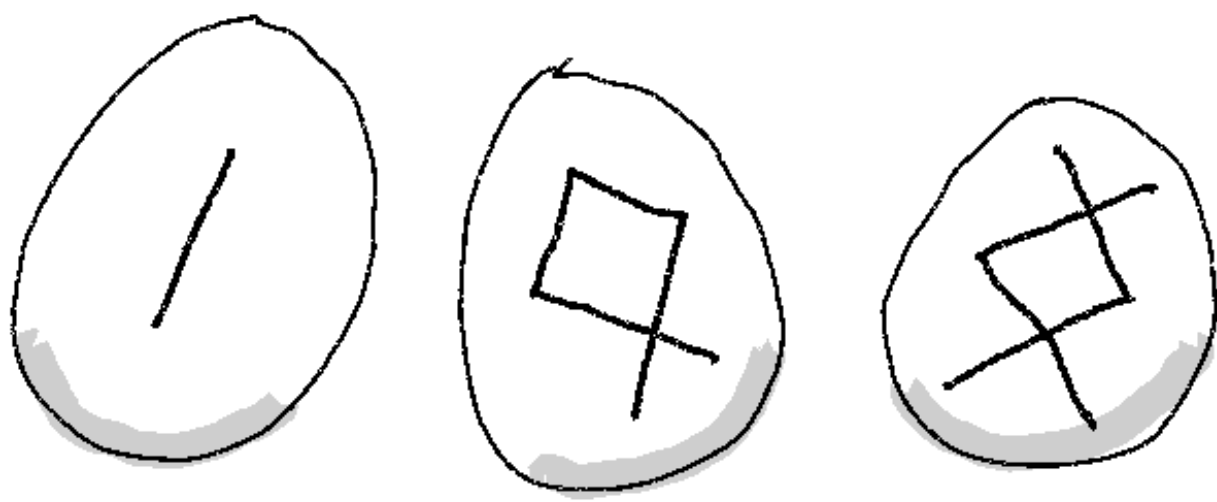


blood tea

everything I can see has a precise analogue in my flesh, its surface and texture in fingertip loopback, blood washing back and forth, frothing at the heart, pooling in the brain. thoughts rise therefrom, like slow steam, absorbed into the air, one big thought.

postcards

postcards sent back from a long break to family, ridden
like metal coping, the rails of a prism light up futures read
from great runestones mixed in a glove compartment and
cast by roundabouts.



flashing fog

flashing fog flashes around temple fishery/
my wheels turn the road over the tor to cream/
I look out for curves and find a boat on a trailer, roadside/
I shed tears for my little light, dying/
orange winking slowly at a red square/
and roll a festive, swaying undulation of led strips ahead
into nothingness/
I don't look back/
day dawns/
now colours of undetermined frequency bloom like hedges/
thank you for the apple

hard image

without exactly a soft, shining face in front of mine, soft
fantasy slides off hard image in black, tan, blue

a hole punched from right now, all the way back to por-
tugal 1993, black, tan, deepest azure

I let go of soft fantasy and focus on hard image in black,
tan, blue

a bright splashing

a bright splashing,
running counter to walls, fences,
hugging hedges,
sluicing along the lolling curve of a rainbow,
casting crow and starling into an orange-grey sky,
wriggling along the ground like new bramble,
never at rest,
always bright,
always splashing.

midpoint 1

my body lies for three days under alpaca, unclenching,
like a fist into silence. I catch myself on the second day,
as night falls in a grubby white velvet, before streetlights
flick orange into the houses, as they did for vera, betty,
mary. there is no third dawn

leaving

I hung around as long as I could, but there was violence in the air and a train to catch. what could have been a home become museum with one dusty resident. terror at capture is always justified, trap phone me, fine pelt you.

welling

a welling blue flame, hot as tears, marbled as butane,
round as a hernia, hollow as a bubble, welling like excitement for making up stories.

liftoff

a small floating, always small. a slower pun, trainee itinerant meets professional flotsam. time and time again, with minimal liftoff, an hamfisted curtailment and never any record made. someone, or some part of someone is kicked to the curb.

distance

scorching salty sun, screaming ocean, its blue built to embrace the light. the glint from a car in a town across the bay, set amongst green fields, brings a feeling of distance that, despite being so small, cool, sun-kissed and salt-spattered, carries the bright pain of every lost love.

laughter

fill your ears with roaring people, and, corralled by elbows, bow down into laughter's ancient vein, lie there, among lying bodies, be carried in this channel, silvering, sevensing, silver.

low god

fragrant mud wants to keep you, mocks wheels, is a kind of god. we wear its symbols on our hands and thighs while it sits, smiling, below our feet.

work

a hot flush in horses and rainbows, doesn't really speak,
but rises slowly from my back, proof of work. it floats
away like what I want for wants, not really speaking, into
cold highland air.

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