

Are We Not Drawn . . .

Also by Peter Philpott

The Bishop Stortford Variations

What Was Shown

Some Action Upon The World

Textual Possessions

Are We Not Drawn . . .

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Are We Not Drawn . . .

“Are we not drawn onward, we few, drawn onward to new era?”

(Anne Michael, Fugitive Pieces)

for Ginie

BOOK I
THE BOOK OF DAWNS

3

not
 not anything
think in no
 way can this be
happening or whatever
 the little line of words
breaks
 doesn't matter, no
how it is the voice does it
 reaches
the end of that lie
 and back
this time
 and this
time
 this time
this time
 not
not really
 anything

6

few images
 those here valueless
got at repeatedly
 gnawed at
better ignored
 I knew it
for you
 the words might break out
like a river in a city
 immediate
you can get out
 like the birds
wheeling over it
 mobile fluxions
and the light
 creeping in
and the self-evident complexity
 internal dialectic
breaks up
 this place at once

7

new every morning

nude & mute

mourning

the light's sullyng & staining

until the end

hidden glows play, mutate

slowly dying

do you

see this

the immensity of the one process

distilling

the day's dew

newly done

every day

different

the same each morning

era that was
 not so much heroic
a long march
 few would survive
an embarrassment
 the slow slide
the tipping point
 reached unobtrusively
nothing heroic
 a still point
where the irrecoverable
 becomes our bride
the veil lifted
 on the delusion we had bought
into
 the fracture, the tip
beyond this point
 only heroes go

