

From *Via Settembre*

today was under water
by all that should touch
the way the body sits

lack of ability beyond intuition

seals mark me

rewriting central to
nothing spoken

a fresh watercourse
where fish silver
from fry
mercury formations
broken at the skin

& central to the season

dull hues
it gets dark
a coracle hung to rafters
ash
& willow

wake me over winter
more interesting options will arise

early

upper course

everything

to

seeing through

low hanging

branches

beak first to dive clear

noticed

by a small pair of river birds

becomer of sand banks & boulders

feet sweep reeds

taste green pure mountain melt

cold so I can not feel

but never numb

open to feathers & flesh

bolt of trout

out of myself

watched

& alive

more than I am

nothing else touches

this dappled body of water

I become chapters of a botanical dream

slender pre-spring stems

wake you rambling

folio of half sketched thoughts

viscous material culminates under stream

far from

cumulous

wonder

copper-breasted

directed by river

a sharp down-pour

pounding

the windscreen

strung algae hold

thick the length of my hair

touched

touched

&

felt

zone of chlorophyllic shhhing

arhoswch

& stay still

is all

slow slate flow

not to look back

or follow

the cosmos of wilderness

pages of sunlight in gentle register
rocks share lines
strand trained movement
hardly motion

bending coastline ballads
meet mountains & road goats

whatever washes in
the second hand
misquote colours
yelling like it could be

out of moss & gate posts
standing hillside shadow & stone

ego forever in form
I too have leave
roaming desire

draw an imaginary line
dotted for continuity
fields bent to lesser geometry
curvature cut through
& waterways

as is usual
marking marble veining
traverse through land

shaped by hedgerows & urbanisation
subtle blend of pitch &
pigmentation
yielding the familiar
to other
dinned confusion
clamour from bird call

shelter
cliff edge warbling
warmth in stories
held close
against every ridge
breathing the next
regulate
the way my mind
against fallow field
narrow streets
& little sense of change

which side of the island does the wind hit first

the bell blows over
conductor of the pastoral belt
accretion or gradational
distorts through fared air
& algae constellations
on whistling sands

cliff birds

that tiniest orchid
catch the light through three lenses

pale sage blue lichen & mosses

my favourite pastimes
bigger mushrooms at Wylfa

an alphabet of shells
reference collections

under wing beat
the dandelions are ragged
spray below ridge shelf kelp
high on wind rush
hair faced half caught silent
mallow
bound to sit out
gesticulate

stylised splayed out patterns
missing beauty & catastrophe
formation roads run on

terracotta connected by numbers & capitals
cut me through the alternative route
aerials replace chimneys as the world watches
on cruise control fixed to windows
soften
& disconnect
the horizon

pre-figure the mark
which draws

it's a contracting mess

8 lines in circumference

you'll have to refer to note books
it's all still in green so far
won't see

words but fragments

pertinent towers round time
the whole way country roads
sing intersections
divide beautiful
forms
a perspective

strips of design
& intention
suddenly architectural

set square borders of a sharp vista
even the trees harden
potential for patterns
beyond me
or new linguistic ambition
to regulate this brittle star

here through the foliage
a mapped object
barely a flash of blue
the trees at centre point

collections of shells turning
to sand in all my pockets

an ancient gate to some imaginary footpath

stranger definition
blurs fairies & witchcraft
clothed in the sun with the moon at my heels
I'm not from there
lamenting fatherly relations
winding down to a crown of stars
it's all boring in to me

swear ferociously my tower block babble
mix with it & try not to snarl
too hard

misquote what is left
a bad taste forever on our tongues
ways to settle the page
where I fall out
quote the year
when we touch
we are in the midst of it all

blue
translations
of home

culmination
the valley below

no gods
in the quarries
wilderness
of gently
registers
repeating
every phrase

