WAITING FOR THE TIDE

POETRY FROM THE
ST MAGNUS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL
ORKNEY WRITERS’ COURSE 2014

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HERE ARE WE

We left the town by the railway line that ran beside the river.
We left before the owls saw our lights burn out, before the ravens knew we'd gone.
We left columbines on the run.
We left the lad standing on his head who wouldn't say goodbye.
We left the room filled with silence, and the green glow from the damp garden.
We left full but hungry.
We left early, weighed down by goodbyes.
We left the high chalk walls, rolling like the sea.
We left Inverkeithing on the airport bus.
We left the shipyard, leopard by rust and rank.

We travelled light, but not light-headed.
We rattled over the Forth Road Bridge, hearts in mouths.
We travelled through fields, green with our hopes.
We journeyed through water still as our hearts.
We motored on, regardless of the reports on the radio.
We sailed through mists, unable to see or feel if we were moving.
We travelled through Newcastle and Edinburgh, through calves following their mothers’
    heavy udders.

We travelled through the valley where the pine martens dance and the foxes make their
    history.

We travelled through snapping jaws.
We walked through the street past orphaned tourists eating fish and chips and a man
    too drunk to climb easily into his taxi.

We arrived at a festival of docks, nettles and cow parsley in steep, abandoned gardens.
We arrived where sound is a memory, touch something we did once, as humans.
We arrived late; our baggage was also delayed.
We arrived late, and I crawled up steep stairs on hands and knees.
We arrived at the Whalers’ Sanctuary.
We arrived into the large, familiar room full of sofas and memories of music and parties,
    summer barbecues on days when the sun shone.

We arrived at dawn, the first hint of sun licking our faces with light promise.
We hit the hard tarmac home.
We arrived at the start of our adventure.
**MINE EYE**

It takes a hard cold heart
a lack of sentiment, a rolled up
sleeves to the elbows, hands red
in blood sort of moment to prick
or pierce the eye or imagine inside
the lens and aqueous
and vitreous humour in the dark
with screwed-up embryo jellyfish leftovers
floating in an internal sea
prism every vision.

Seek the sweet spot,
yellow spot, tender spot
where rod and cone tips catch
the flicker, the lick
of light, shade and colour. Neighbour to
the blind spot, the numb spot
the unseen danger the blind
side.

Give me flowers for the meadows of the tired mind.

**THE FISH WIFE’S RAGE**

Watery devolution of brain
and heart and lungs,
consciousness in solution
still able to form
a fist,
crashing punches
with a pout of
frothing spittle.

**IT CAME**

No one knew what it was
Or how to care for it.
It had come before
Then gone again
They had wanted it to stay
Why? They could not have told you
But it comforted them
When it was there
And they were lonely
When it was gone
TINY VOICES

Little figures standing there
Behind walls of rough ginger biscuit re-pointed with fresh cream cheese,
In a humidity controlled
Fire alarm tested room.
No smoking, no eating, no drinking
Allowed.

How can the little people live like this
Behind Perspex screwed to the wall?
Intruding dust falls inside the case
As if a woodworm has been to visit
- it was just the wind rubbing the ginger biscuits

The wind?
The little people are never bothered by its downy graze
Or its firm hand
Stuttering down the street
Or by the salty smells that germinate
Life in the town
Or by the claxon
And departure announcements.

They’re not going anywhere

Slotted into nine holes in
Three levels of stone
Plinthed on polished wood

A good shake up is what they need

Even if they were made of soap (which they aren’t)
One day I’d like to stand them in the rain.
The horizontal, icy pinpricks would make them feel alive.

You see,
Behind all that protection
I hear them calling
‘Let us out!’
ENDEAVOUR

Nudged over scrawly ripples
Of dust and oil
An oarless boat
Roped to a sun-yellow bead.

The maroon hull matched in tone to the khaki water,
The tipped-up outboard motor matched to the quiet harbour.

It swings round allowing me to read the name on the bow,
I want to climb in
Sit a while in the little boats noust.

But I hate a rocking boat
Where I fight the waves
- should have kept feet on dry land
I mutter clutching pencil in hand,
- should have kept feet on dry land
where water's in jugs
and words are in books.

Oh, well.

I jump
Fully clothed
Sink into silt,
Slither in weed
And inexpertly swim;
Glugging back the cold;
Even as panic and regret start to rise
I fling my arm over the gunnel of warm dry wood
And climb inside.

Onlookers are astonished
at me in the boat.

Oh,
well.
BOAT - perhaps
Roger Hilton 1911-75  Oil on Board

BOAT - perhaps
and this is how the artist labelled his painting
when it could, as far as I’m concerned have been
Black Still Life with Table or Two Heads as One.

Perhaps he’d set up his easel at a harbourside or creek,
a particular boat in mind (perhaps Ivory Black with a touch of Cadmium Red?)
before his mind started to wander the way minds do –
‘it reminds me of’ or ‘it could have been a’ then a switch
from sable No 6 brush to a coarse blunt-end hoghair

He must have known that to leave an image open
allowed the mind to shift and play
like walking through a pergola in strong sunlight
stepping in and out of shades and shadows.
And BOAT - perhaps reminds me of you,
the way I thought I knew you, loved you
for who I thought you were, until the day you started to prove me wrong.
You rocked our boat up on the shingle, left it beached and open
to South Westerlies, slicing rain, the heat of high summer sun.
Even that last layer of red lead was peeled away to leave everything
raw and open. Open for change.
And for this I thank you with the force
I once loved you – perhaps.
I’m now beginning to remember the painting’s other colours.
The ones I wasn’t ready then to see.
**THE UNSPOKEN**

She looked at my hands,  
how the valleys with their 
blue vein rivers had risen up  
into sheer point mountains,  
the blood pushing to the light. 
Hands catching all the words  
before they could land  
covering every mouth  
to keep the unspoken  
gripping every syllable  
throttling any sound  
that might utter a  
new world into being  
holding us in the  
silence before creation.

**SEALS**

The sky blues and purple  
the shore black with seals  
Hoiran, oiran, oiran, oiro  
Hoiran, oiran, oiran, erro  
water creatures  
listening to the earth-man  
voice pitching the air  
Hoiran, oiran, oiran, eealeuran  
Hoiran, oiran, oiran, erro  
Sometime I am troubled,  
troubled, troubled.
BOAT, PERHAPS

Moored in Stromness harbour,
timidly apart from the tough trawlers.
You’re an odd craft.
More a model accidentally made
to inches instead of centimetres,
made of wood,
wishing of the stars who guide you
that one day you’ll be a real boat.
Your cabin,
just big enough to take a child
wearing his popeye the sailor hat
and a clay pipe in his mouth.
Your hull
the yellow and green of Parsley the Lion,
your buoys Postman Pat red.

K69 is what the harbour master writes down.
Merlin II is your boaty name.
Trickster, magician, fable, illusion.
Did your wild man captain
want to sail you as a myth?
Can’t work you out.
Then it strikes me like an oar.
You’re bobbing from foot to foot
opposite the Hudson Bay building.
This Adult Place
full of artworks
of meaning, significant meaningless,
abstraction, difficult truth,
named, discussed, dissected
and you’re just there, you
and your reflection sailing its own universe
shouting
“Look at me! Look at me!
Remember you. Remember you.”
LETTER TO ANOTHER FRONT

Caro Nonno,

tomorrow brings you groom to the bullet
that changes your head forever,
a lifetime companion of steel
for the brave and vigorous Capitano

of the police-army Carabinieri.
The Law in the valley
quelling unrest at home
fighting our enemies abroad

fighting this White War.
Invincible as yesterday
in your photograph, your pride
forever our ancestral pride.

Caro Nonno,

this day is the time of the Tower.
I imagine a memory or something else
of you forced out of a cracked skull,
looking around, down, puzzled slightly

by the green stem of your uniform,
the blossoming red rose of your head ,
noticing mens’ screams have no accent,
find death camouflaged in bride-white,

the soft crackle of her steps in snow
over the gunfire and small Alpine flowers
and cannon-triggered avalanches
on ridges almost reaching the sky.

Caro Nonno,

high in the valley of tomorrows
a day brings you to the altar,
the gold band on your fingers
first links between peoples

from different earths, whose bodies
and thoughts colour by different suns.
Pale-skin girl, alien beauty,
with her red hair that astonishes,

her accent that amuses,
her broken Italian
mending
her broken Italian.

Caro Nonno,

On that April day without a tomorrow,
she transforms from gold to a lead
bullet you’ll always cradle.
Bells fall silent on Good Fridays

so black-bordered whispers
carry news of her early leaving
and your unnatural state
through our villages and vineyards.

The stern campanile lets lizards run
until that April day of Liberation,
an army of towers from Sicily to Orkney

cannon-toll an avalanche of Release.
**DAUGHTER LOOKING AT HER FATHER’S HANDS**

His hands aren’t as big as they used to be.  
I don’t think he could  
hold me high and not let me fall.  
Those fingers have shortened so much.  
I remember how it took  
so long to trace an outline of fjords.  
That skin isn’t as smooth as it was.  
A brush of chamois once  
against my cheek to wipe my tears.  
The glint that caught his morning sun  
now an indent echo  
from the used flesh of a loose glove.

**CATHEDRAL**

When we reached the deep place  
a kilometre within the mountain  
I knew it was a cathedral  
where the sky poured down.
SCAN

Someone had to be the first to see the image. Maybe the nurse in the room next door, casually watching the picture developing on the computer screen in front of her, her lunch fastidiously arranged on her desk, next to the form - in triplicate - ready to record my details, while I lay on the other side of the wall cocooned in the technology’s hum.

Her mouth already open for another piece of the sandwich, would have widened even further, the food suspended between her lips. She would have sighed, put the bread down on the plastic box, stamped with a tooth-marked, moon-shaped bite, next to the apple and chocolate biscuit, then rung through to her boss to say, *You’d better come and take a look at this.*

TWO HEADS, BY BARBARA HEPWORTH.
(exhibit in Pier Arts Centre, Stromness)

Made in Cumberland alabaster...
No, I didn’t know what that material was, either, But as soon as I saw the smooth skin texture Of the stone, so cool to the touch, So different from Lakeland blue-green slate Or the rough Yorkshire gritstone of my home, I wanted to work with it.

I loved the way it melted under my chisel And blended the head and shoulders Of mother and child into one.
GEOGRAPHY

She set to work with all the busy
Self-satisfaction of the nit-nurse at school
As she foraged in our hair for signs of wildlife.

But this time, no boyish short-back-and-sides,
Only the stubble of a grey and shaven scalp.

She worked briskly to pluck out the staples
From my cranioplasty,
Pecking away like a determined chicken,

And left tattooed on the back of my head,
A map of the eastern seaboard of South America,
From Panama to Brazil, and Argentina,
Then most of the coastline of Tierra del Fuego.

DNA

deoxy
ribo
nucle
ic acid
genet
ically
modif
ied
iam
bic
penta
meter

MEANING

I didn’t say that you were tight,
Just that you were meticulous
With your money.

In fact,
as meticulous
as a duck’s arse

HELIX

gua
nine
cyto
sine
ade
nine
thy
mine

(a ‘found’ poem from the
main constituents of DNA)
BEING AN IGUANA

Too bored to eat, I’m getting thin.
I feel peeled
like cheap potatoes for a stew.

My owner asks the Agony Aunt
if his new pet hates him.

Once I tried to escape.

In captivity, I’m a dragon.
I build mountains for me to climb.

I crawl clockwise.
Look at my teeth, my tattered claws,
my splashing tail.

I keep my distance but talk back.
My owner doesn’t listen.

I ask him to wake me for meals.
The treats stuck under my tongue.

He calls me Goodboy
but I don’t respond to any name.

Humans want to own a monster
but it must be kept
as weak as they are.

Now I know the way out.

I’ll fetch the fire from the Sun.
CAPTAIN FLY’S BUCKET LIST

I’ve been to soup and sauce and horseshit
humming my zazzy-zilchy hymns,
proud 24/7
of my unmarked wings.
Never to shallow seas of marshmallows
and to the moon.
(Or over.)

When I was young, an egg,
I was asked
what I wanted to be
when I grew up.
I wanted to be a tough maggot.
That was all I wanted.

But now my halters wobble up and down.
Where’s the foul-smelling bloom,
where’s the frog blood,
where’s your carrion-like breath?

I want it all.

I want to be the Demon of the Compost Heaps,
full but hungry.
He has given
his eyes, his nose, his lips
to those waters,

and she sees him
rippling,
distorted along the surface—

a man of twenty
with the outlaw sulk
and the bad boy pallor
that made her wonder
if he spent all his time indoors,
reading Foucault
preoccupied by thoughts
running deep
like her imagination

when really,
he was thinking of baseball.

The lake’s reflection is forever; even if he isn’t
and when her long decayed Make Him Love Me talismans
gently whip the wind like wraiths-

flower bones and grackles,
bird skull, myrrh and stone

she sees him-
his skin the earth, his eyes the stars, his hair a nest
a shock of blonde cocoons an egg,
speckled brown, smooth with beige,
mops of curls, his curls,
cradling a tangle of beaks and wings.
STROMNESS

Morning waits
to unravel
her fish wife
skirts

the har spills
in around us
kissing
my cheeks
with tears

we tiptoe
in the parenthesis
between
where I’ve been
and where you’re
heading

your time
and my time
merge here
as one indistinguishable body
wreathing
the salt-tide

even the sea
poises
on the fleshy feel
of land

for
just
a bit
longer

poised
like my hand
on your heart,
our tongues,
lingering
on words

unsaid
MOTHER’S HANDS

Sometimes,
sometimes I look
at the back of my hands.
I see my mother in my hands,
staring
always.
Look back at me
Mother! Your hands are mine,
they are my hands now. Always mine,
to hold.

TREEBONES
after Driftwood Relief Three by Margaret Mellis
Pier Arts Centre, Stromness, Orkney

You are most interesting towards the end of autumn
the way the amaryllis is only interesting when it blossoms.

After the blush of death has passed from your leaves,
the gnarled arms of flamenco dancers begin to tire.

How you arrive on the beach is a mystery—
a litter of arms and legs, tangling the shore
like sculpted osteoporosis—
each one: salt-bleached and brittle to touch.

I knew a man who collected you
off the beach in Big Sur.

He placed you in his garden chipper
letting flecks burst confetti-like
over the titled faces of black-eyed flowers.
STROMNESS - JUNE 2014

i.m. GMB

From my attic eyrie, I gaze through a grid of grimy panes onto a disarray of rooftops which could have been cast up as flotsam centuries ago by some long forgotten south-easter.

Grass grows in the gutters, and a sapling rises like smoke from a disused chimney, its roots stitching strong white threads into hard-caked soot.

Below, to my left, masts swing side to side - their cross-rhythms keeping time with silent music that stirs up ancestral memories. I can hear the scream of the wind, the blatter of sails and the joyful cries of fishermen, as they pinpoint the familiar meids that mean they're close to home.

A seagull lands on green-mossed tiles, balances with wings outspread till it finds a foothold. It circles twice, settles as if with a sigh, to watch the mist creep in like a fungus intent on smothering the world.

Yet stories whisper beneath Brinkie's Brae, and poems echo through stone-flagged streets capturing the wonder in the ordinary and the miraculous in the cycle of seasons...and I see him still, sitting on the harbour bench, shock-headed, lantern-jawed, watching the boats come in.
AT ST. NINIAN’S

I saw a poem on the beach today.
Its lines were ripples in the sand.
Its words were shalls and tang and stones.
It made me think and feel, and so
I read it over and over again.

AFTERMATH

*Thoughts on the Gloup Disaster*

She’s like a statue carved from ancient stone.
She stands there silent, frozen by her fears –
this woman made of flesh and blood and bone.

No sob escapes her lips, no sigh or moan.
With only salt sea-wind to dry her tears,
she’s like a statue carved from ancient stone.

She searches for her man, her boys – half-grown.
The splintering wood, their screams are all she hears –
this woman made of flesh and blood and bone.

No neighbour sees – well, how could they have known
how her grief grows as days stretch into years?
She’s like a statue carved from ancient stone.

She’ll wait forever for a sign, alone.
Then in the sea-green waves his face appears.
This woman made of flesh and blood and bone
holds out her arms and goes to meet her own
as surf-borne love-words whisper in her ears,
She was no woman carved from ancient stone.
She was a woman made from flesh and blood and bone.
PEOPLE AND PLACE

The North is not afraid to go naked.
It wears no cloak of leafy green
nor does it flaunt itself with blowsy flowers.
This is no Eden.

No apples. No fig-leaves. No secrets.

Our boundaries are clear,
every inch defined by sea-meets-land.
No questions here.

We know where we stand.

In folds of rhyolite
perpendicular coastlines hold memories of molten rock,
and in narrow valleys smooth boulders bear scars
that chart the painful drag of glaciation.

These are the bones of our hard history.

On rough days we lean into the wind,
watch sea-giants quarry great blocks of stone
and learn all there is to know about awe and humility.

Time tastes of salt, and has no meaning.

When it is calm we gaze across an ocean
that stretches in lazy undulations for ever.
The body becomes nothing, but the spirit rejoices
in broad acres of emptiness.

Minds are stripped down to the only thing that matters.

The place is its people, its people the place
thirled together in life and in death.
We’re one with the corn-rig, the wind-stunted tree.

This covenant shackles us…and sets us free.
**HOME IS**

Home is fifties formica
in a concrete box
full of grandmas
and grand dads

is where there's room to make
a play house
on the warm
front step

where the long gone tree
from across the road
left too much
space

the heart is a family
whose memories
spanned two wars
and the time before
washing-up liquid

heart is a girl who fell asleep
while her dad practised
Chopin.

Home is a tiny stone house
with dark rooms
pierced by brilliant
sunlight.

is where I keep shells,
a cannonball, clay pipe stems
and broken crocs from the
black earth heaped in my garden.

where the quiet spaces soothe and enable me,
where I lay out poems, books,
pictures, prints.

the heart is my computer, work bench,
boxes of tools, photographs,
work-in-progress.

heart is a woman telling stories,
keeping memories.
OUT FOR A WALK

Beautiful day,
chilly now,
walking along Ness Road
looking out into the harbour.
Not really paying attention to
beginners from the sailing club
struggling to get
their small boats into the water
and out round the buoys.

One of the boats is over,
sail flat on the water
and from this distance
it appears no one is taking
any notice.

If there’s shouting
I can’t hear it.

Reminds me of Brueghel’s Icarus
and Auden’s poem,
Musée des Beaux Arts,
where he reminds us that
everything turns away
quite leisurely
from the falling boy.

Hands in my pockets
to keep warm,
I gossip with my friends
and head back into town,
appreciating the sunny corners and
being out of the breeze.
NOSE

I've been stuck on this face for 67 years,
out in front,
taking all the dust,
pollen!
not to mention the bullshit!

No let up.

In Out
Breathe
In Out

Sneeze
Itch.

What's left to say?
When she's on her back,
breathing her last
I'll stick up,
skinny,
sharp as a knife!

That little bump
she never noticed
will look huge,
really huge.

Gravity,
that does it.

And Death.

Those last breaths will slow right down

In..............................Out

Jerk me up and down a few times

then

STOP.
REGARDING A PIECE OF ART:
Things I’d like to say to the artist (but probably wouldn’t)

OK Martin,
this sculpture of yours,

‘Untitled’
‘Brass and (not very) distressed
perforated steel’,

my italics - it’s not rusty, there’s a bit of scraping,
paint transfer,
which could have happened when my friend
knocked it over at an opening

SIDETRACK!

This carefully cut

(flimsy)
simple shape,
folded and mounted
to look like a head;
human? bull?
who knows?
It's a two for one deal,
elegant steel/animal presence.

I like it!

But Martin,
you 60s child,
aren’t you a bit young for this
modernist crap?
Hasn't anything happened
since
Picasso?
SUNNY DAYS

Remembering
That path in Surrey
where we played
on sunny days
as pale and yellow
as the primroses.

Not quite weeping,

Baby boomer,
carrying her load of ills.
Getting old, getting cranky,
making plans
to spend her loot,

looking for the path
in the quiet times
between Radio 4
and the shops

before the day starts.

Memories.

That road,
that path,
her cousins playing.

Walking in Street View
all the way from home
to school,
marvelling at the changes.

But
in the minutes between The News and some
purposeful activity

not quite weeping.
FOLLOW YOUR NOSE

Take a cut
trough the street
in Stromness,

Mainland’s nose in the strøm
that vicious current flowing
IN from the Atlantic
and OUT

That parody of breathing.

In and Out

with the moon.

Take a deep breath
and follow your nose
through the street
and into life.
WALKING NORTH IN STROMNESS

With your back to the wind, walk past the ghosts, an Arctic explorer and whalers lost for months, the flicker of sea and the heart knocker, canoes piled in the passage, skeins of wool. In the north light see bread, stones slate and a faint whiff of peat reek. High on the wall is whalebone carved by light, wind and rain. By the petunias and a pink geranium find the door. Open it.

Climb to the white room. On the window sill you can see sea glass, poems to cut your heart.

EARACHE

Have you got your hat on? Pull it down properly. Not like that – like this. And tie a good tight bow.

Once you howled all day and through the night. I took you to the doctor. He called me a fussy mother and sent me away. I took fright when liquid started oozing, pouring.

He came to the house soon enough then, gave you drops and your granny knitted a bonnet.

Five years on someone else looked at you. That metal instrument lit up the darkness, narrow passages, scarred membrane. She looked me in the eye and said Neglect.

So listen now. Put your hat on. Keep out the seeking wind and water.
FROM HOME TO STROMNESS

orchard
close to the heart
breathing wood beneath hills
with branches dripping grey lichen
feed me

keep me
grey sea stone shell
whale road rambler’s shelter
in midsummer light and laughter
Stromness

WHAT THE WRIST SAID

I sing
the pulse bass beat
the blue vein net catching
an infant head heavy with sleep here
tonight

I sing
the soft pale skin
red flower of her ear
a love tattoo on the heart’s
depth core

READING THE DIAGONAL

verse
then wheeled
silence
and death
patterning
there’s
the poem
the life

Poem found in an extract from Cosmopolibackofbeyondism by Robert Crawford used in a handout by Jen Hadfield June 2014
WHAT BARBARA HEPWORTH'S GROUP III (EVOCATION) SAID.

Petrified we are –
wind rubbing away our edges
rain smoothing our forms.

We are bone white
flesh picked away by crows.

We are sun-lightened
nobody will pocket our bones.

And you looking in the glass –
it won’t be long before
you ship to the other world

your spine a keel
your last breath a puff of wind.

WHAT WAS UNSPOKEN BY THE EAR

here is the curve
here is the softness
     space
a pool with tremulous reeds

here is the still point
here is the horizon
     sound
a drum tapped by bird beaks

here is the air wave
here is the tidal body
     darkness

the tinkle of freezing words

CATHERINE WYLIE
MA MITHER CRIED ME

clothers, lugless douglas.
It wis hir ain fault.

She wis aw screech and caw.
A paid nae heed but A could hear

the cry o the buzzard, rabbits breathing,
wind over grasses and dew forming.

RIDDLE

Shell never lived in
wind and wave catcher
hidden drum silently beaten
coils of fluid for life’s tightrope,
may you be hung with gold for the ferryman.
BETWEEN YOUR TOUCH

Rough wind blew the haar away
Sunday rolled in
calm as a marble cake

Your voice reminded me
of long ago heard songs

Seals in the warm nights
their white glinting like beads in the sea
hoiran oiran oiran erro

Turn on the radio
drink a cup of slow coffee

Then silence
like the space
between your touch

Mail falls through the letter box
with a blast of cold air

has faded
has lines
has exit

Something unexpected; a laugh
a streak of fuchsia hair

Don’t break my heart;
it’s Cathy’s Clown
it’s Cathy’s Clown

The backlight silhouettes your slight dancing
and the house shrinks and I need the purple sky and the shouting place

A paper plate floats in the water
thick with the grease
of last night’s supper

Captain Fly
is sitting proud aboard

O, go the whole hog
a grice and a tutu
a zombie parade

Them as die
‘I’ll be the lucky ones

Slowly the year turns
seasons slip and slide into one another
the hare prepares to leap to the moon

the aurora borealis curtains the sky
in this silver season of meteor showers

The gift-wrapped box with its single first snowdrop
the hairs standing on my arms
as you release the fresh new season

waiting for the tide
that will bring me home.

Here is the smell of cut grass
the sound of bats
and the south wall – the gate

Queen takes Bishop
Knight startles Rook
A paper plate floats in the water thick with the grease of last night’s supper. Captain Fly is sitting proud aboard O, go the whole hog a grice and a tutu a zombie parade Them as die ‘ll be the lucky ones Slowly the year turns seasons slip and slide into one another the hare prepares to leap to the moon the aurora borealis curtains the sky in this silver season of meteor showers The gift-wrapped box with its single first snowdrop the hairs standing on my arms as you release the fresh new season waiting for the tide that will bring me home.