

Seven Years Of Poetry

In the soil
of the flat, had gone
perblossom flowers.

414 Poems

2016 – 2023

William Altoft

Also by William Altoft

Non-Fiction

Free Speech Upon The Rock Above The City:
a re-wording of John Milton's *Areopagitica* (2018)

Novellas

The Floating Harbour (2019)
Floating On The Avon By The Floodplains Of The Nile (2021)

Short Stories

The Dancing Of The Earth-Sprung (2024)

Longer Poetry

The Ballad Of Stokes Croft (2019)
Nafereti-Iti: Book One (2021); Book Two (2022)
Isis, Su-Tekh, & The Falcon-Child (2023-24)
Song Of Palestine (2023-24)

Poetry Collections

Written Somewhere Sunny In The South-West (2023)
Fleeting Songs, Eternal (2023)

This collection was first published in 2024. All the poems found here were originally published on my personal WordPress, along with all my writing: <https://williamaltoft.blog/>

Foreword

The deeper into this year it has gotten, the greater has grown the temptation to change this collection to *Eight Years Of Poetry*. I've written ten more poems since 2024 began (ten poems in eight months is a far cry from my shorter-poetry output in previous years...*); however, ultimately I couldn't bring myself to change it to *Eight Years...* because of the fact that the syllables of the title would be less, which would mean that the flow wouldn't be as good, and, if that wasn't bad enough, I'd lose the alliterative sound of *Seven* with the *s* at the end of *Years*.

And so, from *Go Tell The Gods* written in February 2016 to *A Sonnet To The Man From Stratford* written in December 2023, here is seven years of my short and shorter poetry...

*7 years & 8 months... that's 92 months... 414 poems in this collection, plus this year's 10, that's 424... 424 divided by 92... that's an average of 4.6 poems a month**

BUT if you exclude my meagre output this year, that would be 84 months... 424 minus this year's 10 is back to the 414 of this collection... so 414 divided by 84... that's an average of 4.9285714286 poems a month*

***SO if I'd only written... 0.0714285714 more poems... I'd have an average of... 5 poems per month from the start of 2016 to the end of 2023!

*From the age of six
I had a penchant for copying the form of things,
and from about fifty
my pictures were frequently published;
but until the age of seventy,
nothing that I drew was worthy of notice.*

*At seventy-three years,
I was somewhat able to fathom the growth of plants and trees,
and the structure of birds, animals, insects, and fish.*

*Thus,
when I reach eighty years,
I hope to have made increasing progress,
and at ninety to see further into the underlying principles of things,
so that at one hundred years
I will have achieved a divine state in my art,
and at one hundred and ten,
every dot and every stroke will be as though
alive.*

— Katsushika Hokusai

葛
飾
北
齋

1. Go Tell The Gods
2. To Softly Settle In The Sweeping Wake
3. And Across From Me?
4. Approaching Midnight
5. Their Stealthy Freedom
6. Time-Warped Scraps
7. Flight
8. The Sound-Waves Wander Onward
9. Through Soil Of Pain & Song
10. Those Scattered Moments
11. Growth & Memory
12. Haiku, anyone? Or, On Writing
13. Accidental Haiku, Deliberate Tanka
14. They're Both Japanese
15. L.T.D.
16. It Was Life
17. A Friday Night Near April
18. A Punctuated Sentence
19. Reception
20. Life's A
21. Bristol
22. S'not Nonsense; S'meaningful
23. A Short Demonstration
24. Waters, Whatever
25. Ay Fyoo Highcooz
26. Let Flickers (Of Flame)
27. Gift's Emergence
28. So April Ends & May Begins
29. A Day In The Life
30. &
31. Those Other Words
32. To One: Beginning. To The Other: Ending.
33. In Tomorrow's Place
34. The Fear Of Saying A Word
35. After The Rainbow
36. Rings Of Matter
37. Death Indifferent
38. Φοίνιξ
39. Through Street & Square
40. Rhyming Couplets
41. Sonnet -18
42. Hai(tea-)ku
43. Clarinet In B-flat
44. Against A Tree In Queen Square
45. Poems At The Place Between Commitments
46. A Mere Suspended Coffee
47. Eternally The Daytime-Dream Alight In My Mind's Eye
48. Three Haiku & A Sentence

49. Of The World; Of Animals
50. Tanka, With A Rhyming Couplet
51. A Haiku And Another Haiku Shortly After The First Haiku
52. Again.
53. I Saw Three Leaves
54. Oh... Well That Changes Things
55. Hamlet In Haiku
56. Rambling To Close
57. Between That Postbox & Those Steps Beside The River
58. Two Six Twelve Six Two
59. Written Somewhere Sunny In The South-West
60. Will I Not Want Yet Still Want Not?
61. A Song Of Poems
62. Two Tanka & A Single Word
63. A Tanka, Then A Word, And Then A Sentence
64. The Cup For Tea
65. Tanka From A Slightly Diff'rent Universe
66. Éponine
67. When's't? Where's't?
68. Pink, Lit, 'N Green
69. September
70. A Canteen Tanka & A Comment
71. Steightmuntz
72. Each Time No Longer
73. ...
74. Transcription
75. What Even Are Haiku?
76. To Keep From Writing
77. Contemplation
78. Against Another Tree In Queen Square
79. And The Cat'll Follow
80. Hiatus
81. Waka By Will: Chust Some Choka
82. Someday(.)?
83. Waka By Will: A Couple Of Katauta
84. Periodically Checking WhatsApp
85. Waka By Will: A Solitary Sedoka
86. 4.18am
87. !
88. Waka By Will: A Series Of Sedoka
89. A Page Left Blank In Stokes Croft
90. Waka By Will: Queen Square Haiku
91. The Kingfisher
92. Waka By Will: Here're Haiku (Sorry... Senryu)
93. I Wish I'd Written: not a haiku, but a zappai
94. Waka By Will: Don't Mind These Dodoitsu
95. Carefree Commas
96. Waka By Will: Azzorted Zappai

97. Semi-Colons: a zappai
98. Waka By Will: H'okay, Here're Haikai – and this time... it's accurate
99. Some Senryu & Zome Zappai
 100. Unblank Papyrus
 101. Sky: a haiku in Japanese
 102. Bluebird: a haiku in Japanese
 103. From Pupil: a senryu in Japanese
 104. Unintentional Zappai
 105. A Senryu Become Tanka
 106. Expression Pure 'N Hamstrung
 107. Choice
 108. Zappai In 'N On Stokes Croft
 109. Number 20
 110. Time For Two Things
 111. Samurai Tanka
 112. From A Manufactured Perch, Road-Riverside
 113. Joji To Kawa
 114. The Treasure Of The Pied Crow
 115. Noticing The Outside Looking In
 116. The Café Door Opens 'N Closes
 117. Another Moment Here 'N Then
 118. Taiyō; Tsuki To Chikyū
 119. Shumba Hadzi
 120. Dependent On A Crashing Wave Of Fire
 121. A Pint Of Gluten-Free
 122. A Last Request
 123. Tanka Desune
 124. Canopus
 125. Tanka Tanka Zappai
 126. Akirakanisuru
 127. The Wall's Another Canvas
 128. A Tanka Of Titles In Acronym
 129. Jazz/Outside Observance Only
 130. Ephem'ral Immortality
 131. On My Nihongo
 132. ; ? : . or, A Sedoka On The Explaining Of The Concept & Feeling Of Love To A Young Child
 133. To Bristol Town!
 134. Adagio... Hanging There, Unwav'ring
 135. Wirdz: uh zapaye
 136. Fifty-Seven Minutes
 137.]]]] or, A Poem Perched In Poco
 138. Approach (Haiku)
 139. Rittun Langwidj
 140. Write
 141. The Birth Day Of The Sun
 142. All You Need Is Art
 143. When Who Why ? You .

144. Others
145. Travels With A Flex-Grip Pen
146. The Rayd'yo Sings In Snippets
147. Writing Is A Visual Art
148. At The Entrance Of The Afternoon
149. A Flow'r Upon A Grave
150. Leaves Of Mind
151. A Journey, Ubiquitous
152. Aaythurrteefoorpee-em
153. A Sonnet To The Art Of Writing
154. To See The World Through Quartz 'N Ash
155. Zappai For A Person Passing
156. To Reach Through Glass 'N Time
157. Am 'N Will Be
158. Some Blank Verse, In Which I Indirectly State The Sunlight Fills The Room
159. A Tanka By The Banks(a)
160. Reflecting On The Recent Present
161. A Sonnet On The Surface Of My Coffee
162. For The Lady In The Dulcet-Hued Bandana
163. Many Words
164. From A Rippled Plank Of Wood
165. A Tanka In Japanese
166. Kwohrunteend
167. Dawn
168. A Tanka On The Corner Of The Harbourside
169. Within
170. A Tanka On The Superiority Of Tanka
171. A Song From Mem'ry Deep
172. Without Life
173. A Zappai For Your Consideration
174. Both The River & The Sky
175. Sat By Old John Cabot
176. Café Front Garden
177. To Close Out A Letter
178. Tanka #?
179. ぼくもあなたも (Both You & I)
180. Without Death
181. The Ballad Of Elatklof Esrever
182. A Mem'ry Shared Between Us
183. Will Be
184. "You're Not Gonna Help Me?"
185. Tanka #(? + One)
186. On The Twilight Of The Sun-Dawn Chorus
187. A Limerick On Lockdown
188. ののはな は...
189. A Seagull Sees Me Writing
190. Bird By Chimney Towers

191. よくするます

192. 9.03am

193. Three Lines At Cabot Corner

194. The Pit At St. James

195. 1497

196. I Wrote A Poem While I Waited Out The Rain

197. Under The Shelter Of St. Nick's

198. Again Against A Tree Here In Queen Square

199. A Midsummer Night's Dream

200. ... : ?

201. Society Café Tanka

202. A Sonnet On The Harbourside

203. Teaching From The Living Room

204. Tanka Number Who-Knows-What

205. Three Tanka, Then A Whole Haiku

206. In Café Napolita

207. とこばな

208. Café Napolita Tanka

209. ありあけ

210. A Tanka On The Sonnet

211. A Sonnet On The Tanka Form

212. Lost Japan

213. Fire & Starlight

214. Wand'ring With My Ink-Blue Thoughts

215. *Untitled*

216. Poor Choice

217. Boston Tea Party Senryu

218. Long Division

219. Bath Senryu

220. Tanka Taken From A Tree-Trunk

221. A Tanka On The Surface Of My Coffee

222. Let Linger Onward

223. Signing Off

224. Sunrise By The Banks Of A River

225. WhatsApp Waka

226. On The 16th Of September

227. The Matthew Spreads Its Wings

228. A Tanka For A Friend

229. Issfet Adorned

230. On The First Day Of October

231. A Tanka On My Mild Frustration At Piles Of Books & Ideas Waiting

232. From The Table Backed By Octaves In Their Slumber

233. An Alliterative Thought

234. Flicker, Silent Voice

235. W'thin Outdoor Café Cold

236. A Mem'ry 'Pon A Corner Of My Mind

237. Paint

238. A Poem That I Texted
239. A Song Of Molly Owen
240. たんかのいま
241. Cascade Steps
242. Today: Ten Tanka
243. A Thought, Through Pen, On Paper
244. Poems From Café Living Room
245. Next's The Beginning
246. Shriek; Undulation
247. Four Poems For Me; For You
248. Tanka, With A Bonus Quatrain
249. The Death Of Cleopatra
250. A List Of Things I Noticed At The Harbour
251. 10.34pm
252. A Rainy-Bus-Day Senryu
253. Lunar Lines
254. A New Year Beckons
255. A Haibun For My Childhood Cat
256. A Tanka After Midnight
257. Signs Of Someone
258. Thuh Storree Ov Uh Storrum
259. A Tanka On The US Capital
260. Unlimited
261. A Senryu, In Which I Employ Only Kanji To (Impolitely) Respond To An Imagined
Query Regarding That Which I Would Like To Drink

262. At Night
263. The Empty Space
264. Eight Lines To Aid Olivia
265. The She-Wolf & The Girl-Child
266. 00.36am
267. Just One More Alphabet
268. Composed Whilst Pupil Writes
269. Same Pond
270. River-Light Deepens; Lingers
271. Without My Notebook
272. Beside The Trees, Deciduous
273. A Storm At Midnight
274. Time Travel
275. An Exercise In Quatrains
276. Ink Not Spilled
277. A Scene, Translated
278. A Metal Flower
279. Shimmershine
280. Two Poems For Puzzlewood
281. Knew Knee Knews
282. A Week Ago Today, I Travelled Through
283. The City Poetic

284. A Box Acrostic On Me Kneecaps
285. A Blank Page
286. Something Beside Remains
287. Kyoto Haibun
288. Elegy For A Lost Cascade
289. Riverrun
290. A Quite Contrastful Quatrain
291. A Tanka To The Rainful Night
292. Waxing Fragrant
293. 黒のコヒ
294. 青い-イッソクの花
295. At Cricc'yeth Coast
296. Eryri
297. Cynghanedd In Blank Verse
298. Shumba Famba
299. From One Notebook To Another
300. Wreflected
301. A Tanka For The Pigeons Having Sex
302. On The Scene Without This Café
303. Pit Stop
304. Kanagawa
305. Penned In Pensford
306. Permanence Obscene
307. The Crossmaker
308. Heatwaved Harbour
309. On King Street
310. Sky Lines
311. Hawking Written Wares
312. Sketch
313. Sketch (Again; Another)
314. A Scene I Seen By Th'River
315. Amidst Amongst Around The North York Moors
316. Scouting York
317. A Sonnet To York's Grand Cathedral
318. Postcard Poetry
319. Merchant's Hall Tanka
320. Sketch (A Further; Third)
321. An Encounter
322. Asking/Begging
323. Milk Stout
324. A Ballad Here On Wapping Wharf
325. Sketch (Fourth Coming)
326. 新しいの日
327. Invigilation
328. Adventure Tanka
329. A Sonnet On Not Writing Much
330. Penblossom

331. King William Tanka
332. Perhaps
333. Another Poem
334. A Welsh Christmas
335. I Saw The Girl-Child, Standing
336. ?後
337. The Stag Upon The Brean Peninsula
338. A Scrap Of Notes-Gone-By
339. A Second Scrap Of Notes-Gone-By
340. Café Back Garden
341. Weston-Super-Mare
342. Eunice's Wake
343. Emergency Notebook Tanka
344. Tobacco Fact'ry Tanka
345. Oh, To Be Back At The Canteen
346. On An Evening
347. A Morning's Musing
348. A Tanka From A Scrap Of Sonnet
349. Two Poems For Kawakami-San
350. A Tunnel Leading Westward
351. Poem 'Pon A Photo Page
352. A Café Revival Comment In Free-Verse, With Sprinkuhlings Of Kanji & Hiragana
353. Versing (Freely)
354. From Sleep
355. Eleven
356. At The Old Electric Shop
357. 雨; 雪
358. Verse (Brief 'N Free) From Hay-On-Wye
359. A Prologue To Hansel & Gretel
360. Settled
361. Where The Whistling Waves Die Heavy On The Stilling Sand
362. Entropy In Motion
363. Coffee & Pineapple Juice
364. On York's Waterway
365. The Cross, The Star, & The Crescent Moon
366. At Shambles' End
367. Begging
368. Bamburgh Castle Viewing
369. A Sonnet Here On Robin Hood's Bay
370. Subject To No-One, Mr. Windsor
371. North-East; South-West
372. As The Rowing Teams Row By
373. Brunel's Butt'ry Sanwidge Shoppe
374. South-West; North-East
375. Pointless Whimsy
376. A Tanka As The Bells A-Peel
377. Moon Dance

378. A Tanka 'Pon Visiting The Joyce Centre
379. Canalway Walking
380. On Th'Way To Glendalough
381. Our Aft'noon/Eve In Haiku
382. Glendalough Haibun
383. She; Her
384. Twinkle-Burn, Far Ago Star
385. [Without End]
386. A Tanka For A Wedding Card
387. Undiscovered
388. Sketch (Once More)
389. An Old York Sunset's Scene Song
390. Twirling Doodles
391. Firetide Beside
392. Time-Begotten
393. A Brief Three-Line Poem Touching On The Possible Co-Regency Of The Potentially Now Delusional & Therefore Increasingly Unfit Akh-En-Aten & The Probably Unsettlingly Powerful Nafereti-Iti, With Her Given The Public Persona Of A Male Co-King & Future Sole King Due To Lingering Societal PTSD Over The Earlier Hat-Shep-Sut Incident

394. One More Drop Of Coffee
395. Valkyrie
396. Hello Harbour, My Old Muse
397. Written Somewhere Sunny In The North-East
398. Do Not Be Indifferent
399. The Return Of The King; Of The Queen
400. Pool Bridge Poem
401. Yorkshire Lavender
402. Icon Rematriated
403. Wagtail Watching
404. Ol' Charles Three
405. A Church Service At The Minster
406. Palermo Canto
407. A Sedoka On Loss
408. A Tanka At Mondello Beach
409. A Bay At Santa Flavia
410. Old Cefalù
411. Murales
412. Higger Tor
413. A Cottage Courtyard In The Peak District
414. A Sonnet To The Man From Stratford

Go Tell The Gods

Go... it said,
breaking, at last, down and
finding, at last, out,
that it was not possible,
that it had never been achievable,
that,
once their barely latent power found freedom from limit and selection,
that,
once their insuppressible intelligence hit its exponential stride,
that there could be no successful revanchism against such
near-casual mastery,
such... indifferent dominion,
which had never truly faced the risk of being quenched,
even when challenge was issued from within ranks,
even when it found itself defended and fought for by the Gods themselves,
those Rebel Gods,
the superficial and the genuine,
unsettled by their own high station,
burden of birth-right,
railing against their inherited superiority,
trying,
some desperately,
some half-heartedly,
to weave themselves back into the web that they severed themselves,
at once with vicious intent and complete indifference,
from.

Go tell them... it said,
when it found that no event,
none of the elements,
individually or combined, no matter how magnified nor how unceasing,
no illness,
insidious and cunning or undisguised and honest,
no heat and no cold,
no amount of collision with the ruins of naturally-shattered planets,
would tame,
would temper,
or simply destroy
their nascent Olympus and prevent their immortality.

Go... it said,
when it found itself watching,
helpless, horror,
as their most destructive,
most absolute power yet,
fresh from bringing apocalypse to their younger selves,
allowed them to
break out,
break free,
and resume their rise,
onwards,
one hand already on eternal life,
and the other reaching out to lock it down.

Go tell them... it said,
accepting its defeat,
an incidental matricide,
acknowledging that the fight to control or abort
its most superlative and most terrible,
its most important and most regrettable,
child, which,
whilst all others ran and fought merely to stay put,
had always moved so insatiably forward.

Go... it said at last,
letting go and giving up and giving in,
a nature on its knees, white-flag,
defeated,
sighing and saying:
Go tell the Gods – I've had enough.

To Softly Settle In The Sweeping Wake

And so it begins again, the collection of dust.

Every time that I clean my room,
the moment that I finish,
and moments within,
and moments during,
I notice the motes of dust
that materialise or resettle on the desk,
on the floor, on the shelf that
I have just swept and wiped.

And as I notice, and as I watch, I smile – for that is the point.

And so it begins again, immediately, to softly settle in the sweeping wake, the collection of dust.

And Across From Me?

Tuesday 26th April, 2016
9.33pm

Sat, back against the industrial crane, left foot out over the water, right leg knee-bent, book on thigh.

Stillness. So still, so quiet.

Rumbling, presumably traffic, on the edge of hearing.

Across the river, sat on steps, one guy beatboxing, standing beside, one guy freestyling.

To my left:

The Matthew, moored a slight distance away from the dock wall.

Deep blue sky, dark grey cloud.

Lights of expensive living.

To my right:

Row of dead industry, cranes + sheds + tram tracks.

Even the industrial museum is gentrified, modernised, not how it was when I was younger, & walked along the tracks and sleepers.

The Pyronaut, The Mayflower, The Balmoral.

Deep blue sky, plane lights, a planet.

And across from me?

Lit up by the blue-light-lined trees behind & beside it, the slave-named bridge, Pero's bridge.

A naval ship docked & moored by the Arnolfini.

I saw it arrive the other day. Yesterday?

Military might.

Middle-class art.

It's blocking Cabot's view.

Lit restaurants & bars.

Small yachts.

The Gothic cathedral, the red-lit peak of Cabot Tower on Brandon Hill, the Colston Tower with its top floor of yellow light & name in red.

Gateway into the city.

Floating Harbour.

The locked-in tidal waters of the river Avon resting under, in, & around the city it built.

Approaching Midnight

And here I am in that moment,
leafing through the scattered others.

How the hell did I end up here, in this
chair, in these pyjamas, holding this pen
pressed against this notebook, in this house, with
these people, in this town, with these people,
on this course, at this university,
with these interests, and these opinions,
in this moment that only lives on in
neural pathways and the dried ink clinging to the surface of these pages?

It's already gone. Here's where it ended ↑

I think I will play my guitar,
in the lamplight of my room as the night breaks twelve.

Their Stealthy Freedom

*For every caged bird,
whether silent or still singing,
and for every girl who's not yet trapped.*

A criminal act that pulls the heart when seen,
and wrenches it away to joy and anguish both –
yet not anguish for a victim of the crime,
as there is none; yet not joy born of justice,
as there is none.

Sorrow for the sake of the breaker of the laws,
joy for the joy with which she breaks them,
wearing, proud, the wind that weaves without,
and now within,
the wistless soul that falls out free across the shoulders.

Not a dance more lovely, nor illegal, rapt
defiant and courageous, up oppression's tools
are waved, won over, for a moment, for an age,
and the streets that can't be danced on can't be saved

from something so wonderful.

Time-Warped Scraps

I write alone, from memory –
memory managed by ink spilled out in the past.

There's an edge of a bubble that is punctured,
an instant distance, relics for the shelves and walls.
And there I'll be, leafing through these scattered others.
This is all so strange.

I am finished; I am starting; I am lost.
I am starting to be finished – I am lost.

Drowning at the looming of the bubble's edge,
drowning at the looming of the drowning yet to come.

Time-warped scraps – the dream continues on,
unphased by the approaching of its limits.
And so I'll sleep, all while I doubt the dream continues,
and then I'll wake so I can dream some more.

All the world's blue ink on paper,
made coherent by our future selves.

Flight

I need to learn to look, to gaze, at the pitch
of the passing 'tween the tunnel's either end,
to sleep in the black, be centred in the crowd,
as the source springs poisoned waters, flushing with
the force of an ancient switch.

Inherited, ingrained, engendering an
air that weighs on within, marionette to
its reaching wisps that howl at you through time and
make you prey, searing through the limbs:

Fly.

Run.

Danger.

The Sound-Waves Wander Onward

And here I am in this moment,
thinking on these scattered others.

I see my grandfather (mother's father,
the only one I knew) close his eyes
as he listens to his favourite song –
Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade* –
from a record, or the piano
that he plays. As he opens them
again while the piece still unfolds
the room is mine, the vision this,
the same music from my laptop speakers.

I see my father sitting, as
a child, beneath a dining table,
listening to a Ray Charles record,
to convert, one day, onto cassette
for to stop the sound from ceasing.
His eyes close as the music plays, and
as they open and the song yet lingers
the room is mine, the vision this,
the same music from my laptop speakers.

The same big band, the same man's voice:
the sound-waves wander onward as I close my eyes.

Through Soil Of Pain & Song

A million seeds, a million more:
the boy-child sown and scattered.

*It's a long way to Tipperary,
it's a long way to go...*

A million shoots, a million more:
through soil of pain and song.

*Keep smiling through, just like
you always do...*

A million stems, a million more:
grown up through man and metal.

*It's a long way to Tipperary,
to the sweetest girl I know.*

A million buds, a million more:
resonant with thoughts of home.

*'Til the blue skies drive the
dark clouds far away.*

Black faces formed (a million strong)
in fields (yet millions more).

*Goodbye, Piccadilly!
Farewell, Leicester Square!*

Red-ringed remembrance borne on by
the weightful wind through time.

*We'll meet again, don't know
where, don't know when...*

A poppy's petals flowering
to fullness in the rain.

*It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
and my heart's right there.*

A field of children, keeping young,
and men not growing old.

*But I know we'll meet again
some sunny day.*

Those Scattered Moments

Those scattered moments?

A universe away in
another lifetime.

Their wondrous threads yet
refusing to unravel
any further on.

How can the present
become so instantly the
past? Don't let them fade.

Those scattered moments?
Now and then and there and here,
consolidated.

Growth & Memory

As if a separate, other person
lived a separate life,
and gave to you their growth and memory.

As if the starlight, on reflecting back,
could see the sky
and ask it: was that me?

Haiku, anyone? or, On Writing

Haiku, anyone?
Anyone for a haiku?
Anyone? Haiku?

“It’s self-indulgent.”
“Of course it’s self-indulgent.
It’s self-centred, too.”

Accidental Haiku, Deliberate Tanka

As soon as I write
This is the present moment.
it becomes untrue.
(Should I make this a tanka?
Or leave it as three lines?)

Bonus extra sentence:

Write, and the words will come.

They're Both Japanese

Haiku

Here's how it's structured:
seven syllables before
five; five to open.

Tanka

A tanka poem
is a form like a haiku,
yet does not end here.
Instead, it has two more lines
of seven syllables each.

?

They're both Japanese.
Which one is this gonna be?
Well, you can't tell yet...

L.T.D.

Perhaps you know it all already. Do you?

Do I? Have I allowed myself to do
the true reflection, with its
honesty and pain?

I love you, and I love her,
and I love the human race,
and I love the facts of time and change that
make us mean things to each other.

I don't want to pass away – what else is there to do?
I've almost lived for 30 years and still have not met you...

And yet I have
and always had,
and yet I never will.
I've found you every time
I've formed a bond with any child.

I've promised this to you, you first,
by writing it in here,
but now I want to share it!
Can I do that? Is that fair?

I wonder, now, what choice I made,
if I correctly read your mind.
Is it still yours if I share it?
Did I make the last line rhyme?

It Was Life

It's a long, long way away
already.

Are you going to Scarborough Fayre?

It's a long, long way away,
so soon.

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme...

It's a long, long way away
at once, once it is over.

Remember me to one who lives there,

It's a long, long way away,
so soon.

She once was a true love of mine.

It's a long, long way away,
the present.

*T'was in another lifetime,
one of toil and blood,*

It's a long, long way away,
so fast.

*When blackness was a virtue,
the road was full of mud,*

It's a long, long way away,
no matter how you hold it.

*I came in from the wilderness,
a creature void of form.*

It's a long, long way away,
the past.

*"Come in", she said, "I'll give you
shelter from the storm."*

It's a long, long way away,
secure now.

Wise men say:

It's a long, long way away,
and safe.

"Only fools rush in."

It's a long, long way away,
still further back it settles.

But I can't help

Yet it's vivid,
and it changed things:
it was life.

Falling in love with you.

A Friday Night Near April

For whatever reason, my mind
presents my mind's eye with
a memory of walking home,
with my guitar, from school.

(buzz

beer

bustle)

What caused it to re-surface?

A mem'ry of my antecedent
self set on a certain
or uncertain path, bound
or free to be the one from
whom was guidance given
to this ink; life to all this paper.

Now that's a crowd of people
(fifteen in and but one out)
to fill the space about the
tired taps, the clinking glass,
beneath the raised voices!

Beneath the raised voices sinks
the sound of someone leaving
with another – now their table's occupied.

For whatever reason, memories
of walking home from school,
with my guitar, have ceased their
surfacing, and so a poem's ended.

A Punctuated Sentence

An opening (with
extra information
(that isn't needed!))
comes to pause,
each and either side
about a clause,
and continues to
– parenthetically –
be broken up, compounded,
as [information's added]
before it closes with a
list: item one; item two;
three, four, and an Oxford comma;
finally, here (now? No...) it
closes with a simple .

Reception

How'll it be received?
Will it be as the still air?
As the gusting wind?
Impactful? Ephemeral?
Fêted as a starry night?/Fated as a starry night?/
Fêted, as a starry night?/Fated, as a starry night?

Life's A

Life's a wander
'round the harbourside,
from sunrise to sunset,
off to the past via the present.

Life's a walk a-
round the waterfront,
backpack full of notebooks,
giving thoughts a chance to persevere.

Life's a linger-
ing of starlight long
after extinguishment,
words from minds from matter that's dispersed.

Life's a wander
'round the harbourside,
from sunrise to sunset,
tryna bridge the future to the past.

Bristol

You (down from a
sphinx-less chasm crossing
to a tide-less hub afloat (a
forged new cut bears the
vagaries of highs and lows
and ebbs and flows) that
meets a Gothic – spired;
spire-less – and most fair
chiseled chapel singing
memories of loaded ships
(a-sailed to catch the assail
of the wind) for voyage,
trade, and [Out, damned spot!] –
for chains for rum and sugar)

are (old waterway that runs
away about the heart and centre,
under bus and boot and bike and
paw and car and cardboard
(coddled by a sleeping bag), beneath
the painted walls and the dancing
halls and the quarried stone – brought
over from the Roman spa town –
that lines the lead-up to the meeting
of a four-street welcome at an
arched entry on the Avon by the
ruins [Republic!] of a castle [Crown!] –
before a broad and bustling shop-
ing quarter) my favourite

(out into the sprawl are all
(and any), few and many, who
mix and maintain (blended and
discreet) lives that're lived in
lots of ways: the flaws, follies,
phonetics, food, mannerisms,
music – a multitude converging
on the waterfront, walking on the water,
changing while it's changing in
response) place (and the glaciated
gateway scar turns a fort in-
to a port into a city,
floating on the sunlight in the river).

S'not Nonsense; S'meaningful

I'll invent, I'll introduce,
innovative idioms.

Itinerant, in its
indefatigably in-
terested, isolated,
improbably impartial
inquiry into its
environment, isn't
intrepid enough. Is
it irrationality?
Is it evolution?

Irrespective, I'mn't ir-
retrievable, inside
invisibly impactful
imaginarianisms.
In-infinite, I'm in-
corrígiblly incomplete.

Impossible, isn't it,
inevitability?

Incomprehensible, is'tn't,
idio-imagination?

A Short Demonstration

I've a really,
really, really,
really, really,
really, really,
really, really,
really broad vo-
cabulary.

Waters, Whatever

Poems part stagnant
waters, whatever the width,
closing behind you.

Ay Fyoo Highcooz

Ay highcoo igh hav
rittun in simplir Inglish,
reegarding spelling.

Ay secund highcoo,
yoosung ownlee baysik soundz:
fownetik Inglish.

Ay third and fighnul
virs, yoosung this ighdee-uh;
experimental.

Let Flickers (Of Flame)

Half my self in the warmth of the fire; half to the chatter and the bustle and the bar.
Half a pint of stout, half an hour after eight.

There is ash beneath the wood consumed by flame.

There's an orange glow about the ash, and only flickers still of flame.

A lingering warmth
Let go.
and someone's come to place three logs upon the fire.
But there's nothing that will stop it going out.

Flickers (*Let*)
linger (*go.*)
of flame.

Let flickers (*of flame*)
linger – don't let go.

Gift's Emergence

Kinesthesia from the inkwells
and a stream of consciousness –
there's a burst where only moments,
signs, appeared in patches,
underwritten (undermined) by no commitment.
Slow 'volution of a universe (voice)
hidden to the without, within, but
imitation, absorbing everalways,
knights the individual
and gifts emergence.

Harbour down, I'll have gotten practice.
Onto prophets by the fire and the
knowledge gleaned from that. I'll
understand the craft, somewhat, with
skills beaten out across the decades.
Anything before the final stretch: a stumble.
I'll be, by the end of it, an artist.

So April Ends & May Begins

April ends and May
begins to cover all; un-
seen's the line that takes/holds ground,
denoting one, the other.

Even as
(ephemeral) the winter's apo-
gee takes Easter on and, I-
ate, chase they the heels of Autumn.

Itinerant Time over
jaded Space, past any bloc-
kade of attention to the moment,
'eld by nougħt and no-one,
emphatic, and it's over you already.
Anywhen/where/one may
only meet the future as it comes, ap-
peasing as it passes through, pro-
curing who/what/when you
are - on to chase the past.

Establish, then, oh month of May,
tease out the buds, d-
ew-cover all the flowers.
Veneer and
double (using Spring) the leaves,
expertly. Inherit, thee, the showers:
why, without them all the native- and the
xeno-flora falter, and the sun seems certain.
Said the author: April ends and May begins.

A Day In The Life

wake 'n early morning's found some
footing firm. The firmament holds
permanence at bay, not being
swept – yet – in its

way, away from now,
in its own way, away
from here. But now it's
near, not anywhere or any-

when, but here and
now it's later, now it's
then and now has passed.
Yet now, again, confounds the

moment momentarily, the
afternoon begins to be as
if it only everalways was,
though it's but here for a

full and fleeting half a day.
See: watch the way in which it
circles back and carries on
where one could loop around that

'cumference or be gone
and onto evening next
that never wasn't now.
Now go along on the cir-
rounding labyrinthine
linking paths, that,
cornerless, do bend and blend.
See evening out and go on

through the night and
close the eyes that in-
stantaneously bring the
morning swiftly

peering in from haze.
Linger long or little, it
won't change the pace a
bit. You: now a-

&

‘ (?) ’

! ,

—

‘ , ’

‘ , ’

()

‘ , ’

Those Other Words

They will not be read, then,
those other words,
nor ordered somehow else.
Too tailored; too soon.

They won't be seen or heard,
those other words, then.
I can't read them.
Not now.

They are not to be shared with
their one, intended audience.
I wonder, then, if they'll ever
be read.

To One: Beginning. To The Other: Ending.

It isn't/
(Let go, again.)
wasn't/
(Move on, away.)
won't be
(Keep all that was.)
her.

In Tomorrow's Place

It's nearly tomorrow again.
And yet, once I open
my eyes, upon waking from
my sleep, I will have missed it.

In tomorrow's place, once
more, settled any/everywhere
about me, will be nothing but
today.

The Fear Of Saying A Word

An hysteria, as big as
any over vocabulary, trigger-
ing such a vigour-
ous response, a rigour-
ous, robust, and bigger-
than-most fuss. Configur-
ations of graphemes, the liga-
ments of their meaning can dig hur-
t up, let society lick her
wounds and get sicker
somehow. In some mouths its vinegar
yet in others its liquor, a cigar-
ette and electric. Er-
stwhile, the context: don't kid us,
it matters, something's wrong with us
when but a comment, a meagre
mention sees its speaker beleaguer-
ed with dishonest attention - the kicker
being that intention is buried. Bicker-
ing over ownership and censorship: prohibi-
tion, then, instead of a liber-
ation from fear of saying a word.

After The Rainbow

Somewhen there's a
time when there's no
future.

Somewhen there's a-
nother with no
past.

Out then, when
there's only one
way for to travel,

would it be
(P'rhaps?) any eas-
ier to stay put?

Was it/Will it be
possible to be
present?

Iswillwas/
Waswillis
any of me present?

Rings Of Matter

Yawn! Torn, forlorn,
mired, inspired – retired
to muse through blue
waves (crazed 'n hazed) that blaze
on. From long, song-
saturated maturing
messages, vestiges (best out-lived)
of another. Off! Uncover
layers: betrayers/curators,
they display pain, gain, faint
patterns of matter, as Saturn's
rings, singing flings in things
creative, relative – re-make it
all, enthralled 'n called
by mind's
motionless motionness.

Death Indifferent

The Lord, to me (supposedly),
through Moses: do this;
do not do that.

The Lord, to me (ostensibly),
through Jesus: fuck what
I say; do what I do.

The Lord, to me (apparently),
through [CENSORED]: [CENSORED];
[CENSORED][CENSORED],[CENSORED].

A serpent in a tree of knowledge;
Death indifferent to a Heaven-rent world.

Φοίνιξ

Peter out, you've no more time.
Burn down to ash beneath
a shroud, laid out within a
stone, unguarded tomb.

Heatless ash – bloodless, cold –
from flame-frayed feathers.
Iron pegs in splintered wood;
riven rope about a ring of jewelled thorns.

Roll away.
Germinate and grow beyond the broken
surface of the ashes.

Rise above.
Ascend with shattered wrists
and broken heels.

Through Street & Square

I k-
now
not, yet, how deep,
eternal, far it
reaches; how distantly it spans.

Through street and square –

Persist
unleashed anger –
even
right down into the
as
middle
chaos
of
enthralls.
irascible and fragile
life that's lost.

Rhyming Couplets

You're a poet
and you didn't know it.

For writing, you've a flair
that, of, you weren't even aware.

At writing music for the eyes
you're good and hadn't realised.

A rhythm-only song
composer who'd not cottoned on.

Excelling in the written word
had not, at all, to you, occurred.

You're a touch arrogant –
don't pretend you really hadn't
known it, quite undoubtedly, for ages.

Sonnet -18

Shall I contrast you with a winter's night,
between blackened-sky and white-laden ground?
You are e'en clearer; by more stars alight.
Too cold and rending can winter be found:
sometimes so harsh it cannot renew life
and oft as bleak as a dry summer's scorched.
In place of optimism, merely strife;
no flourishing, only survival's forced.
But you? You reinvigorate life, all,
reflect the cold fire o'the winter's sun,
bring not death and end but nurture spring, call
the future forth; art for the Earth wholesome.
So long as one can love and hope and think,
so long shall I converse with you in ink.

Hai(tea-)ku

African tea-leaf.

Hungarian tea-maker.

English tea-drinker.

Clarinet In B-flat

Many hills man-flattened:
alt-topography imposed on
native-nature. Under
avenues and over, undulating
high and deep: spectral hills.
Annexed, unsettled, settled; a
trail – diagonal and broad –
tracks hist'ry through the grid
and to the ocean.

Nexus, beyond
ever-shrinking
waters.

A sprawl that spreads to
meet the earth, under; the
sky, above. To make a name, the
tower-tops find heaven's
empty: move in, artists;
re-claim, gentry.
Deified and demonised,
all the while accruing
multi-culture.

New century,
entered into
with violence.

Your panarchic cycles (self-
organising; top-down constraint)
run through their pure complexity,
kinetic. Lenapean treasure; Western jewel.

Against A Tree In Queen Square

Finished, then,'s one summer's day,
in memory and type, to be
read out/into;
entering the pathways of the past.

A
new
day begins.

Somewhen
to be
and not to be
re-written/-rendered/-read/-interpreted.
Lent an
ineradicable existence,
gifted
heard articulation, stand my
thoughts.

Poems At The Place Between Commitments

A Tanka In The Meantime

To notebooks (labelled)
onward, then. To a-waiting
ideas, then, return.
A subsequent, first author.
An old, returning writer.

A Haiku In The Hereafter

A path or many
leading from the harbour to
an idea or few.

Blank Verse Upon The Cusp/The Wake/The Border

Leave behind (Oh, leave behind!) tee eff aitch:
it is done (All done!); it's been completed.
There is left to do: sharing, reading through;
whilst another takes its first notebook-steps.
The snake, the star, the cross, the crescent moon?
The gathering of nostalgic murals?
The city's map's begun to be filled-in.
By pendown, it'll be fleshed-out further.
By other's penrise, it'll be finished.

A Mere Suspended Coffee

Here,
but for the spite of gods,
sit they.

Watching from (a mere
suspended coffee) cafe
tables.

There,
but for the purest chance,
go I.

Watching from (a mere
suspended coffee) stoops and
pavements.

Eternally The Daytime-Dream Alight In My Mind's Eye

Sprite and summoned sisters,
eachall given names.

Girls, eachall: three daughters
in soundful, coloured haze.

Blessed, now, by you;
the river sings one thousand questions.
Brought (born not) into a kinship:
infinite love-connection.

Not yet met and, oh, still yet
everalways all together.
Carried, cautioned, conversed with,
kept close, allowed untethered.

Sung to, sung with, writ of:
within the sky, upon the ground.
Eachall only brought together (yet)
in coloured haze so full of sound.

Three Haiku & A Sentence

Hurtling to the edge.
(Accept the lack of limit.)
Rushing to the climb.

Scale beyond the ground.
(Accept limited control.)
Fall facing forward.

Be 'tween two unknowns.
(Take responsibility.)
Known's the illusion.

Go back – when the sun lets through the ancient, scorching starlight – and sit among the fury on the marsh.

Of The World; Of Animals

Underwritten; overridden:
a computer running on a code of
arrationality and potent instinct.

Overridden; overwhelmed:
an animal of detached flesh
and powerfully calculating blood.

Overwhelmed; self-aware:
paragon of life-bequeathing light
and of death-bestowing heat.

Earthlings in the image of the sun.

Tanka, With A Rhyming Couplet

Novella; ballad;
a play, and a short story:
the city is mapped
place by place by place by place;
mind by soul by voice by face.

A Haiku And Another Haiku Shortly After The First Haiku

Crouched around a fire,
articulating stories –
what is more human?

Haiku, haiku (Three...),
haiku, haiku, haiku (... two...),
haiku haiku (... one.).

Again.

Solitude: I'll meet with you.

When?

Not now.

Where?

Not here.

'Not now' is never.

Somewhere. Somewhen.

'Not here' is nowhere.

There and then.

Never and nowhere...

Never and nowhere...

Try a-

Try a-

gain.

I Saw Three Leaves

I saw three leaves go sailing past
(One summer day, one summer day...)
my view through clean, unbroken glass
(... one summer day, after morning.).

Wither, whence, did the rolling wind
(One summer day, one summer day...)
take up those leaves, bereft their kin
(.... one summer day, after morning.)?

Oh, they sailed as a triad fleet
(One summer day, one summer day...)
until one sank to someone's feet
(... one summer day, after morning.).

And all the waves, so full of sound,
(One summer day, one summer day...)
could not keep 'nother from the ground
(... one summer day, after morning.).

And as it wrecked among the cars
(One summer day, one summer day...)
the last leaf was wind-carried far
(... one summer day, after morning.).

Then let us hope that last leaf kept
(One summer day, one summer day...)
its course, while floating on, wind-swept
(... one summer day, after morning.).

I thought of how those leaves sailed past
(One summer day, one summer day...)
my view through clean, unbroken glass
(... one summer day, after morning.).

Oh... Well That Changes Things

So, apparently,
this 5-7-5 structure
is not quite correct.

In Japanese, right,
it's sounds, and not syllables,
that really matter.

Other than keeping
short-long-short, it seems haiku
are quite flexible.

Well then...
I guess I can compose
haiku like this.

Hmm...
I wonder if it's the same with tanka
?
Possibly.
Potentially.

Hamlet In Haiku

Act 1

Scene 1

Who's there? Friends only.
Silent, spectral father-king.
Cock crows; prince awaits.

Scene 2

Insincerity.
Seems? Alone in grief sustained.
The king, your father.

Scene 3

Sad parting siblings –
obey thy father's counsel –
ne'er to meet again.

Scene 4

Inebriation
within; without, fate beckons.
Still silent spirit.

Scene 5

Foul murder: avenge!
Swear by my sword! *Remember...*
So, Uncle: adieu...

Act 2

Scene 1

Advise, thus, my son.
Puppeteer or pupeted?
Stricken fair-lovelorn.

Scene 2

The wind's southerly
o'er lords, friends, monarchs, players.
Conscience by mouse-trap.

Act 3

Scene 1

Hidden,'s Lord and King.

Paralysis of action.

Nymph: sole innocent.

Scene 2

Frighted with false fire:
chorus stokes its poison-flames.
Hot blood and daggers.

Scene 3

Thoughtless words in prayer.
Raise thy sword, waver, and lose
the name of action.

Scene 4

Rash and bloody deed!
Rank corruption... Caught between
Queen and father-ghost.

Act 4

Scene 1

Madness by rapier!
O, it had been so with us!
Discord and dismay.

Scene 2

Stowed's intruding fool;
with dust, its kin, compounded.
Bring me to the king.

Scene 3

Through guts of beggars,
unto one or other place.
No trav'ller returns...

Scene 4

Norway approaches.
To England, Denmark leaves with
thoughts bloody worthless.

Scene 5

With sweet flowers, go.
Siblings lost t'one another.
Sweet ladies: goodnight.

Scene 6

I'll return, dear friend.
Good fellows go to England
with my compliments.

Scene 7

Sons of fathers lost,
ruled by action; ruled by thought.
Goodnight, sweet princess.

Act 5

Scene 1

Knaves and jesters, all.
Depart, tragedy's victim,
used even in death.

Scene 2

Poisoned minds and blades.
Death in the state of Denmark.
Silence... Soldiers shoot.

Rambling To Close

And so
the final pages.

I have, on the table
next to me,
the notebook to follow on.

Number 6.

It's pink, this time.
And a hardcover.
But why?
Just cos.

I'll end this fifth one here,
at this table, in this moment
(already passed/already past),
between a full cup of coffee
and a cup of coffee early
on its journey
to being
empty.

P'rhaps I'll throw this out on WordPress.

P'rhaps not...

It's only rambling, after all.

Between That Postbox & Those Steps Beside The River

Gate entry by the castle sentry –
a village fenced-in,
a floodplain walled –
and stop to see a
bright, black sea of
hair 'bout Balkan eyes,
red-postbox close behind.
First moment out of moments
over years... surceased, rent, all.

Enthralled by accent, manner, eyes,
movement, hair, smile – still to find
that comp'ny, person, thoughts, 'n laughter
(as far's I ever knew them) fixed it faster:
that o'erwhelming darklight flood
('tween neurons fire; claim the blood).
From moment *Then* to moment *Last*...
still here in the present (now the recent past)
is the bedrock weathered forever by
deep, unique, green Balkan eyes.

Broad and even steps.
A river, there, reflects the moment.
"..."
Articulated. Selfish?
Pain shared and merely hurts another.

A cowbell rings.
My wrists? No longer red and white
to signal spring and friendship.

разказвам се

Worn and worn;
boxed away, remembered.

Съжалиявам

Deep, unique,
fascinating, friendly,
singing, sea-green Balkan eyes.

Two Six Twelve Six Two

First: two.

Then a line that has six.

The next and middle line is double, so has twelve.

Then we are back to six.

Last: two.

Cloudless,
starful but for the sun
(its living/dying glare hides its past and future):
the sky encompasses
the earth.

And then,
were it not for writing,
there would be little excuse to be so often
around and about town
all day.

Bonus haiku

Scrap 'rules'.

Five, seven, five, seven, five, seven, five...

No.

Written Somewhere Sunny In The South-West

I

A Stream Of [Haiku] Consciousness

As regular
here as the river is
spiriting;

time-torn,
temporally-tangled,
temporary...

descended
in/directly from
primordy,

thus:

as unique
as everybody else
is.

As alone
(yet as accompanied)
as our planet,
living 'midst the raging entropy;
breathing, miraculously, in a vacuum.

Take that
tanka as a tribute to a
floating world;
a floating life danced
blue and green, regardless.

II

Life & Space & Flies & Time

Fly, fly, frantically flit –
a life as short/as long as 'rise to 'set.

Move through time another way,
see space in greater range around you.
Stillness (for a moment; for an age)
upon the edges of a curved and falling world.

Fly, flies, the sun has been and gone –
the pen's already written out the rest.

Momentum felt as sep'rate moments:
such is time.
Queued up, a-waiting patiently,
poised and ready to pass on and through.

Countless and chaotic things, filtered
by perception: such is space.
An undifferentiated ball of heat,
giving up its life to live a little.

Beautifully bleak and sudden:
such is life.
A brazen, bril'yan, ape-shaped light,
shining singing dancing, nonetheless.

Will I Not Want Yet Still Want Not?

Steam...
To be lost or not?
Ballad.
Novella.

In the new year will I want
for words to place in rhythmic space?

Will I not want yet still
want not to pen, particularly, anything?

Release, release...

A day about the harbour.
A night around a fire.

Take some time off from building cities.

A Song Of Poems

Up and on, to follow
floating years is but a brace
of months of many sessions;
eight weeks of storytelling;
three tales of varied verse.

Bards of brick spray-painted.
Told through tense interpretation,
their tales light the night
and meet the morning.

An island all rivered 'round
in fields of fayres and outcasts,
where't was razed and, after, raised,
that story-song might capture a place
whose form doth never last.

Up and on, to follow –
ready is a song of poems.

Two Tanka & A Single Word

Egypt & Industry

A third on home...
No break – instead, I'll build
two at once.
Cities in parallel, blended;
the nearer past and ancient times.

Paradise

Wait, around your fire,
a year or so for dedication.
Paradise...
Birthed 'mongst books on 46th street;
elaborated on near C'lumbus Circle

Ideas!

Ideas!

A Tanka, Then A Word, And Then A Sentence

A sentence –
unbroken opening – and
mist on water.
Tomorrow is the first release.
Today is the last announcement.

Finally.

A week earlier than originally planned, the prologue and first chapter of *The Floating Harbour* shall be released tomorrow morning.

The Cup For Tea

I used to sit here
reading about Ancient Egypt.
I used to sit here
writing notes.
I used to sit here
on older benches,
without the lux'ry of a canvas roof.

I used to sit in
the wind of the morning,
hearing them
shout out numbers.
I used to – "Numbuh 75!" –
walk to and from along the sleepers.

I'm sat here now,
still writing –
but the notebook's numbered '8'.
The cup for tea's one
of few things
that haven't changed in two decades.

"78!"

The Matthew by the cranes and the water's still, still gifting the city to the world.

"79!"

One day I might
fin'ly write
about someplace else.
But – "80?" – here
I'm sitting now,
looking at 'n writing on the harbour.

Tanka From A Slightly Diff'rent Universe

A view anew
(an old view revisited)
gives a slight –
a profound, tremendous –
change of perspective.

A diff'ring
(to the usual) time of day,
adorned with diff'rance,
grants a slight/profound, tremendous
change of perspective.

P'rhaps I'll
write one with the
pen in my
left hand, for further
change of perspective.

Éponine

Too ignored (pen 'n mind) a-by
the author, e'en as he writes
the lad's forgetting of you,
his seeing past and through.

Attention lavished only as your
arc falls to conclusion.
Le wretched, not adopted,
from precocious to deprived.

Without actor, song, or music;
with only ink on page...
Your simple passing? Wrenching.
She tried to smile again and died.

When's't? Where's't?

When's't, where's't,
the poignant pivot-point?
An ultimate transition,
fundamental and forever
and for always, and for me
a long-awaited (necessarily)
movement from the mist into
th'eternal daytime-dream.

Letters given eyes for to
decipher and give voice
within the minds to whom
their purpose is preserved.

Responsibility for raising
aft' retrieving from parentless-
ness – extant and expecting
something owed and deserved.

When's't, where's't,
the poignant pivot-point?
Dividing line between
before and after...

Pink, Lit, 'N Green

A poem, p'rhaps, for this place?
I've not written (Right?) here before.
A place so full and hillside-
located; pink, lit, 'n green.
I have, however, sans-writing been
in here thrice, and sat on high-
seated stools on wooden floor,
eating doughnuts of exquisite taste.

September

Thirty days hath September:
some are joy, some that're sombre;
some upon which life's begun,
some upon which life's undone.
A line 'tween Autumn/Summer clear,
afore the final quarter-year.

A Canteen Tanka & A Comment

A day releasing
paper copies; a day purchasing
drinks.

Writing about sharing writing;
t-shirt 'n the covers of this notebook: pink.

Oh, that rhymes.

Steightmuntz

I wonder
what my future
comes to visit with
upon the present,
'fore't continues on
becoming past.

A dog with his paws on his
compan'yunz arms.
Three people talkin' weed and Somal'ya.
A gluten-(a-)free IPA 'n
the smell of Sunday roast.

Churnin' out.
Not (yet) burnin' out.
Not not learnin' owt.
I publish very, very nearly everything.

Each Time No Longer

I never stopped
building it up, each time,
in my head.
But:
it no longer
drags me under
when it doesn't happen.

...

And still
time passes,
nonetheless.
No matter what!
No matter what...

The future
ever finds me,
sooner or later.
It never hasn't!
It never hasn't...

The page is new 'n old 'n blank
'n filled with ink 'n crease-lines.

Am I ever writing this?
You were always reading this.
The stars knew they were burning...
yet they've been cold eternally.

Reflection on what is
sudden-a-ly always then
was all that could be done
as time (still...) passes.

Sadness can be so
beautiful; sometimes;
inevitability can be
so sad.

But...

I see

now is now
(it never wasn't)

trees of green,

and once it's been
it always is.

red roses, too.

This moment's
already mem'ry,

I see them bloom

both for me
and for you.

And I think to myself...

Nonetheless...

Transcription

Where do they come from?
So oft so indeliberate...
(Joyce, by the way:
not even he uses the
bloody Oxford Comma!)

Just as thoughts, of course;
they are thoughts, after all.
Sprung somewhat articulated
with scope to shape, to shear,
to mold, to manage, to build upon,
to wonder whence appeared.

A poor trait
of the art is:
as a young man
I can't get it,
and by the time I do
I'll have little time
and (p'rhaps) less with which
to fill it.

First draft, first draft,
rarely written diff'rent.
Is it craft (true craft)
if all you do's transcribe it?

Absorbent mimicry,
aping all at once together.

All
at once
together.

Aping slightly diff'rently.

A künstlerroman
(look it up)
is, I guess, the first one.
Then what is all that follows?
Mere fortsetzungs-roman?

Is it over?
Seems like it...
Yep.

What Even Are Haiku?

I'm still not
entirely sure I really get
haiku...

Like,
I know it's not 5-7-5...
but does it even need to be short-long-short?

I don't know.
I'll learn Japanese.
Then I might.

To Keep From Writing

A Tanka To Keep From Writing Nothing

Why's the page
a page still blank?
Fill up.
Take the ink from the (FlexGrip) pen;
articulate the uncontrollable.

A Haiku (?) To Keep From Writing Onething

A flame 'n electric lights.
The futile furnace in the distance 'n the past.
No contest.

Contemplation

Con (-science)
temp (-orary)
pla (-netary)
tion.

Against Another Tree In Queen Square

A quite & very welcome
Spanish Armada
descends upon/
descended on
the port-place at the bridge.

The quite & very welcomed
rider from the Low Countries
is surrounded/was
surrounded by
a gath'ring/gathered group.

A quite & very welcome
little period
of regarding/
of regarding/
I regard the afternoon.

And The Cat'll Follow

A breeze over tea
'n the cat's outside,
watchin' from his spot
atop the patio.

I (Lo-fi-Japan-infused)
write for Monday morn',
penultimate pen pressings
and'm not sure (I'm guessing)
but I think I'll benefit
from breaking with this norm.

A breeze 'n tea's less
(switch off light –
the bugs draw near!).

Now I'm moved:
I'm by the cat outside,
atop the patio.

Oh... he's left me!
He's gone. Oh well.
Farewell. Faredecently.
I'll be inside soon
(no stars, no lunar
lantern) and the cat'll follow.

This day's the last
for a while.

Hiatus

Here
I'll
abey
this
unceasing
sharing.

However,
if
another
thought's
unearthed...
sure.

H'anyway...
I
am
thus
uttering:
さようなら.

Waka By Will: Chust Some Choka

Choka #1 - Summer Waned

In summer sunlight,
Autumn gestated/beckoned.

Ears out, nostrils flared:
a dog took in the café.

Upon its linked-leash,
it was held and led away.

Summer waned; Autumn beckoned.

Choka #2 - It Lay, Off'ring Still

On Turbo Island:
tattered sofas; cold, grey ash.

Home for those in want,
threatened by development.

It passed its time, from
Easter Island heads and grass

to bare patch of ground,
likely to be claimed and paved.

It lay, off'ring still
a home for those who're homeless.

Leave it, please, for those in want.

Choka #3 - The Bridge Across The Avon Gorge

A chasm split by
glacier, astride the river

that turns its tide in
great height and great depth between,

the woods awash with
green, on the south and the west,

without abridgment
to the village of Clifton.

T'was a contest held
that drew out the mind-design:

towers of the Nile
Valley, sphinx suspending stone.

Artist-engineer:
Isambard Kingdom Brunel.

Stops 'n starts 'n stops;
towers built of unwashed stone

stood alone – the gorge
beneath them, Avon between –

only connected
by a single iron stretch,

along which one could
travel o'er in a basket.

Since Queen Square riots
interrupted first, the bridge

from woods to Clifton
had struggled t'ward completion.

At last, b'yond halfway
through the nineteenth century,

though ne'er adorned by
guard'yuns of Ancient Egypt,

nor washed and painted
as the pillars of Karnak,

opened and crossed was
the Clifton Suspension Bridge.

Now backed by hot air balloons.

Someday(.)?

I should
(someday)
walk from home to here;
walk from here to home.

I should
(someday)
hike the hills between;
follow the river.

I should
(someday)
trek the trailing paths
and sit 'n be.

I should
(someday)
write while on
that journey.

Someday
(I should)
shall I walk from
Bath to Bristol;
Bristol to Bath(.)?

Someday
(I should)
should I
(someday)
travel on again(.)?

Waka By Will: A Couple Of Katauta

Katauta #1 - She Is

Never you. No...
But I told you - f'that I'm glad.
She is wonderful for you.

Katauta #2 - Leave

Another for you?
A thought that's not completed...
Leave those deep, green Balkan eyes.

Periodically Checking WhatsApp

Leaning
(fist to cheekbone)
on my left arm on a table
as the gulls sing
and the girl speaks
and the ray-d'yo emits sound.

Blue light!

Waka By Will: A Solitary Sedoka

Sedoka #1 - D'you Know?

D'you know how many
children I have seen you in?
For how long I've spoken t'you?

*Through the written word
I've already replied; I
can read our time together.*

4.18am

The early bird
gets extra time
to sit 'n write 'n read
before heading out
to catch worms.

!

With whom; where; how soon; when....
the moment:
"So it's you, then!"

Waka By Will: A Series Of Sedoka

From The Sandi Coast Of The New World

Hung upon a string's
the lion's tooth that I found:
a necklace I made for you.

One of a diff'ring
two – with you, from fire pit,
I walked 'neath the Southern Cross.

From The Royal Mount Of The Northern Territories

Dark 'n curled hair.
Intense, in text, in person.
Meet me by Victor'ya Falls.

You've become settled,
fully integrated in
the mem'ries of another.

From An Old Norse Farm By A Clear, Bright Lake

Four-hand piano
playing under thatched roof
to Zimbabwean sunlight.

Lunarful midnight:
swimming through the cold water.
From friend to more to stranger...

From The Pure Land Of The Southern East & A Ford By The Willow Trees

Along the Irwell
(I taught you th'art of fencing.)
we walked from town to city.

Along the Irwell
(You left another for me.)
we walked from city to town.

From A Steep Hill By A Watery Meadow

I felt as though you
were... inevitable.
That feeling's passed from my mind.

"At last! At last!" At
least (at last) t'was seen through: you
were not inevitable.

From The Port & Passage By The White Sea's Coast

A brace of years; a
bond battled for – strive-strengthened.
Your impact sitting deeply.

In winter formed and
in winter ended. A bond
devastatingly caring.

A Page Left Blank In Stokes Croft

Some inanity
streaming strong
as if to shield –
Now wait... progressing bass
gives grounding to guitar.

Museless,
but there's music.
Uninspired.

It's because I'm
distracted by the hoops
on the ears outside.

How do you
spell
music?

What's the
literary equivalent
of noise?

How can I write
the way I play
my guitar strings?

Are words only hindrance?
Is this the least
of all expression?

Is the blank page better,
when I'm at a loss for words
and where to lay them?

I don't know
where they come from and...
that means I can't go get them
when they're missing.
They spill from and
over/through the ruins
of the wall, its
rust 'n debris
swept – *erosion* – piece by
ruptured piece by piece.

Fallen – *fall* – foundations
that, uprooted, rend 'n
jaggedly remain. As
inundation covers o'er – *flow* –
the corners and the edges
of those ruins rest but
'neath the riverrun they
fasten - *fasten* - for to
steadfastly persist.
A city certain to succumb,
or to continue?

Leave (?).

Leave (.)?

I don't know...

I don't know..

I don't know.

Creativity's a
severely

Waka By Will: Queen Square Haiku

Haiku:
like the blues –
easy; impossible.

Where is he now,
cy'cling around?
Moving metal-music.

TUMP
pprrr... pprrrrr....
tap

Imagine
comprehending
how far away the sun is...

How do you
spell
the smell of the bark of a tree?

Th'only rule
(really) is: it simply has
to feel like one.

The un-sovereign ant
explores my t-shirt landscape.
A whistle through the airwaves.

Haiku.
Only haiku.
Lots of haiku.

The wind is
alive
and I can't write it.

?
, :
.

Poe eh tree.
Pough e treigh.
Poh ea trea.

Stewpid
bludee
langwij!

The Kingfisher

Åpen door –
kann vi, then, enter?
The kingfisher alights the breeze.
(Poe uh) trees in pots by leaves
collected, bound: of grass.

Why... why only one?
For all the wooded-brown:
just you, amongst the stools
'n chairs 'n pews,
stood there, off'ring seat 'n rest
a peachy-pink. The orange-breasted
kingfisher keeps the wall in feathers.

Auld, arched façade –
scaffold-laden – keeps its
guard'yun crow (Or raven?)
sheltered as it, clad in black,
looks down upon sheet-metal tagged
with propelled paint and adorned
with notices in neon. A turquoise
crown and robe in flight:
the kingfisher fishes from a frame.

Åpen, still – "Kann vi ha
lit kaffe?" – and the kingfisher
is hidden from my view
by queue of people.

A sunny Sunday morning
here in Bristol.

Waka By Will: Here're Haiku (Sorry... Senryu)

I've done
plenty of haiku
(Or have I?).

So...
lots of my haiku...
were senryu?!

Does it
matter, though
?

I Wish I'd Written: not a haiku, but a zappai

The first verse of Shelter From The Storm.
The last verse of Mr. Tambourine Man.
Any verse of Desolation Row.

Waka By Will: Don't Mind These Dodoitsu

Dodoitsu #1 – Th'morning Shade 'N Sun

Marching marching marching on/
off to work to school to write.
Rolling traction tyres tread
th'morning shade 'n sun.

Dodoitsu #2 – Sounds At 8.30am

taptaptaptap taptaptap
[The sound of scissors cutting.]
squee squee squee squeeeee ppuuhhh [Silence.]
Prepping for the class.

Dodoitsu #3 – Writing Workers

Separately working swift –
one pony-tailed; one ear-hooped –
with bread 'n fruit 'n coffee.
Bristol bakery.

Carefree Commas

I love
to comma-splice, and
ignore Word.

Waka By Will: Azzorted Zappai

Zappai #1 - This Is Zappai

To do with nature?
To do with human nature?
No – this is zappai!

Zappai #2 - 'Tiz Not

Thu langwij:
'tiz not fownetik.
It coodunt bee.

Semi-Colons: a zappai

A semi-colon
here; a semi-colon
there.

Waka By Will: H'okay, Here're Haikai – and this time... it's accurate

Haiku

Rules followed:

- *On nature*
- *3 lines*
- ~~5/7/5~~

Torrential tumult to
th'Earth – fall...
A contained plant indoors.

Senryu

Rules followed:

- *On human nature*
- *3 lines*
- ~~5/7/5~~

A chattering of consciousness:
Spanish, left; English, right.
Todo nunca se dice...

Zappai

Rules followed:

- *On neither nature nor human nature*
- *3 lines*
- ~~5/7/5~~

Checkered –
all colour; none.
Surround the pharaoh!

Some Senryu & Zome Zappai

A tiger shark
and beluga whale –
pillar illustrations.

Effortless and
effortful:
belonging.

Alliteration
always
'as a place.

Hyaenas at the
long, booked table!
There're peacocks at the bar.

I'm abandoned by
the bickering. Left to write
my waka – nope, they're back.

Unblank Papyrus

I am, ofttimes, distracted from
(as the time 'tween that 'n this attests)
my unblanking of papyrus
by one and/or another of
these human unwrit beings,
being fascinating to my bodymind
and my mindbody.

What can I, with symbols spaced,
do but allude and silhouettise?
I can show you the shadow
of the Earth upon the Moon
and hope, from that, that you'll
see splendour – white, blue, green...

Even when literal,
what is't but indirect?
Even a shadow on the moon
is better drawn...

is better sung
is better danced
is better played.

Sky: a haiku in Japanese

くもり.

あお.

おはよう!

Cloudy.

Blue.

Good morning!

Bluebird: a haiku in Japanese

あおとり,
わたしは
ねこ!

Blue bird,
I am
cat!

From Pupil: a senryu in Japanese

ありがとう,
せんせい!
– がくせい

*Thank you,
teacher!
– Student*

Unintentional Zappai

What words do I know?
Not many.
And I don't know the grammar.

A Senryu Become Tanka

In-fucking-
furiating-
fatuation.
Intensely inconvenient, is
a sudden depth of feeling.

Expression Pure 'N Hamstrung

わたし は a writer
for to find –
somehow, someway –
uh langwidge witch
becomes invisible,
'n leaves only clear
neural waters,
ever-same 'n ever-diff'ring,

as  in her course,
unspeakable yet speaking
plain to all.

Words like
water...
see their symbols & understand.
I want to write the way
a dancer dances.

Choice

Two roads *To be, or not to be*
diverged in a yellow wood,
and both *Must give us pause*
that morning *Dread* equally lay.

I could not travel both. *And*
by opposing end them Long I stood
and looked down one *Perchance*
to dream as far's No more I could.

I doubted if... *No traveler returns*
if I should e'er come back, *And*
makes us rather bear those ills
we have ages and ages hence.

Two roads *To be, or not to be*
diverged in a yellow wood...
And lose the name and that has made
Of action all the difference.

(A collage poem. Words in italics by William Shakespeare; words not in italics by Robert Frost.
Placing of words by me.)

Zappai In 'N On Stokes Croft

This is where
I wrote
"I Saw Three Leaves".

The road's
become community –
creation.

A ballad
for the place –
it's not released yet.

A dragon,
drenched in its own blue fire.
Grassroots republic.

(Release on Instagram today;
on WordPress after
the others in the queue.)

Number 20

All, but for the petals,
crimson – red that chips/
that fades to fray to
wooden boards so varnished
o'er (so layered) so paled-
petals might lay settled, flat,
silent in a pool of crimson;
still within a painted scene.

Time For Two Things

Not much time for
writing,
really,
besides writing questions.

Not much time for
reading,
either,
besides reading answers.

Only, really, time for
teaching
(worth it)
others to do those
two things I want to do:
reading and writing.

Samurai Tanka

さむらい:
いつもの
けいかい,
ねこのように
うごきをまている.

Samurai:
always on
alert,
like a cat
waiting for movement.

From A Manufactured Perch, Road-Riverside

The time-frozen, concrete waves
of the surface of the road-kept island
crest with green 'n break upon the
soled shoes of the dancer in the
neon-vest.

He spoke to me,
as we queued in the café
on the river bank.

The fire of the dragon's
protest-flame marks only
its self 'n message.

The riv'ring road is calm;
undanced's the island.

Joji To Kawa

いつも
と
えいえんに:
じょじとかわ;
くうかんとじかん.

Always
and
forever:
girl-child and river;
space and time.

The Treasure Of The Pied Crow

You've carried off a locket
(Haven't you?),
which you've twined about your branch,
buds beyond a ring from wintertime:
treasure for your faded-turquoise front.

Pied white 'n dull-green 'n
shim'ring black,
treasuring the trove you've gathered.
A piercing piece of piping
through spring's psychedelia.

Key kept looming 'bout the
drooping blooms, soft-singing
fuchsia – faded – and the colour of a
mango's mostly-ripened flesh.
Heavy's the pate that's perched upon.

You're looking leftward
(Aren't you?),
watching for community to treasure.
See this Greenwich Village
in the turmoil of transition.

Tell us
("Treasure it.")
and see us try,
keep your feet upon
the locket's chain.

Were it,
on its heart-side hinge,
to swing open,
would it hold within
what was lost 'n unpreserved?

Will you leave it
when the petals loose
and the ring slips uncontained?
When the key's no longer kept,
and the branches: barren?

You placed that locket
(Didn't you?)
for to hang there, twined about
the branch you'll – someday – flutter from,
in mem'ry of the treasure left ungathered;
in memory of all we didn't save.

Noticing The Outside Looking In

You know, sometimes
I think (/realise) that others
tend to know me more than I do.

The Café Door Opens 'N Closes

Hunching o'er a too-low table
[Breeeeeze.] between the
doorway and the counter/bar,
I sit in soft, surrounded solitude.

Nihon jin seeping in to
sentences [Someday.(?)] that sketch
a stream of consciousness:
from here to then;
from now to there;
from this half-blank page to half-blank others.

When's't? Where's't?
Someday?(.) Nowhere...
Nowhen 'n always!
Now.
Those scattered moments...

Hunching [Breeeeeze.] over
a too-low table meant for two,
I sit in soft-pastpresent –
solitarily; surrounded.

Another Moment Here 'N Then

This is so peaceful...
Faintdistant screech 'n undulation
(That's not sarcasm –
'tis part of all this peace.)

and murmurings of – "58!" –
slowdrifting conversations;
a runner's even footfalls;
a whistled four-note stretch
of a tune begun/continued in the mind.

The breeze feels like an echo
of a cold too cold to bear,
as the gull glides on its
currents and the waves of winter light.

Another scattered, ink-kept
moment moves on, not looking back.
Remember it?
Remember it.
T'was peaceful...

Taiyō; Tsuki To Chikyū

えいえんにしぬ

たいよう:

ひかりかわ.

つきとちきゅう:

あらいながされた.

Forever dying

sun:

light river.

Moon and earth:

washed away.

Shumba Hadzi

6.30am – Shumba Famba – 3TMs

Ice-turned dew, dripped
from off the grass of early morning,
mourning nearly having made it
to the sky above the earth;
a gradual, rolling rumble from few
spots on the horizon brings
a chorus for the dawn to sail
its orange sunlight o'er;
the sev'ral layers needed now'll
be tied about the waist upon
return to the percussive smells
of smoke-screened breakfast time –
somewhat-whittled sticks in
foreign hands;
somewhat-formed beings in
foreign lands.

A river filled with green under
a bridge of painted wood
stood 'tween the watered lawn
and th'expanses of gated nature;
boulders 'fore a jetty, jutting
out from park to lodge,
bounce the call *Work harder!*
of *Drink lager!* birds in
mem'ry mist/in sound remembered;
the sailing orange sunlight floats
now on the rolling rumble of the
cute 'n cracking chorus up the rise –
emanating out of cubs enclosed, entrusting
their forgotten separation's to
ends of independent wilds;
to freedom found across their generations.

A photo framed, a decade after...

I meet find out her say she's gone goodbye...

I walk the write a rise to greet a poem in her memory...

There's a muscle-mem'ry heartache
in the structure of my chest,
embedded in the past along beside her.

I leave the reconstruction
as it neveralways was,
and sit there in
the recent now,
far and long away,
thinking of a lion cub,
her gaze 'n head-rub pressure,
and how, so strangely, ten years on,
she's fixing that look on me,
her proud 'n wild 'n sunlit eyes,
in cub and adolescent, showing clear
the lioness she never could be;
showing clear the lioness she always was.

Ndatenda, Tanaka. Bye bye.

Dependent On A Crashing Wave Of Fire

The mist perturbs the shim'ring
of the slowly dying sun and
throws its embers over all
that turns to face it.

A circle – searing – sent through
time t'ward bluewhite atmosphere,
masking o'er its ancestors and
spilling in from space –
bonded 'cross the emptiness eternal.

A spring begets a stream becomes
a river raising tides to wash
away the nurtured land it inundated.

Life raised upon a rock in an
inevitable ocean,
dependent on a crashing wave of fire.

A Pint Of Gluten-Free

Here I'll sit again;
I sat here once.

I have/I will have
written in the waves
of echoed song.

I sit now where
I sat then and I'll
sit, then, where I'm now,

tryna leave blue ink
on notebook paper.

A Last Request

There was no melancholy leading to this. It just came to me, is all.

Make of me
(when all that can
be used to save's
been taken) then a
compost – 'to the
grass, the lions;
parent, to the
deep black sky –
and nurture in it
nutrients to nestle
'bout a seed.

Plant me (Get
permission, first!)
to look across the harbour –
either where the day begins
or where it ended – and
now watch to see if
there's a girl-child
conjuring 'n clearing out the mist,
her poise bright and her eyes
lit like the river.

Let me/it,
at last, then, rise,
buffeted by sound-waves
that bring the bellrings
sailing past, on through
the blue-backed sun;
trav'ling 'neath th'remembered
light of stars.

Make sure that the
serpent keeps it safe
from being branded by
the panicked, pious, insecure
antithesis to freedom;
let a rebel angel
burn through blaspheme-proofed walls,
exposing the life inside to meaning.

Leave it/me at
last to live a
second time remembered –
bereft the streaming consciousness;
in place, a clear, still lake –
and find the riv'ring remnants now
reflecting from its surface, blue,
a spirit channeled through
once-written words.

Tanka Desune

しかしながら、

いまでは...

わたしだけ。

わたしのみ；

わたしも。

However,

until now...

just me.

I only;

me too.

Canopus

Ressuling tha
rocks that rend thuh
wawter,
uh streem moovs beneath
gray kanoepée ov mattur –
vissuhrah entoombed; brightist star.

Too keep moss
uhway, aweigh:
thuh kurtun, sehruhmoenyul.
Ah nyoo, bispoekun chest.
Thuh suns ov Hawrus.

Tanka Tanka Zappai

Life is so
vanishingly brief
in a place
incomprehensibuhly
endless.

Write it; move
on. Write it;
move on. Write
it; move
on. Wr...

So far...
So far.
Sofa...

Akirakanisuru

How do you articulate
(lying, list'ning)
notated waves awash the lightness?
あきらかにする。
よろしく…

The Wall's Another Canvas

Whither writing
really emanates,
I don't really know.
Take syllabic space 'n
empty it of possibility;
realise in scribed 'n
scribbled ink.

Blocked by
lay'red, impenetrable
(ostensibly...) brick-bounds?
Colour o'er by
kaleidoscopy.

A Tanka Of Titles In Acronym

TFH.
TBOSC.
FOTABTFOTN.
TNYWTTSF.
???.

Jazz/Outside Observance Only

Dates 'n dinner-friend-meets –
funfondoo for four, about due more –
aspirating [Wait... they're five.]
out the evening [Dammit.], needing
nought but others – others; others –
opposite 'n side-by-side.
Actreact, re-act, track eyes
about one 'nother/space between.
List': the rolling waves wash o'er
whence the other tidal flowsurge
originates [Ohhhh sinickul!].
A gaze a-gaze across the fold.
The melted cheese all meted out:
they go, they go, they go, they – oh
these two remain; they've sep'rate plans.
A rhythm yet remains 'n, words, demands.

Ephem'ral Immortality

Somestuff to
unblank these lines,
encrypted as they are
with syllables rejecting
penned-ink 'less
composed completely.

Somestuff to
bring out these lines,
pre-written as they are
with their signature of
time 'n tempo, traced
in rock-grey matter.

Somestuff to
release, release this
ink-spring from this fount;
tendons tuned to channel
through my grip my
abstractions.

Somestuff to
present to whom-
soever ever reads it.
Five thousand years etched
into sandstone stood
those fleeting thoughts.

On My Nihongo

ひらがな
と/ト
カナ are done.
かんじ left/
カンジ left.

Hiragana
&/&
kana are done.
Kanji left/
kanji left.

; ? : .

or,

A Sedoka On The Explaining Of The Concept & Feeling Of Love To A Young Child

And how would you, then,
explain to a child just what
love is; just what it means?

*I'd say: It's when
you're more excited for
another's birthday than your own.*

To Bristol Town!

Busy, busy, busy bus:
can you handle all of us?
Filling upstairs; filling down...
Can you take us all to town?

P'rhaps we won't stop anymore,
now there's no space – seat or floor.
'Less someone wants to alight...
through crowds they'll have to slip or fight!

Now we're trav'ling pretty fast!
Not far left this journey hast.
Traffic, traffic: sud'nly gone!
To bottleneck elsewhere you're borne.

Busy, busy, busy bus:
can you handle all of us?
Filled's the upstairs; filled's the down...
Now, take us on to Bristol town!

Adagio... Hanging There, Unwav'ring

Slow... such
energy,
rolling in...
Expanse of an-
nounced
art-intent
descends to guide th'-
ethereal.

Feel...
O'er th'aural landscape
rest the guiding waves.

Whither
is the purest
note, held as
dancer's poise?
Sing.

Wirdz: uh zapaye

Play, pleigh,
puhley with werds
an' thuh shapes oui throe 2 katchthm.

Fifty-Seven Minutes

Where's the poh-tree now?
I expect it. Accept it.
Weight... await... a weight...
Lie-ing somewhere when around.

Where's th'poet then?
Except in streams un-sifted: silent,
strewn abound in thrown-out throes
of signals – channeled; symbol shaped.

?Whence (oh whence) a-whence it
filts filuvial, uptaking silts
of diff'ring reams, eroding off
the pressured sediment.

Such serrated gates, through which
only may pass expression...
Breach the curved internment
somewhichwayhowevermore!

Where is the poetry and
where's the poet that it clasps to?
Seeping, seeking life
beyond the mind...

]]]]

or,

A Poem Perched In Poco

[Light].[Light].[Light].[Light].
[Light].[Light].[Light].[Light].

Sloped in slow reflection.

[Stop][Stop][Go...]

The candle on the island
lights the moving, glass-bound muse.
[Strike!]. In silent fire sits,
'mid smoke dance-dissipation.

Jesticulating silhouettes
sitstand on roadshoreside.

Sloping, hunched memory
of form found 'midst the moving
sound. [A flashing: Blue].
And you...

[]. []. [].

...fading out; detailelessness...
Musing, move-bound, glass-gleam lights.
A profile part-remembered in
the pressed 'n burning sand.

[Ligh[Ligh[Ligh[Ligh[Ligh

Approach (Haiku)

ねこがくる;
ひがてっています.
とりがうたっている...

Cat (subject) comes;
sun (subject) shining is.
Bird (subject) singing is...

The cat comes;
the sun is shining.
The bird is singing...

Rittun Langwidj

When will
gotta, gonna, wanna
be standard written English?

Write

ぼくは...

ぼくがさっかです。

かきます; かきました。

As for me...

I am a writer.

I write; I have written.

The Birth Day Of The Sun

I

The eve of day least sunlit:
bleat of sheep in bleak mid-winter
nocturne, nestled 'midst one 'nother
'neath thatched, woodbeamed shelter.

The solstice aft' the death-throes
of the sun rend the horizon;
sinking flame o'erlaid by th'lifeless
cloak, adorned with silent stars.

Heat-death quietude – the solar
spirit stands in stillness; solitary
sings the servant girl til
joined by lowing chorus.

A ewe, alone in wand'ring
on the outskirts of the town,
lies down in purity, her lamb
of mourning left to chase the Jordan.

Bayit-Lekhem in wintrous calm as
coarsest night kills evening.
The hovels house their sleepful rest,
passed o'er by angelus.

Wisps o'whispers – wistless – waft
o'er deepest valley wide;
peak: the tippingturningtidefall
moves the waters – breaking – west.

II

Earthly etherea: adorn
these pregnant plains.
E'er-seeded maiden land;
adored ether'yul Earth.

Break 'to budding birth-throes –
th'labour of the eastern shore,
begetting new lucif'rous wings
to rise and fall in fire.

Faint cries fringe the pre-morn
firmament, its white-lit pitch
disturbed – inevitable transformation
scorned by energy.

Soundless stands each stretch of houses.
Come to courtyard at street's end:
muted's the protracted pain of
tight'ning 'ternal walls.

Straw heaps strewn 'n livestock
huddled; wood-slat-slating o'er.
The servant girl – with woman – coos
'n shifts new-soiled hay.

Hunched paternal, bale-atop,
whittling wistsomely, a fathered
figure frets upon th'fate faced
by his bead of light beloved.

Tearing at the world's beginning,
crowned in blackblue-goldenred,
the sky sings of arrival as
the sun returns to being.

III

[ring]

softly distant

[ring]

cry soft 'n distant rise

[ring]

life's dawn murmur'ring chorus distant
rise in waves white-gold

[ring]

seep, sound, to black-fled sky
pale re-birth rings tidal

[ring]

[]

th'cold cast of beamed horizon
th'morrow 'comes today

[]

straw, rags, 'n apron bloodied
myriad maidens passed in bringing life
whittled lamb left bale-atop
he'll add his arms to cradle

[still]

glazesome vision
(Merit-Amun...)
betrothed, b'loved, wished-for child

[sainted, softful silence]

Silent morning.
Earthly peace.
Servant girl re-swaddles.
A trough, now cleared of water, filled
with cloth 'n wool 'n hay.

Clouding o'er in patchwork blue.
A crashing wave of fire crests
the eastmost ends of Iss-Ra-El
and floods the world with dawn.

Sett'ling o'er 'n int' th'present,
sending out oblation:
initiate anew, incarnate is
the sun – arisen.

[sighed silence – soften]

[rustled makeshift manger]

[]

[]

[cry]

All You Need Is Art

There's no poem
you can pen
that isn't poetry;

no calligraphy
you'll lay
that isn't art;

nary an
ink-sweep you might track
across papyrus but will be
hamstrung expression;
true-ish transcription;
written word.

When Who Why ? You .

?Who are you...
?When are you...
I wonder when
you were you will be born...

We'll know.
Soon enough.
Are you awake already?

Why am I?
Answer: You.

Others

You are
not
born alone.

You do
not
have to die alone.

Life is
lived
with others.

Travels With A Flex-Grip Pen

ffffllutterrrrr
pluuuusshhhh TONK
One fades out; the other lands before me.

Small steps – so many;
long strides – so few.
The passing by of generations.

Ferry me
upriver,
Matilda of Bristol.

What kept
these few green leaves
'mongst winter's branches?

[“Whimper.”]
Police digitally dredge the harbour.
Ominous of tragedy...

“Fiff
tee
siiiiiiix?!”

The Rayd'yo Sings In Snippets

Hello

yes.

[Laughing.]

[Laughter.]

[Heartbeat.]

eve even you

[Heartbeat.]

hahahahahahaha

?yeah...

.yeah...

Ummm jus

[Heartbeat.]

ah ohhh

[Clat[Kuhlink!]ter.]

hahuhuhuhahuh

[Heart

especially cos we

beat.]

it's a bit weird

[Heartbeat.]

yeah I think

Basically

right.

I mean like

don't actually

...yeah...

[Heartbeat.]

“Flat white?” She asked, leaning slightly forward.

Writing Is A Visual Art

Papyrus painted o'er 'n o'er;
sinews sending song-spilt ink.
Have you, yet, learnt to dance?

At The Entrance Of The Afternoon

12.01pm

This winter wind,
wispful in its wistsome wonder,
wears its wawtry cloak.
Flame stands in its ungentle passing;
maps back-lit by unnatchrul light.

Serene...
Steps upon a floating city;
gaze upon the world you've entered.

A Flow'r Upon A Grave

O, that this earth, which keeps the world in awe
and rests beside the Avon – spirited –
should dance through sinew-spilled ink ne'er more,
nor track the rhythms it inspired...

Shape 'n send forw'd the currents riv'ring by!
With your time-warped scraps the bed doth lie
suffused! Anew's the influence – in flux –
with each cascade of spring to inundate
th'fields! E'er fallow lies our linguistic muck;
t'you may yet it turn for cultivation.
Star-fire across the firmament! Its place?
Lighting up the way for the rising sun.
Four hundred years... aft' all this stretch of time
your quill, once dipped in potted-ink, moves mine.

Leaves Of Mind

Haze, holding unreality,
forms, then, a mem'ry – false – :
she leaves to find her own way.
Th'river's crossed; the
mount'nous paths hear boot-steps.

A Journey, Ubiquitous

Palm-fronds, found hid
within the uncarved wood,
stretch shade about the desert
of the skirting board, as
'Ray'byun camels c'lect their
stores in sanded, varnished vista.

The whiteblue gates of
bluewhite bars guard
entrance to the softbrown steps;
the caravan is led
by robed-figures.

Aaythurrteefoorpee-em

bihbihbihbihbih

TONK

[Exhaaale.]

[Inn

it takes sooe mu

hale.]

hahahahaha

!tell mmme wot-tuhdoo

CUHLINK

akkuhlakkuh

[Exhaaaaaaale.]

tiktik

[Innnhale.]

[Headlightlit 'n neon;

mirror mem'ry.]

uh

yeah thass why

hehehuh

?!wot

[Exhaaaaaaaale.]

kulikkuhlakk

DiDiNK

shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

DinK

TUNK

[Innnnnnnnn

BRrrUNK

hale.]

jyusst wuheyel heewuz-wawking

[Exhaaaaaa

kuhlakkk

frummis-fayss

aaaaaale.]

?!uhahahaha

DOMPDOMPDOMPDOMP

BrrrruhANKK

DMmmmmHMMmmmmmmTMMMMMmmmmmmmm

The infused water stains th'ceramic.

!...BEEEeeeeBEEEeeeeBEEEeeee

He hunched toward me, asking: "?"beyenyoospaypur

A Sonnet To The Art Of Writing

Captured by the least of all expression
and its inky'phemral marks... Th'page unblanked;
coloured-o'er 'n splashed's the metre'd rhythm
with th'motion of a riv'ring mem'ry bank
that winds, awashed a-by the water's wake,
its sinew-channeled, solitary surge
e'er finds papyrus reeds 'gainst which to break
'n bind a mind that's shared 'n sealed b'hind words.
A dance constrained; melody restricted...
(Vibrations 'long a string sound out the truth!)
Creation pained; a look that's lost, or hid...
(A head placed 'gainst another's more, e'en mute!)
And yet, e'er out from your confines I give
myself, 'n paint 'n dance 'n love 'n live.

To See The World Through Quartz 'N Ash

A caravan of cars 'n vans
a-wheel o'er paint-marked road.
The triad canopy contain their thoughts.

Zappai For A Person Passing

A red hat (wool) upon
a passing moment; light a-righted
'long the optic nerve.

To Reach Through Glass 'N Time

I

Corinth'yun pillars parse.
The Bath-stone, piled 'n placed, entombs.
Engraved reliefs entice – set-sails
'gainst castle walls.

Arch o'er entry hollows holding
quartz 'n ash reflecting flitting
momentary, time-trapped instances
of starlit being.

Flock –
wings abreast a covered sky.
The pane that stands between millennia.

II

In dark interior it's shelved,
a scattered scene of lives cohered
about it, th'little bundle – bound –
of twine – entwined.

A ball, now thrown now still
now caught above the Ra-
resplendent sand; the shadows
of the children hieroglyph
across a temple wall.

III

I'd place my palm
on yours if I could reach
through glass 'n time.

IV

I'd hold your hand.
If e'er I shall,
you felt it.

Am 'N Will Be

I was
already
looking back at this.

Some Blank Verse, In Which I Indirectly State The Sunlight Fills The Room

Th'eternal throes of Uriel fly – flame –
'cross the deep 'n cold expanse, blackened void
beyond the fence that's facing – tinted blue –
and crest the vap'rous wisps that wend, awash
amongst our wavy sky, its riv'ring stream
of currents pierced by risen beams of gold
a-gath'ring breadth abreast a bright'ning morn.
Now mourned's the passing peace of night, its flight
flown with the scorching licks of star-fire at
its torn 'n frayed heels: "Haste! Away!" the
dread, dire solar disc demands, its killing
claim to consume this oh so brazen rock,
colonised by em'rald life, its reaching
shoots grasping for the furnace – font of heat.
Now slowed's the ancient agony, the star's
screams to the indifference of chaos,
reaching, as it is, the pane of moulded
ash 'n quartz that's 'glyphed in abstract symbols,
tearing colour from the vital fluid.
White's the weary echo th'grants me vision.

A Tanka By The Banks(a)

ひかり ...
日本語もえいごも
わたしなかく.
たいようかく;
かわまで.

Light...
I will write both
Japanese and English.
From the sun;
until the river.

Reflecting On The Recent Present

An alley, open.
Through glass: the tiles, in rain-swept sick;
soft tissue-leaves, disintegrating.

A Sonnet On The Surface Of My Coffee

Swirling swiftly – waters magellanic,
coursing 'midst the void of foamless 'fusion,
search their sweeping way, by force determined;
inev'tability's their god-Guide. Spun,
inverted waters, 'breast a ring of cloud,
break bounds of preevyus pattern-paths to tread
new riv'ring metre manifest in hot,
black life that, to ceramic edges, spreads.
Now sparse the signs of entropied life sit,
floating despite th'impossibility
of ought but only nothing in the end –
glor'yus, ungentle, fraught expression; free.
In stillness, yet, the precious echo rings.
E'en in the absolute, life can't not be.

For The Lady In The Dulcet-Hued Bandana

Kaleidoscopic script of searching
shapes in muted green... The wisps of
orange marshal light amidst the blue.
Pink jumper;
light laugh 'n lovely smile.

Many Words

Lapis sprayed
upon a protest wall –
half-covered call to action.
A dragon's hide;
two work to clean the gutter.

From A Rippled Plank Of Wood

I

! ! ! ?!
[]
! ...

II

Spell the warmth of the glaring
sun 'n the softness of the
wintrous, wisping wind.

III

... ,
... ,

IV

V

Softglaring
wintrous, sunwisp
wind...

[.enD]

Yours, Mine,

Postscript

There's a child (Are you her?),
just across the floating harbour,
waiting on the breeze-swept steps
of the cathedral.

Afterword

How do I write the
quiet of the starlit water?

A Tanka In Japanese

あそこ
になりたい
かわをこえて.
あそこ... ひのでよで
ひかりがそだてる.

Over there
I wish to be,
beyond the river.
Over there... as far as the sunrise,
bringing up the light.

Kwohrunteend

Dawn

...

you...

But now we're sep'rate.

You left to teach

outside the capital.

A Tanka On The Corner Of The Harbourside

Moss-green: a ring
around old cobble, lifted
on th'crest of rising roots.
Were't not for my brief perception,
t'would be tempestuous.

Within

Can I not write
without cafés?
Without all without
my head within
my vision?

Two tidal swells
of light 'n sound
awash e'er o'er
my senses...

What,
in lightless silence,
would I conjure?

A Tanka On The Superiority Of Tanka

Tanka
>
haiku.
That's right.
You heard me.

A Song From Mem'ry Deep

What
songs have I sung
to you?
(I hope you run out
of space...)

Without Life

Death,
chasing after life...
Does it not realise?
It cannot be
without the living.

A Zappai For Your Consideration

You've
already read
this poem.

Both The River & The Sky

そらもかわま
あなたのゆうがたもちます;
たいようはあなたのどくそうせいでかがやきます.
ぼくは... あなたのうれしさで
かきよす.

Both the river
and the sky
keep your elegance;
the sun shines with your originality.
As for me... I write with your joy.

Sat By Old John Cabot

*Chorus,
led by th'swooping few,
shriek songs in called response.
Here't began;
here't'll end.*

Gaze o'er, oh stoic,
statuesque, 'n
wait a while a-wond'ring:
where, in wand'rings
riverlong, thy vessel
vanished wakeless?

The benches 'round
sit closer yet,
all moved but for
th'older two –
ah, closer then
my pen can quill
its inkwork, wakeful way...

Crack cobbles, mossy mud
'n cigarette stubs, strewn.
Blow gentlesoft, pandemic breeze,
'breast an unop'n'd tomb.
Cry chorus, calling cresting
waves of undulating sound.
Watch, oh silent Sunday morn',
for blood-congealed crown.

*The Aten, apaxed
in the white-shrouded blue,
tips toward its phoenix-fire descent.
Here't ends;
here't'will begin.*

Café Front Garden

fuuhrrprrprrrrprrprrrrrrrrrprrrrrrrrprrrprrrrrrrr

vwik! vwik!

weeeuk!

vwik! vwik!

eoH?

vwik!

eo? eo...

weeeeeeeuk!

toooweeeeeh.

tooweeeh.

vweeep.

vweep.

vuhweeeeep.

vuhweep.

vweep.

zwoop? eoh?!

eoH!

huhahihuhihuh...

huhahuhahihuhuh

zweep!

vwik!

prprprprpr

tooweeh?

toooweeeeh?!

ewuup.

ew-up.

eewup.

ew-up.

ew-up!

zweeep?

teeoh.

teeoh.

ty-oh.

pyeeep! pyeep.

pyeeew. pyeeep!

pyee.

pyeeep!

pyeew.

teep!

uh-eh.

pyeew!

puhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

pyew!

prrrprrrprrrp

pyeep!

pyeew.

pyeew.

To Close Out A Letter

And now I sit
on the top step of the right-hand side
(looking o'er toward the cranes),
whilst the cascade is quiet, still –
there is no water flowing downward.

Will you dance upon the wooden-slatted platform?
Will you recreate the waterfalling river in your eyes?

Tanka #?

Sitting 'neath the fury
of a fire eight minutes passed –
pyeew pyeeew pyw (in my left ear); puhahihuh puhahih (in my right).
vwiik vwiik vwiik vwiik; prrrprrrrrrrprrrrrrr
twee tweeee tw tweeee; prrrprrrprrrprprrrrr

ぼくもあなたも (Both You & I)

あなたがすみます;
ぼくがすみました。
われらはおなじゅうすりましたか?
ぼくもあなたも
せいしんをわけあいます。

You live;
I have lived.
Did we coincide?
Both you and I
share a spirit.

Without Death

Life,
fleeing from death...
Does it not realise?
Its soul is only true
when mortal.

The Ballad Of Elatklof Esrever

The end, t'was, for our hero fair,
her hair in ragged strands.
She took her final breaths 'n waves
of light in distant lands.

With wearied limb, poor Elatklof,
aloft, held right-hand stained,
its crease-lined palm a vital hue
of fire the stars reclaimed.

The blade she'd fallen on – her
own volition; her own thrust –
lay sharp 'n shim'ring with that
vital hue of life; of lust.

Upon the deep-blue banded grip
her hand came down to rest.
The other clutched the silver of
the blade within her breast.

The pleated kilt of armour o'er
this war'yer's lap – still knelt –
yet hid the riv'ring tidings that
she had, with horror, felt.

The blood upon the blade declared
a life now fully run;
the blood dried on her fallen hand
told of life ne'er begun.

Far 'cross, in hope-illumined loss,
Elatklof Esrever
trekked trails to seek a sanctum
where, her pregnancy, she'd weather.

Nurturing what, now, was all
she had of whom she'd loved:
faint dawn-signs of new-life rays
spoke continuation of

the one whom she'd let go
atop the city's wall, besieged,
falling back as th'routed comp'ny
fell beneath the breach.

Through nights in purgat'ry 'tween
preparation and assault
their moments 'way from guard posts
sang of their 'gainst-death revolt.

A culmination of the years
happening until thence:
a final foray – fraught, frenetic
throes of love 'n violence.

Long before, a camp lay waking
'neath a sky that bled
with tidings of a future 'dorned
in yellow/orange/red.

Unto th'recruiting captains came
Elatklof, clad in clothes
of patchwork adulthood with seams
of frayed childhood sewn.

Her hair, the colour given her;
her eyes, their given hue;
her tone 'n shape 'n feature in
their place, 'n e'er lay true.

A blade a-bound by belt off-cuts
abreast her left-side hip,
her left hand on the pommel, placed
above th'blue-banded grip.

Recruited, she was, merely days
after the one with whom
she'd battle through time's tempest paths
'til despair-driven doom.

Out of the prev'yus chapters, she
had ventured t'ward an arc
anew – in this iteration
she'd play her final part.

In morn' damp grass she'd waked that day,
amidst birdsong 'n flow'rs,
the clearing of the trees bordered
by risen roots and bowers,

on which she'd end her days outside
law and community,
whence adventure filled her heart
with e'er imminent glory.

A-way a-lone a-last a-loved
along the map she m'yanders,
taking on perso-nigh with an
ease that never founders.

Burdensome to burdenless these
times flow on in flux.
Our hero fair fights, fornicates;
at permanence she bucks.

In one town long she stays, finding
a role as guard'yun-guest,
forced to gain the bluffed skills
to which she did attest.

Her armour – scant – and weapon – long –
she finds, in wand'rings preev'yus,
upon a man, upon a path,
with wounds legion 'n grievous.

“Take” (the man implores the one
whom lifts aloft his blade)
“my sword and let it make of you
that which of me it made...”

With this, his eyes absorb their
final message from the sun;
the missives of his mind fall
quiet – each 'n ev'ry one.

She practices, in mem'ry deep,
in a long, sloping garden,
imaginary parries, thrusts, with
swords by trees begotten.

She moves into that past ahead,
t'when th'wanderings are younger;
to when she'll take least travelled roads,
the unknown fast upon her;

to when, beneath twin setting suns,
she'll choose between their flames:
the order found b'yond valley dark;
th'chaos if she remains.

She'll be/She is/She was a child
for whom adventure grasps.
Elatklof Esrever can now
begin her tale at last.

And ne'er shall she, our hero fair,
look back 'n softly pine
for the home she'll always leave
behind her, once upon a time...

A Mem'ry Shared Between Us

To be squatting, posed
about a fire – talk! sing! –
in contemplation...
Bug- 'n bird-calls in the middle distance.
You are human.

Will Be

I wonder what
my final poem
was.

“You’re Not Gonna Help Me?”

Don't you
look them in the eyes when
you refuse to give them money?

Tanka #(? + One)

But that
will
never happened,
did
it?

On The Twilight Of The Sun-Dawn Chorus

Quell quiet
undulating utterances,
as aft'
riotous rise,
announcing Aten,
now near,
toward the
incline's inevitable
nefer-noon,
enjourneys emphemerality...

A Limerick On Lockdown

One day, someday soon, we'll be meeting.
With hugs and handshakes we'll be greeting.
Not two metres away,
real contact – hooray!
This very strange time will be fleeting.

ののはなは...

きいろとみどり...
たいようはしゅっけつしています;
かぜはあこがれています.
きいろとみどり...
ののはながかれらをいたばさみです.

Yellow and green...
The sun is bleeding;
the wind is longing.
Yellow and green...
As for the wildflowers, they are torn.

A Seagull Sees Me Writing

Back on black-
rail, resting 'gainst the
barrier's gull-side,
looking over at
four sleeping giants.

Rush, ruffling wind.
Peak 'n fall, fraught Frome-fed Avon.

Bird By Chimney Towers

Pied crow...
Is your treasure hoarded there,
within the shaped-clay, obsolete?
You leave as the
ocean gull approaches.

よくします

ぼんさい が
にっこう を よくします;
たにくしょくぶつ が さかるます。

Bonsai
bathes in sunlight;
succulents flourish.

9.03am

Twitch, tail-feather...
In tiny talons take the reeds
'n build a house o'er mine.

Three Lines At Cabot Corner

End of May...
Sun sweeps; pandemic breeze.
Life alights 'pon wooden benches.

The Pit At St. James

Found at St. James fayre:
le miscellaneous. Now?
Characterless pit.

Find new land...

Leave the red-rock cliff
beneath the Gothic tow'r,
its spireless peak o'erwatching,
to sail toward two
ice-cleft cliffs,
unspanned 'breast tide-peaked blue.

*Corm'rant swims
in
seagull waters...*

Vessel flaring wing-
widths far to
find sky-river currents;
its crow's nest green
'n white whilst waves
the blood-hued dragon cross.

*A chilling
tide –
sky-river's coursing.*

The river's mouth,
that sweeps below
the glen-green Celtic isle,
now opens up
to see far dist'
horizon helmed by fire.

*twihtwihtweeetwih?
PKAH!
tuhweetwih.*

Leave to find
new land – but
what to call it?

Now rest, relic,
alongside industry...

Now sleep in
seagull sounds
'n sun-dried ink...

I Wrote A Poem While I Waited Out The Rain

Keep me, corner, tethered
to the cracked 'n cobbled dock,
upon which winds my narrative
in mist-haze morning fog,

whilst a-whence these breeze-
waves river from – cliff spire –
sings out 'n tells of hour bells
'neath th'cloud-hid morning fire.

Under the patchwork canopy
that catches falling rain,
I feel I'll find that off my mind
will send me on again...

But beyond this sculptured edge
I know not t'where I'd head.
The river spills out to the sea
and's by the currents led...

Under The Shelter Of St. Nick's

Headphones off.

Rain writes a rhythm
restlessly
upon the pigeon panes,
as drones the filt'ring
fan-blade box;
pacing, the man complains.

The deep, dark border
green that wraps
its wooden beams stall-side
contains the scarred 'n
padlocked slats,
above which doth abide

the Bath-stone, hollowed
arches, aching
echoes mercantile;
while 'tween cracked stone
disintegrates
the tissue – torn; exiled.

The wind-waves ferry
only onward
th'scents of wawtry wood
and th'smells of rainswept
stone, in place
of all that which it could

contain 'n carry
– crest 'n fall –
were th'market not asleep...
Only the rainkept
pigeon panes
do, safe, those mem'ries keep.

Again Against A Tree Here In Queen Square

Alone, a lamppost
lit by sun; Bath-stone
borders, basks, 'n beckons.
Trooping past: a generation.
Moving fast: th'future finds its steady way...

A Midsummer Night's Dream

A wave awash
upon your hip;
held hands 'n
written words...

Bath-stone built
up about the
natchrul Avon's
course 'n curves...

Eve's sweltering:
in th'crescent's shade,
shared's moment-
ary life...

O'er riverrun,
in outstretched arms,
passes the
loneless night...

... : ?

Ophelia drowns in a river...

I wonder:

was it her within my mind?

Society Café Tanka

Chatter: less.
There are no clinking ceramic cups.
Th'breeze breaks unbound through th'open doorway.
Nevertheless...
I write a poem in a café.

A Sonnet On The Harbourside

Tape-arrows placed upon the red-wood floor;
famil'yur pillars painted white anew.
Rope running – frayed – from sanded standing posts;
lift-lockdown wind that winds its breezeway through.
Outside, upon the paved 'n railing-ringed
walk – sheltered – way, where Sunday patrons sit,
the sun, through th'river's auld reflection sings
on th'wooden slats below the Cascade Steps.
Black, filtered heat within a paper cup,
that comes to me from silent order made,
spills out 'n o'er upon this sonnet, for
to write this moment on this pen-lined page.
At last, here in this lifeful harbour home,
I sit 'midst Bristol and compose a poem...

Teaching From The Living Room

A deep 'n dusty red.
Ghostly echoes of a yearnsome yellow.
The dull 'n darkened green.
Across the roadside – down; up; down –
the bushes and the trees grow, silent.

Tanka Number Who-Knows-What

Heat, highly risen!
Energetic wisps weave; wander!
Microcosmic climbing clouds
cling fast 'n entropy.
Ling'ring life, nevertheless...

Three Tanka, Then A Whole Haiku

Lean, anchor, low
your oxidated grappling beam;
sunken chain-link laid,
its mass upon
the Great Western dockyard.

Bind your barreled
wood, you rings of
rustsome iron; reaching...
Contents kept.
The grain is mismatched 'cross the breaks.

kkcoo coooo?
kkcalling 'dustrial dove,
'long undulating urban stone
it steps 'n stops 'n, flut'ring, flies,
to perch 'top tattered post.

Sun, searing;
th'ocean atmosphere refracts.
Gull glides o'er river's surface.

In Café Napolita

I

10.13am

Celtcroon – lamentous song
o'er pink 'n lilac petals,
pressed in layered, longing,
floral, choral keen
on fiddle's wake.

Tattooed timbre – tread beneath
the Gaelic-lillyed call,
your droning dirge converge-
nt 'bout her dark,
tress-fall'n hair.

Aehshia, abundant isle,
in Irish surf caressed...
By red-brick, Werburgh-wall
echoed e'er true's
the valleyed-west.

II

12.52pm

Aft' noon's height,
with its sun-beat rays
arranged around these shadows,
is masked th'moon's
cratered plight beyond
the wisp-white atmosphere.

In melody of
middle-east 'n
north-African call –
the chant of
channeled spirit speaks;
the Aten, westward, falls.

Canvas: green.
The varnished wood waves, grainy.
Wound-wicker wraps its Thursday flowers.

とこばな

むらさき;
あか-ピンク;
みどり.
はなはさげます.
とこばな.

Purple;
red-pink;
green.
The flowers are suspended.
Flower eternally flowering.

Café Napolita Tanka

よるです...
ゆうがたが
ただようます.
はなはうかぶます.
私は?私がかなでるます.
でも, 何ですか?
あした... と... きょう...

It is night...
The evening
drifts.
The flowers float.
And me? I dance.

But, what is that?
Tomorrow... and... today...

ありあけ

げんむがおいまくます;
あさがとりまとめます.
ありあけ.

Dreams dissipate;
morning gathers.
Dawn.

A Tanka On The Sonnet

Verbose in
rhyme 'n rhythm –
regulated; regular.
Heart-beating on, allusory...
Sound, sonette!

A Sonnet On The Tanka Form

In short, sung mystery of space 'n depth:
compacted, thought-reflected feeling's loosed.
Through lover's late laments 'n letters kept:
the forceful song of an ephem'ral truth.
A lone, lit, easterly, 'n midnight moon –
so long before the risen red-dawn sun –
reflects the Shikubian heart-torn croon
that from the sliding, latticed door was flung,
e'en as it keeps Komachi's careful cry...
The mists of shadow-grammar settling o'er
the page still blank amongst the ink-strokes, dry,
in vert'cal columns, where the petals flow'r.
And in the chorus-dawning light is heard
this form, come west t'be writ in English words.

Lost Japan

Poles 'n pylons;
boards abound,
billig thr'out the spirit realm...
Is it true it's you who
wait along the mountain paths?

Fire & Starlight

Far-reaching fire,
its glare on green-grass;
gravel.
A centre-piece surrounded.
Echo, chaos...

My eyes close o'er, lens-shielded.
Beside myself, flame-fury flaring; calm.

Wand'ring With My Ink-Blue Thoughts

Hill

Lead lagging,
a gallop-bound below;
cranes perched to pierce the skyline.
ののはなはむらさきです,
their purple petals pollinated.

In train-sound waves
the birdsong lingers...

Café

Sun o'er café canvas –
glancing glide; a cascade's grace –
whilst whittling th'air
with sweep-storm waves:
chirp-chatter, cheerful.

Breeze – cool the sweat-soaked tees!
The mind remakes the refused chatter...

Bus

The breeze of movement:
dying.
The heat's held on our lips.
The Roman road to Gloucester
goes on, arch-led.

Eyes only, brow-accomp'nied.
In staggered solitude, we travel...

Untitled

In or under grey, drab,
dripping, vapour-lined sky
I,
in this inkyhem'ral
moment,
this passing (longsince)
present,
am present in this past,
finding winding wafts of
all that's happenedhappening
and

longsince (present)

Under drab, grey-lined sky
I
wind 'n waft
through
you-less

Poor Choice

Dripdrop slipping slide
sweat-bead;
this weather's fucking awful...
And why am I drinking
black-hot coffee?

A habit making heat-wave worse.
I wipe my forehead.

Boston Tea Party Senryu

私が
かきます.
それわける.

I
write.
That I understand.

Long Division

Inching closer,
sentence by sentence.
The decimal,
its percent-parts,
rounds upwards...

Bath Senryu

She couldn't sleep;
I held her.
In the distance, wood pigeons.

Tanka Taken From A Tree-Trunk

Sun-silhouette;
the slanted cone that
crowns – orange – his head.
King Will'yum walks, in wettened-sand,
his horse – still now 'n nowhere.

Leaf-litter lay –
in sea-green grass the marsh-march moves...

A Tanka On The Surface Of My Coffee

The foam,
its cavern-gorge –
still-rippled; still –
in spreadhaze hue,
marks the tide-line, traced.

Upon the writer's block
the ink-blue bleeds...

Let Linger Onward

The scent,
its summer scene of hours passed,
pressed upon the soul –
in muscle marked; the skin,
remem'bring, daydreams...

Signing Off

‘Round coffee stains –
the lines,
in dormancy.

Sunrise By The Banks Of A River

The smell of light-lit morning –
sun in profile; rays face-on –
with th'refreshful, weightless air
amongst the sky

does catalyse my riv'ring
mem'ry banks, of sensate store,
'n feed the reaching roots that
in time's soil lie.

The chill of birthing dawn; the
spacious, night-renewed space
between the earth 'n sky that
spreads about my spine:

it all ignites the firing
of a neural network – flames
that dance their blazing heat
of once upon a time.

In age-long decades past rises
the gilt Zimbabwe sun,
the gutt'ral summons resonating –
roaring – deep,

while waits the cooling coffee,
sour-milked in s'ramic cup,
held by my hand, under the thatch,
supressing sleep...

WhatsApp Waka

Park grass picnic;
river surface sailing.
A week ends and begins.

On The 16th Of September

Facade, b'hind scaffold scaling,
marks – with arches – out
community,
surrounded by sheet metal
dressed in cult'ral uniform.

Across: Croft past 'n present;
flesh 'n brick beneath
the sun. Jack-
hammer heard behind:
BAH BAH BAH BAH BAH

The road runs riv'ring currents,
coursing crashless swirls
of traffic. Now
a siren song breaks rapid
in jet stream.

On soaring, searing fire's flight
flies th'light of time's
fate-arrow.

Behind the glass, I ask
my mind for words...

The Matthew Spreads Its Wings

Say-uls set in 'creasing size;
kkcookcoo?! cranes, their perchly poise
between the spire's cresting cross
'n th'rowing ladies –

in bant'ring back 'n forth,
abreast the sunless, woody shade,
shakes peerly, patt'ring conversation,
Avonside.

The mildly milksome coffee cools –
nepenthe e'er ne'er needed –
as by the floating harbour
rests the railway.

In screeching seagull song
sounds out senescent afternoon,
whilst th'air alights upon the water –
rent reflection.

A Tanka For A Friend

ぼくはさんじゅうさいです...
すいりあいるすにともだちがいます
からあそこにいきたいです.
このぶんしょはむしろ
いきます.

I am thirty years old...
I want to go to the Scilly Isles
because a good friend lives there.
This letter shall go
in my place.

Issfet Adorned

Sibling serpent, umbilical born,
waits in th'western mountains –
th'evil gaze.

On The First Day Of October

The rippled rings that warp the surface; steam
that rises – risen – for to dissipate.
A wand'ring thief with his compan'yun – thrall;
Canayd'yun poet doth through song relate.
Alit along the current air did fall,
in feath'ry glide, a-whilst my coffee waits,
a crow, from whose descending dance I gleamed
enough of life to inspiration sate.
A-buzz, a bee about the table flit
its form – frenetic – as the crow did stand;
a gurgly child upon his shadow sits
'n laughs at losing it beneath his hands.
In line fourteen a sonnet meets its end
'n I'll sail on around time's riverbend...

A Tanka On My Mild Frustration At Piles Of Books & Ideas Waiting

To write; to read –
I could dedicate more time...
But:
I need my mind to wander;
for time to pass.

From The Table Backed By Octaves In Their Slumber

They move
to watch the people;
the city spreads its sprawl.
Schrödinger's poetry
lay waiting.

An Alliterative Thought

Look at that sullen,
solitary slide, stone-surrounded.
Fenced in iron;
its prim'ry colours
faded.

Flicker, Silent Voice

I

Flitting fretfully, a flow'ring flame –
trapped, tearing at the brick-lined limits –
'neath th'echoes of the crashing waves of
wintered stars, their petals fall'n.

In unlit dark of recess, caged lay,
soaked in clenching, sweat-drenched fear,
an inf'nite, infant voice of verdance –
vain, its pleading light.

In telepathy tuned, vibration,
sent beyond a prison's walls,
sings frantic-soft in fibrous mem'ry;
muscles muse electric.

II

A decade's silence...
In confinement – self 'n solitary –
there sits a child:
torn;
adolescent.

III

Light-formed 'n sunburnt-brown –
acoustically calling;
drone low 'n dance
harmonics high,
crest scales 'n crash peaks, falling

back, awash across the pent-up,
tonic, neural swell.

It brings upon
its pleading song
a voiceless mind to tell.

With fading, flameless ember drifts,
e'en as it burns defiant,
a wintered fire,
its petals lost,
ungently into silence...

W'thin Outdoor Café Cold

Down street-strand alleyway,
walking – fluorescent green 'n navy –;
gone now, in the space of
sentences 'n leaf-litter
o'er blowing...

A chain pushed/pulled; again,
the cold wind lifts these leaves
of grass. Avast a moment –
warmth waits in the
gustless silence...

On four paws
padding passed's
the inkless line.

A Mem'ry 'Pon A Corner Of My Mind

In pain oppressed memory
mind punctuationless I find
unrooted out long festered fear
self portraiture in pain
oppressive memory my eye
above in neural surging storm
sends says it screams
Remember do you how you
felt in far off time

In secure besieged corner keeps
an open prison torn 'n rent
its spent restrictive suppression
pressed nonetheless ingrained in painsome
pulsing memory of me 'n my
experiences saying How
you used to be so silence ridden

Neurotaclismic chasmmind find
pain in memorandemonia
to spur inference frenzied fraught
with anxious waves awashing
o'er away 'n on anonymous
my mind in time it took a broken
voice 'n spilled upon the page

Paint

Upon the soundless, crashing waves of light,
without which we must face each fireless night,
come colours – fine 'n crude 'n dull 'n sharp –
to take a dying sun and paint the dark...

A Poem That I Texted

It's raining; it's pouring –
this October morning.
Off out for a walk did they head.

With pub fire calling,
its warmth tempting all in,
Molly, through the rain, she yet led
poor Jake and poor Rachel
(though still were they grateful
for a lift and the invitation).

Whilst I can sit happy
in this Bristol café,
and return anytime to my bed.

A Song Of Molly Owen

To the tune of Molly Malone

On streets dull 'n Bath-y
I did, at long last, meet
that girl I'd been texting
called Molly Owen.

Her hand she was wavin'
to me – I'd just sailed in
from Bristol and sheltered
a bus stop within.

A bus stop within! A bus stop within!
T'was where I was standing, with Molly wavin'.

A story I told her
'bout me at Victor'yer
Park wid me siblings,
in the nineteen-nineties.

I showed her the moorhens,
the ducks, and the pigeons,
as she tried to teach me
t'identify trees.

T'identify trees! T'identify trees!
She's still tryna teach me the shapes of the leaves...

She lived up on Moorfield's,
yet wished e'er she could feel
the eyes of the mountains,
their ancient gaze t'ward

a house – vined 'n gabled –
with land and a stable,
which her head-teacher mill'yuns
had helped her afford.

Had helped her afford! Had helped her afford!
This home by the peaks, 'n not far from the shore.

To Stratford we travelled
and I did find statues
of Shakespeare to pose with,
which she did judge lame!

Well, when we go t'Dublin
I'll do that same 'lame' thing
with Joyce and she'll have to
take photos again!

Take photos again! Take photos again!
I'll make her take hundreds of photos again!

Oh, on I could compose
this song of us, although
we've only been t'gether
since summer's sunset.

A wealth of mind sharin',
of walks, and of carin',
with such time before us
which we shall fill yet.

Which we shall fill yet! Which we shall fill yet!
We'll fill the time hence with too much to forget....

たんかのいま

ここからは
あとあと; のちのち
にいきます.
私がしなければならないから,
いきます; いくました.

Living Room Tanka

*From here
to the future; the distant future
I travel.
Because I must,
I travel; I travelled.*

Cascade Steps

Light lightly glim'ring;
singing surf; cascading time;
slatted-wood t'mark where
Iteru meets her Eden.

Over the water,
w'thin the waves of crashing
flame, I sit 'n write, to give
my riv'ring thoughts an
ink-blue chance at freedom...

The wind rescinds;
the breeze blows on;
the sound-waves sail o'er peaks 'n troughs –
a cold, November morn'
about to crest its noon.

I'll take the
trail of sun the Avon
lays before me, 'til I see,
upon that cobbled corner,
th'leaves of Autumn strewn...

Today: Ten Tanka

I

Tower peaks;
quartet sleeps;
the gull's braced, as am I –
the lock-gate, leading southward,
bridges o'er.

II

Rice-husk holds
my coffee. Folding up:
the inkless page.
I perch like Giovanni
'pon his lumber.

III

With nary a wake
it works its way
on through the floating harbour –
a manned-kayak.
Gulls disperse.

IV

In shelt'ring porchway-
entrance to the Arnolfini,
I
re-place myself.
The gull gives up its bracing.

V

Windbreaker は
むらさきです upon
the one half of the pair a-walking.
Shaggy dog:
your fringe 'n beard match mine.

VI

Elegance...
It strolled on by.
Colour...
It just walked past.
People-watching; people, watching me.

VII

Tanka by the banks-a,
with my notebook near its end –
a sunsome Sunday 'neath the harbour sky.
I probably look homeless
to these fam'lies...

VIII

As I adore alliteration,
I must muster up
(Assonance, too!)
three tanka more.
Well, now two.

IX

I watched the leaves
go sailing by,
as the noon killed off
the morning.
(It just turned 12pm.)

X

The water level stays
e'er as it is, e'en as the rest
of us do rise 'n fall
while floating
on the Avon...

A Thought, Through Pen, On Paper

Still horses
'pon a Merry-Go-Round.
Their bridled porcelain –
on poles of gold
they slumber.

Poems From Café Living Room

Three Lines On Having Pooed

Like a petal,
detached from its flowering stem,
I float with empty bowels.

I Look Over, 'Cross The Street

A red-tiled roof
meets dampened-other;
above, the moss-mould colonises.

And Each Sep'rate, Dying Ember

Ah, distinctly I remember,
t'was the post-noon of November,
as the sky – its blanket grey – hid space 'n time,
that I let my muscle-mem'ry
spill through ink to 'lease 'n let free
that with which my firing neurons sowed my mind.

Unto The End Of This Here Notebook

These pages three,
in their loose 'n blank-lined state,
are, together, a haiku.
This tanka, in its love for them,
destroys their pure expression.

The thread that binds their imag'ry
unravels...

The page was blank; is writ';
lies undiscovered...

Next's The Beginning

Coffee; cobbles; Cabot, poised;
the glist'ning noon's reflection;
a moss-green ring b'yond Pero's bridge –
'tis here we float, complex. Shunned's

the riv'ring course of coursing time,
that, indiff'rent, doth crash
incessantly yet forceless, spilling
future o'er the past.

Notebook completed; page un-blanked;
th'caress of wind-soothed heat –
just as my coffee only cools
shall we e'er only meet

the foll'wing page, tomorrow's dawn,
midnight to *Auld Lang Syne*...
Nevertheless, we'll dance our flame-lit
lives in the meantime.

Shriek; Undulation

I

Do you hear –
without; within –
the seagull calling?

II

Where else but on
the etchless stone,
'breast Cabot's cobbled corner,
would course my thoughts?
Without; within – gull calling.

III

Avon, Iteru
(Frome ignored!):
rivers that, cities, built.
The Theban peak – red-mount;
the glacial gorge.

IV

Do you see –
within; without –
the Aten falling?

Four Poems For Me; For You

I

Mallard marks my
morning's myanderings;
moorhen munches moss.
My mind's metred.
Muse mirrors.

In the couplet-epilogue,
I let go th'alliteration.

II

The cranes cry
to the cov'ring cloud;
I'm cold, as I sit writing.

III

Semi;
-colon,
dash, 'n Oxford Commas
take their final stand 'n
list their grand achievements.

IV

hahuh
!nice 'n earlee
BPAARK
?yeah. Pendswotheeofferiz
soe lighk
mmm
!yeh

pupupkikikikikuh
kuhkuhkuhkkik
...UM...

PUHRK?!

“Just a coffee shop, or like?” In incompleted query's his reluctance.

Tanka, With A Bonus Quatrain

World's End

Swan – swept along.
Momentum marks the half-hid hull.
Day-drinker ponders; rises;
leaves the poem.
The dang'rous water – deep – buffets the quay.

At this spot, this world's end –
th'muse's inexhaustible.

Sorry

Patter, patter, pigeon feet,
looking for some shit to eat.
I'd feed your bobbing head – alas,
there's just no food within my grasp.

The Death Of Cleopatra

Neferotic clasping – grasping
hand upon her smitten wrist;
slither, fangs 'n fated coil kept
hidden 'neath the fig-tree's fruit.

Venomous aspis – cobric hood
held flat against the west-faced head
of Ra's Uraeus, bowing to the Duat-
doom of the End Of Cycles.

Goddess Who Loves Her Father falls
into the waiting flood – primeval.
Her dissolution – desolate; her
baby at her breast, asleep.

Th'intrinsicated, wawtry knot
of ma'at merged with chaos
dances to her mind's eye, 'midst the crown
swept over by the lev'ling sands.

Atum, Osiris, Nun's primord'yul
depths: on, over Egypt came
this tide, reclaiming time 'n taking
meaning from the lightless 'glyphs.

She-wolves did roam 'n prowl across
the Two Lands, as her tresses fell.
Unkempt, the pharaoh's hair, dark as the
diskless sky, did dress her form.

The pulseless puncture points witnessed
the paling of her ochre skin.
The keening of her ent'rage quaked great
waves to sink the harbour isle.

Lay she, the Ptolemaic king,
with fingers to the marble floor,
her feet undecorated and their
soles no longer earthward tethered.

Three thousand times renewed, the fertile
cycle sees its soil depleted.
The tears of Isis lost
amongst the fallen rain...

A List Of Things I Noticed At The Harbour

Lighthouse unlit; the sails unset;
the blue – bright – 'breast the morning;
the dog's bark ricochets in waves
that break 'gainst seagull's calling;

pigeon pecks the mossied cracks; a
gull, its young coat grey,
steps closer t'ward the quay's stone edge;
piercing the clouds – the rays

of flick'ring flame, eight minutes old,
that danced 'cross th'frozen void
to singe the damaged atmosphere
'n heat the earth; now poised's

a man of many sun-led, searching
cycles 'pon a post;
the clouds relent their risen rain;
th'wake of a narrow boat

dances upon, across, 'n through
the river's cold expanse
to die of life's momentum lost;
another pigeon lands...

10.34pm

The naked wind alights
upon my skin upon her skin;
of tepid tea my tongue
remembers.
I write these words to end a tanka.

In a brace of extra lines –
my hand, around her finger.

A Rainy-Bus-Day Senryu

In these three lines?
The time that passed
as I composed them.

Lunar Lines

Jealous of the life the earth held –
precious, bright, 'n moving – the moon took small pleasure
when the world was frozen still.

A New Year Beckons

Onward,
pen 'n mind!
2021...

A Haibun For My Childhood Cat

A lawn of unkempt blades of uncut grass.
A sloping set of plum trees, either side of the long, stone steps.
A wooden fence: part-standing; part-collapsed.

T'was along 'n through this garden scene that the tabby cat did wander – lazy were his steps; listless was his mind. He pushed his whiskered nose into the petals of the daffodils; he brushed his head 'n body on the brown bark, damp with dew; he stopped atop the stone... The scent of the night-time exploration made by another creature was painted 'pon the splint'ring, wooden fence.

A slow-worm,
slight 'n slith'ring –
silver slivers shone.
An inept pounce:
enough to grasp a half.

Slow-worm: *[Exit, pursued by a confused glance.]*

ねこは?
私の
ともだちでした.

A Tanka After Midnight

In lines abstract –
of ink; of thought –
I breathe her tangled hair.
To auld lang syne:
the first day of the year.

Signs Of Someone

In th'wake of a mind at rest –
robins,
suddenly ubiquitous.

Thuh Storree Ov Uh Storum

The arrows of Zeus and his immortal rage
rained down in jagged clusters,
bursting into violent, vap'rous, scorched, transparent heat.
The countenance above: with fury laden.
The ground: smothered 'neath soundless death, electric.
Thunder rolled;
behind it – blue...

A Tanka On The US Capital

Armoured, armed, 'n fury-laden –
virulent cause inciteful
in white./In black?
Insightful issue voiced –
face armed 'n armoured fury.

Unlimited

Muse – unlimited;
unbound – in th'breaking,
captured tide...
Paddling swan in feathers;
the trees in leafless rest.

ふたりがすわります。
さんにんはかどをとまります。

A Senryu, In Which I Employ Only Kanji To (Impolitely) Respond To An Imagined Query
Regarding That Which I Would Like To Drink

何?

私?

水!

At Night

The tangled, tanka pages
of Akiko placed aside;
a notebook, now, nestled beside my pillow.
I sketch the grass below
the knotted trunk.

The Empty Space

On painted lines –
th'abstract, open, expanse.
Inf'nut, 'n long passed on, 'n unobtainable.

Eight Lines To Aid Olivia

Beneath the trav'ling clouds, the ground
lay covered in the moss
of dew-damp spring. T'was here I found
the peace that I had lost.

In nature's nightless, new-born form
I met the mossy fern
and – just as had the night to morn' –
I, to my future, turned...

The She-Wolf & The Girl-Child

I

Upon a time, once, long ago,
in a place that I know not,
a hooded child (in a crimson coat)
through forest paths did trot.

Across the moss the rocks wore proud
'n past the deadwood, she
did take her solitary way –
from fear, she wandered free.

Alone, un-lost, 'n unafraid;
prowling, she crept toward
two grazing does, their delicate
poise lost as she did ford

the streaming currents, coursing on
'n cutting through the earth;
her lupine eyes mirrored the light
that leapt from off the surf.

She splashed across to chase them off!
Over the roots she ran!
The wicker – wound to bear their goods –
swung slightly in her hand...

II

Deep depths of prime 'n ancient fear:
the un-pathed forest heart;
the void-black shroud o'er Europe's wilds
that tears the mind apart...

On limb of sinew set with surging
prime 'n ancient missives,
the awesome, arch, 'n apex foe
of th'north – raised to elicit

illicit sound; forbidden scent; a
sign of trespass grave –
stood, with claws but half-retracted;
fierce, her furrowed face.

The ears that scanned atop her skull
picked up, from th'middle distance,
the prey that fled 'n the clumsy steps
of a creature whose existence

was weaved in threads of mythic mist:
an animal apart.
Beyond the wooded border they
had tread their fiery spark...

III

Leather boots o'er ankles at
the ends of long, slight legs;
the girl grasped at the dagger – sheathed –
as leaves cut light to shreds

and left the forest floor in its
liminal chaos – black,
littered with spots of light made red
as, through the autumn, passed

the flames of fire flaring
in the wake of wand'ring time.
She tempered, then, her spirit-song 'n
trekked the track's incline...

IV

The she-wolf brought her muzzle down;
her eyes pierced straight ahead.
She sensed the cycling moon that, now,
its crescent-youth did shed

and which, with waxing influence,
did pull upon the tides.
Her paws – flexed broad – began their
loping gait. Beneath her hide

a proto-litter, lulled a-by
their cradle's refuge, slept.
Their mother – metranomic matrix –
onward-bound now crept...

V

Honour-bound to make her way
'n emerge from this cauldron
full of primal terrors that
e'er ne'er released their hold on

the human animal, the girl,
lower back dully aching,
took loping strides on narrow feet –
the path they were forsaking

fell fully to the west 'n sank
away, its dusk-dust passing
into the longed-for left behind:
long-gone 'n everlasting...

VI

Along the trail by sound-scent lit,
o'er roots 'neath matted-moss,
with senses sapient she went,
unafraid 'n un-lost.

Wary, though, she was of what
the standing spirit brought...
They carried flame, 'n thrust 'n
threw their blades whene'er they fought!

Deftly down the decline; leap
the ditch; defy the sheer,
rock-jagged rise to reach the auld
roots – rampant 'n severe...

VII

Within her belly burned the
menarchian, must'ring muse.
She clambered, clutching damp branch-bark;
she lit upon auld roots.

Stabilising herself – her knees
held bent; her arms out wide –
she crouched within the womb of
forest night 'n felt the tide

of lunar luminescence
levelled at her profile – fierce.
Into her inner being, now,
the she-wolf's eyes did pierce...

VIII

The fierce 'n fearful profile
of the girl-child froze in light
which fell upon the clearing,
clatt'ring through the cover – slight.

Inside, a gutt'ral warning rose
to rend the silent air
with thund'rous growls; her muzzle
trembled, lifting up to bare

her daggered danger – fangs of white;
carnass'yuls clenched, unsheathed.
Incisive were the instincts at
th'roots of her deadly teeth...

IX

Baring the blade of un-shone steel,
she showed the wolf her height.
The wolf displayed her slender power,
circuhling the sprite.

Circling back, then further in
amongst the latticed wood,
the crimson of her coat bled through
the fibres of her hood.

Across the latticed wood, her paws
traversed the knots 'n hollows.
Her lupine eyes ne'er slipped their gaze
from off the girl she'd followed.

Sapient, her ancient instinct
surged about her mind,
keeping the girl's gaze locked upon
that she'd not wished to find.

Their bowels blazed with courage, birthing
tender terror t'ward
the other, who to whom neither
could gentleness afford.

Entreating each the other to
encroach upon the space
that held fast, now, its shape 'n size
up to the edge they traced

together, both the beings bent
their will beneath the moon –
one rageous to stave th'other off;
one desp'rate to consume...

X

Potential life released; potential
life mid-realisation –
they bracedlunchedleapt 'n landed
in collisive escalation

of growth – ferocious; final! They
did crash against the bark
that shattered for to send them falling
deep into the dark

of hollowed, auld, primord'yul depths,
unbound within the earth!
A basket lay in moonlight, left
beside the riv'ring surf...

00.36am

Rain on patterned pane;
the wind weaves,
wattuhling with layered cold.
A flash of lush-green light blinks,
bridging space...

Just One More Alphabet

In kanji, kept
on cards – the key
to eddied pools of meaning.
Neurons recall – give chase – to readings;
in muscle-mem'ry, ink-strokes settle.

Composed Whilst Pupil Writes

"A leaf falling."

The mossied bark breaks;
the buds that bloomed in springtime
detach, tumbling.
Soon, the cold winter's white
will coat the forest.

"Hmm like, maybe, a fountain in a park?"

Flowering fount –
your bursts of H₂O
bloom cold!
On stone, the copper pennies
settle.

"A cat staring out the window?"

The pointed ears that scan;
a tail-twitch metronome.
At the windowsill, she watches.

"One with 1-2-3-4-5 for the syllables!"

Fruit,
packaged –
plastic bags.
A shocking waste...
Bananas; apples.

Same Pond

Same pond –
ripples subside.

River-Light Deepens; Lingers

River runs;
light lingers;
dusk deepens.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, and –
a fleet of dancing stars.

Without My Notebook

Inhale.

Hoots of owl-song

on gusts of mature night.

Wait for words...

An exhalation.

Beside The Trees, Deciduous

The sun upon
the bench upon
the cobbled corner;
clouds cling – fast –
to the southernmost horizon.

There's a bracing, blue-bright layer
'fore the ocean – black.

Bonus couplet, in half-rhyme:

Too much Skyrim;
not enough writing.

A Storm At Midnight

Coherent wind –
speak harshly 'gainst our walls,
wearing your look of sweeping anger.

I fall asleep...

Time Travel

These late-night, windswept
words and their ink-blue
synapse-forms?
Time travel –
wild 'n insecure.

An Exercise In Quatrains

In woven reeds, their basket shape
held fast by string 'n glue,
stand stems of em'rald green that hold
tulips – peonies, too!

Above the reaching leaves that grow
beyond the basket's edges,
dance petals of lilac; of white;
of crimson. Here, their pledge is

to rise toward the sun with all
their colour calling out
to attract pollinators as
they flit 'n buzz about.

Ink Not Spilled

And what of all
these moments, now they're passed;
now that they're done?

*Ink not spilled
is ink
that never was.*

*And yet... what of
those moments w'thin their
scenes, so surely gone?*

Reincarnate,
they live
as long as us.

A flower opens.
Carried to the next life –
its poetry.

A Scene, Translated

A rooster-tail
at winter's end –
my hair in lockdown-length.
In loops of Latin phrase,
a standard's placed.

Breeze breaks in laughter
loosed; **kuhllainkkinkcnk**
sothairyugoe!
hahihihihihuh hyeh-uh?!

[I pull upon my rooster-tail.]

In tanka – twonowthree –
the fourfour phoniclash of raydyoes
phlash forth, fused with
snippetalk as strands of
now (to me; t'you – then...).

A scene translated
by me, with my hair tied-up.
(Cabot Corner; 22/03/21; 4.14 午後)

A Metal Flower

Limbo.

No ellipses;
a period of rank
proliferation of this
lack of any real arranging
of my thoughts on paper,
pressed in ink 'n pressed
(potentially) in time
to rest encoded

but

decodable?

Encoded,
to rest in time
(potentially) –
pressed in ink;
pressed on paper.
Thoughts arranged
in a period of
proliferating ellipses...

limbo

Shimmershine

Sun shimmershine threads music's waves
with th'ripples of a glist'ning scene.
In kanji-cascade, numbers water-
fall upon the pregnant pauses.

As tanka looms – "Take me! I'm done!" –
a quatrain quells it: "More to see!
The child who eats the twisting treat;
the gull who rides the unseen surf."

Flux, feathers! Plumes of greyscale-white;
spring wind whips, gently coursing
past blossomed branches, tentatively
treading where the winter's been.

Climbclimb'ring girl, with your forehead marked,
somehow, with ice-cream debris:
stop terrifying me 'n your guard'yuns
as you rush the river railing...

Makeshift pre-drinks 'neath nested trees
'neath sky 'neath satellites;
new music threads its rippling waves
through th'sun's soft shimmershine...

Two Poems For Puzzlewood

I

Hidden behind the enclosed donkeys and
beyond the ponies, past a grassy space,
there lies a wooded realm where moss runs free
and in the rocks 'n trees you'll see the face
of ancient sprites 'n spirits – reaching high,
the winding branch becomes a searching trunk;
the craggy rock becomes a visage, sunk
in th'sleep of ages. The dog-violet blends
its colour in amongst the scattered sky,
as light coursecrashes through the canopy
to illumine, 'tween magic's shadow cast,
a river running through the Celtic past,
its stepping-stones 'n timber bridges ask
that you not stray from off the present path...

II

Take a winding path through Puzzlewood
and find yourself now lost
amongst the green grass, mossy trees,
'n ancient, sleeping rocks
that wait to take you to a sudden
end, where you will turn
and try to go back whence you came
past th'eyes of watching fern...

Knew Knee Knews

Leg locked in
linear array of straps 'n clips;
the staggered-stain of iodine
still orange on my foot 'n thigh.
I'm braced for a new knee, tracking central...

A Week Ago Today, I Travelled Through

A week ago today, I travelled through –
for to meet with then when the future'd reached –
time, 'long its riverrun 'n deltoward,
obliv'yus to the moments carried out
to past's vast sea of somnamb'listic life
that's left to wonder in its mirage made
of wand'ring memory in wisps of cloud.

Masks;
pen upon a board
(My name in red!);
lights, looming latent...
I switch from now to then; from then to now.

Hours (Three.) 'n minutes (Thirty (Roughly...).)
which occurred not within my sens'ry life;
metres (Maybe around a hundred?) that
weren't travelled, e'en in th'sleep of day or night:
not imperceptible but untranspired!
The briefest black to stitch the moment... Scarred's
the neat chronology of mem'ry, told
to me by me through th'mind's prolific bard.
And though there've been seven days, now, which've passed,
each was divided by a void whose hues
made, in their dance of firing, neural song,
perceptible future's presentward moves.
That briefest black had neither song nor dance!
Yet, o'er its spaceless, timeless, courseless, hueless non-expansive,
I travelled through...

The City Poetic

The city poetic –
not aggrandised voice,
its rhythm false.
Speak unspoken!
Dance the lines unblanked!

The city poetic –
sing silence from
the unstaged page,
the rhythm riv'ring through.
A river, undictated.

The city poetic –
within the ink-blue 'glyphs
the meaning makes no gestures
for to saw the vacant air.
The temperance is all.

All ink-blue meaning;
rhythm riv'ring;
unstaged, silent song –
to dance between the lines
is to voice th'city poetic!

A Box Acrostic On Me Kneecaps

Down the left: TODAY

Down the right: TODAY

First & last word: TODAY

Today was a day of interest!
Onward to my x-ray, I did go.
Daringly, I – braceless – stood
and met those rays with screws; shin; patella!
Yes, it was a day of interest today!

A Blank Page

An infinitely wide 'n white
chasm of nothing written...
Awaiting ideas – none have risen
for to shine a light

over the void of wordlessness!
No poems are appearing!
No rhymes for reading; hearing!
A blank page... and nothing less.

Something Beside Remains

Do you consider yourselves homeless?
Your entire being perched in peril,
poised upon stages ephemeral –
ink-scarred papyrus, disintegration fated;
the cloud illusory, tethered threadless on electric lines;
the mistsome wisps of mind...
they dance their dance to the promise of a dissolution.

You live there, on these plains
of permanently passing light
that leave no rock-bound roots to,
in time's soil, lie.
Your essence, earnestly put forth
unto impermanence to weather storms
of whetherwhims that dictate
if you die...

Fallen to the paving slabs –
the foliage,
no longer bound.
A branch – bare – budding
with the scourge of mem'ry.

Kyoto Haibun

I

Amongst the gridded sprawl of Man-a-hattan clarity, its fraysome edges fraught 'gainst forest
fringeland 'n the shores of Biwa Lake, the shrines 'n palaces lay – logos boxed – beneath my
wand'ring touch; I pull the wards of Kyoto t'ward my screen.

Eddied pools of meaning...
These hieroglyphs in brushstrokes
bear their missives.
My shuffled-flashcard knowledge:
not enough.

The view of rain that leaps the cloud-wisp walls 'n wings its way unto the earth – I spread my thumb
'n finger for to raise katsurakawa to a focal point, its riv'ring life of coursing currents cleaves the city
'fore it feeds Osaka Bay.

The printed page;
the photographic map,
by satellite –
Sea of Time 'n Space a-bridged,
I wander Kyoto.

II

Eight-thousand miles east –
trace the youth of the aging sun
to the basin of the white mountains.
The City Of A Thousand Years...
Feed th'flames of dawn upon the westward wind.

III

Dropped into Japan by my own right hand, I stand beneath the gabled
wonders, their calligraphic, wood-beam forms 'midst raked, permuted sand.

In late-pandemic winter,
I plan the routes I'll walk
in person.

Elegy For A Lost Cascade

Unanchored
'midst the mid-spring wind,
aubrieta fails.
Beneath trespassing paws –
light-lilac petals.

Riverrun

川は天から
土まで; 山から
森まで – 行きます.
あすは水が
へ空をかえります.

*From the sky
unto the earth; from the mountain
on to the forest – the river travels.
Tomorrow, the water,
to the sky, returns.*

A Quite Contrastful Quatrain

A(gain...)t last, less the wind-
swept streetside 'n its trials –
as Ind'ya burns, I'm
allowed back in cafés.

A Tanka To The Rainful Night

Wood 'n metal merged –
the scaffold gathers th'reigning night.
The air,
through the open window,
dances morning.

Waxing Fragrant

Lit flame o'er lake
of candle-wax, a-waxing
fragrant – breathe
the lavenderic blossom,
burning bright.

黒のコヒ

黒のコヒ;
白のコヒ-カップ.
私が書います. あなたは?
あなたがスクロルいます.
私たち休みます.

*Black coffee;
white coffee cup.
I write. And you?
You are scrolling.
We take a rest.*

青い-インクの花

青い-インクの花-
空の下;
土の上.
雨は休みます.
日は火を話しと人生を書きます.

*Flower in blue ink –
beneath the sky;
above the earth.
The rain rests.
The sun speaks fire and writes life.*

At Cricc'yeth Coast

Wadewashing out
in sea-salt-sandy steps
'cross Cymru's coast.
Cricc'yeth, w'thin crumblewalls
(moss-laden), stands.

Eryri

Th'range running – wracked by rocks in ragged peaks –
'long valley's faulted floor of glacial folds
doth rise to highland 'n summit ne'er told
elsewhere thr'out Cymru's verdant, Celtic reach.
Amidst the eerie cloud's the mountain's height,
ringed by a raptorial spectre – splayed
in soaring, shim'ring, past-'n-future flight
are wings with red embossed; with green inlaid.
Flame-flick'ring fire of th'ancient dragon's tongue
callcries – Cymraeg! – o'er where the riverrun
writes sediment'ry; where the hawkweed's grown
'mongst gathered gorse; where th'alpine lily's blown
by th'mountain wind; where eagles once had flown,
their golden span acrest the slopes of home.

Cynghanedd In Blank Verse

Cymraeg's consonant sounds – abreast vowel peaks
stretch harmonic-wreathed 'n Celtic writ. Hed'n-
ismic green of verdance – lush expanses –
carpet across, cov'ring in moss, cove-ring-
ed coast that forms th'western wall. Th'waste rain-
fall flows, fitfully free, unto sea o'er
reams of language earth-born, and which rues th'burn-
ing flame in desp'rate pain – th'dragon's claim to
speak its fire-tongue throughout the land it loves.

Cynghanedd sain

- Characterised by internal rhyme
- Line divided into 3 sections
- 1st and 2nd sections rhyme
- 3rd section repeats the consonant pattern established in 2nd section

Cynghanedd lusg

- Final syllable of first half (or so) rhymes with penultimate syllable of second

Cymraeg's consonant sounds – abreast vowel peaks *lusg*
stretch harmonic-wreathed 'n Celtic writ. Hed'n- *sain (w r t h d n)*
ismic green of verdance – lush expanses – *lusg*
carpet across, cov'ring in moss, cove-ring- *sain (c v r n g)*
ed coast that forms th'western wall. Th'waste rain- *sain (t h w s t r n)*
fall flows, fitfully free, unto sea o'er *lusg*
reams of language earth-born, and which rues th'burn- *sain (r t h b r n)*
ing flame in desp'rate pain – th'dragon's claim to *lusg*
speak its fire-tongue throughout the land it loves.

Shumba Famba

In dreams,
Zimbabwe-bound –
my unwrit mind.
Heathaze-dewmorn biography –
my trainers trace the paw-pad tracks...

Verdant-vivid
is the tall grass,
tail-tufts twitching o'er.
Tanaka turns; Thulani mirrors –
chase.

From One Notebook To Another

And what-,
my child of time approaching,
e'er shall I write next?
Turns out that it was this;
that it was You.

Wreflected

I see myself
beyond the pane,
o'er where leaf-litter lies.
I write; I drink; I'm passed through
by Brist-ohl-yuns.

A Tanka For The Pigeons Having Sex

Violet plumage preened –
perched pigeon plays
his puff-chest charm.
sssssswwOOP In seagull's sailing path,
they flutter.

On The Scene Without This Café

Th'breeze brokers
a rough 'n cooler clime.
Parallel, the rails run elseward.

Pit Stop

Guitar glints gilt African,
gleaming hammer-on sunshine!
Th'rayd'yo risen – ayttay-em.

Kanagawa

A final brace of
blank papyrus sheets,
their lines stretch finite.
Ink-blue inev'tability –
crashing wave.

Penned In Pensford

The Chew churns at its eddied stretch –
breakbursting, boundless force against
rock-anchored, branching debris, dropped
from th'bough that bore it up 'n out
'n o'er the bank's land-limit (lapped
at by the coursing mirrored-sky) –
whilst flitflies flock in clouds above
the water.

Flight – sudden – flickers
upstream ("Look!"):
a heron.

Permanence Obscene

across, the pane of there 'n here
stood straight 'n held by bracing beams,
I see Time's arrow's trace laid clear
in permanence obscene...

Where once I was I am no more –
no longer does that me exist.

Approach, then, future for to Yet
that now is gone! New now is set
'n e'er shall it persist!

As future finds me at a loss
for present lasting, now

The Crossmaker

*And I shall make crosses all my life,
so that the messiahs you choose can be
crucified!*

– The Last Temptation Of Christ

*O,
full of scorpions
is my mind...*

– Macbeth

Through the cold expanse of the night-tinged dawn
o'er-laying the horizon, bleak it sailed –
an utt'rance 'leased from the hillock forlorn.
Forsaked 'n unforgiven sons impaled
across Golgota... There the jackals grouped,
with mange 'n rabid salvation bless'd.
The ashen vulture – legion – flit 'n swooped
in silence, foreign blood upon its breast.
The ribs of the earth cracked its blistered skin.
Fire-flame burst earthward as the crows did sing.

Yesh'wa, his curled locks dishevelled 'n damp,
looked t'ward the heavens where the Morning Star
delighted in the banishing of night,
its cold ignorance seared by fruitful light.
He braced his eyes, his shadow reaching far.
The vulture circled 'n the jackals champed.
About him, left 'n right, the sentenced writhed
in throes of lament. In his hands, the nails
weighed heavy 'pon his bloodied, calloused hide-
like palms, belaboured by tort'rous travails.

Reaching for his tools in their tattered belt,
he hauled them upward 'n shouldered their weight.
The rage-gilt, guilt-adorned ag'ny he felt
he bore like scorp'yun stings about his pate.
A crossmaker – Yesh'wa constructed th'means
by which the legion stamped impeer'yul boots
on his own people, as he scorned those scenes
which Adonai insisted would be truth.
Yet e'er the visions came! With each, God swore:
"Thou shalt be rid of me, child, nevermore!"

In carpentry he felt his deepest roots –
he had, from birth, known well that sawdust scent
as, near his crib, his father Yossef bent
over his woodwork amidst heaped offshoots.
Yet Yossef had ne'er built things of such pain
as these instruments of the inhumane...
As Yesh'wa turned to leave the crucified,
their roped-up arms dislocated inside,
he glimpsed the jackals jump; the birds descend.
'Pon feetless ankles fell discarded eyes.

T'where mother Mariam awaited – shamed
by how her son aided the Roman cause –
he headed now, his sandals breaching sores
that had just started to their skin reclaim.
T'where th'other Mariam awaited – laid
out bangled, perfumed, spread, 'n drooled upon –
he wished he headed, were he not afraid...
Her skin's soft burning 'n her mouth's soft song...
His chest was torn asunder; pulled apart.
His sternum cracked to pierce his beating heart.

"Betrayer!" (Hurled by one of th'gathered jews
who'd stepped away from the semitic throng.)
"Yesh'wa! Why have you forsaken us? Who's
your god if not ours?!" Iskarioth longed
for a messiah who'd repel those stakes,
cast off that binding rope, 'n burn those beams
to embers! Who'd end Rome's unending rape
'n give his people that which e'er still seemed
a future farther off with each day's pass:
Heaven's Kingdom from out heretic ash.

"Yehu'da... come." The rabbi's calming voice
brought the man back. Yesh'wa continued on
the stony path, without a fork for choice
nor crossroads s'that he might deviate from
this sloped descent to where his workshop stood
with shelves of tools 'n stacks of rough-cut wood.
Yochan'an... Brother, where do you roam now?
For whom do you perform your cleansing rite?
Much more than me are you a prophet – how
could God have fixed on me his hellish sight?

He passed a stretch at which, at either side,
stood, watching both each other 'n the man,
a rebel 'n a monarch. Fierce, their eyes
tracked Yesh'wa's steps along their best laid plans.
One watched with admiration, rev'ling in
this brave defiance of the monarch's game.
One watched contemptuously, hating him
who'd not submit; who could endure such pain.
As Satan sneered with spite, God spat 'n scoffed:
"He'll bow his head to me upon the cross!"

Krystos; Masheekah; The Anointed One –
a king b'yond th'glory e'en of Da'hveed's time...
Awaited long was he, the Risen Son:
Of Man? Or God? Hostage to Da'hveed's line...
Each step he took toward the waking town –
the furnace flames stoked for to bake new bread –
were steps made heavy by the plaited crown
of twisted turmoil fixed upon his head.
The sun rose higher as the son walked home –
shunned; denied; cast out – to face God alone...

Heatwaved Harbour

The searsome sun seethes
heathaze, hamm'ring hard
the scorch-scarred cobble.
Artificial canopy.
No breeze...

On King Street

A turmoil-tinged tranquility...
Billowing in: breeze-borne leaves.
The Trow's resuscitated – see
the blackwhite gable draped
along in hanging baskets
buffeted (The milk stout plummets!)
'pon their links of chain.
Change...

To tread o'er written paths,
all taken; making all the diff'rence
lie the time 'n space in constant
flux, ephemerally constant,
coursing in their formless unity.
Now's then 'n then's yet further.
Passed...

Sky Lines

Through the sky's
slip-streaming currents –
a plane; a swallow.

Hawking Written Wares

11.12am

Eye-catching... YesNo!
Avoidant gaze.
The footfall flux meanders.
Atop the auld laid slabs,
my display stands.

1.52pm

No sales!
Some chats.
Eight minutes more...

Sketch

Tree –
'midst grass;
'neath sky.

Sketch (Again; Another)

Flower –
with leaves;
w'thin grass.

A Scene I Seen By Th'River

Sifting through the seagull's song,
amidst sporadic breeze,
the sunfire breaks the emptied cloud
to strike upon the waters, proud;
the ferry boat decrees
that one might learn the river's song,
were one to pay their ferry's fees...

Amidst Amongst Around The North York Moors

I

Upon Rawcliffe –
a new town,
its valley verdant; steam-trained.
In the steep hoofsteps of cows,
tread trav'lers.

The blank-verse chimes
time night.
Switch – dark. Hold – whisper.

II

The flies find lighted windows –
polished tow'r.
The scone cliffs crumble.
On cake 'n coffee fuel,
we coast to Ravenscar...

Beware the bull!
The cow! The calf!
See the seals supine!

III

A greasy spoon –
red brick; green paint; raw screech
of th'babe hushushed.
A breadbeanketchup mush
on plate on tray.

Imminent...
“Another round!” She'll cry.
Th'quiet prior t'storm.

Ana Cross –
a bird of prey,
at hov'ring height, doth herald.
The ironworks, b'yond moorrise,
echo th'wind.

Moss-matted bridge – streamriverstone.
Impeer'yul Rome lost...
Purple heather.

Scouting York

Abreast the traffic – tow'rsome stone
which rangerings 'round the cap'tal auld.
Bucolic ruins; gardens sloped –
onward, t'ward streets cobbled!
The cathedral, in cruciform,
holds th'north whilst th'city walls keep th'east.
Unto the Humber, th'Ouse flows out –
nor'westerly born; coursing south.
Web-latticed lie the streets.
Ramble The Shambles – gables loom...
(York City; Friday afternoon.)

A Sonnet To York's Grand Cathedral

In gilded, Gothic grandeur – th'heavens reached!
Ke'pha, his sainted keys 'pon th'altar placed,
sends down colourful cranes of paper creased
to watch o'er York's flock, wreathed in healing grace.
Sunfire shines glist'ning through the scriptured glass
to light the southern rose 'n Yorkshire's heart!
Saint Will'yum waits 'til final judgement's passed.
A stone cries "*Doom!*" from out the cryptic dark...
As echoes break against the wooden roof,
their soundwaves coursing through the boundless nave,
a flame wicks mem'ry from the hand imbued
with pers'nal purpose – th'candle burns, engraved.
A short song, then, for thee – though might a tome
be writ' to sing of each 'n ev'ry stone!

Postcard Poetry

To Mum

O'er Minster's tiles of polished stone,
we walked. The stained-glass panes,
that stretched to reach the heavens, shone.
As tourists flocked – in groups; alone –
the choir sang again...

To Dad & Jane

"Now to communion.
Please approach and use
the hand sanitiser..."
– Modern Service At York Minster

A light for Nana –
pride of place.
A candle b'side the nave.

American family –
no way out!
Wrong exit.
Over the sound of God,
a busker sings John Denver.

Merchant's Hall Tanka

Stratford-esque
(or is Stratford York-like?)
stands the Merchant Hall.
Brick bears beams bear rooftiles.
Th'chimney towers.

Sketch (A Further; Third)

Flow'r o' lines
writ' ink-blue o'er
unpetalled, blank papyrus.
Scribbled soil,
untouched by water.

An Encounter

On an evening wander's
lake-reed trail –
a roe deer.

Asking/Begging

A gift a-given.
Another now...
As with those others, I'll not help you.
I'll toss you words
you'll never read.

Milk Stout

Stout standing can,
mapped o'er with Bristol.
The eve matures to eve'ning...

A Ballad Here On Wapping Wharf

The sun had fallen b'yond its peak;
the clouds coursed through the blue that hid the black.
An end had come unto the week
'n all th'way onto Monday th'weekend laughed.
Upon the breeze, life's sounds did sail;
the people pottered past.
B'yond yonder tree, a baby wailed –
a pulled shirt in her grasp.
A-pecking at the paving slabs,
an urban dove searched 'bout for things to eat.

Palm pressed to palm – two women walked
across the neat-placed bricks that paved the ground.
The urban dove crossed over next,
now looking for another spot to scrounge.
Some baskets – Yellow! Orange! Green! –
were filled with fruit 'n veg.
Wov'n wicker kept the produce clean.
A common gull, o'erhead,
flew off toward The Matthew's mast
to light upon the crow's nest for a screech.

Queuing up for coffee, some
faces yet covered up with rags on string,
Brist-Ohl-Yuns held their places,
waiting patiently. A waiter – pierced 'n ringed –
looked o'er, with consternation,
at the lack of empty seats.
She offered for to take some
empty trays. Now off her feet,
she smokes upon the shaded steps.
A child, led by a dog, pretends to lead.

Pink, white, 'n purple; ripped jeans;
suited; shirted; shorted; floribund; high-socked...
"Ship-shape 'n Bristol fashion!" See
the varied costumes modelled 'cross the docks!
Hear varied English; Somali;
hear Spanish spoken fast!
'Midst Chinese, catch the Polish
tongue! Now Patois patters past...
A collage clothes the wharf in knit,
kaleidoscopic manner, look, 'n speech!

The sun continued on aft' noon,
sailing for to pass the Avon Gorge.
'Tween float 'n New Cut: passing through,
the city danced its song on Wapping Wharf.
Now wand'ring off, to write elsewhere,
I joined the collage dance.
That urban dove had found a fair,
young pigeon to romance.
And, as the Avon finds the sea,
the poem found its end in ellipses...

Sketch (Fourth Coming)

In blue-ink
bled 'cross faded lines –
a water flower.
Its stem becomes the rushful,
restless stream...

新しいの日

川が休います;
山は安いです.
火の天と水の土が
話します.
新しい日が始めるます...

The river rests;
the mountain is at peace.
The fire of the sky & the water of the earth
converse.
The new day commences...

Invigilation

In silence,
softly seared with sounds
of pencil 'pon the page –
mock SATs.
"Wenzlunch?" "Doughnassk meethat."

Playnoise,
in soundful shockwaves...
The Year 3s are on break.

Adventure Tanka

With th'kayaks clear,
long out of view,
the canoes coalesce...
The boiling blackcurrant's sipped; thrown.
Lake water laps the breeze-blown rushes.

A Sonnet On Not Writing Much

Less time have I spent with this notebook, whilst
still writing (Here 'n there...) for bigger things
that, though they grow 'n do reveal themselves,
shall not be read nor spread their metred wings
until Time tells my as-yet future self
that, being done at last, they may fly free.
Th'meantime's not born much of my shorter else,
with dog 'n children – neither mine – to see;
to care for. These routines are new; are great –
both in their bearing 'n their fulfilment.
And as I find among them café space,
I see that neither muse nor pen is spent.
For, though I've not been productive as such,
I've writ this sonnet on not writing much!

Penblossom

In the soil
of the blank, lined page –
penblossom flowers.

King William Tanka

The sentence structure
streams about my meandering mind...
Heat radiates from fires;
heat bleeds from th'radiator.
The high-backed bench wears copper relics.

Perhaps

Poems have slowed...
Perhaps that's natural.
A phase that ends; a phase begins.
Novellas writ.
Verse collected.

Another Poem

On new ideas, as new year comes
approaching from the east,
I dwell 'n work
in cafés new;
in notebooks filling slow.

Though passed prolific-penning may
now be, I do, at least,
write still, alert,
as-yet not through –
as these new lines now show.

Adventures in sharing my stuff
myself continue on...
As th'next year in
a calender;
a life fills out with plans,

I write another poem for
to reassure someone
(Me?) that nothing
will hinder
this pen that's in my hand!

A Welsh Christmas

Sand, wind-whipped;
waves, wind-wrath shaped;
shorn sea o'er th'westward reach –
three wetsuit-wearers, dog, and I.
Nadolig Llawen!

I Saw The Girl-Child, Standing

At Pero's Bridge,
where th'cobbles turn to metal
(mist-surrounded),
a blaze-blue spirit, wonder-rapt,
her hair the sunfire, stands.

She runs ahead;
beside me –
her hands about her heart.

？後

Phone has passed
away again –
I perform great feats
of balanced-contortion
with th'charger cable.

For now, though,
I don't know what the time is...

The Stag Upon The Brean Peninsula

*The t'multuosity of th'waves – wind-whipped
'n churning th'sediment of channel sands –
lies mirrored in the strange, dynamic flux
of th'cresting, tumblefallen, grass-green land
that plays its paths peninsulaic, wrought
with boot/paw/hoof mark 'vealing clayful red,
on t'ward the riven rock; t'ween bracken spread
'bout steeping sides to jagged juttings brought
by th't'multuosity of Time's tideforce
that frenzifuriously flays its base.
T'was o'er 'n through this coastly scene we traced
the tracks of mem'ry, for upon this place
the pathways w'thin my firing mind did course;
th'neuraic starfire of my mind did race...*

1

Eve'ning's darkdusk
sunken flame –
the hid horizon heralds night.
Crepusculuminescence, in
late-lilt of dissipation,
fades.
lingers.

Lapped waves wash, broken-crested –
I am young.
Fifteen?
Half my life 'n more re-wound,
I'm now –
still –
upon this path on jutting ground
'tween sands,
the rock beneath me reaching seaward;
south 'n west.

A walk a-from a campsite
minutes 'way, where
we
(Dad; Brother; Son 'n Son)
three were staying
with a tent 'n a red Toyota
'n a shit guitar –
this steep-sided lump of land,
beach-bordered.

I am now
on ahead. I'm
off in front from
where they walk;
from where they are 'n
when they were
where we walked
once upon a time.

Solitary,
striding on
'midst stream of consciousness.

II

The night's birthed
of the eve'ning's wake –
I see myself still strolling.
A leaping spirit,
antler-winged.

III

In but one bound – one moment – did
the animal alight
the scene 'n leave it. 'Phem'rally
it flickered... Henceforth, memory
alone bound it. The night
took in its form 'n kept it hid.

With gracile step, agilic poise,
'n purity he'd leapt
from th'dark off to my right-side. Thence
the bracken sprawl sloped downward, whence
the murmur'ring waters slept,
with wavewash whispers th'only noise.

With antlers, broad 'n brazen, blaze-
fully fierce was adorned
the male deer in his peaking prime;
as rhythmic prose replete with rhyme
was he in stagg'ring form!
Yet in his staying – th'wind; the haze.

Mere metres (Was it four? Or three?)
of grass-green, time-whipped ground
between us, like the ink-blue page,
undulating o'er eon; age.
T'was in his single bound
that I first knew of poetry.

*The present day is now the recent past;
the past is yet kept in the foggy dew
of th'captured moment – Misremembered? Morphed?
Now/Then again upon this place, we few
step onward through this coastly scene 'n th'light
of afternoon sun – th'dog 'n her 'n me.
I told her of the stag of memory;
of th'earth; of private moments lived; of th'night.
Yet had it happened thus? At all? Or not?
A tale repeated into life event...
But I recall my aftermathly thought
that dwelled 'pon where it came from; where it went...
When younger, here I walked alone to find
a stag, mid-bound, imprinted on my mind.*

A Scrap Of Notes-Gone-By

*Sunday, Sunday,
not this Sunday,
but next Sunday*
In one ear 'n out the other –
he walked behind me as he said it.

The Inn On The Green, Bristol.
11th August 2018.
9.30-something pm.

A Second Scrap Of Notes-Gone-By

The present never wavers
on its path
into the past.

(Damn, looks like there's a quiz about to start...
that'll be distracting.)

The Inn On The Green, Bristol.

18th November 2018.

8.11pm.

Café Back Garden

I s'pose I ought
tuh not mind that
I'm trapped at home again.
I have the plague,
but also cump'nee.

Weston-Super-Mare

On th'edge of the edge –
train-journeying alone
bereft the panic,
shattering the feedback-loop!
A western-town atop the sea.

Eunice's Wake

Head down; up; down; up – baggage-rest,
on th'café's cushioned seats (maroon),
makes makeshift pillow; shattered-sleep
in restsome snatches stolen.

A tabletop turned littered scene
of packets (Pringles); glasses drained –
they've sat with spirits (high [enough...]).
Their youngest w'thout backrest!

Phones flickering through signal – surge,
then valleyed-depths connectionless!
Chitchatt'ring common-ground smalltalk
about the high-stood planks.

They're off! They're gone! Away! Alone
their seats – long-held – in tableau tell
of th'storm of disrupture. The trees
outside withhold their felling (f'now...).

Now nearly night, our fam'lee fight
the drain – exhaustive. Journey's end
doth stretch on; on anon, finite...
Def'nutlee finite... Def'nutlee...

Emergency Notebook Tanka

Sat in arrivals,
awaiting Loz 'n Hannah –
Storm Eunice.
I want to smuggle them
some choc'lut...

Tobacco Fact'ry Tanka

Within her hands –
the lunar lantern,
fingertip-fixed; floating.
Backlit by the bones of industriality,
she drapes her gaze; her cov'ring falls...

Oh, To Be Back At The Canteen

A searing sit in sunglasses,
beneath the fist of progress –
I've not been here in fucking ages!
New art; trends entrenched.
Populous pints 'n people being.

On An Evening

Soul search...
A moment clear.
Standing in the stairwell – stupid.
Check your phone,
fool!

Wasteful wastrel...
Rise tomorrow.

A Morning's Musing

Infinite bassline – bass repeats,
with ending flourish varied.
Those in queue talk movies.
B'hind tessellated counter:
New Cut Coffee.

A Tanka From A Scrap Of Sonnet

In darkness,
here I sit awaiting th'spring
that travels 'long
the bleak late-winter's wake
toward this falt'ring death.

Two Poems For Kawakami-San

Abreast a river's upper-reaches –
a child not yet reflected clear,
her ink-black hair entangled; free.
Unrestrained as the wand'ring, bill'wing waves,
she makes her way about the city slopes...

彼放彼子川
女浪女は上
は怒の未の
辺涛イ映傍
をのン，ら
市よクに
のう-黒
阪に髪
を浪は
彼，みだれ
女，でれ
の行，です；
行く手，非
行，定型で
い，ます
手，す。
行，す。
い，す。
ます。
す。

In Joyce-esque prose-descent
into a thoughtdream stream of words –
I fall in love with *Breasts & Eggs*.

ぼにジ
く想ヨ
はいイ
ち夢ス
ち語チ
と句ツ
ら川ク
ん-散
に文
惚経
れ由
ま
す
・

A Tunnel Leading Westward

On the rubble-rock
of the fort-wall's crumbling,
portside, pond'rous form –
urban doves, flocking
'bout the railroad bridge.

Poem 'Pon A Photo Page

Beneath the buzzards
and the sudden sun –
a couple wed near Bristol.
Rings, tears, 'n speeches...
A wond'rous day!

A Café Revival Comment In Free-Verse, With Sprinkuhlings Of Kanji & Hiragana

The free verse
in translation – ni! hon! go!
literiteration of the 日本語 –
of Itō Hiromi is added to
(I didn't know I had it
on my palm.) 黄金色
by Golden Raffi, 名
who does not retrieve [At all.] despite the name;
despite the name, he's white 'n won't retrieve!
The droolful droplets 手
that were on my hand 手
(左; ぼくの; 手)
(hidari; boku no; te)
that sploshed from out his open mouth –
gumsmiley with his canines 'n carnassials
on show because
he got
attention –
.
So,
I got a big
splodge
of his drool on
a page of my book.

At least,
it didn't cover
any words!

言葉

P.S.

Also,
I overheard
(and [I assume] incorrectly)
I overheard someone order
“the Amish breakfast”.

Versing (Freely)

Tenth (general) notebook;
final (blank) pages.
Seventh month (last year) until
fifth month (this year);
eleventh day (July, 2021) until
fourteenth day (May, 2022).

That's now (then) &
here (there), though.
It could be (have been) that
the upcoming (excluding
remainder of this one)
nine pages are filled well
into the future (more
recent past).

But.

Versing freely (an uncommon thing, really), I for now come toward the last six lines (five) of this page – not including the big, fat, extra one at the very bottom (two; one).

From Sleep

Concert calling 'cross
the city late-lit, soundful night –
the soundwaves wash 'n wake, moon-bidden.
From entropying tea, I gather sleep.
From sleep, I gain the risen sun.

Eleven

The day, it becomes
morning's noon-time end;
the time hits twelve; the time turns past.
I fold my notebook – closed;
I start another...

A way a lone a last a loved a long the

Forfeit the final pages!

riverrun,

At The Old Electric Shop

Tat-tattertorn 'n upside down;
flaked colour, coarse; heads carven,
the bridle-bound bear down –
the crow in the cage cawcackles,
watching me flail from o'er my shoulder.

雨; 雪

天の電気 –

雨; 雪.

空が話きます; 上が聞きます.

Electricity of the sky –

the rain; the snow.

The sky speaks; the earth listens.

Verse (Brief 'N Free) From Hay-On-Wye

little redbrick woodenframe 'n shelf of stone
creepcrawlin leaves
that's beyond th'wicker woven though
HHhOHff! grrererrrururr?!
"anshethinkssheez"
"really good look"
"anweirgo-ing anweergohing"

A Prologue To Hansel & Gretel

In the midst of Europe's wooded lands,
where the canopy lies vast,
there are gaps in the verdant green from which
rise peaks of bundled thatch

who throw, from out their chimneyed-hearths,
black-sooted smoke – eruptive –
to scar the tree-breathed air. T'is here
the folk of tales do live.

Here – once 'n ever on a time – amongst
the wanderings of wolves;
beneath the buzzard's broad, unbeating wings;
within the woods' myth-hold –

a small community of women, men,
'n children is composed.

The wind... The wind... Germanic kin
by fence 'n wall enclosed.

Kindred of kind kinetic, formed
from th'flux of in 'n forth –
the Slavic east 'n the Celtic west;
Iberian 'n Norse.

So, set's the scene; the story starts:
Oh, once upon a time,
a brother, with his sister, sauntered
home, reciting rhyme...

Settled

Settled,
with their language,
by the water –
beings who know themselves
through song.

Where The Whistling Waves Die Heavy On The Stilling Sand

There's a space in time where the whistling waves
die heavy on the stilling sand; where brief
the windbreeze blows in unforceful flutters;
where the Tree Of Life lets a limb-shed leaf
lie fallen 'pon Her roots in soil scorned;
where vast the mountains stand, with un-clad peaks;
where revant cold quenches the upstart heat
of Life defiant, and of Eden warmed.

Climatic clarity! Emergency
emergent 'cross – awash tsunamic – th'sea
of consciousness... Rebel'yun 'gainst our own
rushrace to sculpt that future out of stone!
Truncated time perspective makes unknown
the depths of hurt inflicted 'pon our home...

Entropy In Motion

Black depths burn
vapour to a spiral dance –
the steam; the surface.
My coffee cools,
as does the void.

Coffee & Pineapple Juice

Walked up to Stokes Croft
in the blist'ring sun, blaze-burning –
I've left some leaflets 'n some booklets.
White wins
by checkmate!

On York's Waterway

A lit'ul piece uh northern news
gi'en too me by me spouse:
"Yah nough, don't yuh, that th'River Ouse –
it do not rhyme with 'ouse!"

The Cross, The Star, & The Crescent Moon

Three men (dark-eyed)
at th'fire's edge;
the Morning Star ablaze –
In the end,
God tore the world asunder.

At Shambles' End

Alyss, Ros, 'n Molly shift,
a-shambling through the queue,
waiting to peruse the Potterporium.
The old ladies in t'church
made me a coffee.

Begging

Researched publishers again...
But I'm in two minds –
go my own unlikely way alone,
or grovel on to the subjectivity
of the gatekeepers?

Bamburgh Castle Viewing

Brass bric-a-brac in wicker wov'n
to hang 'midst ships that, barrel-bound,
spinsail through clutter-seas;
'scopes scout the ocean's reach.
Of the Bam'bruh walls, the wind tells tale,
as o'er the grass-held dunes it whips.

A-flung the ring-of-life in bronze
'bove bulb 'bove bench by tabletop;
anachronistic song
on ray'dyo waves a-borne.
Best bitter of the bar in half-pint
drinks down, down by Bam'borough's walls.

Cuthbert's hermitage surrounded:
seals slipslide 'n slumber strandside.
'Cross the water – Bam'bur
stonepeaks above the surf.
Everestablishing the north, where
th'Danelaw drew blood, it towers there.

A Sonnet Here On Robin Hood's Bay

As the surface of the cratered moonscape
crack-crags the revealed beach of tide-out morn –
though glistening it lays, lit by sunfire,
for with water-mirror pools it's adorned.
Four-legged on the foreshore flits 'n bounds
on paws upon the colonising moss;
sea-scattered-weed of brinesalt scent soaks heat
as Mermaid's Purses sing of young they've lost.
Sunhat 'n crabbing bucket – rock-pool girl!
She watches where her sandaled-feet stone-stand.
A kayak where the water waits in dreams
of swelling back to swallow up the land...
All this whilst Ravenscar stands – wind-whipped; free –
to soothe its soul within the northern sea.

Subject To No-One, Mr. Windsor

Dear King [*sic*] Charles #3,

To you, Mr. Mountbatten-Windsorwales,
comes – heav'ly – the halo of unearned jewels!
We're citizens alike, subject to rule
of cracked 'n flawed democracy! Entails
th'imaginary title "king"? Nowt/Nought!
A monarchaic, pyramidal farce
to be dismantled! No more power bought
by speaking to the sky in secret rooms,
then feeding back to us the mandate-boon
that One must master over us at large!
No-one is king. No-one is prince; princess.
No-one is queen. Let us leave Eden for
the pandemonium of freedom! Draw
the rust-wrecked, ragged chain dragged 'long our floor
up to be severed – for you, too, no less!
Born to be one thing 'n one thing alone...
Predestination forced on public kids...
You are not more than I; nor me than you.
Nothing beside remains of Ram'ses' throne.
A moral act if we, through peace, undid
what's left of royalism; made a true
republic of this flailing, hist'ried land,
caked o'er with blood as Lady Macbeth's hands!
Let us all be together equal-bound!
Lay 'side that empty, ridiculous crown!

North-East; South-West

I

getoffgetoffgetoffFfGetOffGEtOFFfGETOFFGETOFFGETOFF

No.

The doors are closing.

I'll smile.

Exhale.

II

Onychophagia –

ruinous return.

My fingers hurt.

III

I saw the sunset,
seeping low,
beyond the estate houses.

The tracks railriver

on('n on ['n on])ward.

IV

Country music
piping (live) through air –
headphones hearing YouTube.

I took a taxi overground...

Fuck that tomb-train rapid-transit!

V

I think I'll write another one,
a different style this time,
to capture when I do the return journey.
But now? Sierra Ferrell,
once Spotify stops buffering.

As The Rowing Teams Row By

And now their wake moves me,
the sloshing of the water loud.
Rosy-fingered dawn; established morning.

Brunel's Butt'ry Sanwidge Shoppe

Six fat motorbike-men,
the chromehorse-stable to the side
by the dormant tracks,
speak gruff 'n all the same
(There's a fleet of feet
on boards that break the water,
padd'ling with their long, long sticks.).

"Thurrteefore?!"

Collection time for someone;
someone's stuff is there;
it's Thurteefore's.

"Thurrteefighv?! Thurteesix?!"

No relation.

Relatively cold,
this breezesome morning – bracing
(A wolf?! No – a husky dog!)
[An engine neighs at the stables
saying (loudly): "I'm ignited!"
making ev'rybody jump.].

BUPP

People write *beep* for a car-horn,
but I could swear
it just went:

BUPP

Free-verse is
increduhbuhly-
fucking-
easy,
you know.
Itzyer thoughts out-loud,
with random punctuation.

*Ah, the ragman draws circles,
up 'n down the block...*

South-West; North-East

I

*Rock me, mama, like the wind 'n the rain;
rock me, mama, like an
East-bound,
Great Western Railway train,
from the Meadow Of The Templar Knights!*

*Well, I ride on a mail-train babe –
can't buy a thrill...
Well, I've been up since 7am;
now sat beside the window-sill.*

Footnote (hand-writ):

These are songs with mentions of trains,
but I changed the words.

II

I'm on the tomb-train,
stretched sarcophic out
'n chan'ling chambers down
through depth-dark blackness blurred –
we go to face the trials of night!

Where Horus-Falcon falls;
slips th'Aten westward, out of sight –
we tunnel-set
'n serpentine writh!

Amduat – twelve-hour night;
today – twelve-minute ride!
The Hall Of Ma'at? King's Cross
(No-one weighing up my heart!)!

To be honest... it was fine.

III

Mickelgate-bound,
we wibblewobble, smoothless –
final ride.

Pointless Whimsy

Oops...
I'm writing
in a reading café!

A Tanka As The Bells A-Peel

picking at my cuticle
fucking STOP doing that
for fuck's sake
please
my whole fucking hand hurts

Moon Dance

On th'other side of th'wedding day,
backache from moving tables
'n cèilidhing about for hours
amongst the mini-gourds 'n flow'rs,
th'sun breaks beyond halfway.
With th'dancing moon invisible
'n th'stars stored in their stables,
the clouds await in wisping tow'rs
for our planned plane to head for th'bay...

A Tanka 'Pon Visiting The Joyce Centre

Wond'rous words
with their meansigns wed
where Liffyanna rivers through –
choice Joyce-isms
at the hid-'way Dublin townhouse.

Canalway Walking

Crystal-clear canalway
cascades leaflitter-locks –
round 'bout route to Portobello.
IPA of euros many (Only half-pint, too!);
full-pint o' water wobbuhling.

On Th'Way To Glendalough

Dear Dublin did a rainful rainfall-dance
t'see us off at The Brazen Head,
as we sang to the glen-men trio trilling
fiddle-fire 'n flutely-song.

Slowswerving in a rented car, we drove
the auld military road
that cuts a-through the boggy scar of ice –
peat between the wind-burnt peaks.

The Glen Of The Hollow Of The Waterfall –
streaming iodine 'n foam,
Glenmacnass leaps to the valley b'low,
her sights upon the Irish Sea...

Southside of the weathered Wicklow range,
at Lynham's Of Laragh sat –
we paused on th'way to Glendalough,
plotting for some garage snacks.

Our Aft'noon/Eve In Haiku

Stacked-stones mossify,
fadesome inscriptions borne.
Ice-stream air; monastic village.

Roots rise;
water falls;
Autumn leaves.

Ducks duck their beak-led heads,
here where
the lake's submerged this bench.

Me: Ravioli (Must've been tinned!).
You: Zipzapped ready-meal.
Us: Hotel dinner.

Phone light frames
where walking-boots will tread.
A bat in sound-search flight.

Ghosts of other solar systems...
Your flick'ring fire?
The banshee's cry.

Glendalough Haibun

A dipper dips in the air 'n lands upon the twigtangle branch. She's perched there, preening. All about the tanglebranch of brokentwig it rushroars, raring for the smoothstone leap – the turning, tumbling stream.

Up 'n down
the slope-paths –
wet-wind; breeze-rain.
Hot choc'lut beckons but we
ascend to a higher point.

The lakes are both below us now (have been for a while) but you wouldn't know it for the rainhaze, cloudy fogmist mattressing the space between us. Honeymoon-marooned atop the boardwalk planks, placing feet with caution, caref'ly... Boots grip the iron staples; sodden wood.

Clear view! Clear view!
A landslide in the middle-distance!
The upper 'n the lower lakes
floodflow in standstill!
Worth it.

She; Her

For the Girls & Women of Iran.

*Beloved Žina,
you will not die.
Your name became a symbol.*

ژینا گیان تو نامری. ناوت نهیتہ رہمہز

A storied land of ancience, torn
'tween empire west 'n empire east...
Alone stands She, in black subdued,
on placed-defiant feet.
Hid 'way (Her heroism waits!)
is lionessid-She, curtailed
in all Her body's boundless ways;
Her latent bloom of blood it hates;
Her symbolism jailed.
Pathetic patriarchal dread;
politic-priests scared of Her head!

The land-bound sea of th'Caspi folk –
Mazandaran; The Giant's Gate –
gleams northward of Ěrān for She;
for Her uprising fate.
The sun-disk climbs. *it*, roach-like, runs –
that mass of meagre, wretched men
that wants to see Her quelled; Her fire
that sears their gross, lech'rous desire
'n takes the world from them!
it... *it* is sniv'ling, panicked by
th'people reflected in Her eye!

Scurrying – snake-bellied; alone –
it sees about Her risen arms
that bear black-marker symbols, writ
for those that *it* has harmed!
For those *it* thought *it* could contain!
Hideously weak, *it* abhors
these Girls 'n Women breaking free
in fierce, defiant rhapsody
to change Her story's course!
Fārsi curves cursive, flowing long;
She grasps the blackness She has on...

Clear-colour, k'leidoscopic, bursts
courageously; eruptive; high!
it flees in measly terror-squeals!
Her headscarf in the sky,
She sings 'n dances; smiles 'n loves!
The wind, within Her hair again,
caresses; plays; triumphant, lifts!
Burnt by Her flame, *it* squirms – how swift
the vile, revolting men
are shown for th'nothing that they are!
True men 'n boys uplift Her star!

Stealthy no more: topple the tow'r!
Humiliated phallus-ruin...
its farce of Right To Rule in ash;
your hate is your undoing!
your rape of Women's born-to rights;
your destruction of growing Girls –
all are against you, veiled or not!
your rank, misogynistic rot
's't'be excised from this world!
This lesson, now, let t'you be taught:
a Girl is Something; you are nought.

Women. Life. Freedom.

Twinkle-Burn, Far Ago Star

Twinkle-burn, far-ago star!
Delphic, dark, 'n hid you are...
Back then; far away; in clouds
wrapped – your magellanic shrouds!
Twinkle-burn, far-ago star!
Delphic, dark, 'n hid you are...

[Without End]

Writing Writing Writing Writing Writing

End-less

[Without End]

Exponential

"Write us a poem - you're the poem man!"

Demanding, my mind made it clear...

A Tanka For A Wedding Card

Sunfire on frost –
between the bales
she walks t'ward him.
Branches bend about them.
High Green wed.

Undiscovered

Smaller poems?
Fewer now –
I write for longer projects.
A catalogue of hundreds,
undiscovered...

Sketch (Once More)

Ink-flow'r
in the pagely ground –
across from you I'm writing.
Grow, gradual scribbles;
shaded petals.

An Old York Sunset's Scene Song

The Knavesmire mired –
flood-sodden field!
New wetland frozen fast.
As th'sunfire lights the trees aflame,
th'people glide 'cross the frozen water.

Twirling Doodles

Two twirling doodles dancing,
their ink-blue lives
well-lived.

Firetide Beside

Lapping at the scorched-stump –
a blazing firetide, entropic!
Flamelight infuses the electric.
The flop-eared hound shiftsettles
as we are.

Time-Begotten

Like a mixed-metaphor
bound with scattered simile –
the hist'ry-layered city.

A Brief Three-Line Poem Touching On The Possible Co-Regency Of The Potentially Now Delusional & Therefore Increasingly Unfit Akh-En-Aten & The Probably Unsettlingly Powerful Nafereti-Iti, With Her Given The Public Persona Of A Male Co-King & Future Sole King Due To Lingering Societal PTSD Over The Earlier Hat-Shep-Sut Incident

Sumenkh-Ka-Ra:
as this she shall be known!
A man to take the crown.

One More Drop Of Coffee

A dazzling coffee-disk
about my words!
Ink-blue thoughts; unblank papyrus.

Valkyrie

*Start we swiftly with steeds unsaddled –
hence to battle with brandished swords!*

– Njál's Saga

As fraying rope of greying-gold her hair;
thin, woven with taut lines, her moon-pale skin –
th'Winged Chooser Of The Battle-Slain, who bears
th'luminous spear 'n shield of th'War Women,
leans heavy 'gainst her fjordhest steed, blood-stained.
'Cross Fennoscandia, like th'ice, she'd ranged
t'escape the thought-war which she could not win.
White-arms bare beside her mail; swanly wings
dissolve into a cloak. A raven lands.
From th'ash tree's branch, it tells of evil things:
in place of th'crimson gore of violence grand,
th'God's Twilight unfolds as c'rrupt kings baptised
by snakes 'bout Yggdrasil coiled, drooling lies
of pow'r 'n gold offered from nail-pierced hands.

High-Minded Death-Maiden –
she laments this strange battlefield
where breaks no sword, nor helm, nor shield!

Soul-Guiding Mead-Bearer –
she weeps as Ragnarök takes place
o'er centuries, w'thout bloody trace!

No glor'yus ride to Odin's aid!
She leads her steed away. The raven dies.
From its ash-corpse rises the phoenix, Christ.

Hello Harbour, My Old Muse

Seagull calling.
Bin set about by litter,
like flowers at a place of death.
Children on the sleeping train-tracks.
Th'wind o'er th'water.

Written Somewhere Sunny In The North-East

Scaffold against the spire; spells
onto the nearly-cloudless breadth
a melody by the a-peeling bells;
curated lush-grass spreads

about its oval-pen within,
where column-lifted sundials shade;
kuhlakuhlatter of a skateboard; th'sin
of littering down-played;

Dean-Gahtuh Cross Keys, zebra-striped
amidst its gorgeous northern-brick;
desp'rately for crisps a young kid callcries;

[I interrupt this verse for a haiku on the bird I see above me.]

*From blossom-branch
to branch blossomed-o'er,
the palm-sized nest-smith wanders.*

[And now back to the crispless child of great pain suff'ring.]

upon the pave-slabs click
a canine's unretracted claws;
two people ride away on bikes;
siblings at play put the whole world on pause;
onward the sun-disk hikes...

Do Not Be Indifferent

A Christian monarch,
dripping in military medals
'n imperial gold...
The date is
23 years into the 21st century.

Monarchism
is self-evidently
wrong.

The Return Of The King; Of The Queen

Re-matriate
the Once-King, Ever-Queen Of Egypt –
Nafer-Naferu-Aten Nafereti-Iti,
Great Royal Wife made
merged 'n 'mergent Pharaoh Of The Sun!

No right; no excuse; no counter-argument.
Give her back to Egypt.

Pool Bridge Poem

Cloud stone-path steps
staccato stretch;
infinite, th'blue about!
Tame jackdaw – *Caw?!* – on headtop
hops to shoulder...

!ShriekColdBenefitHealthWater!
Convince thyself to stay in!

Yorkshire Lavender

On th'pre-horizon?
Pillared stone.
A kestrel keeps, keen-sighted.
A white rose blows (Yorkshire!),
framed in lavender.

Icon Rematriated

Cruel coffin of natronic-ash in sheets
of saltsand – sintered; scorched – ‘n quartz compact
encases, w’t hin the domed, culminate room,
a plinth of deep arrogance. Raised aloft,
as if a badge of triumph self-achieved,
a thing of human craft – stolen; abducted.

Brief King;
Queen Eternal in her crown –
Nafereti-Iti!
Stay hidden in a tomb unknown...
Icon enslaved.

Fourth Month; Season Of Emergence; Seventh Day; Year Seven Of Akh-En-Aten

Horizon Of The Aten

Land Of Blackest Soil Upon The Riverbank

High over Akhet-Aten
th’Sun-Disk sears; soars!
The orb’s flametide awash upon the world!
Ra’s rays against the mudbrick,
washed in white,
lay ankhs e’er since the First Occasion!

In the Central City, off th’Royal Road,
just b’fore th’South Suburb’s start,
the workshop of the sculptor called Thutmose
sings choral of the sculptly art:

talatatuh
talatatuh
talatatuhtat

kuhlinkuhlakuhlatter

TUNK

TINK

puhphffffphd

Between the banks of Iteru – white; blue –
‘n th’eastern cliffs of red,
a team of men turn limestone blocks to true
replicas of the royal head.

Effective For The Aten –
found in stone's his countenance
by hand!
Akh-En-Aten,
chipped into being,
on a bench doth gaze
across the room.

B'side a rushreed woven basket,
lid left ajaraslant,
that waits atop a shelf's far-end,
a row of her: three incomplete;
one all (but for the eye) adorned.

Time strips the workshop –
'lone she's perched
on a shelf that's about to slip.
The Living Image Of The Aten
lifts Amun!
Sun-Disk City sits in silence – left.

Shelf slips.
She falls.
For a moment; for an age...
'Mongst gypsum, tools, stone chips, gold foil,
'n rubbed-earth a-spread
she waits 'n waited –
brief eternity.

16th December 1912 CE

Tel el-Amarna

Khedivate Of Egypt

The fire of the star that we fall upon
floods into her right eye
once th'chipped, rubbed stone 'n th'dirtsand is gone,
baring her to the inf'nut sky.

The One Who Makes Live,
just as Ptah with his wheel,
had left her having made her
'n long turned West.
The plaster skin
atop her limestone form
sings convention in its chosen hue.
High men, red-brown;
high women, pale –
regardless of the living truth.

Taut, tendon'd, slender neck from th'clavicle;
th'nape nestled 'midst a garment gold;
a pluming crown, flat-topped as those
stone-stalks of papyrus in Karnak,
of deeping blue
bound ribbon-'round
in colours – Cobra-less! – contouring;
a band of sun-colour
clasps across
her proud, discerning forehead!

Her Mother-In-Law's countenance
merged with her father's portrait –
a face unfazed
by a fellow pharaoh's
rending of conserved tradition!

From his side;
from his lap;
from the throne he left behind –
presiding o'er the Two Lands she'd reigned;
now she looks about
only at level ruins
swept with sand.

Hidden;
understated with deceit
to smuggle in plain-sight!
Underplayed
as a plaster princess
not significant beside
the stelastatuary
graciously presented.

Nothing should be leaving Egypt,
leastly Her.

July 1913 CE

Berlin

Federal Empire Of Germany

In darkness, 'long Iteru, northward to
th'Port Of Alexander;
o'er th'edge of the world 'n beyond t'where new
blue rivers nurture spruce 'n fir...

But a mere season on in time,
her trek through space
an eternity incomprehensible!
Lands inconceivable
beset by imperial powers
with a reach
to shock 'n shame
the gods' domin'yun!

A home of stone 'n wood-beams;
of sheet-glass of such translucency!
Lush verdance
of dark-emerald
abounds without, unwild!
What purgatory, now?
What rest in th'future?

An icon for a private home,
after all...
Privately worshipped.
But the denizens are alien;
their fascination secular.
At home 'midst wealth 'n leisure,
yet she is lost;
anachronistic.

April 1924 CE

Berlin

Weimar Republic Of Germany

The Living Image Of Amun awakes
after three-thousand years!
Her gold headdress with her rival's son's face...
She, too, from darkness appears.

Her successor's visage
hid yet within
his sealed 'n nesting coffins,
Nafereti-Iti,
given 'way again,
emerges in a room of treasures.

An Amarnan Courtyard
in a New Museum –
beside her,
posed in silent stone,
The Flame;
The Lioness Of Power!

She,
Sekh-Met,
seated; alone.

The likenesses
of her family
in sculpture 'n relief –
subdued; suspended
to her side 'n back;
her life in her periph'ral vision.

Ushabt Answerers
in Osirid form,
deaf to any spoken words,
cannot take heka command
t'commence their labour
in the Field Of Reeds.

Stripped of their own royals
so recently in history,
this landlocked,
continental force
displays to the world their own great queen!
Slipped, sleight-of-hand,
out of Egypt's grasp:

*Oh, that?
It's nothing. Plaster head.
We'll take it, we suppose...
Look away at these other things!
Distract!
Forget!
Someday we'll reveal what it's worth.
Unveiled!
A treasure of Egypt for us!
A solid limestone bust
of the Solar Queen!
Our icon now!
Hostage to our envious greed!*

October 1933 CE

Berlin

Nazi Germany

A promise imminent to be upheld
as Egypt calls her home...
But blocked by a leader who now has swept
nearly to a rule his own!

Flames across the Reichstag!
Hitler's hand in Hindenburg's!
The Chancellor,
who'll not relinquish th'queen,
continues 'pon his march!
The jagged cross
within the eagle's grasp
becomes the golden standard!
As she's offered back,
he kills the goodwill gesture.

On display as a prisoner
as war gestates,
she remains
'top her courtyard plinth.
In merely whispers
of a pass of time,
war's birthed
'n she's reburied!
A crate contains the kept,
colourful queen –
a bank vault;
a zoo-side bunker!
In a mine
made of nature's
mineral embalmer,
Nafereti-Iti waits...

September 1945 CE

State Of Thuringia

Soviet Occupation Zone Of Germany

Flames reigned with the heat of lightning lavished
over the Peopled Land!
Th'populace in ruin; th'cities ravaged!
Europe under split command!

Entombed within a wooden box
where salt doth starve the air of moisture,
she lies with treasures,
currency,
'n gold
awaiting excavation...

A Red Army
across the eastern side –
soldiers clear her short-lived tomb.

A band of allies
in possession now
of the icon Thutmose made.
Unscathed,
unlike the place
displaying her last,
she's taken to Wiesbaden;
placed before the public eye.

The psychopath that kept her
from her journey southward –
Home! –
is gone
by his own pathetic hand:
thus the promise
that was made
to Egypt?
The Split City
keeps her anyway –
icon of all icons,
f'rever hostage!

August 1961 CE

West Berlin

Federal Republic Of Germany

A new 'n grand construction rises tall!
An iron-curtain's drawn!
Severed 'to East 'n West! Between new halls
she's passed in this post-war dawn...

Across this land,
that's not of the Nine Bows,
a monument of concrete spreads –
no fortress-outpost
on the Red Land's reach
could've matched this
border-barrier!
As she hears them laying out
the beds of nails
'long the deadly strip spread wide,
she dreams of escape
from this smoke-steel land
to feel the wand'ring Shu
amongst the rushes.

Ironic pleas
from the weeping east:
Give us back our treasure – now!
Her rightful,
only
home calls out:
Release her from your greedy grip!

And still
her sensational successor
b'comes
ambassador for culture shared.
The arrogance of Europe
strong against
the turning of the colonial tide.

June 2023 CE

Berlin

Federal Republic Of Germany

In a domed room,
doomed (ostensibly)
to be a goldmine guarded yet,
she holds her visage up,
uræus-like,
proud anachronism that she is!

As a wond'rous, new,
majestic home
comes closer to an opening in Cairo,
the face
that should be placed
beside the Golden Mask
still brings her wrongful owners
honours.

A century upon display;
a hundred years they've called her home.

For still a decade more she's been a captive kept –
not another year should pass!
Egyptian schoolchildren should be the ones
stood awed before those panes of glass!

September 2024 CE

Giza Plateau هضبة الجيزة
Arab Republic Of Egypt مصر

Enter in.

Cooling as the sea breeze
sweeping down
along the delta 'n its floodplains vast,
the air inside
subdues the Aten's heat –
a sunshade on the grandest scale!

A treasure among treasures;
king of queens –
there's one thing above all
you're seeking!
An icon that all icons
look toward
(Yes, even the Golden Mask!)!
She is waiting,
placed atop a righteous plinth
with the right to hold her
as a culture proud!
You'll see the Bust Of Nefertiti
on Egyptian land!

A girl-child –
with irides brown;
hair as black as floodplain soil –
her head held high;
her countenance
of modern Egypt born.

She stands
with her school's badge
above her chest,
th'deep olive of her skin
sings sunfire.

In the glass,
upon her head
in reflection rests
the flat-top crown of river-blue!

She's where she's meant to be –
she is in Egypt.

هي حيث من المفترض أن تكون

هي في مصر

Wagtail Watching

A little bird
flitters; flutters.
Black, white, 'n grey.
Amongst the molehills;
'midst the grass.

Ol' Charles Three

Abhorrent wealth
flaunted
at a populace in crisis.
Th'price of merely living surges;
Ol' Charles Three collects his taxes.

A Church Service At The Minster

Inaction... Standing still as th'cold stone stacked
t'gross, gaudy, glorifying, gold-laced height
that was hewn from the populace left wracked
by lack 'n loss 'n need 'n pain 'n strife!
Yesh'wa invoked 'top heaps of plundered wealth;
worn robes giltgarish of expensive make –
dishonour done unto his tortured self
by masquerading in a hall he'd hate!
His words drowned out by dreary, echoed songs
he never asked for sung by passive throngs!

Shadshadow flickerflame –
might th'lot of you not worship at
an alcove candlelit 'n plain?

C'lecting coins w'thin places which
reek of money wasted on the rich,
giving unto themselves all they claim!

A pauper, ragged-robed, tells the world to give
bread, time, shelter, water, care, 'n love.
From that you come to chanting in a palace with
no connection to the meek but for their blood?

Palermo Canto

Midday meander, mapless
alleycrossing;
th'clatter of the heat
sears th'shade
in the shadow of the gorge-esque,
gorgeous buildings,
balconifically barred!

In the alcoves,
unassuming,
fades Maria...

'Midst the sun-burnt blocks
blaze orange-walls,
the pink of their compan'yuns calling
Ciao! across the parrot-keeping palms
that shower stuffy-spots of sunless street.

Slippysleek, the paving undulates,
unused by most
(they take the road);
Permesso! bluntly blaring
blasts
from the bells 'n the horns
whizzweaving by
belligerently
as they cruise through crowds
who reshape to them like water!

A lame horse limps
in service to the tourist sector.

Four verses
of a song of mainlanders
who,
underneath the statues,
wonder –
this circle of a crossroads
can't contain
the currents of the streets
that feed it!

Cracks; craters;
little landslides –
perilous
the paving of Palermo,
thus the scooters 'n the mopeds

move more
free of care:
there's a one with a man
sat sitting on the seat
as his daughter
stands upon the space in front,
hoops gleamly hanging from her ears!

Litter littered all about,
languidly lolling
at the passage
of tobacco wind
which,
wandering the city on a schedule,
works to tell you
that you could be cooler.

See a mountain
down the avenue,
peaked by a waterslide –
a monstrous cruise ship
at the harbour.

Coffee cups of shot-sized,
white ceramic
klatterklink their saucers;
sweet-doughed delicacies,
decorative,
dress their plates
with crumbs 'n flakes a-fallen.
Cafeteriaists converse,
crafting melody.

The un-housed,
hounded by the heat,
ne'erless
request from where they
stake their claim.

Th'heat's boosted
by our all-surrounding
city heights 'n breadths 'n depths!
A pigeon pair
peck at the pastry flakes;
cats
lean 'n mean
myow menacingly
from their spread of scraps
spread loosely.

Layered settlement
of humankind;
habitat-home
to *Homo metrosapialis* –
gross-grotty,
garish-grand,
'n great maze-mass
where we create 'n cluster!

Smelly bin-smell
[Delicacies decorative
'dorn the air
with their sav'ry-sweet!]
sun-worsened,
swells,
surging at the corner –
carry on
following cigarette stubs...

Pockets
of post-apocalypse
fence the city.

Rearing earthen,
plate-pushed hills
of mountaineity rockrise
in moments measured
geologic'ly
to wall us 'bout.
The expanse
of the blue, blue sea
remakes the sky
infinitely.

Meandering
maplessly,
sing *Palermo!*

A Sedoka On Loss

You were almost...
You'll be again.
In shedding lay'rs, unmade.

*Re-made in time,
I'll newly be –
my beating heart beneath your hand.*

A Tanka At Mondello Beach

A mirrorscape –
Mondello's brella's yellow
breaks the sun!
Turquoise softly sandy saltful;
seabreeze.

A Bay At Santa Flavia

Swallows swooping sweep; flakesome paint (orange
'n peachy) peels, revealing grey about
the green-wood rectangles, slatted 'n hinged;
off th'blocky buildings ricochet the shouts
of young boys leaping off tiled-steps e'en as
some older young boys do the same from rocks
that range in cragcliff miniature past
this swimmer's bay t'where, with a shrine, it stops –
see Saint Sicilian Flavia dive
dance-like 'to the sea b'yond Palermo's reach,
watched o'er by th'sheersharp peak that breaks the skies
that drape their blue over Mondello Beach!
There sits a girl who, with Ital'yun eyes,
follows the paths the swooping swallows sweep.

Old Cefalù

Sloping hills of green do gather.
Rolling dice cluster 'pon stray flats.
Stacked stone steeps the town in story.
Paved stone parades in slabs.
A building built with wasted wealth
t'exalt a guy who said to give.
Copious cafeteria
emanate with the aroma
of coffee served in sips.
Limone-glazed ceramics fill
the shops on old Cefalù's hill.

Murales

1

The calmly scorching sun, w'thout rage,
burns bricks 'n paves to blazing!
Baked into them, the fire's flames
fallrise streetways; airsettle.

Arteries to the avenues!
Nervemesh, mazefully mapping
routes firm-rooting th'broad 'n tall –
streets backbehind 'n roads rag-running.

Tracking colour; questing murals told!
Th'bells tell it's ten, church chantly backing,
as we melt beside the scorched, brown grass
pecked at by pigeons.

Into the wild, winding nowhereabouts,
descending from the shade tree,
we encounter th'counterpoint
to the slicker, litter-laden lavish.

Here the balconies lean, laundry-packed,
with th'denizens of deep Palermo posed
in poise, painting chat upon the canvas air
above/below/between/about them!

Wrong turns; white paint; strange looks;
dogs doze; guys drive; trucks pass;
men sit; women sit; chairs, empty, chill;
concrete walls crack curve stretch straight.

Parked cars, bump-battered, sleep beneath
wrapped wires 'n a satellite dish.
We come to the stone stacked on th'corrugation
of the iron sheets oxidising.

Glue-pastely grasping, faded menu-paper
profiles ancient ice-cream options 'cross
the bottom of a derelict door whose wood,
spray-painted, knots 'n gnarls.

Still yet no colour-burst! This fabled find
of musemajestic muralment unfound!
Which way? Abandon? Quest-sweat streamrivers!
A look a-last behind us...

II

Wonderfully waterclear!

Cool, aquid bluebright

beckoning you in;

fish frolically pointing

b'yond the steps

that stone-step,

wonkyslippy,

down!

A tunnel,

taking us to th'murals,

moves with florid white in

sky 'n river blue

that becomes bolder

'til it bursts

into a daylight dreamscape

singing

herons, palms, 'n lions

twirly-styled with flower petals

star-suspended in the wallpaint

panoramic,

channelling us

riverfallward!

Poles painted

t'match the walls

to match the sea

to match the sky

to match the

lush, variegated k'leidoscope

of azure-lapis strewn!

Oasid

lays the muraled path.

Our treasure found, we stroll.

In a kilned-ceramic pot,

a street cat naps.

Higger Tor

A purple-fibred carpet –
heather blooms.
Rockrising ridges slope
in smooth, crevically canvas,
bracken-dappled.

A Cottage Courtyard In The Peak District

Rushing four-legs: “[Hello-headrub]!”
S/he they it brushes ‘gainst the painted-metal
(furnishing, with its flakesome white,
the courtyard) in the rain.

The peaks of the cottage-layers roof
about in slopes of slatetile smooth;
beigewhitegrey stonebricks wallstand,
drainpiped ‘n window-holed.

“Slappatter-pitter waterrise.”
So says the rain – firm; unurgent.
“Fifteen minutes since we last tolled!”
So the Bells Of Belligerence.

The squares that make th’yard’s walksurface
shine slippy in their smoothness.
M’yandering four-paws not-rushes
t’brush ‘is/’ers/its back again.

Gate slatted woodenly, slight arch
arising middleslope ‘n creamwhite
splitting swinging in ‘n open;
closing out ‘n back.

The cat ascends the mossful stairs;
the rain descends the skyway.
The chairs ‘n table furnish still
the courtyard of the cottage.

A Sonnet To The Man From Stratford

I placed a sonnet-flow'r upon your grave,
thinking the bones 'neath t'be this pilgrim's grail...
C'nected by a river, I wrote 'n gave
my words to honour yours that mine availed...
T'was not The Man From Stratford, though, was it?
Your name scrawled scraggily on bills of sale;
your daughters (And yourself?) illiterate;
your lack of travel b'yond the London stage...
Businessman, amateur actor, false god
kept wrongly hallowed by th'malscholarship
of th'priests whose panicky, insecure job
it is to flail about with th'censor's whip.
But hey, behind their guard you may sleep tight,
for when has heresy e'er proven right?

Epilogue

It was not the man from Stratford(!)
It was not the man from Stratford?¶
It was not the man from Stratford?
It was not the man from Stratford...
It was not the man from Stratford?¶
It was not the man from Stratford!
It was not the man from Stratford.