

Bristol channel sequence

pull

for Sam Walton

black gulls ride the surf
stick up tails
thwacked by small waves

our bodies are

she was struggling to get out of the water
lacking that upper body strength

no one saw her

hauled herself out
up to her knees in mud

a place to haul out of the city
Clevedon Pill

pwl pool pull

Bristol to the north
Sand Point to the south
yellow lichen on sandstone

Steep Holm beyond

sun burns through
dark glasses

black rock
mermaid
straight back still

single note
gull piano

solitary upright figure
is unplaced
her back to the sea
facing inland

long black hair
covers herself
to cat calls

beyond Steep Holm

the ghost of Flat Holm

she hasn't moved

you are ghosting me

July 18

no romance

merciful cloud

parking lots

what is that headland

can it be my headland?

where mynadd sits

music still beats our longing

woo woo woo

woo across the channel

seagulls settle on the seaweed rocks

without let or hindrance

swifts meet & part mid air

divide & synchronise

sea defence rocks

capital white letters

LEAVE EU

erase with her body

erase with alabaster

leave

V EU

July 19

alabaster torso

waiting for a train at Llantwit Major
thinking about Steve's love of alchemy
and the man obsessed with porcelain

*90% of Billingsley's porcelain ruined in firing
striving for a fusion of matter so fine as to be
translucent*

*the albedo stage of the alchemical opus
... a purification to open new pathways*

we were walking below pink and white alabaster
outcrops in Penarth Head
boulders fall to the beach

translucent stone which varies in colour
from pink and white to undyed fleece

extremely soft when first quarried
fine detail in mediaeval church carvings

'Nottingham' alabaster erased
by the Putting Away of Books and Images Act

in Lisbon I saw figures of saints,
shoulder to shoulder flowing into each other
colour worn away texture of skin

we age and the light shines through us
shines through you
but don't call me an idiot
for the delay

our tempers break and our bones thin
'Osteoporosis' sd Marie-Flore

'I must not turn or twist my spine. These are the
movements I cannot do, they told me
but these are the movements that I do'
turning and twisting her spine

St Donat's Bay

rock spills down

I did say above you

and there are cracks underneath

cut rock

could fall

this slice of sandstone

slice out

stroke waves

meant waymarks

the sea is curling up

our separation anxiety

which inlet is that

is it Watchet?

ancient mariner albatross-hung bronze in the harbour

at Coleridge cottage we had an albatross

flight suspended from the ceiling

goose feathers and wire

you must go to the airport

flight attendants check ears every two years

if I have ears to heal

google

Exmoor ridge

the high path

hare path

here path

grass growing through the middle