

In a Tongue of the Time

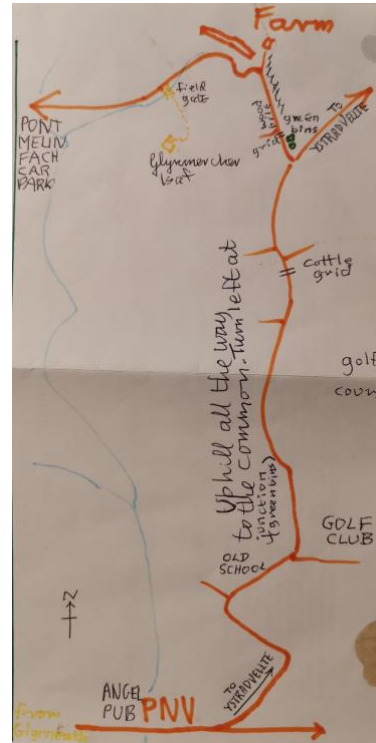
For Chris Torrance

*How about you choose a date
from Mon 20 May
to Thu 23rd May?
I've mapped out the last
part of the route for you.*

*The
turning you want is marked by 2 big
green bins.*

*Take
that little road over a second
grid & past woodpile & down
into valley past
a farm (my landlord's). Further down on
left field
gate (over concrete bridge) is the way*

to here



*I could not go
& never replied
too embroiled in the pettiness
of claim & counter-claim
work lost me to the poem
Hercynian orogeny & octagonal green glass
ink-bottle the stash not the converse
so much as silence illumined
loss*

through the fields (2) & rougher bit of track

*Ah Chris
so dapper beret bearded
small dank & excite
to this prose the obvious*

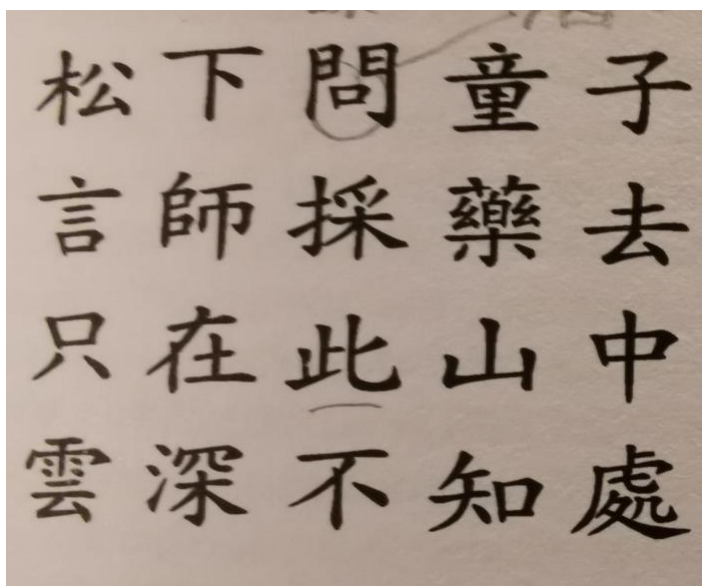
*new fence of hazel woven
& a drystone wall at the SW end*

Jia Dao in spirit
journey (the Tao
through *the fields* [2])
imagining Li Bai
where the dog barks
by roaring waters
Glynmercher Isaf
spray darkening
petals & lost loves
alluvium millstone
grit old red 'On
visiting a recluse &
not

The higher ignorance is increasing unknowingness
making present to the imagination the relationship
of things in the landscape itself is as much the meaning

*looks like a
bad situation on the
road ahead!*

A PINE BENEATH I ASK HIS PUPIL
SAY MASTER PLUCK HERBS GONE
ONLY THESE MOUNTAINS AMONG
CLOUDS DEEP NOT KNOW PLACE



as rinsed
with disappointment
two now three pines
I have leant against

then there's the house on the left.

Best, Chris