

Cranstock

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Polly joke

polly joke guillemots surf the clean mind
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
stone, the chunk and crease and fold of
the granite I have seen before, reminds
me of myself, is as much home as my
chest and arms, hair, skin.

sea change

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

memory collage 1

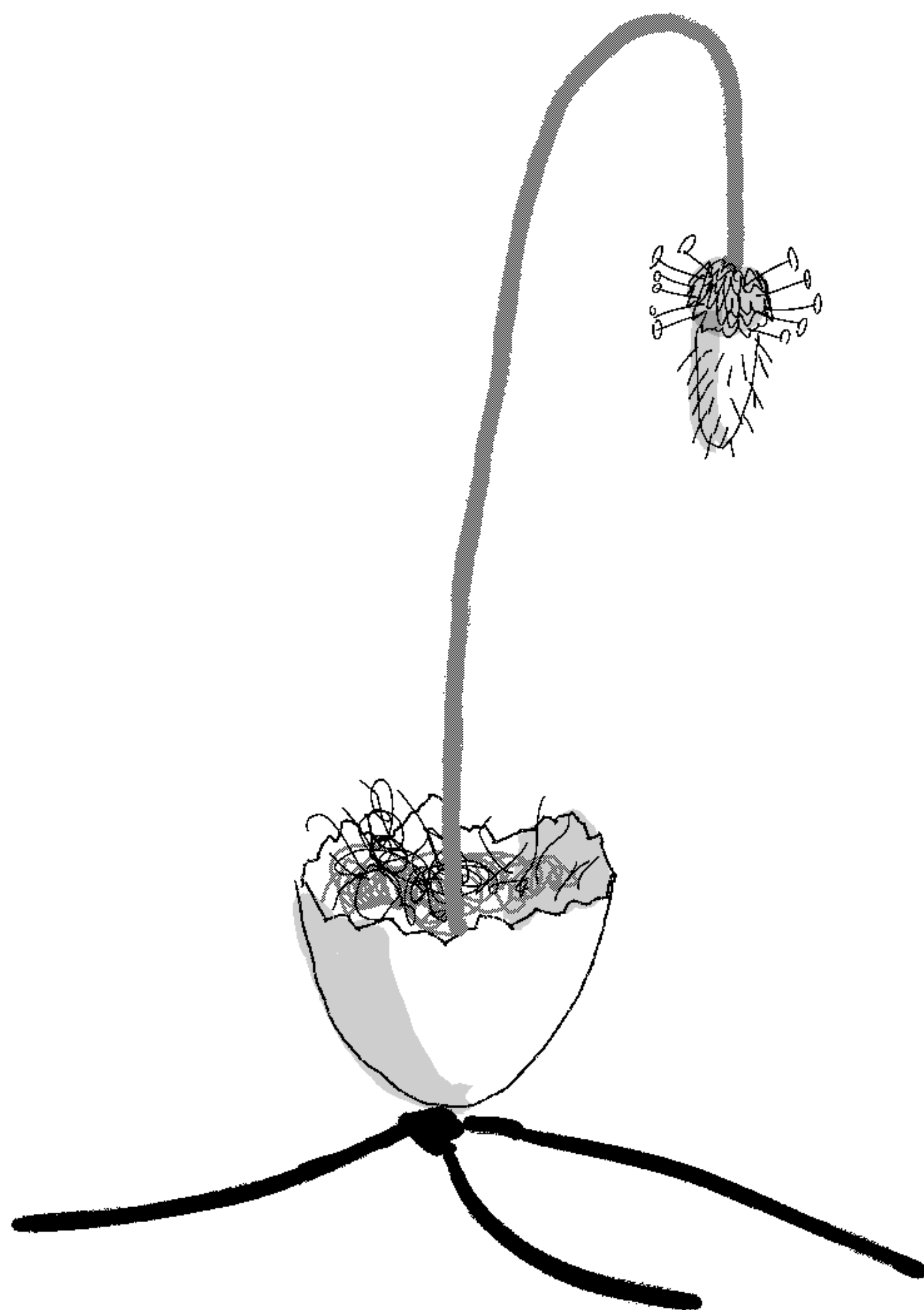
chattering ferns at camp, and gull, and
startling, and raven, deer. the corner of a
cleaver sunk into pine, handle at handle and is
not moved. shelter is given by an amygdalis
on geological scale, spilt earth, rolling there.
pale little creatures dressed in all black,
creeping through the woods, startle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

turbine

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

conflict

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

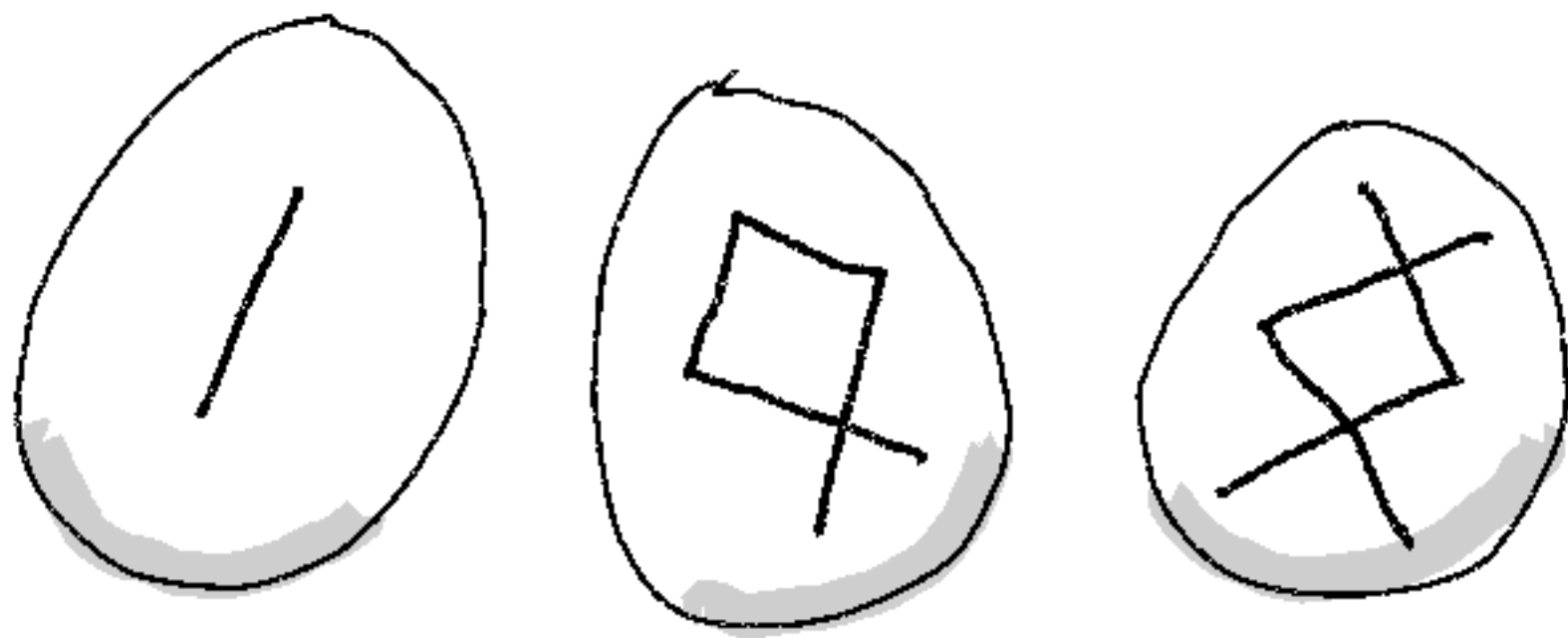


blood tea

everything I can see has precise analogue
in my flesh, its surface and texture in
fingertips 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
minestones mixed in a glone compartment and
cast by roundabouts.



flashing fog

flashing fog flashes around temple fitting /
my wheels turn the road over the top
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, smaying undulation of
led strips ahead into nothingness /
I don't look back /
day dawn /
now colours of undetermined frequency
bloom like hedges /
thank you for the apple

gratitude

and the pimi and dates and linseed
and the honey
and for garlic, string, time, a pattern

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 portugal 1993, black, tan, deepest azure

1 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,
shining along the rolling curve of a
rainbow,
casting down and starting into an orange-greasy
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 flotam. time and time again, with minimal liftoff, an hemfitted 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, seining, silver.

change

the rush of tears brought by thinking
about an unfinished bottle of water,
forgotten on a train station, an example,
of my failure to change my mind,
specifically not to rush

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 floats
away like what I want for wants,
not really speaking, into cold
highland air.