

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 . . .

PETER PHILPOTT

Shearsman Books
Exeter

Published in the United Kingdom in 2009 by
Shearsman Books Ltd
58 Velwell Road
Exeter EX4 4LD

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-024-8
First Edition

Copyright © Peter Philpott, 2009.

The right of Peter Philpott to be identified as the author of this work
has been asserted by him in accordance with the
Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.
All rights reserved.

Acknowledgements

Portions of this sequence have been published on/in
the following websites/magazines:
Ian Seed's *Shadow Train*, Adam Fieled's *P.F.S. Post*
& Andrew Nightingale's *Liminal Pleasures*.

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

A 1

are you listening to this

seriously

can what comes here

catch you

hide you

ideas of youth echoing

like something out of the Ice Age

multiple segues sluicing down the piste

if you were listening

your eyes, your fingertips

on the white open page

there

can you hear

me write

here this pen moves

across the line

light

moulded & channelled

like meaning

across

we blow the fill
 and shatter
 every morning
 without warning
 all the tricks
 you like 'em best
 just
 don't hold your breath here
 we are fragile today
 fraxile & fractuous
 we'll take anything that comes
 usually like buses
 trundle trundle
 they caught it on the wire
 elegance of their points
 cream paintwork & the borough arms
 all along the promenade and back
 oh the air fills your lungs
 freshly blown
 shattered suburbs go
 singing
 the one-way ride
 morning light
 to imperfect nostalgia

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

drawn to dawn
 don't don
 in big rounded letters
 all that emptiness
 that assonance & misery
 spattered like a crime scene
 CSI Somewhere
 cold, still, unpeopled
 wherever you looked
 you heard their voices
 loudest I think
 there then
 if focused on
 inescapable
 also judgement
 played out long
 in a fair hand now
 out loud
 say it!
 fictive action

5

onward

a noble name

onward

redolent of meaning

onward

and then another

pages ripped out

this book was never complete

those gaps

authored in an autistic sort of way

what they led to

more

but always you see

difficult

the other side of that tear or break

what comes again

another

constantly onward

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

B 9

it's the second go
 we're not happy
that metaphor's melted
 it's global irony
which clung
 and you caused it!
these words
 don't stay long
what were
 you thinking of
as if you are
 a kind of reverse Houdini
I will stay here
 ting! ting!
it's gone
 off without you now
that preposterous shape
 a mess of scree
and you want to stay
 here again
oh this isn't vertigo
 cue not far to go
cut puns fast — oh
 it bucks
and buckles up
 a long way down now