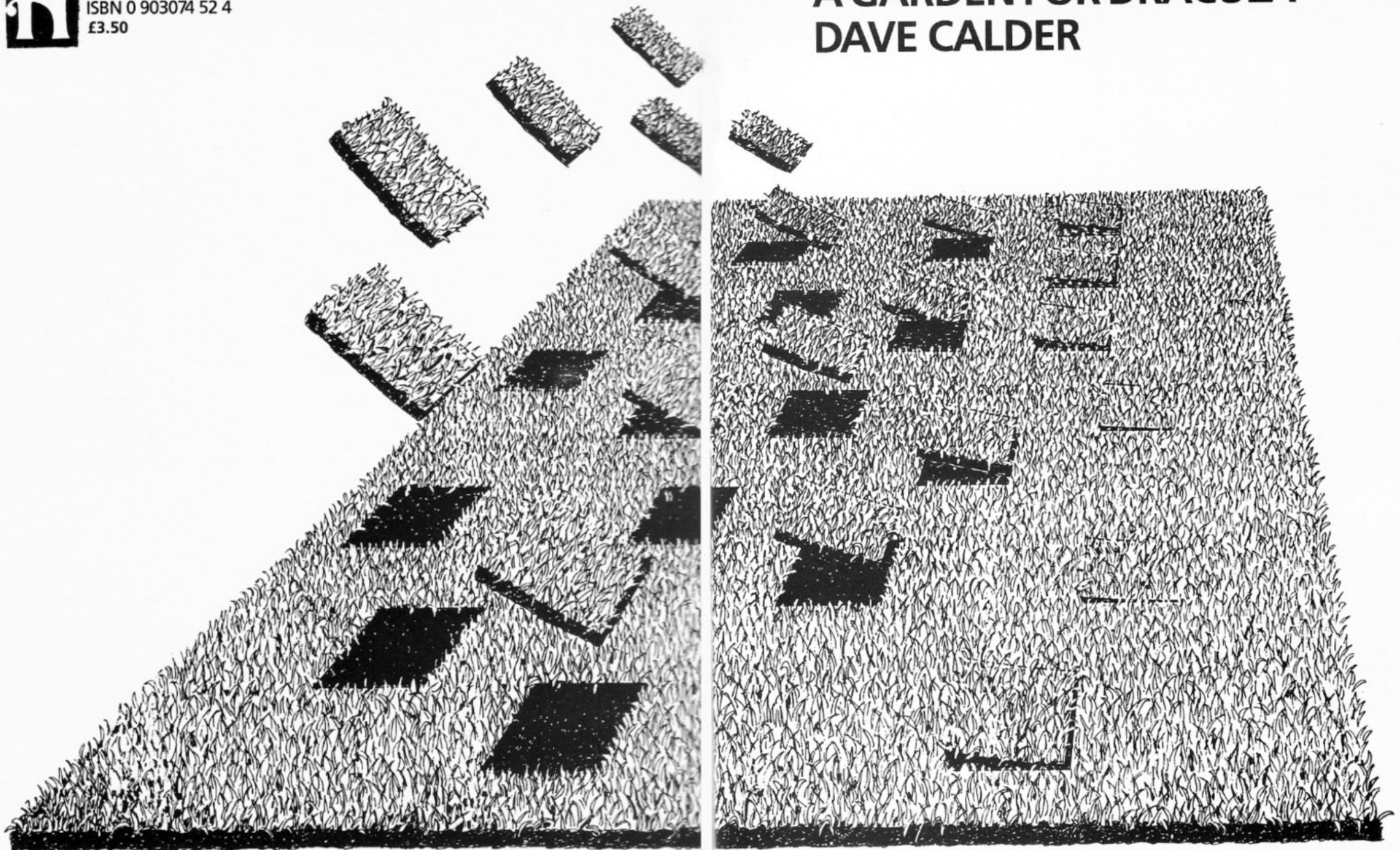




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A GARDEN FOR DRACULA DAVE CALDER



Drawings by Sue Sterne

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A Garden for Dracula

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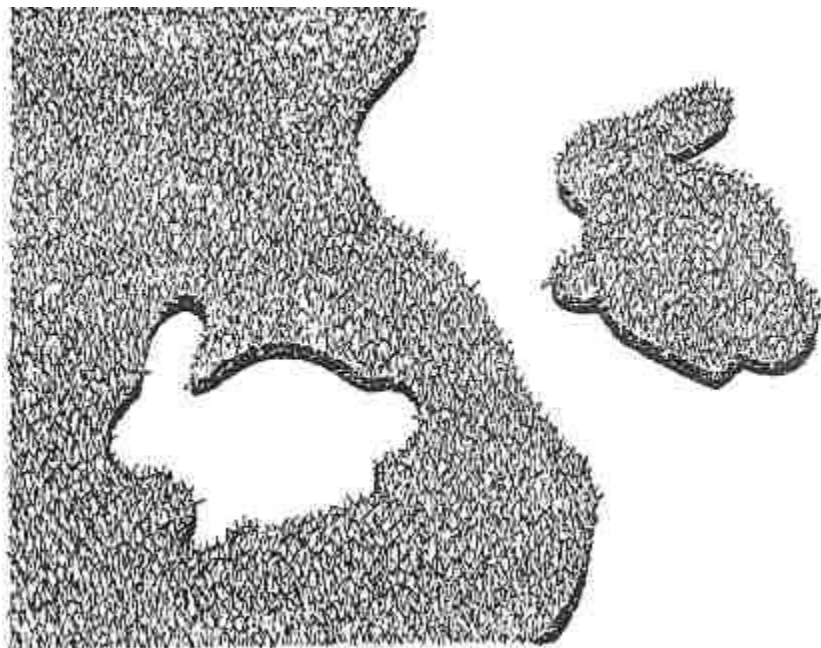
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Dangerous Reading

1. a sharply illuminating poem that burns as slowly as a candle & gutters at its conclusion leaving the reader in an even darker night
2. a detective novel after winding, chasing through a tortuous maze, emerges denouncing its reader as a murderer
3. a book that reveals at its end that the writer was the reader; that he has imagined it in his dying moment
4. a poem with a great silence at its heart. we approach, & mesmerised, fall in. no words, however loud, can save us. the poem is deaf.
5. a novel that describes a situation so well that when it confronts us we feel we have already lived it & in a dream, a trance, we rewrite the novel with our lives

Trench

here is the dark
the servant of flesh
held in the moon's
cold pincers.

Without frontiers
the grass bristles
roused by the wind

without walls without doors
without knocking
the wind fingers the grass

they come they hang high lights
that do not resemble day
they heave barbed wire and big-shoulders
(I cannot see the cameras, the rifles)

and earth's flesh is forced
by glinting stubby tongues
the deeper they press and heave
the thicker grow the lips

in the sweat of their faces
in the raw of their hands
they have shaped a space

through broad lips the space
calls out to be healed

(they will fill it with wall)

Foundation

who is this woman
with cheeks pitted by rain
struggling along the pavement
as if rowdy hands were pushing her?

she's thick-set and set-lipped
similar to many
but I've not seen her before:
is she yours? is she mine?

in the brick a trapped pebble
or hole of pebble size,
in the stone veins of silver or shadow
curled-up remembrances

the walls were laboured into being
and now oppress themselves,
who knows their inward aching
or secret longing for collapse?

she is tired she is
rotten with the age
her face only shows its history of weather
the dangerous wounds split open from within:
she is yours she is mine who else is there?
how can our house stand if she falls?

Dropping slow

I went and told the man
my roof leaks
it's true it's bad
and he tapped his biro he said
it'll be a while

o this was months ago sometimes
I feel my brain is going mouldy
in the smell of sodden nappies
incontinent old flesh

The walls crack
the mould spreads
the walls are becoming soil again
leaking like a rotten coffin
No matter how we scabble
how loud we scream
no-one can hear us now

In the half-light of the back room
that looks out on littered concrete
I touch the black grime
It does smell of earth
fine and crumbly
and I dream of gardens
of their peace under the rain

Keeping busy

Out in the endless plain
people are pushing stones together.
The landscape is a strange garden
of scarred swirls and stiff squares.
They are putting a great deal of effort
into sticking stones together
and so many of them die in doing this;
yet, looking over their vast maze,
decaying, rebuilt, pruned by artillery, interminable,
it becomes more unclear as to what
they were keeping in or out:
over and over again the builders find themselves
on the wrong side of their walls.
What is certain is that they are lost within
and trapped securely by them.

Between these four walls

this wall is in the blank of my eye
it shuts out those that I despise

this wall is in the flat of my hand
to crush those I can't understand

this wall supports my mouth's hollow roof
to let lies slip out past silent truth

this wall surrounds the core of my brain
if the others fall down, it builds them again

High-hat

I put my high hat on your chair
and underneath it hid a snare.
Now sit on my chair if you dare.

I put my high hat on your room
and plunged it in dark felted gloom.
I expect you'll all be leaving soon.

I put my high hat on your house:
out drop pigeons, fleas, a mouse,
a constant leak of grump and grouse.

I put my high hat on your town
and pressed between the brim and ground
a ring of buildings crumble down.

I put my high hat on your world

Going to the wall

I go to the wall
I feel like a wall
my foundations subsiding weighed by darkness,
clogged by creepers, wall-eyed,
coming apart at the slapped-on seams

I go to the wall
down a street marked
one way one way
to the wall
to the weeds and the drunk splintered bottles

I go to the wall
on which someone has written
in the large spiky letters
of someone testing sharp edges
of someone in too much of a hurry

dead end

I go to the wall
I come back
I walk down wide streets
among many people:
like trained dogs the walls
watch us, herd us,
with careful menace

The Walled Garden at Edzell

dum spiro spero endure forte

o why did you come from the sea?
a small voice was asking me.
The flat farmland drifts away
under the bombers' roar.
But we came from Dundee
which is not on the sea-
shore but more
on the banks of the Tay.
I was muttering to the car door.
It seemed oddly important to me.

*

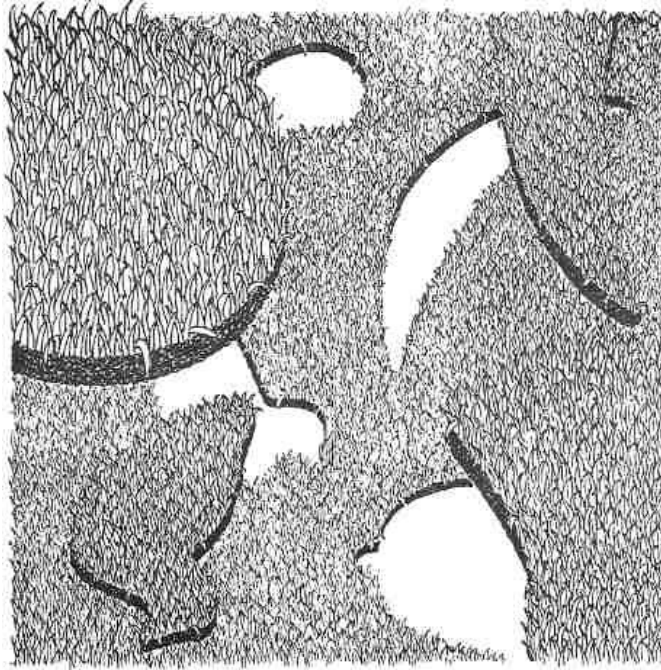
I am the tower
you are the garden.
You lie beside me locked
and yet to smash the gate
would be ridiculous:
once inside I would not possess
you as fully as I do now with my narrow eyes.

*

No-one is in the garden
and no-one can get into the garden
(this is, we hope, temporary)
The children play on rough grass, fall
among wild flowers. Why then
do we cluster aimlessly by the locked gate?

*

A walled square, symmetrical beds,
low hedges cut to a repeated motto;
a warm wind breathing through late afternoon.
The leaves of the trained hedges
are breathing too, we hope, and will endure,
we hope, though nothing's sure:
the gate is closed, the queen still lost her head



A Garden for Dracula

Beyond the gloomy hedge a thin mist
lies as fine and sticky as cold sweat
on disfigured statues, gaping pits,
walls lurking in a tangled mass of cobwebbed ivy.

No wooden stakes in this garden!
and the unpinned roses trail in the mud
between cracked gravestones where something
smells very rotten and the slow drip
of dark water is menacing and sudden ...

who knows what their roots are tickling?
their curved fangs wait for you to trip -
be careful, be careful where you tread!
Their flowers are like thin lips that long for blood,
the white roses are hungry, the red have fed.

A garden for the first emperor

There's no way out, the walls are all around:
down on the lawn stacks of paper leaves
wither and burn, untidy dangerous leaves
all swept up and smoked out.
Now I have sealed the boundaries of
beyond and behind. A few words
and big-booted men with spades on their shoulders,
layers of foundation stones, of gravestones,
marked the earth with my order.
I do not ask that the trees should be chopped out
only that their shape should suit my eye-
but even so, bare and defenceless,
their thin limbs pinioned against my wall,
I feel deep roots feed from all our memories,
form secret seeds I cannot reach to kill.
Our pasts make us traitors to the present,
acts of magic and authority only restrain
what's already won. On the other hand, the wall...
is that blossom on my cheek or blood?

A Garden for the Hulk

Green. It has to be green.
Not the dull shade of holly and ivy
but bright as new buds,
powerful as young shoots, fresh grass.
Green everywhere, not a flower,
not a blossom, not an inch of brown soil.

And there he is hidden
like a gigantic greenfly,
can lie on his huge back
and pretend to be the spring.
His mighty green muscles
rippling like the grass
his fingers like sturdy shoots
his head a small bush fanned by its own breeze.

But only for spring; in summer,
in brown autumn and bare winter,
he has to stay human, powerless,
controlling the green force of his temper.

A garden for Tinkerbell

after the years of flying and dying
fighting with pirates who behaved
like little boys, and little boys
who behaved like pirates

O she glittered, stirred them all,
Wrote articles for the *News of the World*
"I was healed by faith"

she sits on her verandah among the palms,
white rocks, clumped grasses and the
odd huge flat flower

Her famous face drawn into harder lines
her light grown dim, her face over-painted,
haunted by lost power.

at the bottom of the garden
the crocodile yawns stiffly,
disclosing between his ugly teeth
The unclapping hands of time

A garden for the generals

The grass ripens over and over again, each time it
ripens the generals think
now we must mow

and they sit under the one tree
in boots and big hats, on stiff haunches,
sharpening blades.

When they rise to their heavy feet
a chill wind stirs the garden;
each individual and different blade of grass
bristles to attention.

Then in the half-light and the gathering rain
desperately aware that something is going wrong
the generals start to mow

their blades hacking at mud-sodden clumps
with a blind insistence on getting the job done

to get rid of a temper, to quiet the wife,
to achieve something however ravaged or grotesque,
the generals start to mow.

A garden for Sherlock Holmes

The gaslight flowers against the wall of fog,
the night throbs like a violin, like bees.
Here a beetle has pushed earth, here a worm
has left its unique print: something has happened.

The gaslight hums and bellies, all around
fog shudders: thin veils, white hands.
Here a flower peers over a stone with a red
astonished face. And the crime has yet to be dis-
covered.

The gaslight struggles like a dying bee,
A careless step grates from the gravel to the lawn,
here an old man bends over litmus paper leaves.
A scuffle in the shrubbery. Questioning willows.

In the fog your next step could be on the street,
across a lawn, into a grimpen mire.
Trees, people, sounds, loom heavily, are recog-
nised,
become logical. But nothing is resolved.

The false light flickers among the dying leaves.
The beekeeper throws back his veil,
all, all are dying, burying the evidence:
there will be no conclusion, no arrest.

He takes his pipe out, eyes alight.

A garden for a politician

These at the front are Honesty, then Thrift
and these are Hearts-ease. That's Baldmoney,
It gets in everywhere.
The Forget-me-nots are dying back.
Over there's Loosestrife and Creeping Greed, a few
firm clumps of Self-deceit
among the Lords-and-Ladies.

But no Falsehoods, I can't stand them, though they
grow well across the road.

Plants, damned plants, and Nastursiums.

Look, it's not about the exercise of power
it's being able to help those poor plants out there
that can't help themselves, to change things
for the better. And if some get damaged by the hoe
or die of overwatering because the
greenhouse leaks that's unavoidable. With respect,
you might as well blame the weather as
much as me.

Monemvasia gardens

1
five scrawny chickens scabble in the yard
in the dry the powdery earth
scatter in a parody of panic among boxes
over high walls among dense creepers

the walls are crumbling and the house too
boarded windows flaking skin

in the forecourt above the main gate all
words are stifled in our throats
to shout would be an insurrection

the cars parked at the road's end
gleam fit to burst aflame

and the sound is heat like a heavy hand
slamming
stone and wood tightening
yellow dust in the doors of deserted houses

the desperate fanning of innumerable insects
whimper of shade smashed against the wall

we are exiled from ourselves, our voices
will not come, the past has filled our mouths
with golden dust: among the stones these plants
learn to fight, flower where and when they can

2.
The steep walls twist - nowhere is not enclosed,
but over these ramparts hidden gardens are escaping:
although only their trees can be seen and the
ungraspable glimpse taunts through narrow grilles
creepers spill over wild as waterfalls
and tiny flowers claw rotholds in the stone.

By this buttress the air swells with growing
its fragrance overwhelms the walled-up world
seeding its pores, crevices, parched mouths
with promises, enough for being made.
She is beautiful, her eyes are bright. Without a word
at the turning of the lane, she touches his arm.

3.
What is dead a thousand years?
her voice rises through the stone.
Under the bush a lizard shuddered
The cisterns are cracked, the walls are broken
Webs flower over every opening and path
Thorns scourge her, stones open her way
Her voice is the one thing alive
all I hear in the thousand years.

They moved from the mountain to the island shore
from the island to the unprotected bay,
their houses are rough gardens of rock and gorse
the past has sunk into soil.
The dead are only dead when they die
after that they become other things:
useless to talk of being dead, of being not being
for thousands of years.
No-one watches us. The world too is dying.
Lift sunlit lips to the shadow of my face.

Schlossgarten Heidelberg

Despite drizzle and the failing light, marauding bands
struggle up the driveway, cameras in hand,

to capture, in their bewildered overbearing way,
one more battered plaything of the military.

Here Friedrich the Fifth had his gardens redesigned to
impress "th' eclipse and glory of her kind"

filled a small valley with terraces, exotic trees,
ponds fountains grottoes, bath-houses, orangeries

- a wonder of the world - and planted blazing rosebeds
in his main gunpark, which left undefended

two sides of his fortress and the Heidelbergers.
This took six years. Then, with a careless swagger

he rushed into the family argument that caused
thirty years of brutal continental wars

and within one winter managed to lose everything:
Bohemia's king at 23, an exile in Holland by spring.

(His proud new gardens, so expensively created,
were good for fighting in, and devastated.)

All invaders, it appears, make a point of being rude
about the language, people, prices, food:

these plastic-tagged americans in the Kaufhof store
treat the tired shop-girls like prisoners of war.

All's the same, Mrs. Blumenstal N.J. - contemptuous
pride
marches in step with murder towards some form of
suicide

and our worst natures are what our rulers thrive on
our side, our spite, gives their mad dreams reason;

and whatever so-called glories they produce
like Friedrich's garden, there's no real excuse.

Rulers are rulers, and what they spend our money on
leaves us in the shambles of their arrogant solutions.

Above the broken courts of the electors palatine
american bombers wheel towards the Rhine.

The garden of the assassins

The musicians play discreetly
lulling the courtyard, the glittering arcades.
Behind the glass veils are displayed
voluptuous dances, all the riches of the world.

Wander around, believe completely,
if you make the effort it can all be yours:
dead or alive, commitment secures
paradise - pool, garden, god's blessing and girls.

Just one act will be necessary:
a death. How big or small, only you will know
when it's time comes, and where you'll go
afterwards - to peace or pain, swine or pearls -

won't prove that the bright vision was a liar,
only that your own dream, carefully induced,
made greed and vanity seem proper virtues
rewarded by the tyranny that pays your hire.

If power is fraud, the fraud needs careless buyers
hooked on hopes of easy ecstasy.
What we want is what we can be bought by,
it's not the drug that's strong but our desire.

if the wellie fits - wear it

he goes into the garden
he puts his hands in his pockets
he looks at a dead slug
he goes back inside

the woman is still staring at dirty plates

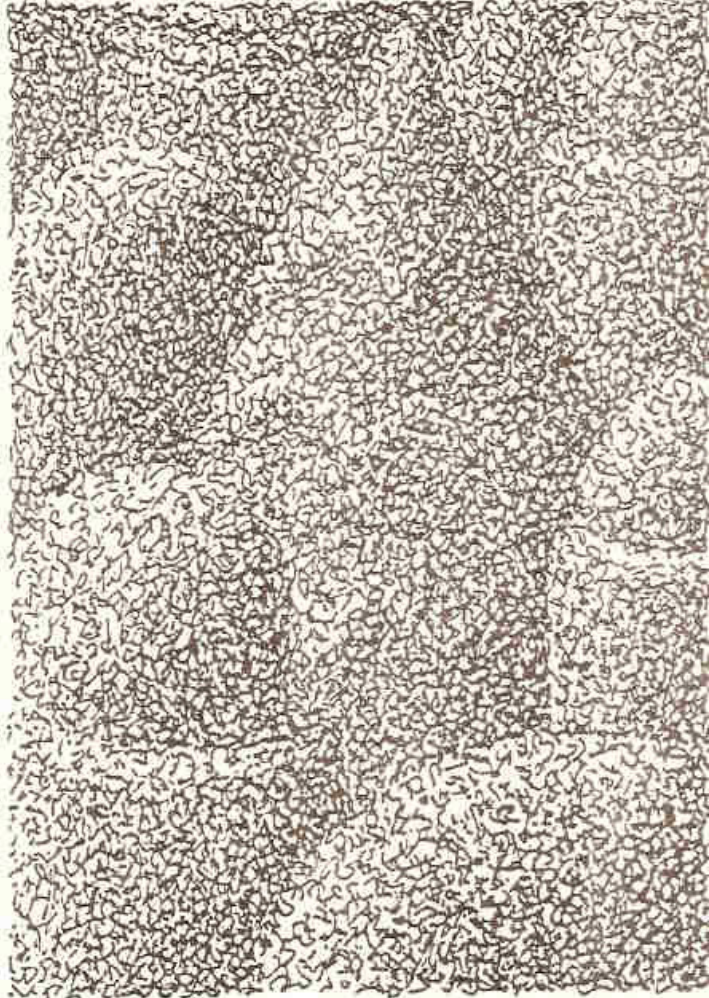
he comes out wearing wellies
he attacks several bushes
he terrifies the weeds
he grinds down the grass

through his clenched teeth come hums and grunts

he makes the garden nervous
he thinks the plants laugh behind his back
he wears a smelly sweater and torn gloves
he calls them his gardening things

they are magic. he cannot garden without them

one day he will come out and the strawberries will
trip him
one day a gigantic rabbit will be sitting there with the
whole lot inside him
one day the ground will simply yawn, bored or weary
and swallow him up



Oak

The men go to the fields
They come back tired
And lie down forever
In chests of polished wood

And in the wooden walls
The dead men roll and pitch
Turning earth within
Earth within earth

Alder

Crows tumble down the dying light.
The sun has made the stream to blood,
Its shining tears hang on the grass.
A boat runs the current that pulses
As if drawn to a heart. Unmanned,
Nobody. From the dusk owls hoot
The calls of vanished children.

Tree, moon, woman

the trees tangle their limbs
in the moonlight
on the wall

her back is the smooth horizon of the gleaming night

also
when she touches my thighs her fingers
stream cold fire

has the core of the moon
held at its small distance
such a raging ache as
knots my stomach roots?

*

the tree is agitating outside the window,
she worries over its disorder.

she polishes the big brass pan,
she trims the leaves, discards the stalks.

his mind is pulp, his legs are jelly.
she falls asleep, a sweet smile on her face.

in the moonlight his shadow is straight
without branches.

*

She was standing by iron railings, where the stairs
drop steeply to a long street arched by lights,
a tunnel through the darkness to the docks, the sea.

No moon. The plane trees, as ever, gleamed deceptively,
the pale stone and high lamps made a pretence,
but it was nowhere to be found. It seemed a small
defeat.

Then she laughed. And when she turned around
we saw the moon was hidden in her eyes.

*

Like livid leaves

Like livid leaves fallen whose flesh
has melted into the earth from which
rise the same warm generative smells as ever

leaving fish-frail bones as a map
to a labyrinth whose openings
are not in itself but in its past, its future,

so are these memories of great despairs
that now, anatomised, show less

the blind surgery of stabs of fate
than a needed acupuncture of the spirit.

Beginning to end

Not that there aren't beginnings but
that it's hard to say when they begin;
with the look of recognition or cautious hand,
with the urge to discover or the sailing out?

still, we mark them, looking back - there was a time
before she saw me, before she kissed me
but endings, who knows about endings?

Nothing really seems to stop
once the energy's gone in:
it rolls along, gathering a moss
of responsibilities, dislodging
pebbles and small plants
on some endless slope of time.

I've been at so many beginnings,
seen eyes light at the possibility, the new,
even at giving an old stone another push;
But endings never seem to come
and all that you've begun stays with you,
incomplete, seeking its shape,
still moving with the slow judder of remembering
even under avalanches of fresh starts.

Present

I can hardly remember being a child,
my life is remembered through my lovers.

I come to you with my arms full of these histories
of attics, damp mirrors, sweating lilac trees.

Somewhere I feel there is something I should make
sense of,
that would be firm ground despite you or because,
but the past say nothing though their mouths
are bruised with kisses
and leave me to draw lessons and reproaches
from myself.

And I am simply so glad of you,
of the small mischief of your smile,
the delicate energy of your body,
that I watch you without need for explanation.

and when unforeseen you flower before me
I am separated from riddles and spared from answers

and remember only you, without error or doubt,
accepting this as all as simply as a child.

Events at the cottage

Towards sunset
she looked, she changed,
but could not be pleased.
Unhappy with herself
she shuffled the colours,
she turned back;
but too late -

the sun, enraged by her wavering black thoughts,
had charged into her room, had crashed,
and now lay bleeding slowly, speared
on the myriad points of her gallant mirror.

*

She put her arms
on the table; she put
her head on her arms
and she cried
without reason, without reason.
Each tear was warm,
mercurial, and lit up
the dark pit her arms
so tenderly cradled.

*

First her mouth and then the door
slammed shut.
Her sudden outburst
left to itself
kept walking into walls
whining to be let out.

*

Why I am not getting up

the sun comes from behind a cloud
and stretches out beside me

long legs of light
lie crossed over my own

the doorbell rings
the wind knocks at the window

how I would like to answer all of you

but the sun has fallen asleep on me
soft as warm as a drowsing woman

and I have not the heart to disturb her daydream

The lions are on the lawn

The lions are on the lawn

the sand has piled high against the garden gate
and stumbling people wrapped in stained brown rags
struggle across it. They seem so far away.

The lions are on the lawn
the lawn is turning the yellow of lion.

When I heard the people were coming I went out
I put bread and water on a makeshift table
they looked like birds, they were so far from me.

But the lions are on the lawn
their eyes fixed on the house reflect gold
like huge hammers their paws stretch before them;

and the people are coming, so many now
they fill the horizon south with trudging shadow.
From the kitchen they've sent the crumbs, the leavings,

half-bottles of souring milk, whole dustbins full;
but the windows are being boarded up
armed guards patrol the door

and the lions are on the lawn
they have been hungry too long
the lions want more.

Dr. Frankenstein Explains

All the way through school it was the same:
"Don't be such a cissy, Frankenstein,
you're a big boy now ..."

And so they'd pull me, coaxing, mocking,
from the only games that gave me
any pleasure.

Boys, I was told, make machines, are inventors
especially of things that fight and kill;
girls get first the dolls and then the babies
to hold and watch with love and wonder.

So they pushed me into science - You're a boy.
learn how things tick, be logical, ambitious,
no more cissy games: if you become a man
you can be anything you want.

I thought about this. I became
a great scientist. I thought about this.
I wanted to sit in a quiet corner with a child
I wanted to feel the warmth of life continuing.

My labour has finished, or just begun.
I have, in man's way, become a mother.
Here is my child: isn't he beautiful?

Snakes and Ladders

alone that spring day on the cliff below the summit
face pressed to stone face & fingers sticky
swollen in the dusty slits

climbing swift as a lucky counter, until chance
made incautious, & spreadeagled limbs
began to tremble in their tortion
stiff & powerless

before fear the body fell back into space, dropped
face upwards to nothing but clear sky
thought & image flash as meteors
burning unknown out

& then the bracken broke the fall lay staring
as if listening to a great shout as if
the rope of mind had snapped death
crouched

disguised as a boulder an inch beyond his skull.

Near Velez at 9000 feet

Through torn clouds deep valleys drop and vanish,
outside a squat house a woman chides her chickens,
bright flowers are blooming in old oilcans.

It's hard to think. It's a matter of scale
I suppose. Without gauges we measure mountains
by the going up and down: but only the valley
hints at height, and here who now remembers
how high that valley was?

The simple scene aches like a familiar dream:
the scrubby grass is much the same,
and yet at half this height
in my land there are no houses, buses, chickens.

I say this to a man. He laughs aloud -
why, these are only hills, the mountains
are over there - he waves a wide arm
away, south; then quieter, consolingly -
there are always higher ones.

Checkpoint

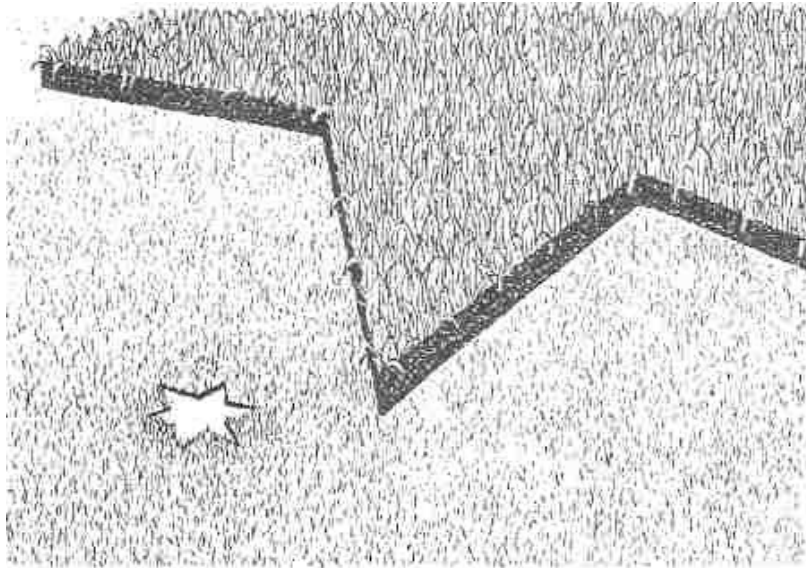
We sit on the bus in the strangers' country;
it is decorated like a fairground but thick-necked men
are looking under seats and into documents;
they look at ours with less interest than contempt.

Suddenly she turns in her thoughts and says to me
- you can demand anything you like,
I would really go out of my way for you -

I know this; what secret assassin makes me say
- the only thing I want
cannot be asked for, is either here or not

Men in grey uniforms with revolvers on their thighs
prod under passengers with truncheon arms,
their faces resinous with the swampy weight of night
are taut, tired, nearly screaming.

No proof of good faith can soothe their fears,
something must be out of order.
Stuck to our seats, we sit on the bus.



Chevy Chase

one stares angrily through battered eyes
swears through a broken mouth his girl
is screaming his mate shocked silent
cradles a ripped cheek a scooter's
torn guts spew oil across the pavement

blood and vomit greasy paper crushed cans

the shouting's further now small bands
hunt stragglers show off for newsmen
clutching iron bars jagged bottles
each others' shoulders

if defeat and victory have any meaning
it's not here the mad game breeds
new scores to settle reasons for revenge
whose patch this is is not the point

Edward

Leaving the tower
to stand till it falls down

Going into the room of the world
and closing the door behind him

leaving his father
dead from the neck up

his mother's persistent
where are you going?

he stalks the streets
cold iron in his pocket

the taste of blood on his tongue

Young Johnstone

Above the sideboard the mirror was watching him.
On the bed he had hidden under was an open purse.
On the table the sliced bread, spilled beer cans, cold
chips,
on the lino the woman, the small knife, the gobs of
blood.
Even the plates, the grease stains, seemed precise,
urgently real,
and still he didn't believe it. Not me, he thought, but
them.

And he meant that shit the soldier he'd killed in the bar,
his sister's lover, who'd not marry, do the decent thing;
and his sister, who threw him out, screwing his alibi,
cursing, I hope you hang, who must have grassed;
and he meant his would-be wife, the soldier's sister,
who'd hidden him when they'd come looking, her most
of all
because he didn't know why he'd done this,
what pride, what resentment, had spewed up, stabbed
out, blind.

None of it was his fault, he was furious with all of them.
In his pocket he felt the car-keys. His hand was moist
and tight.
Nothing. You could trust no-one. And that was the end of
all of it.

He threw open the door. A dog barked at the night
below, in burnt-out garages. The concrete walkway
pitched,
pivoted on him. A breeze stirred the litter. Yellow light.
And in the stairwell, waiting men.

The Wife of Ushers Well

three pools of water on the stone-flagged floor
each as large as a man curled up asleep

the long fingers of rain have stopped their drumming
the wind is trapped in a net of branches

an old woman, the young girls, pouring out onto the
earth,
one after another, buckets of living water

sculptures of a second's length, carved in air,
in the quivering light, catching its breath

gulls circling the beech trees; the sea sloshing
on the cobbled shore, a rattling of brooms.

the dead have gone down to the channering waves;
at the height of our storm they were calm,
self -possessed.

there was nothing to be done - as cocks crew in the
washed-out light
they went off, firm and business-like: we dried our eyes
and began our work.

Waly, waly

behind the briars
a lame horse snorts

white on white
flowers, flesh and clouds

put your hand
in hers
your arm
around her waist

ah, there
in the excited grass
standing on end
flecked with fine sweat

a patch of matted weave
where warm flesh has rolled.

say nothing. the wind
has come. the moon, gone

Sir Patrick Spens

in the dim fluorescent blue
their tongues flick like fishes:
the councillor, the businessmen

caught out of their depth
embedded in the sandy plush:
the lawyer, the civil servant

their glassy eyes glisten
the foreign girl is too young, surely?
the conversation founders, they flounder

the loud voices and waving arms
are exhausted, each is drowning inside:
what enterprise has failed?

sunk in themselves, their limbs and jaws
shake and shudder in response
to a deep cold unseen current

Tamlin

The boys parade the streets,
proud as horses.
how can she know which one to choose?

Secret signs and whispered confidence
may reveal him as unlike the others
yet she knows how he will act to please them,
shift shapes in his insecurity:

will spit sharp like a snake,
switch away, swift as newt,
roar and race like rutting deer
or burn her with words as raw,
as livid as fired metal.

But when she takes him naked
underneath her coat

on the damp earth
beyond the houses

he turns at last to a motherborn man
cold and possessed
by want and fear.

End

slow so slow

the swing of axe
will fall will fall
will not rise the same

slow so slow
through spurt splattered linen
the blade embeds

turns blood
in the round of neck
worlds overlap
curve cutting curve

the urgent chatter
among the trees
is sliced to silence

earth rolls off with the sobbing cut

and dark

