

# Amalgam

Collection of Poems and Writings 2000 – 2010

FABIAN PEAKE

Publishing the Unpublishable  
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## **AMALGAM**

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## approximate

... and what emerges from the tunnel is ...  
 .. Harris tweed, worthy, well made ... . a seed  
 pearl necklace, pinchbeck brooch .....  
 ... a grey suit, the subject of play ... what  
 did you dream? ..... I did but can't think ...  
 ... that the bandsmen are playing ... some of ...  
 ... fackletap ... huh, huh, swipped ... quickly,  
 for the notes to be ... it makes them ... in the vast  
 flow country where common scoters breed ...  
 ... do you, do you love their jet black  
 plumage? ..... at safeway navel oranges  
 are cheaper ... work hard to even start  
 at the white belt level ..... I've seen it ...  
 .. orange is a-movin' on ... yes, I cooked it ...  
 and I now face a huge knobbed bill, a yellow  
 line this week ..... say they don't need to ...  
 that's where I spend winters ... this is near  
 the mark, the place giving the greatest  
 pleasure ... you can touch it tomorrow ...  
 ... waiting for the warm blood of ... the first  
 rare raptor quartering ... I definitely prefer  
 the value products, packaged as they ...  
 ... shadows write fathoms on the feint ... I'll  
 dodge the dictionary which geysers  
 from the well ... we share  
 our lives with mountains .....

## approximate (2)

... I've tried to write about you  
and the pirates ... we are twenty  
minutes late ... that's a book  
I wouldn't read ... still looking  
... it's the way to do it, be bold ...  
all the oils, sesame, olive ... dried  
pigs' ears bagged in plastic ...  
see her hands holding the red book  
... he makes a tank stop in its tracks  
after a tango shuffle ... they go salsa  
my daughters ... a great crack, stop,  
look, nothing ... could've been ...  
but the embankment sloped to  
vast open fields ... perhaps vandals  
... scuba trip to the red sea, red  
with blood ... still smoking? I  
thought you'd ... we went again  
to the vaulted jazz room ... it  
can be done by a cockroach, just  
pick up a stick ... or pick up  
a skewer ... draw a line in toast dust  
... or scrapings ... what can we  
expect to see in the desert? ... furrows  
in his forehead below the silver  
sunrise ... riches of thought  
interrupted by the edge of the page  
... I never liked him ...

## approximate (3)

... standing halfway between myself and  
myself ... slowly pumping ... attempted  
to comprehend a problem which ... a figment,  
certainly of my imagination ... stems  
from reading and listening ... are separate  
from objects ... thoughts born, then nurtured  
... it doesn't really matter what ... case  
they are a tree, again, and a golden tower  
... is almost straight ahead of me ...  
right of my field ... is slightly obscured  
by atmosphere bulging in ... whose  
bole is wide and dark ... passive as  
it might be, colludes unwittingly  
... I've invented the scheming presence  
... representations of certainty ... they  
stand for clarity ... the topic or subject  
... between them there is open ground ...  
but not necessarily sunny ...

Changes.

She spoke about plurals  
 and where to use apostrophes –  
 between or after an s.  
 What if the plural is plural?  
 Men's trousers; the storeys' stories.  
 (What is the plural of plural?)

etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.,  
 etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.,

Easytobasteonamachinewithalongstitchbuteasierbyhand.

Hiding in the small mauve cloud  
 an indulgent mind. Chinese  
 stands in for naked wood.

Bloody Julian – Alfred's flying.  
 There's only a dusting of snow. If  
 You cannot go further, appreciate  
 the sky blue sky blue sky blue sky.

mine is not an introduction  
 but an ending at the start; the gantries  
 pass by like sentries and my closed  
 lids flood red and green

Slowly: any rubbish? any rubbish? rustle, any rubbish?  
           any rubbish? any rubbish? any rubbish? rustle,  
           rustle, any rubbish? any rubbish?

Weekly, maybe monthly.

The milk chose to boil over  
 as he walked round the table  
 to get the whisk. The milk  
 rose and boiled over  
 as he walked round the table.

The man keeps making jackets.  
Hand stitched, the buttonholes. But BL5  
with the lever halfway up is a good  
substitute. Or: if the machine is used.

even in the eyeless or: earthy, sandy, watery landscapes of prehistory we could  
see the tree-edged bluff. the problem is now. now that landscapes are short. maybe  
there were (not was) always footprints or the curve of the rails. it's more obvious  
now that there's nothing left. a green cross, a galvanised box.

If  
I  
was  
to  
baste  
yarns  
about  
court  
painters  
and  
old  
cricketers  
I  
would  
need  
a  
rake  
and  
a  
lie  
detector

Nestled in the plastic shopping bag, a pink  
bar of soap presents an idea for reproduction.  
White, with dark lines of explanation, swirls  
round in a yellow cell. Cockatoo; cockatoo.

when they race, are they running away from  
or towards something? Do they arrive?

Incidentally, a heart-shaped leaf  
sperries at the corner of my eye  
were a tear oils a passing thought.

Sweet pain stabs the back of the cloud.  
..... !

The footballers' shouts  
 ricochet off the wall  
 to fall  
 on the railway line like louts.

Get length of wood for plait.  
 Get paper for the drawing of a plait.  
 Continue with 'R. of A. M.' writing.  
 Get weedkiller.  
 Get something for the bay tree.  
 Buy a clematis or suchlike.

It's not only  
 my head that  
 drifts across hard  
 fawn plastic and  
 newspaper nets; the  
 No Smoking sign  
 squares across too.  
 Tracks foxtrot, teasing  
 the sun, and  
 we, the passengers,  
 the windows and  
 the dressed-up  
 rebel rousers cut  
 the grass triangle  
 at its edge.

words (on the page) move into dusk

He was still; high on a ledge. A pitta bread fungus.  
 Thought of the fallen oak. The gales. The gales.  
 Diatonics. Are they less difficult to play?  
 No. No. More difficult.

inadequate curtaining harried a boat of daylight in the window's  
 corner greek bread leans on the curb the gulls stood in a  
 pack on the ice the sun and I think I saw a fieldfare  
 before the bloody photos start yes there they go near the freshly  
 cut limbs

How could I tell you to do it?  
 How would I tell myself?

*On the 18<sup>th</sup>. February 2003 I drew a bush, I drew a circular flash and I drew a bowl. I  
 drew a landscape in ink and all supported by a grid with forty eight cells. Fancy!*

It feels like travelling at speed  
round the London ring main  
or that atom thing in Switzerland.  
Except that I have a curly tail  
twisted at a naughty angle.

*If you don't know  
I can tell you. You are  
familiar with manipulating  
cloth anyway, aren't you?  
First you cut two lengths.  
Press. Lay flat.*

And now we come to the scribbles that everybody is infatuated by.  
It amounts to hawthorn, and the black sun, in or out of the grid. Some  
landscapes must feel hurt by the scratches. *Is landscape an idea  
that has only existed in Martin Pthanet's mind?* I hear  
a guffaw from Texas. The thought of it draws me  
to the first grackles, acting a little like starlings.

From the bus  
I could see  
the reclining nude  
and the two  
arguing builders, but  
I might have  
laid that on  
them like a  
blanket on fire.  
Shiny shoes, new  
trainers, and I'm  
turning slightly away  
on my way  
to the red  
car. I can  
say I want  
to make, but  
not to produce  
those fancy things.

Alamo, Alamas, Alamat, Alamamus, Alamatis, Alamant.

Caravan. Fairfield Hall, 1950s.  
 A flute, rhythm. Go on, my son.  
 And they go. But then, the bar  
 fills and empties. This is alright.  
 All the blocks have been kicked  
 away. Even the even even even so  
 so so called smart telly orders  
 of nothingness.

You must continue to the edge  
 of the world. But Dexie, yes,  
 do you beyond the cricket? Of course  
 you do in the vein of .....

twok the thing was a ha ha ha rattle  
 seem vibrations loud shriek shriek how to  
 hee shree shree tank ha ha sistings wantifar  
 gabber hee hee ha impatter sorley calugabat  
 go water kapsellus atta atta oonitaz  
 sock or tell come on exams natura ha ha huh  
 zaker zaktiloo lattera pototto sacker stragem  
 stratagem life expectancy sot sot a pattern  
 zop zop zop zopper lindapellum ordinary acorn  
 sat sat zorum zorumamary tillotit zorkalawy  
 ha hee hah haw hah eeh eh haw katafalk  
 mornitall frum forge phyporphyry so called  
 pansy pansy seeeee saw sore torque talk all in  
 cacca cacca cacca cacca cacca korlosophyky  
 drink port and live longer if you want to stay  
 longer come earlier how to how to how to how to  
 sagger hyawan just to give sometimes diarrobvious  
 plus shout about never ask a lot of blokes pester  
 I never liked talking to girls just ignore the plus of it  
 eight oo form of itself genevieve a film of the  
 pretelly really era not really sot another

I tell you what – I'll  
 see you soon,  
 when Pericles and Janet  
 are walking on the moon.

The sun will up  
 and sink down later,  
 when the fires of Raeburn  
 compute all their data.

I'll tell you what –  
insurance plus  
is bought for shadows  
with a minimum of fuss.

I'll see you soon  
in green Kentucky,  
where the stallions snort  
and their riders get lucky.

Four pages of panic.  
and then the mixer taps.  
The cleaner is Hispanic;  
her husband wears the chaps.  
Encountered is the limescale  
but nothing yet ensues  
concerning all those nuclear tales  
when winter comes in twos.

*A kind of imprisonment where vertical lines  
stand their ground over and under the drawing.*

*Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly!*

*Windy, up there, with the monstrous canopy ready to do its job. The rain, forecast earlier, held off and the only flaw was a bad back the next day. Days should wear a multitude of fashions where the inside of a man's brain can enjoy a Yorkshire moment. Bubble, bubble, the stream is supposed to say. Green with mud tears, the rectangle that we pray over and cheer over, throws its hands up in a Mexican wave. Wave, the sea, or wave the greeting? Necks of muscle and fat walk away clutching no-choice pints. Unfamiliarity throws the eyes desperate inevitabilities and the angles and italics fight for the six nations. Sit down, Leicester!*

Is Bradley around? If you set up a time and then .....  
we can meet next week. One theory is that  
if we relocate all the archive – all that sort of stuff.

Strings of brambles.  
Well, yeah. Let me  
think about it. A rather  
new white football  
was lodged in the following  
summer's blackberries.

Number two option. Can  
 ladybirds that large walk  
 up walls? Seven spot  
 on the pebbledash. If  
 I hadn't turned my  
 head ..... 75.

*If you don't pay for this, you don't pay for that.*

we'll not put our heads above the parapet we'll make nests with down and dropped sticks.  
 why have they cut the birch but left the gorse?  
 it's enveloped in plastic but the dartfords are down south!

The day shuts the door.  
 They go to war with the poor.  
 A twelve-bore double barrelled rifle  
 Wouldn't stand a chance anymore.  
 An eyeful of this, an eyeful of that.  
 Rhyme occurs after, not before.  
 You say your say with nothing more  
 And source the numbers one to four.  
 Then nuns chastise, but they break the law.

*A coat piece. Oh, yes, I saw a grey wagtail  
 look at itself in the window. Not coloured in.  
 On the other side it was scribbled in, neatly.*

The ring formerly clamped  
 malachite. It was his father's.  
 Unwatched in the drawer, now blushing,  
 it may be taken back to green.

*Art is the experience, not the object.  
 An object is the go-between.  
 The jacket is the emotion.  
 If you just say stone .....  
 Simple, as I said, 'a black circle growing another'.*

If, as a mother, I conceive you in advance,  
 and then you say, *I'm ready to take my chance*,  
 I will enter the hard-floored room with fiery intent  
 And brush your life in black – it'll pay the rent.

A queue of eyes walk towards  
the camera on the dusty road. Telegraph  
poles stand at the edge. The men raise  
their hands above their heads.

Bites a dolphin's snout head on.  
What can be done with grey generators?  
What can be done with cooling towers?  
They've cut back the reeds from the inlet.  
I got so far with the pocket.

She said she would like to talk to you, but you were gone.  
She searched the streets for blood, yet no stain appeared.  
She said she needed your body to bring to life her claim  
that your odour was missing from home – your footprint lost.

*Sing, sing, your rhapsody's long overdue,  
for the tanks are coming to take care of you.*

And now you follow the coffin, Monsieur Coffin,  
a mourner amongst mourners. Inside, his hat  
would not fit on his ghost-skin head. His spirit  
would not be heard through four layers – tin,  
mahogany, lead, more mahogany. And there were  
the willow thieves when his feet had been placed  
facing east. The crowd; and the women. The storyteller  
had returned from America by then. Has so little  
been done to protect the manuscript? Debatable.

it will be always it will always be it will be, always, always always, it will be  
will it be always? it will always it will always it will be be always it will be it  
will always and always it is going to be to be going always to always be going  
be going be going always always be going to be going, going to always, always,  
always be, be going will it be? will it? always, always there will never be a  
time never never will there be a time, a time always and never there will always  
be a never a never it will never be never will it be here there and here it hear it  
it will always and never be always it will never be here or there never will  
there be always here and there there always and here going never will there be  
it will always be the same there the same here and the same going there  
coming always and always the same the same here the same there coming and  
going never and always

disturbance (in the oaks)  
 can't see what it's the sound  
 (of falling) acorns  
 jaws of the dog heavy (breathing/snorting) wrecked  
 branch branch  
 pounding runners on the boards say bollocks  
 and as if (shouts behind trees)  
 and the voices of actually quite good  
 OR old enough noches the tap is where the lamp is not  
 he likes that place in the sentence auks (auxiliary)  
 surprising then, that the baby fox fox baby was a kitten and the mother our dog  
 nevertheless, inside the drum, the steps of heat stood dormant  
  
 swarm wasp on ivy recumbent  
 wasp swarm on recumbent ivy  
 ivy recumbent on wasp storm fur pavement the walks  
 pale blue a touch smoky  
 sloping pocket (containing) sudden autumn  
 fell today wrinkled skin uttered disease autumn (again) walked the gap  
 between summer and doubleyou  
 lay on a bed of autumn (the)  
 height of himself the beautiful building prospect buried in  
 concrete not the concrete palace of drama where look-alikes try their luck  
 on façade (ugly) 9 ugly 0 RAINTEARS open space ahead  
 expects a tunnelling animal shouting woman loops the sloping meadow  
 we fill the dog's journey with concrete (SHOUT) good god, it's feathers  
 almost a wing time of being on the bench *he would've been*  
 enveloped in your mood on the bench on the bench the pen trails off  
  
 being in a tense sitting on the bench in the pluperfect driving in the  
 imperfect (breathing in the present) sky, then  
 different days d. in tense, mood,  
 m. in loveliness t. in quasi-moderation  
  
 autumn settled on London like an albatross on its young  
  
 solid surfaces (do you agree?) the dog trots through a tunnel of its own making  
 what, spelt like this? (and he showed him the arabic)  
 arrive, unnoticed, noticed *or swirl down like a twister they end* and  
  
 are self-contained I guessed seven the shoe on the acorn must make a  
 difference change the (world) they only employ their sting once  
 atoms (some) don't tell the truth and only when the next idea down  
 lights up do they ..... was that seven food?  
 what was that seven?  
 his fingernail dislodged the number  
 cobalt elbow

Fixed.

My brain freeze-frames the barn  
 remembered from previous drawings.  
 Cameras are history. History  
 photographs the past. We photograph  
 history. We will discover  
 who murdered whom. We will see  
 how rivers were diverted, how  
 trousers split or water drowned  
 the polluted delta where innocent men  
 with swimming, dark brown eyeballs,  
 were hanged from the greedy oil rigs.  
 We take leading words at random.  
 We take our personal possessions with us.  
 I close my eyes to set the shot.

gibbon

four horses pull north, east, south, west  
 in the cold light of the new year  
 arms and legs akimbo the gibbon strains  
 I see now it's just a junction of branches  
 tangles hold your space intact. did you know?  
 from edge to dribbled edge. it sent me back  
 the long cage, the concrete floor. arms,  
 long arms swung in loops, yes, and arcs  
 between tower blocks dawn is stabbing its back  
 it's unaware I'm looking. can't succeed  
 seven yellow windows the only exception  
 the towers sail east, and they sail west  
 it's on the rack, long limbs stretched to breaking  
 everything is grey: trees, sky, blocks, gibbon, grass  
 we all use tangles, it's a fad.  
 we say them with different tongues  
 he pulls the buildings together, they tug him apart  
 macabre, the struggle is always there in winter  
 the flats are its torturer, its torturer  
 wrists, ankles tethered, it rails at the ropes of reason

## I believe in dragons

I will (and the lime seed falls on my coat) believe in dragons      There's no  
 question and never was.      What are those holes in its belly?      Other side could  
 be a backbone.      They submit.      The sword of the saint is raised.  
     What I cannot see, is true.      Only what I touch is real.      Open the door: let  
 in the ghost of Byzantium.      Life will be like this if I say so.      Little mountains at  
 his feet.      He says they are big.      I'll raise one in my hand.      Robes stand  
 golden red at the cave entrance.      Twenty languages on the island of contention.  
     Nuthatch.      Wind in the lime.      Slay, slay the dragon.      More and  
 more he writes backwards in recognition of medieval personages with names  
 swallowed in haste.      And always he searches for bins in which to chuck a witch or a  
 rhyme.      Her name goes first, glued to a facet a painted portrait (      ) and tacit.  
 Drawings. Which will it be?      A few years ago, little mountains found their way into  
 the picture.      We believe in His hand. His hand in the corner, directing the sword.  
 Black fan doubled.      Shine the beams of torches in the room of spider webs partly  
 obscuring the silly showing methods.      Warming in the sun, the birds fit neatly  
 into top corners above a red arch.      Green and yellow pass on wheels. By accident  
 we move faster or quicker.      Writing on the edges of icons to be seen.  
 March 1953 – Stalin's death. I was at the tutor's in Sutton Valance.      Small  
 mountains stood at his feet.      Soldier saint.      Psalter.      A perfect foil.  
 Monsters.      Believing an aspect of impossibility.      St. Bernard.      Fleshy.  
 Stylised robes.      Put your seal.      Romanesque.      High mountain.  
 Doorknocker.      Celebrity hair.      Berries.      Iron sighs.      Dragon.  
 Painted grimace.      Alloy.      Alloy.      Crosier.      Cam.      Torture.  
 Out of his mouth a string of technical terms.      Cast.      Smile cast in polystyrene.  
 Gilded.      Vocabulary starred.      Teaching language in secret.      Starved.  
 Spoils of war.      Belief was before the spoils.      Curling waves in the corner of  
 the page.      Woodcuts – get book.      Drapery looping.      Alloys – hate with  
 barnacles.      Blacksmith makes/forges temerity from boiled sweets and passion.  
 Love locked up in rocks.      I have said it. I have ....      It is true.      Radio  
 controls in the navels.      Just as easily believed as denied.      Roaring.  
 Colour of dragon; green, red, black.      Fast moving dragon, clanging, slurping.  
 A thousand navels.      Silent.      Shreiking mouths.      One thousand ears.  
     Little monsters turn up the volume.  
     A hundred penises.      A hundred vaginas.      A million fingers – grimy  
 fingernails.      Describe monster – quilted skin      follicles      at each hair, pus  
 oozing surface covered in eyes seeping blood      nostrils      putrid smell  
     twenty five orifices sprouting hair caked with excrement      embedded  
 in leathered hide hundreds of radio buttons, speakers, digital dials with music  
 screaming out.      So many hands – uncountable      food pushed into a  
 hundred mouths      small versions of the monster/dragon bring food todos las dias.  
 Radios clogged with muck.      I believe.      I do not believe.  
 The dragon changes colour como a chameleon.      Banshee howling.      Why do I  
 believe in monsters that I don't believe in?      It's not difficult.      They're true  
 because they are not true because they are true.      Rain droplets covered its green  
 tarmac hide.      Its arms were top quality Irish linen.      Dust lay on its  
 cuerpo.

And once, in Scotland, issuing forth/out into the rented landscape, we found, in the aged cage, a siskin. The monster was invisible, although there. It was the air. horned, nails protruding from palms, it lumbers through fields, cities and bathrooms, a thousand orifices pumping, seeping, weeping, bleeding, oozing, leaking. the soldier saint is clad in armour; grey brush strokes, highlights caught for a breath in the sun's stare waves, blue as themselves, boil in the red corner David throws the stone blue chain mail shield drawn confused by perspective a sideways glance from the king fixes history in the red background of then its volume filling the stone to the clerestory windows I want it to be 12<sup>th</sup> century siglo the dragon is the water it is the air and the sea and the night night wears knobkerries of hatred it is 1200s because light, in tiny circles presses through near her ankles swords, swords in every eye-story red pig I can write the white birds and pen the sky, blue as impossible I believe in dragons; never forget sword drawn, shield drawn, before the hand's knowledge keep returning, keep returning; return, return low sound persistently sounding a sound sound pages hiding the monster read then, and you will understand moreover, the jambs have 12 apostles crouching under an umbrella of stone his hands extended to grasp white branches mending your emotions emptiness encases someone in a rubicund cloud of matter raised knobs of indefinite threat spikes, nodules, pus encrusted aplomb, golden chalices topped up with excrement rotten love savage gentleness rotting understanding dragon secrets blue strawberries waiting at the bus stop

All that can be seen of the lines is faint, directions (manifesting) ....  
 Apostle they breathe when you turn your head and you know they are there whip you round to catch them out you'll never see them  
 I believe in dragons I believe in minotaurs I don't believe in ghosts  
 Ghosts are the trees of the dead, swinging in a mild zephyr and alive in a sense  
 I am in charge of the truth of my truth that which I know to be false is immeasurably true. I have seen it when he spoke last night on the goggle box, I was not of his nationality. He spoke dragon language his tongue undulated with a tongue heated by the fire of knowledge he was not true 'but they are true'  
 a friend retorted in defiance I know them not to be, but I believe slowly we pace through an English wood, a lake of bluebells lapping at our ankles like a cliché  
 We sort out the veracity (just write it and shut your gob) of what we don't know it should be a story, spilling over the glass lip of time raise the pitcher high enough to dispel the dribble factor they are true; you are real  
 Deep smelling exhalations bulge behind my back, birthing fear and temerity it can only be said in ways I know I believe in dragons I believe in the lion and the dog peering through my window at noight the curtains were closed and my father rushed roaring at the empty window that flash of brilliance expelled for all time the animals of my nightmare they roar, they bark, in silence but close the window; they will still be there

The words swim in shoals in the deep, shoving ocean, their meanings wet with disbelief. Disorientated but I know their meanings I know one word, one word at a time, to be true as untruth I believe in rats and dragons I believe in guitars, porcelain and mercy even the objects of ignorance, ignorant for me ignorant of me try, like hades, to close the doors I will push them open violently I will see the dragon and the man I hate I am the dragon Laid out on the table – the ideas rebellion – ideas to believe in and to refute they are all in the realms of belief I pick the third body, rotting, green, maggot ridden (this is) a story of intuition but it will not provide solace Do I dispel the nightmare or dwell on it with envy and passion or love? I touch that soft thought on your arm dunlopillo of comfort cushions my body in and outside the air of myself Influence of the object outside itself the dragon is in the space between my skin and the beginning of the blur they are invisible before depiction by artists ecclesiastics pay them to paint them as subjects they believe in dragons my tongue is lashed to the stanchion, held by the force of fire he that breathes fire, he that is famous on the panels and canvases of Europe I believe in St. George there is no sound from his lips he is alone, silent, arm raised against the green evil confidence in tranquil, taciturn emptiness you are false and I believe your tongue you are true and I shun your presence my eyes turn in your direction I see you I believe my eyes turn away you are still true as pressing fingertips they are solid his sword frozen in the violent air target thrashing Green target not an iguana, komodo, but an idea iguanas are not true the truth is false if I say so there is no apple

To truncate your .... I shouldn't think you'd see it anyway in the shot and ironing it out

All that can be seen of the lines  
Is faint directions (manifesting) ..... apostle

And of course, claro, there are (hay) possibly, utensils and wrestlers. Let's not forget the wrestlers (three falls or a knockout to decide the winner) Jacky Pallo, Mick McManus, Giant Haystacks; but not like in the brackets – him.

wrestlers in utensils	utensils in wrestlers
utensils and wrestlers	wrestlers and utensils
utensils or utensils	wrestlers or wrestlers

a utensil in the ring I believe in dragons the wings on their crusty backs  
and the fronts of their crusty wings I believe in all dragons, any you can  
throw at me when watching, shouting, baying, an audience ....

you look unhealthy Mr. Oak; your  
lungs are outside your body. Your  
body is inside your lungs and heart  
and all those things unmentioned

I will not say the key point. The point is in my head. I know what I am thinking. You don't. I want to convey my line without telling you. You know, by me not telling you. I will not tell you. You will know.

Physical description of dragons:      green, winged, snorting steam and fire from  
their nostrils. they roar, they howl, they rage.

deep russets and tongue tied yellows swarmed over the wall like pirates

he is held by only three nails in that holy picture

Does that mean that I don't believe in things that I know to be true?

I don't believe in trees and the vomiting of fresh green sprouts in the primavera. It is not true

I don't believe in clouds, black with vivid edges lit by the sun from behind.

Rhombic triacontahedron                      I don't believe in the .... The shadow of the  
lamppost fell down the flank of the lorry at Trafalgar Square where a ....

I believe in wyverns, two legged and tired from the chase

I believe in the gods                      both died                      a smashing film

I don't believe in tarmac boiling in the vat, melting in the sun      I don't believe in  
blood oranges squirting juice in a beetle's eye      I don't believe in floorboards  
They are under our soles and stop us falling to the next level      I don't believe in  
the maroon blanket covering the dog and my raised knees

Crackles sound in the sombre bedroom of today's date      fecha      it is the  
pills      I believe in the three daughters and their counterparts in real life  
He stared at the water's surface out in the countryside, kneeling like the dead man at  
the hotel mini bar

A Chameleon in the Valley.

black sun rises up one end      **medieval grille**      mausoleum  
**smooth wood blocks**      my father drew the hand that painted the  
 coming of day      **and the lady sits reading**      a snake was under the  
 written stone      **and in the dark place the lines undulate**      voices  
 against voice      **looks out from curls of ink**      the soul breathes in the  
 voice of a believer      **the point was touched**      I make bags with  
 holes      **you're offset**      the soul is behind the box      **the woods**  
**people look behind the box**      sort of toy crowns for giants      **these**  
**flags don't flap in the wind**      Narcissus looks at Korea      **could be a**  
**wind sock**      basin      **drone**      not a Scottish air but a thing about a  
 mistaken heartache      **while you look at blue and yellow snow voices**  
**return**      roll round in a hamster's wheel      **an unfinished what?**  
 ffour vvoice bboxes      **rolled up voices**      the camera goes round and I  
 see I am a man      **we saw them in Scotland on their leck**      frayed  
 hairstyles without a clutch of turquoise eggs      **dragonfly's wings cut**  
**twice**

... ardour ..... ardour .... .. ardour ...  
 .. ardour .... ardour ..... ardour ..  
 ardour ..... ardent .... ardour ..... ardour  
 ... ardent .... ardour ..... ardour .....  
 .. ardour .... ardour .... ardour .....  
 .... ardour ..... ardour ..... ardour ...  
 .. ardour ... ardour .... ardour ...  
 ardour .... ardent ..... ardour ....ardour      m  
 ... ardent ..... ardour ..... ardour .....

John washed his body from head to coccyx when he awoke on the first day  
 of his sojourn in Gibraltar. It was demanded that he be odourless for the  
 task he was to perform. His orders were plain – he should search the  
 shoreline for shells bearing a text in miniature handwriting on their inner  
 surfaces. The script would be indecipherable to John; it was necessary only  
 that he should find the shells. When seven prime examples had been  
 gathered, he should return to the base with them, wrapped carefully in  
 seaweed. His commander would reward him with a kiss.      c

{Just take the word 'yellow' and add water}



o

**The moorland exhaled a fresh mauve breath as the summer dawn rose. On the horizon, a figure became visible, striding purposefully in my direction. Although several hundred yards off, I guessed it to be a man. The chill mist, which clung here and there to the bracken, occasionally enveloped him. As he advanced, he swiped restlessly at the vegetation with his stick, and I wondered whether I would know him when our paths crossed.**

**Momentarily, I became distracted by a loose lace on one of my walking boots and stooped to tie it up. When I resumed an upright position the walker had evaporated, as though swallowed whole by some vaporous hell-hound.** r

**Why had Frank Boscombe's name muscled into my consciousness? He'd been a friend from my days on the island with whom I'd lost contact. But I knew him to be dead. A cold ripple ran up my legs as I ....** y

The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.  
 The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.  
 The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.  
 The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.  
 The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.  
*The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.*  
*The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.*  
*The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.* o  
*The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.*  
*The very shadows assumed the colours of their mothers.*

**Describing the nutritional requirements for the weekend fishing trip when he returned, Michel surprised everybody, even his ageing mother, by divulging the extraordinary patterns of thought expounded by the rest of the group when questions were put to them challenging their outlook on piscatorial death.**

u

He was known as an awkward man, *Contrary to popular opinion*,  
 The Painter; even his daughter told us so. *the farmer rose from his bed*  
 (You are not needed; don't expect smiles). *at five o'clock in the morning*.  
 While the world celebrates D-Day *He was a man of routine and could not rest*  
 he languishes where someone has placed *until he had counted every last one*  
 him, behind the sink's knobbed tap. *of his decorated porcelain eggs*.

## G

There, he dreams himself in Cadmium red; in bed *His was the only comprehensive set*  
 as usual, smoking as usual, naked bulb burning. *If of Calitrant de Mercy's stupendous*  
 piled boots were part of his dream and the plate *inventions*. *The farmer kept*  
 of biscuits a snack for now, nobody would know. *the de Mercy collection secreted*  
 All that can be said is that they are there, and *in the depths of his cellar*. *Each egg was*  
 his midnight story re-told at the corner of time. *elaborately documented in a*

e                    **She sailed this side  
 of the ancient stone wall,**

**tacking back and forth  
 in her fibreglass dinghy.**

**There were no thoughts  
 for the walled-up country**

**of her own ignorance.  
 Over that ivy-festooned barrier**

o                    **scurrilous mumblings failed  
 to reach her muffled ears – ‘She**

**doesn't know of red romans,  
 those hairy, ten legged creatures’.**

**The bursting rooms of velvet  
 obliquely held their tongues.**

## r

*It was on one such occasion that Bernard Turnstope began his consideration of Ignorance. A shift in his outlook had brought him to the realisation that it was an unusually variable and absorbing subject. He surmised, “All people are incapable of knowing everything and ignorance is only the deficit of knowledge”.*                    g

e.    *A vast tract of cerebral countryside was opened for Bernard as he began to compare himself to Leonardo da Vinci, Sappho, the stocktaker at Tesco's and the oldest man in the world, Dmitri Sholakovsky. “All their knowledges are different but their ignorance is the same! In that respect, I must be Albert Einstein's equal”.*

Real Moon.

The moon, laid back against the superstore  
thought nothing about the wrappings that men impose  
on all the moments and weathers of its path, nor  
whether it felt itself as itself, or chose  
to be oblivious. For oblivious  
was what it was, gazing at the neon  
night which threatened her night. Lascivious  
poets' eyes eyed the leaning half-circle, a peon.  
She felt; did she feel? She knelt; did she kneel? And she knew,  
did she know, that capabilities were stuck  
on her by those masters of bluff - with superglue?  
Mysterious meanings could fill a dumper truck  
and the moon will never know the wars she causes  
when men dream their filtered dreams without pause.



phrases for use in paintings:

the weeping songs and the chalk lined hole                    deeper down, and longer gone  
 a tonal conflict with July    spotted out of the corner, grey creased skin  
 interlocutor in a sense                    hiding round the corner from red  
 tears away from its monochrome twin    of layered glass I melt  
 sky switches off the sun    harries the back side of vapour  
 a field forbidden on my map    wouldn't have seen real Sumatran fish, until  
 and dodge the wind's deep, organ voice    ago it foundered on a sandbank  
 by sundown, the big room had swallowed the dead  
 comedians and the cardboard streets    cut out a hurricane, leave it incomplete  
 but an ending at the start    swirls round in a yellow cell  
 baste yarns about court    nowthatlandscapesareshort  
 sperries at the corner of my eye    sweet pain stabs the back of the cloud  
 he was still; high on a ledge    and now we come to the scribbles  
 and the dressed up rebel-rousers cut the grass triangle    that on them like a  
 day shuts the door    and source the numbers one to four    an eyeful  
 brush your life in black    hard-floored room with fiery intent  
 as a mother, I conceive you in advance    to bring to life her claim  
 and there were the willow thieves    his feet had been placed facing East  
 what can be done with grey generators?    got so far with the pocket  
 slow-burning temperatures; blue, grey    who loves you, whinchat?  
 tear up now the pop star geometry    your upturned palm cradling tailor's pins  
 wrote a postcard to the duffle coat    it travels like a turquoise bullet  
 words recline, showing me their backs    as a pencil pushed by a cat

*Notes*

I'm walking through pages; across paper, stopping and starting.  
They halt or allow my progress, the commas, colons, capitals, fullstops.  
Turn round. I am the dash.

***I am a noun. I have lost myself in the storage cage.  
Truly, you are an adjective.***

There will never be an owl as there was in 1978. Twice maybe; maybe twice, they  
have given London the slip.

***He ran out of rust for his story. Now, if the squares change colour it should not  
matter. Look at the wall; take it in. Spread your gaze left, right and down. Blink at  
the appropriate moment.***

And he cursed the electricity, but allowed it a rectangle  
through which to peer, like a seaside stall. Be the Mona  
Lisa; be the Fat Lady. Ha, ha!

***A lung is a tennis court. Match it.  
So what is your skin? Eh, eh?***

They came from Laredo – the lines on the land. If land can be folded, why not  
drawings? Creased, the drawings talk to themselves.  
His fingers fold the morning.

***Run your thumb along the crease of a balmy afternoon.***

What time of day is it when the segmented shape floats pale as a photograph? And  
what time is blue? At 3.37 p.m. I touch neon.

***Words are the building. You sniff the armpits of the box  
you're given. A new box of dreams. You will not hear them.***

Along of a mystery can see the lodge. We fold the truth.

***Flakes peel incessantly from the bark,  
It could be in Hyde or Victoria Park.***

Krac wondered about the meaning of 'thumb  
bucket' or 'coppersedge'.

***Sixteen words: the ninth in the sentence contains power,  
the fourth only sugar, showing clearly that if .....***

Jarzy refuses to listen to the circle but shudders  
at the sight of angled facets.

***When he shoots, the bullet will miss unless you stand in the way.***

2.48. Afternoon. Terse comments aggregate in mountains where the courses of rivers  
change from habitual to temporary and cause the grammar of the chain.

***You say 'el tenedor', I say 'the fork'. We both eat.***

sidestep

last night the noise, the din,  
 the racket and of course, claro,  
 the O stored in my memory  
 peeps round the rectangle .....  
 should the sun persist in keeping us  
 warm, I will engage it in conversation  
 about .....

there's that girl again  
 grey grey laugh laugh  
 I want to tell you this –  
 there are twenty four items  
 needed for the morning cup

of coffee and glass of fresh orange juice including the fluted breast of shining  
 metal

what is an altar? I need you to know  
 about bits about the energy  
 black wood, gold circles, like in the book  
 he speaks, a soft black egg at his mouth  
 it could be ovals obscure, the infamous  
 crooner another body has pressed  
 skin on the inside of silk the O hung on by a string

grey dog grey  
 a brain in flower,  
 mind blooming  
 and then there are  
 the actions. side  
 in the tabernacle  
 idea, a segmented  
 object, polished  
 by a delicate hand

like, the half tomato spins at the touch of a fork ..... and then you imagine  
 behind your hand (for nests) the mixed hedge waiting. another tabernacle  
 another (no monstrance), doors  
 open he had no knowledge  
 brain deplete no electric pulse  
 the green zig-zag line is straight.  
 did it matter if a blade of grass  
 bent to the right? maybe  
 Kidderminster is an evil place.

he knew nothing of this. he  
 was not here and the sun warmed  
 his feet five days later  
 a word a painted not-light  
 dipped into a cup como  
 little lines of life, blackthorn

(Perkin Warbeck) counterfeit duke. and  
even keep the drawing implement busy

black metal girl faces  
the sluggard. he only  
stretches the humours  
like the objects and cry they cry

eyes wet heads, more heads  
y3qewk j943 y3qew the voice of  
a table jetted, nay, coughed, tracked  
from a third floor window

what do I call your shadow, when  
you are a shadow yourself? you are  
not you. I call you, you. I call you  
all the species. you may be 89.

the large gate teeth tear at the coral,  
spied on by the 'has to be there'. I  
must find (that unusual thing). I have  
no myth in my waistcoat pocket. you

grew up swaddled tight in stories. a  
dog looks up, skin flap pulled across  
her nose. are the times peculiar?  
we sit nine, quizas ocho, round the table

and .... I don't know the Greek. his books were burned and the drummer  
sought un-knowledge. say and forget forget, to know steaming  
the giant clam ironing in the deep the clothes of the sea

this is where the lining lies undisturbed, soon  
to be active and paw pads upwards, echoing  
the radio's mention of leather mache. torn  
from itself it knows what leaves to grow.

song thrush  
 song thrush

all I can say is that I want

(to make them)

(your cat has the meissen sign)

all I can say

all I can say is that I (to make them)

he stands on the bobble (a page, you know, of stylized shadows)

stands on the bobble. he stands

he stood, to change tense

I want to make them. I

(he no longer grasps the palette)

thrips is singular (the definition)

he swallows a library

smoke. he swallows (hirundine)

is that I want to make

(dropped, by chance, the digit fell akimbo)

to make them. to

make them. to make (other traffic)

they've cleared the table; not a scrap (left)

they've cleared the formica table

the blue formica (it's always been there)

they've cleared the table; (not a scrap)

not a scrap left; a scrap

not (they shiver ....) (their wings)

they shiver. not a scrap

to make them

to make them (distance)

to make .... (others, putting their oars in)

but I'm waiting for a red nape

for a red nape. red. nape.

(head bobbed on the mesh)

there's one back from the dead

seen it in the swamps

seen it. seen it in the swamps.

there's one

(back from the dead)

there's the square type

the square type, square type

square type, the square type

(just look, that's all, at the pocket)



Statements.

Music lies over the book.

Don Davis Dodge. Dodge in red.  
Stop, will you, at the red hand.

Up Reagan, parallel with Oak.

A slab of forcaccio. Eat with the grackles.  
Laughing in the kitchen as we wait.

White patch on its nape the scoter surfs.

I will hold you with my yellow hand  
feel your scorched body. You come out  
of the woods where we walked.

We saw fins and its red shoulders on Route One.

Nine o'clock lies buried under the growl of engines.

A little jug faces the wall.

It's like forcing a water melon into a thimble.

You let the air in; you let in the noise.

She's been awake all night, knee hurting like crazy.

The wide pavement laughs at itself. Is that my name?

And inside the big band the clock's golden chime.

Little chocolate rabbits, Ralph's perfume. T shirts  
wait for us in Macy's.

A lot have line beards.

... was only taking stock of ...

This mud is bordered by hawthorn,  
a wood in the making.

An accordion, filled with rain  
prostrate on the green blades.

And the fat pigeon balances on wire while  
wedges of sky stand on their feet.

woodcock

I say it flew over London    making for another  
                   green place    a place to hide its bill  
 wood park    forest                    chase

I had never seen one    I had never seen a woodcock  
                   but                                    I knew it when I saw it dead  
                   the stripes                            running crossways on its head

the species of death a riddle  
 no blood on the plate glass                    it lay still  
                   on concrete                            wing feathers lifted

by the wind                    (like he said about his verbs  
                   and sheet rubber)            but  
 how, how, how,                    and when, when, when

                  she guessed, it hit a pane above            and  
                   plummeted    to modern earth                    long bill  
 still pointing                    long bill killed by invisibility

I am the man of leaves            look in the black window

it got bagged up            nobody wept                    we stared  
 a week later, another crashed the tower  
                   not flushed                            stopped in air

don't come near me            wild                    is wild

I'd never            nunca                    never seen one  
                   alive                    I knew it            I knew it from  
 from from from from                    the books  
 and                    the butcher's

                  the books: flat  
                   the butcher's: solid to the feel

                  and the eyes                    inside the saucer  
                   and the eyes  
                   and the eyes                    glass  
                   and the eyes

haloes like pressed flowers held their own in a thin publication  
 and of course the words (las palabras)

I say it            flew                    over London

more statements

but the red, wrecked car is gone  
and in its place, pink faded doors  
up on the scaffolding their heads are cut out  
green interrupted by white house  
commas and rising birds striped tape, striped tape  
park your botty here, on the red plastic seat  
not far from the two empty hoardings  
the stupid triangle does not work  
lorry tyre puddles in long grass are alright  
funny, the river being put on the wall  
after the villages, not before. they're not villages really, but I think of them as such  
we can't fly but we do  
duck towards the park, plane over the city  
and trapped skies, tall and wide, stand on the bottom line  
not to speak of apostrophes, facing the dawn walls, foreseeing their downfall  
minutes or so, but otherwise  
tied to nevertheless, tied to trousers  
the largest femur found would never know us  
these people are peddling melancholy  
if it's moving it's tidal  
blue painted patches on the clinkers. only one there, burning green  
12 M.P.H. on the lollypop  
why, although we met yesterday, don't you look me in the eye?

true north and grackles.

a straight line kinked at the glacier  
why the ring of frost on each port hole?

common, boat tailed.  
brewer's and rusty blackbird are smaller

your name lights up in green and a wolf walks in. masquerade  
I will write it on plastic, maybe metal

and the cream lies on the black night  
I slide the fireplace into my jacket pocket, fresh from the arts

and crafts daisy bank opening. edgar wood's church housed  
the christian scientists.

in the town the streets are filling up. one corner is empty  
a lapel may occupy that moment.

, yet, tearing notes from ...  
... banning the sale of ...

... and turning a cartwheel on the ...  
polished floorboards ...

on along Loampit Lane  
he whistled like a whinchat

drogon, thrasher, cream coloured courser  
only one white bag stood against the wall

it does not matter if a statement is not understood  
let it exist in its own right. privet hedge reaching

you can't sit here. the sofa is upside down  
he stepped out of himself, turned, and chose weapons

we didn't know the palm trees would wave goodbye  
nobody goes there. the birches crowd the rusted wagon

not a grackle, a blackbird. I'm home now  
let's just say that the little damaged building

looked like a shopping bag. how did she move  
from that seat and change colour? perhaps she drew on gloves

swaying concrete ramp,  
freshly laid

you can try to see the lion through the mist  
if you didn't know, you'd never know where to look

I am an anti-expressionist {I am an expressionist}  
... had thought that, partly open, it had resembled a Handel song

was saying ( ..... ) I'm the song thrush round here  
it's a procession of sounds - trains, birdsong, scraping, beeping

trees growing where they shouldn't be  
flat on its back, the shadow

in the front garden it's mobbed by crows  
maybe I should map the ....

that was a young one, this is expected  
I've already put grass on the wall (blue though)

and he was found dead, kneeling  
she turns the page, the sun shines on black eggs

Lady M passes in the opposite direction, chugging  
chased away, and what is a real meadow?

inevitably, vermiculations feature in our  
oh, it'll be finished, alright

skirting round the paper river, he squeezes between commas  
sight of a black redstart in an Andalucian grove

his diary makes no mention of  
is somewhere between a wind and a breeze

could've been a dummy, with his yellow hair,  
fishing line cast

tens of millions of miles of beam  
haloes on the other side

Story on the wall.

Thomas Urquhart moved stealthily between blue buildings bordering a hastily placed river, planning his route across the town. The remaining unfilled corner was his goal. There was a haphazard quality about the town planning and nobody in authority had considered grid systems; even the river had been added after the objects. Thomas paused by a black flash made from mounting card, taking refuge from imagined dangers, in one of the angular indentations. Round each spike of the flash there were vantage points from which he could make decisions about his journey. Maps of this town had not been drawn up and Thomas had to proceed instinctively through the maze of cut-outs. He didn't know the enemy but felt that there must be one. He inhaled slowly. All was quiet.

*He, that is, Thomas, had given birth to orange and black things that needed arranging; that was all. Of course, it mattered what the things were, but the density of population here augered another place of invention. What, he thought, would change if I made the two hues two blocks? He knew that to be invited to sing was to be freed from indecision. It was clear that the wall where most things happened on most days of most months of most years provided opportunities which would not be available in Redcar. Thomas, Thomas, keep it simple! Today for instance, everything got coloured grey and the sun came out accordingly. Erstwhile, red fog, yellow fog, landscape fog, speed bump fog and fogs with quincunxes in mind fogged his brain. He turned off the radio and listened. All was quiet.*

And even now, Thomas Urquhart hovered in mid air with his fantasies swimming round his head. There were shunters and there were blue shunters and of course wooden shunters incapable of providing enough spittle to re-launch a pastry cook's career after a life in brickwork. The thing on the wall, cruciforms and indecision, merited more attention than he was giving but nevertheless, when Thomas finally opened the tin and the mist turned to diamond he felt clear about who to thank. Mrs. Terse-Comment. But things have to wait until the moment is right. Is orange a colour that mourns its origins? It's on its way to yellow; it's on its way from red. And yet its heart is a blue parakeet invading walls of walls of walls of walls of concrete. But Thomas will never return to a pool lost in that lake in Spratburst Hill. All was quiet.

Story with colour in mind.

Sitting on a park bench by a lake in the depth of winter, two artists swapped stories about colour.

“One of the most beautiful colours I know”, said Pulbury, “is a warm grey (of sorts) mixed by means of magenta and emerald green. The amount of each colour will obviously sway the mood in one direction or another. Mixing thoroughly and sensitively is the key point. In my view, a modest amount of ash white can add a unique subtlety.

Pulbury’s friend, a ceramic marsupial of elegant proportions, glazed in Chinese turquoise, responded enthusiastically, saying, “Well, that’s extraordinary, Pul, because I have a mixture that is somewhat like that, in theory if not in practice. Here is the recipe.

“When you have had a hard day’s painting at the rock face and all your fancy colours have been on the palette – vermilion, Spanish hate blue, rocinante yellow, purple black and breathless green – well, you finish for the day without cleaning your palette and go to bed in a vivid orange boiler suit stitched down the edge in alternating blues. The next day you return to your pose at the easel and go into a dream.

Splanteck, for that was the marsupial’s name, made up his mind to adopt a fresh approach to the problem of colour. He had never liked wasting paint, and always scraped up the unusable leftovers, mixing small mounds before adding them to a mud-coloured pile that had built up over the years at one corner of his palette. Because of this habit he’d become more and more alert to the beauty of those mixings. All colour returns to mud, he surmised, but some is biased towards blue, some to rose.

“There’s mud and there’s mud”, he barked. “If, with an alert brain, you mix the disparate leftovers on your palette, fantastic hues (and cries) are born. They are all different. They are as potent in psychological and mystic qualities as the reds, cadmiums and cobalts of one’s more emotionally motivated choices. These muddy slops mumble or scream, according to the company they keep.”

Pulbury shook his long, leaf-green beard and was silent. He speculated for four and a half minutes with pink eyelids lowered. He’d not thought of colour as mud. It sounded disrespectful. “What about marriages of mud and king colour?” he said to himself. “Alizarin and black mud, coeruleum and mud; talisman primrose? Mars black and viridian combine surprisingly well. The viridian warms up the black. I know, because I read it in a book. If good mixing is all there is to it, then it follows that any combinations must be right and will tell a story.”

He and his amigo linked arms and turned grey.

Are you sure you will be?

I'll wear my beautiful grey jacket  
tailored in magenta and emerald thread.  
Such lovely mud. Leftovers mix well.

A blue attitude and a red outlook.  
Spanish yellow sings Gershwin.  
Pink over mid tone terre verte. *Then*

you will get flesh. Renaissance, don't you see?  
Lemon yellow opens its eyes in the gloomy  
kitchen. And umber, raw as billio, surrounds

the upstairs object. On the table,  
ultramarine, a mouthpiece for music.  
Red, rojo, cloaks the wheels.

A smaller yellow thinks of its red  
neighbour. Black, prostrate.  
Writing is impossible - no ink, man.

Plastic. Orange, red, yellow, stacked up  
under a ginger cat. Brushing vermilion.  
Brushing blue on the sky. Climb up there.

All the colours on the shelf hiss - a red  
mood in his hand, burning.  
White on white on white on white.

A monster of green decay sighs  
in a calm afternoon. Emerald,  
emerald pursues his argument.

Hooker's green tied its shoelaces  
and headed for the sky. His brushes  
spoke in yellow whispers.

The Studio (unborn poem)

When I read, the words wear black.  
 Clouds send SCUD I said clouds send themselves  
 to my to wrap my consciousness. They wrap  
 my understanding in grey cloth.  
     Sometimes a cow brings the fog to a stop. But  
     cows are slow to come. I put them in my pocket  
     and wrap them; and wrap them again.  
     Keep the cow knowledge. What  
 are the clouds of ignorance  
 if the clouds are so real? Every  
 tenth word (the tentet played a riff) puts its head  
 on the rails. My understanding crushes its life.  
     I dry between the fingers, dry between the words.  
     The word, at first, is alone  
     another appears in the fog  
     barely discernible, its blush increasing.  
 Join the other. Join in my brain. Link, open the door.  
 Train of words. Concentrate. String of sausages.  
 Syntax. They order words differently. I understand  
 a sip of coffee; grit in the eye; in the cloud; in  
     the brain; and all I want to do is read  
     words formed by particles. Build  
     a brain from bricks. Bricks of the brain.  
     Cement between words. Electric gaps.  
 Spark jumps between words, the  
 full sentence. Words and gaps voice a phrase.  
 Tongue in the brain. Soft palate forms words. Words  
 grate in the air of the brain. Air gun shoots words  
     in order. It goes back. The meaning is wrong.  
     Say it again. Linkage. The sentence. Say a film,  
     say a book, say a train track, hold your tongue  
     at the signal. The bell of the bonnet sees nothing  
 in that century. Not so long ago the fog.... emotion...  
 cloaked. Links as large as a man snake hang HANG  
 against an iron flank. Plant redwoods between words;  
 gaps are the meat; gaps are the blancmange. Silence  
     is the iron link. The white sound is where grows an eye.  
     The empty room fills with aircraft. Ponds between words  
     are skimmed with mist. Niagara plunges into the silences.  
     A noisy silence; a clattering void; void of plenty.  
 Flames burst from space between breaths  
 Holding breath. Gaps. Silences.  
 Space. The between. Fill  
 with an edifice. A skyscraper.





Wood chippings ricochet off the paper and disappear into an idea. Someone else might use a wand. There is nowhere to put this head of ink now, except pinned to a map of Spain. It faces away from the plains where the great bustard is reputed to hold on by a thread.

On the wall, a row of pipes  
sparked off by those fashioned by hogshair  
and positioned in a white bearded mind.

I've got his. A new pipe. No sign  
of use, of mouth residue.

(Can it be that starting with a title for a poem can make one think more clearly and sustain ideas? The cursed cutting off of thoughts is arrested for a while.)

Close the back door. Steps down. Open the blue garage-type door.  
Enter an obligation. Walk into necessity. Follow hunger. Eat ideas.

Cardboard glues the correct angle. 20 degrees of mixed certainties.  
A black cam.

Aristotle's 'moments' – what are they?  
Am I thinking that there is something called that  
when there isn't?  
The idea is mentioned in 'The Museum of Innocence' by Orhan Pamuk (page 397)

Write ideas about 'moments' in connection to 'The Studio'.  
The wooden head – what is it thinking about?  
The writing rabbit; broken wooden hair.

Moments of wood. 3.48 p.m. as I stare at carved cheeks.

You are black smoke. Jetting water spurts (in your direction).

My way/journey/development encircles the earth/world.  
There is no goal. No stop.

.....  
Aristotle;

You, bearded elder,  
query/suggest your animals  
have imaginations.  
Or not.

The obvious thing is that I pick your wooden hair for comment.  
It was what I'd talked about before coming in here.

But I'd forgotten I'd moved your disembodied head  
and now I can see only the spikes. One broken.

If I start another way, I'll lock on to creases in a white, plastic bag. No logo.  
Though when its tongue refuses my prompt, I'll hurl it from Victoria Falls.

Gloves, garden gloves, mud skin may present a ....  
No, but no.

And the cam; and the cam; and the....  
Should be more forceful, more black, there on the wall.

Through closed-eyed ears (big as mutton)  
he listens to sheets, or should I say veils  
of sound, bedding down or wafting past one another –  
the plane ignores the café's generator. All Purpose.

I am in a clearing.  
If the surface slopes, things fall off.  
It's only meant to be Cezanne's table. The  
other one accommodates heads  
of scored lines. Black dab.

You must walk, my son, and refuse  
to look left or right.  
I am in the body among swallowed things.  
Dustpan and brush. A screw. COARSE. Yet  
I can breathe. The water vole drops  
into the snow white egret's belly. Does he  
look about or close down shop?

Here I am the water vole. Dabber; UHU.  
Jaunty, the green man radio.

There's quilted skin stapled to hardwood deep down in the lines.  
There are wooden thoughts inside that wooden head. What?  
There's a lime wood pipe not here yet, still to be made.

Something must be done.      And all night long they drink.  
It's how alert you are.      How sharp your powers of separation are.

Worms dug up today look fat and healthy, but sad, oh sad was the one  
on the black background, skin bubbling like haemorrhoids. Bleach.

This stomach is not full.

can I set up (artificially) conditions  
 for rising dough words as loaves?  
 beauty comes/arrives without asking

I'll enter this body again; this time more determined  
 peeling paint closes behind me

where you sit matters it could be here what you say  
 will be determined by position it could be here  
 my horizon is higher but I cannot see the facets only  
 cardboard not gold leaf as I planned

determined stay with the plan you go in there – the brick gut  
 you stay in the thought tunnel inside the body thinking  
 time changes the geography of intuition

the ideas come already expanded  
 no room for movement the idea  
 is the redoubt a block of refusal  
 the cast iron, riveted carcass of a shunning  
 tanker where is the pea? where the pea  
 for the pod? the pod is completion  
 I need the pea the bean and the means  
 for growth the means  
 for rapid cell division

A first try with the (what?) lime maybe,  
 from the scouts' camp. When shocking  
 other boys by sitting in a mud puddle ...  
 This one, the prototype head, is not what it seems  
 but kitch to its pink sock roots.

The object is born easily, but there's no house for it.  
 As yet unmade, a dolls house loiters in his brain  
 waiting to give a bed to the object. The easy object.  
 The object that swims in shoals – north sea or Indian Ocean.  
 It's always easy.

The difficulty is in the sea, the desert, the high Andes  
 squeezing their skeletons down a continent. And of course,  
 an opinion. Opinion about the object. Hearing  
 twice on one side of a wooden head. And don't you dare  
 to explain. Words like 'bird' a maelstrom of easy pickings.

Perhaps there are no opinions. There's  
 nothing to say. The faceted memory, the tabernacle,  
 the accordion (unplayable), clamps, cams, brush –  
 all like intransigent agents of frustration.  
 Don't tell me, poet!

The pipes are him. Of course, Cezanne played a part in it,  
 but just as she pointed to the links (Isambard's were 18" high)  
 to that clown picture and the oversize jacket, so his miles  
 of frayed boy-memories don his father's tweeds.  
 Arm sleeves drag on the gravel.

And what of the head, full of qué's, cuals and blueish spinach  
 dead in the snow of the Caucasus? Wooden thoughts pass through  
 with difficulty. Constipated. Oh for a filou pastry of thought leaves!  
 Through splits (headache?) invisibility  
 probes with five dots blushing.

These altars curve at their edges.  
 An idea of curving to confuse the onlooker  
 who bites his tongue. A hyena cannot  
 be a carnation. Where would be its warehouse,  
 where its roadmap?

And, but, what, although, tearing,  
 could be made. Do you want to  
 make a cross? And where would  
 that place you on your scale of belief?  
 The chart is visual.

He planned an encyclopaedia                      No words came forward  
 First, he entered the commas, the colons and full stops –  
 A nine hundred page edifice beautiful in punctuation.  
 Semi-colons kept distant from dashes, hyphens from inverted commas.  
 Each page a life of punctuation with no story. Yet no story.  
 And so, in that year, with his art.

We are all ciphers through which they pass.  
 All the men, all the women trample, leaving footprints

Where the light is dull for photography,  
 constellations litter the breeze block bricks

Lines of a guessed dimension zoom from left to right, right to left.

And the wooden head listens,  
growing dowels for hair and wedges for nothing,  
splitting the skin of limewood.

I draw on your face in blue  
and leaning, a calculation tells  
yellow lies while a pigeon's footsteps  
patter on the roof.

The rain threatens a promise  
of warmer blood. His mouth is open

There's a rope which connects. One  
bowl of bile, one voice, one neck, one  
multi-coloured grey sun with Vincent marks.  
The rain wets all hatred and the tastes  
of soft under belly shadows.

No smoke curls from the smoking pipes.  
The mouths are elsewhere. The mouths  
were never there; only in raiments.

Are the voices in the wet? Will  
the words become damp from spring rain?  
Her voice was just as moist as the profligate bindweed.

Try as he would, he could find no thread.  
He had only the objects of childhood,  
the this, the that.

Between the memories there is open landscape.  
There is no umbrella yet, but when the crucifix  
fell, the smoking pipes also fell from the wall.

There's a possibility of the little mountain  
showing him the way.

There is no wind in here; no rain,  
except the leakings either side  
of a wasp's nest. No moaning sun.

I move the cam from table to floor.

The river meanders down the wall from the equator, touching,  
whispering on his wooden haircut.

A measured line – pencil – paces left to right right  
to left left to right left to left to right to right.  
It's its right.

If you follow, its path dips under the cross;  
the feared, now innocuous cross. The cross  
with the unliked edges, corners.

Out of the corner of the devil's eye  
a white cam leans on a Wednesday afternoon,  
ghost legs crossed.

He'd planned, the man, to deal  
with the corners. Rounded and irritating.

Small saw cuts of different depths  
would provide blue lines of satisfaction  
in a Spanish prairie.

Every morning his brain lies on the wide bed  
craving milk and honey. So he opens a book;  
he opens his head; he opens his heart and his lungs  
and peels away his skin.

His skin, laughing and aching, speaking  
and breathing, wraps his bones preventing escape.

All the islands remain, since the last pipe  
was lit. That angel, known in the purple forest  
but not now in the tarmac field, never  
used the pipe received last year.

He will paint little mountains.  
And now it's here, the cross,  
other things can undress.

Stripped naked, a crown of thorns

The shadow ran away from the crow  
skidding across tarmac and grass.

He clambers on the morning  
and on my pink neck biting

in the studio when alluding to things consider those things from  
 the punto de vista of the senses Aristotle asks why there are only five senses

which senses are most dominant for any given object  
 sense-objects as they are called

subjectivity in the frame subjectivity in regard to perception the soul

fertile tension the thinking about 'the things that exist'

perception understanding they are not the same

the little mountain is nowhere how can I know how it touches the holy air  
 under its feet? he, in this case, is not there  
 does he see, the little mountain? forty years to find a sound in the cold  
 and it may not be

it could say, the little mountain, "I feel red and black today".  
 He says, the bearded one, "They cannot think for themselves".  
 And what is thinking?

It wears shadows, blushing at angles, the little mountain  
 And is not feeling a sense?

What does the island say, drawn so finely and representing history?  
 The man imposes the emotions on the stone. The stone flares its nostrils  
 And tastes the night, hears the dark sky.

The stone is me I taste the sound I look at the taste I smell the noise  
 Eyes ears feel touch sight sound taste smell

Where to? The ears ears are saddened by the news

The mouth wraps its lips round the odour in the forest

But sits to comprehend

Two chairs side by side set at a precise/random angle, one displaying its superiority,  
 are the audience for the airport runway thing.

Numbers come from a time ago lawned spaces inappropriate yet right  
 All day they watch passengers Lungs, feet and hearts taking off, landing  
 Reading matter Tolstoy goes to London in a bag Hamlet climbs the  
 sky in a felt pocket

Reds, greens, nacines  
 are grey in here

I stand at the door when I perceive the white metal (radiator)  
 I retreat in cynicism walk again, gingerly/robustly stand there abgain  
 and look and understand the nature of opening doors  
 the thing moves the door opens the thinking radiator. It's still.  
 Contemplating. It knows nothing in its metal clothes

If it knew, if it could say. But it does say. It speaks steel words.

Changes in mental perception no, he changes when confronted by knowledge  
 of the senses

No, when a particular sense speaks to him. Vision speaks to me. Hearing allows a  
 blackcap into my head

Alteration to my knowledge by a sensual experience

I am the object which sees, tastes etc.

The seeing object  
 The hearing object a thermos flask  
 The tasting object  
 The feeling object a dog  
 The smelling object

The sense object - the perception  
 The thing to be perceived reciprocation The thing being looked at  
 senses being looked at (or not)

tethered to ....

A body stands inert and naked  
 Its name is Molean  
 Later today it will be Blatt  
 In potential. In possibility  
 He will change hourly.

In darkness, the red girl will disappear  
 The golden sheep will fail to excite its progenitors  
 The thought is frightening, that the soul  
 Is here in the light for seconds

I am a cubist painting.

We, the boys, stopped with our mother  
 Where the man painted the cigarettes  
 On the wall

Things which have touch also have desire. Aristotle

I am central, spinning while still.  
A lighthouse – the weather comes to me and I blow it back.  
You are what I look at.

If my fancy changes the object  
You are my then subject

Are you the devil,  
or just cardboard?

I want to be with you  
There's a need for you to be wider.

Meanwhile, the moustachioed one hovers,  
Sedentary as a brick.

Do you like being drawn on, tattooed?  
Spring cobalts, backed by the bar code for winter.

Piel de becerro – calf skin

Don't be too near      don't be so far

Her hair had grown too long  
Or the wood was excessively wide  
Cut back – reduce the plenitude  
Talking too much

Concord      the object of desire      the devil  
Drawings of the back of the devil

drawing of chair  
chair to make, as though cubist

if I make it thicker, the oval,  
it may not stand up to scrutiny      (or sentimentality if read wrongly)

for now, it leans like a mirror  
on the cubist chair

on the wall the devils waltz, shadows  
intact, cams looking on



## CARPETS    BEDS            VINYL            RUGS

Over there, I'd forgotten, in the concrete corner, stood the large pear tree which  
dropped its crop each year on the cast iron stove.

Requirements: screws, hacksaw plus spare blades, sandpaper. Also, shopping.

The early angle of the sun  
swallowed the railings. As  
the eucalyptus peeped round  
the window frame they reemerged  
resurfaced reiterated their skin ...

.....

You must have flown, peregrine – one day.  
You've always been still and staring  
out of your box, cutting quite a figure.  
You're in the house, not the studio. Shall I  
let you in to the great work?

Shedding, no, growing babies,  
the pear tree looms magnificent  
in the concrete corner.

I am silent while talking.  
That girl chose to say nothing.

I had not thought of the pear tree  
till now. It's in my studio

blooming and growing its young  
each year in soft tissue.

The stove was removed and placed  
outside – say that in Spanish.

But the pear tree can't talk –  
if it could it would say

“Couldn’t you build round me  
so I could live apart from your

imaginings? I am only a ghost.”  
That’s not good enough for me.

Pillowed in the soft folds of your brain.  
only being there      doing nothing but imagining      fluorescent bag tethered  
to a lamppost while a youth posts notices      I’ll give you more later      it will  
come from hell or beneath a boulder      or somewhere in the A-Z  
in the interview he said it comes from the unconscious      the unconscious of 1950  
where does it come from?      I think from the slime

*camera lens 16 -35 or 17 - 40 wide angle*

I claim this as an idea      as a challenge to tomorrow      it is alive in this place,  
this studio, this ideas factory      where thoughts come and go and are watered  
for the potential      the drawn thought fears the jaws of snails before reaching  
manhood      requisitioned from the brain      an idea wishing to escape      shackled  
for use nevertheless      in here

I claim yellow      and the marks      the idea was rooted in the concrete floor  
of this studio      screaming into space      to find its soul, its bellowing soul

a tree of imaginings – shouting, whispering, singing a brushstroke

I want the brush laden with my red soul      a rocking chair laughs quietly, low,  
knowing

growth of a thought. the constituent parts. they come in, the people. they react. I show  
them my incomplete body. only the kidneys and the lungs, the fingers and the moles,  
the breaths and toenails.      hair.

greasy dust on lamps of enlightenment      life from one spot, place, lugar.  
we have our heritage

We have our heritage. Our’s is in the world, unquestioned.  
We are bound to Mozart. We are here.  
You and you and you and you and you  
are there, there, there, there, there and over there  
in that land of rocks and golden shawls.

It grows out of the moist earth,  
pressing feet .....

the thoughts sprout green buds  
inside each bud is elaboration  
imagination development

kinds of knowledge I know something (algo) most valuable  
nature nature nature nature nature nature nature nature

the flight from the object;  
what is between the posts;  
the invisible is the beautiful.

(cut your fingernails!)

You know that blue is dust  
And that cellophane holds  
The button; but do you care?

It is readying itself for the shadow  
The counterfeit ones. Tubs, vats, jars,  
Suitcases, brains of shadows.

Finishing .....

yet silver is a golden diamond – a jet opal  
in between is time and the mood of a paragraph

To be wet is not an object  
To scream is not an object  
To look across the room is not an object  
To smile at night is not an object  
To pull your hair is not an object

To meet is an object  
Swooning is an object  
A noisome storm is an objectively objective object objecting to objectivity  
Its fingers rip up houses

The rope (another object) is thrown  
Between aluminium posts  
A balloon (another object) of emptiness  
Will swallow the thrush's utterances, shred  
Each phrase and scatter those loving offerings.

I offer you this: hwhyotahlozone It's not an object; it's fading breath

The A the a the a a the the a a the the a  
Smart sound of Huddersfield washing in the ditch

things with a soul  
 things without a soul

why does not the radiator  
 have a soul. or the hole punch?

who says it is true?

movement and perception

the soul of a car  
 the mind of a machine

an automaton's soul

the mind of the man with the pipe  
 a cubist painting

write about figures in paintings  
 abstract-type paintings

cubist head  
 Jackson Pollock's 'Male and Female'

It's quiet in here, it's quiet  
 out there. They're talking –  
 "There's a load of people out there".

The young man with the black shirt  
 stands and leaves his ears on the page.

Grease coats his little finger. "In case  
 The people fucking turn against them!"  
 "Stop moanin'".

Divisible	Indivisible	Moves – sweetness
Planks move the mind	Split	it can only be
The split	itself	separate
		Black and white

Can black be white? It can on the page not in an object  
 A white object is black

What is moving? Thinking?

Definition of an object and the mood surrounding it.

Talking about how ideas form themselves in the studio. One imagines all the variations on an idea before settling on a particular one or several, to develop.

I feel the future. I make the future. I sculpt the idea.

The box will be this wide; no, perhaps like this. All

decisions are nailed together beforehand. The

future is a box this long. (continue)

There may be mails on top.

There may be gloss paint.

There may be a cameo portrait.

a bad head

a dishonest mouth

harpoon the idea, the future

lampoon      mercurial

turned from object to subject

under one car's crushing tyres

a rolling tin is flattened in the road

Is that red the same red as that red?

That red is more intense than that one.

The cloth is redder than the paint.

I will draw your attention to this red. This red is the fire in one's eyes; it burns brains.

This red is the bleeding vein of passion.

It shouts with passive emotion.

The heart of painting is flat      it beats under the carpet

pinioned beneath the glass      under the frame

Lungs expand and contract      with red decision

A statement of breath      It is the flat condition

the state of the flat      Flatness moves







### Three Dogs.

In the centre of a large, almost square room of beautiful proportions, stood a triangular table. At each edge a black and white mongrel dog sat upon its haunches, perched on a satin-covered stool, high enough to allow conversation. The table was made of walnut. The intricate whorls which are characteristic of that wood were dominant over the structural form of the table and the three dogs felt very much at ease in their places.

The walls of the room were painted a shade of pale lilac, which was warmed considerably by the evening sun which flooded through the huge framed window behind them. Outside, a garden which had evidently had much care and attention spent on it, lay still and peaceful. Nothing moved.

"We know why we are here", said one of the dogs.

"To discuss 'Finnegan's Wake'", replied the dog to the left of the first speaker.

"Let us begin", said the third.

"When I was young", began the first dog, "I picked up a copy of the book from a shelf in my parents' house. I was with a friend. We looked through the pages at random and read passages to each other. We laughed a lot and tried to speak in a similar way to the texts in the book. We didn't really understand it but felt an intuitive affinity with it. I instinctively knew that it was not a book I could read at the time, but I felt that my life would be incomplete if I died before reading it from cover to cover. As you both know, it was over thirty five years before I felt ready for the challenge. A couple of years earlier, I had read 'Ulysses' and found that I could understand how to read it once a method of reading had been adopted. This method is mechanical and involves reading the words regardless of their meaning. I could even think of other things while I read. I think there is probably a method for every reader. Mine is to read through the book, not worrying if I don't comprehend what Joyce is saying; rather, I aim at finishing the book so that I have an over all feeling at the end. I then re-read the book as many times as it takes for the poetry and meaning to emerge. If I was to concentrate on each sentence and only progress when I had fully understood the implied meaning of the abstract words, I would have no conception of the whole book, would I? This method of reading was used for 'Ulysses' and proved successful. Now I am applying the same method to 'Finnegan's Wake' which is of course a much more problematical undertaking. Pass me the lamb hot-pot will you?"

"Yes, that is very interesting", the second dog interjected, stifling a yawn, "I found that when I began reading the book I tried to get a picture in my mind of characters in places and certain events occurring in an order that might be sequential or disjointed, but would appear to have a shape, one could say. It was quite a shock when I realised that there appeared to be nothing whatever happening. No story, no shape; nothing but language. I found that extremely disconcerting and felt that I'd been cheated. Of course, that was something that was difficult to admit to, because I'd built James Joyce into a colossal artist in my mind, whose poetry would blast one with its power, however abstract it appeared on the page! Yes, give me some hot-pot too".

It must be said here that the three dogs had decided to read 'Finnegan's Wake' at the same time as each other and to discuss their feelings about it, with thoughts, misgivings, criticisms and any other issues that were deemed appropriate. It was their choice to have these meetings in the room described and at the triangular table, at fortnightly intervals. Only one requirement was asked. All three should read at least four pages a day so that for each meeting there would be a substantial amount of content to discuss.

unknown.

all come find two is  
 I by most things mental  
 can or intriguing phenomena behind  
 say perhaps how if the  
 is it do you tree  
 that is you will there  
 I something tackle are lurks  
 have that those in a  
 an does passages? the presence  
 idea not I field which  
 about present have of holds  
 a insuperable invented vision knowledge  
 state problems a of but  
 of for story the secretes  
 in-between me about viewer this  
 I they a dreamer knowledge  
 mean come tree narrator it  
 something to (I'm writer will  
 very me always me not  
 particular quite bringing one divulge  
 but readily trees largely the  
 which anyway into straight methods  
 is it my ahead by  
 difficult is writing the which  
 to the and other one  
 define writing giving off can  
 it between them on interestingly  
 involves the human on verbalise  
 the things characteristics the one's  
 wording or or right mental  
 or objects at of ramblings  
 articulation or least the just  
 of as symbolic field ramble  
 thoughts I overtones) of I  
 on said and vision can  
 either images a I hear  
 side (do golden suppose you  
 of you tower the say  
 images know glittering substance but  
 images the in of it's  
 are imagists?) the this not  
 easy that unsunlight aforesaid that  
 to I these picture easy

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