

From *Navigation*

the action has already begun

in this valley which is remembrance
appear the words
here begins a new

great hill circles
swirl the shadow
all thoughts
speak to such difference

lost to mountain
I see ghosts shape trees
 kissing gates & broken storms
 all the words for rain
 choking in mud
 day after day
 after day

vascular flow
separated by folds of earth
& words that don't form

 corner to corner
 breathe square
lines
 to monitor movement

seek sanctity in footfalls
silver cool & fast
constellating dusk

out here where purple touches oak
there are no bold angels
 no mapping

just a lapse of memory

confession
& devotion in our mouths

on another level
down snakebite
dieselblackblood
& open wounds
diseased & frozen

on my back in my eyes & over & over

on another level
drink tomorrow
clear mists & forget
this tangle of depths
belonging to the ringing

on & on through webbing
water violet crow foot & marigold
cast counter spells
protection from white & black
soul of elements

anima encounter in darkness
receptive to leaf shapes
blown to burn

the contradiction of loving another

refuse all

levels circles sins divisions
number river & sand scapes

to void

words

count

10

9
7
1

14th of the 9th
violently
in repose

I was drinking coffee

flat white
it was hot
the day was hot

like a story set somewhere else in a creative writing class

twist my head around my body
consider it a masterpiece
a cheap shot

search in conversation
but fail to spell
the meaning or the act

frames upon frames
reference points

hello treacle
the phone is dead hope you had a nice day

wild seeds & heartwood
proud in damp bodies
newts blackberries & castles
collections of moments

what was the here & now
an occasional art

didn't read the lines
too tired angry & afraid to see the stars again

epic exile the space of a dream
all force and no act on this flash life fiction

WHAT CAN YOU EX
PECT

no worries...hope he's ok

Ok x

all part of a badly translated quote

I came to myself within a dark wood where the straight way was lost

there is no greater sorrow in response to earlier cliches
claims the everlasting movement inside
where reason slips
this rock
the spin holds

onlookers puzzled
the nature of dislocation at the end of the journey
understanding the arrangement or what was believed to be
a commentary of grief

i'arte vostra

turns against bonds
sullen to howling this voluptuous madness
located within

limbo till death
& then I find the poem

shape me
out the blah blah blah
caught between frames
a circus of trees
bath robes & cracks

there is no reason
no salvation

this appetite

first I lost the moon

find me in this frozen lake unable to breathe or touch
division & afterlife
guide the she-wolf
divine lust & incontinence
opens the road to deeper layers
driven this way without notice
no honour in service
fixation on planets
go to space through the wardrobe
but there are no fixed stars

no greater pain than to turn away the one you loved

of flesh
of spirit

held in the son
equidistant from truth

luminous
disdain

lower
levels

left to a keening silence
leaves settle into worms

passage eternal flames
prevented from seeing

fault lines
refracted
limbs
cold
burn

spiralling watercourse
from centre
to edge
lips
taken
lunar
& spat out
at The Spinnies
river runs to silhouette
blacked out mock turrets
everything tight & then

breathe

breathe & fill the air

mint & rosemary set off lavender
water soldiers
hands in my hands
dialect of some heaven
bodies beyond me
I see only familiar planets
Mercury to Venus
the heaven of Mars
no lyrical abstraction of love
apothecaries or my mother
astronomy in symbols
the final journey
born with the sun
to write what never was

no unity or structure
interlocking vernacular
find my way through
grace stars & passion