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## **shearsman 61**

*poetry by*

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jesse glass  
liam guilar  
anthony hawley  
peter larkin  
robert saxton  
hyam yared shoucair  
colin simms  
janet sutherland  
jon thompson  
marina tsvetaeva

*translations by*

richard burns &  
melanie rein  
belinda cooke

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ROBERT SAXTON

*Lost Manuscripts of Dublin*

THE GOATHERD

The Liffey rang last orders in the night.  
Across the Halfpenny Bridge he piped his goat.  
Pub crawlers noted nothing of any note.

The gypsy princess on her barge of state  
was fishing with a safety-pin for trout,  
her bait a maggot liquoriced in stout.

Across the Halfpenny Bridge he piped his goat.  
The gypsy princess on her barge of state,  
where Egypt's wobbliest sailors navigate

the wildest waves, noted nothing of any note —  
only the drunken reel of a flashlight  
high above her prospecting the velvet night

for jewels, the trade winds swollen with stout,  
and cross-currents of educated debate  
in honour of dark Cleopatra lying in state

below the Halfpenny Bridge, so late.

*The Song of Situations*

Mind's a river, never empty,  
tree forgets while axe remembers,  
skies make far from easy walking,  
friends flow on when sorrows whisper,

tree forgets while axe remembers,  
even tigers have their off days,  
friends flow on when sorrows whisper,  
like the rainbow no-one noticed,

even tigers have their off days,  
on the delta's lazy steamboat,  
like the rainbow no-one noticed,  
gambling, loving, cheating, losing,

on the delta's lazy steamboat,  
strangers annotate their purpose,  
gambling, loving, cheating, losing,  
one may one day be your saviour,

strangers annotate their purpose,  
parrots parody the moment,  
one may one day be your saviour,  
champion of the clouds' regatta,

parrots parody the moment,  
skies make far from easy walking,  
champion of the clouds' regatta,  
mind's a river, never empty.

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Robert Saxton's collections are *The Promise Clinic* (Enitharmon Press, London, 1994) and *Manganese* (Carcenet Press, Manchester, 2003). He was born in Nottingham in 1952, and now lives in north London, where he is the editorial director of an illustrated book publishing company.

COLIN SIMMS

*Naom Ciaran*

The boat too small to take my Norton aboard  
so it is smaller than a North sea trawler ...  
when I get to the island I must walk  
they say there are no roads there, anyway  
no cars there, but I take that for talk  
they don't want a motorcycle on Clear,  
there is no Garda, either, that is normally.  
I remember a similar boat, the coble Hilda  
this as clinkered a cell, oratory but gilded  
not dark, old gold and white paint the mark  
of Mass vestments, a priest's and a nun's hands  
keel; they're going over with me from Skibbereen  
skull of a seal the one, eye gleam and spray sheen  
skilled at a song the other, seal-low lulls her beads.  
When I came back after weeks walking aboard  
the whole little island gorse gold, "white horses"  
someone had sheeted her down against the storms  
some people, maybe little ones, but no-one was saying  
except they'd done the same for their little fishing curraghs  
pulled well above high water. As they had done for the Hilda  
beached at Sandsend. After porter, all were agreed in the port  
it was the garda's daughter of Skibbereen, thirteen,  
they'd taught to polish the cases, the alloy wheels, against the salt.

*Cinghiale, Alpi Albruzzi*

We were going too fast through the rovere, the rovo  
for the lone boar that comes out of its own stone shadows  
forest that uses its own shadows, the shadows of its ranged faces  
chiaroscuro and contrast fused in, in the shadows of its form abrupt  
commoner than contadini, the face familiar but recognised late  
pig-rearing in boyhood had not prepared me, subito, agouti  
brushing past, only just past, appennine Irish, unshaven  
brisk but not lish, a short fuse confusing controlled crescendo  
rushing at the passage we had made in the bosca, its tangle

and gone, its scent heavy transforming the way we had made  
by coming; a sense of pent-up waters released in braid  
hushing to show us, scouring the fell, or if any, the brae

the trickle (the only water in a dry winter) bunding far below  
he'd gone, cinghiale, only, but enough  
we had feared bear.  
Buono!

(with Bruno)

*cinghiale*: wild boar; *contadini*: country people; *bosca*: woods

***The largest of the falcons speaks* : June 24, 1998**

(Buland Point, Isafjordhurdjup)

o gyr screams on sudden take-off  
loneliest of landforms, emotion  
we make a bird of the remoteness  
peopled as if by giants, by this  
such birds of their kind  
and of their stormwind-kind only,  
none *heard* like this one

*this* bird; for it takes just one,  
than by any other of the myriad *others* –  
for all the beauty, music, clamour and whirr  
of waders, terns, snow buntings, gulls, eiders, fulmars, ptarmigan  
for all the silence of sea-eagles there  
except ravens and the *few* ravens  
that do speak are more to compare

(was he saying) 'if you need to call me  
I so rarely call, but have called you  
having no reason to come out of this mountain  
other than because of you;  
having no reason to scream  
unless I would dislodge  
you off the ledge you crawl fearful'  
in the teeth of the northeast squall  
(hardly able to stand at all)

‘These take their history from me  
and value; for you this must also be true.  
I have not laid down to become stone, yet.  
I have dropped into the fjord: (I do not get wet  
being so fast through the air) – *my* hair  
is not over my eyes from the wind.  
I nest north-facing – that is my measure  
and composure. You have not grasped  
the one, or disturbed the other.’ Let winds rasp.

*Tumbleweed Originated Here*

Sex may be sacred in India.  
In Afghanistan it is interior

“the heat of the skin comes in  
prevents it from coming out again:  
poetry, war and love, superior”.

From a shambles of rambling desires  
one man smothers, fires up the others  
one man to lead is enough because  
only one can will know himself,  
clear sight for the long-distance fight  
one man without any brothers.

Barbed wire, all Russian influence  
its output is Russian affluence –  
mills’ overture, steely snags  
abundance where there is no existence  
as of the steppelands northward  
but blowing from nothing at all  
more wiry bundles access our senses  
tap, rattle as flags, assess no attack  
trap nothing but shreds, yet exercise plastic.  
Thinking of wells? We, passing whole  
bedeck checked strands with fresh dressings.

(1986)

*Jill Merlin of a calm, clear morning*

flights the Ladygill pastures  
almost at ground-level at first

at first noticing a slight-burst  
hard to focus on.  
From a blur greyer than their  
colours, and the colour  
the grey-in-tone  
(to do with) as the earth

and the light is (all) angle and strength  
the flight at any length  
stretches the sense (of it) its air  
single and sudden, single and swifter  
than any flicking right-and-length-  
'spar-' because further and bolder

left-and-right and across  
line of road, sight, horizon  
is display for you, I say:  
she is accustomed to me  
is generous of that energy  
and she's not hunted yet today

personal as tracer focuses in on us  
little grey-brown long-wing shows-off  
all over the hill within our vision  
but beyond it. Learn if we will  
she'll whiffle down as if on to prey  
look back at us, and go into the grey

(Feb 21, 2004)

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**Colin Simms** lives in an isolated part of Cumbria, where he is a freelance naturalist and writer. Shearsman Books recently published his largest collection of poems to date, *Otters and Martens* (163pp, £9.95), and will publish a collection of his longer poems on Amerindian themes in 2005.

M T C CRONIN

*The Red Light of the Sign*

(– ha!  
the red light of the sign so motionless)  
Alfonso D’Aquino

God willing and devouring  
Bright strewn in space  
And taking it up  
A truth  
Still  
Clear fascinating phenomena  
In the world  
A star  
Occupying  
The constant genuine  
Sure mother of white  
Glowing out  
A flower juice or the least bit  
Of attention  
Picks up  
Your mention and missing  
The mad stuff of dark  
Admitting  
It with a memory  
A burn  
That belongs to black  
Like courage  
Curiously  
Hanging on and posing  
A real problem for the brain  
Melts the focus  
And stops  
Dead  
While sitting here waiting  
I fetishize rose  
Pearl  
And the craziness  
Like an essential

Rationality unveiling itself  
As ongoing bloody  
Laughter  
A bitch  
The red light  
Of the sign so motionless  
Just slipped between  
Now  
And what's next  
Glimpsed and interfering  
With time  
Breaks my head off  
Bumping and sets up  
A culture  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Externally  
Very serious

*The Laws of the Communicant Clouds*  
(after Vicente Huidobro)

Historically, I am not welcomed.  
This is a point of differentiation among people.  
A hair-worm has been known to utter the cry of a horse.  
The whatness of anything is all that is dutiful to it.  
Clouds see what there is yet still move like traffic.  
Beneath them men search with a new tool.  
It tells them what is deep in the ground and what it's made of.  
They are like pigs after truffles.  
What's so bad about being lost forever?  
All to pieces and if we don't have a toad, we need a toad!  
Any ghost is worth telling this to.  
Being unknown I urge them.  
Throw all your tools into the wound of your mother's chest.  
As well the knife that opened her.  
The shades of clouds discharge the sweet brightness.  
What name will I sign giving authenticity to this falseness?  
A side-wind that took out the battle-wall of a millennium?  
I am welcomed finally as the shadow casting another.  
Markless.  
History has the cloudy eyes of a washed-up fish.  
Surveillance is always naïve.

JON THOMPSON

*XIII The brovvyllinge of their fifhe ouer the flame*

They spend all their Art  
& reserve nothing—  
Manic the fire  
That leaps to lick—

Mouths find only  
Openness  
& Blindness  
Dulls every Open'd eye

By the broiling flesh  
New bodies wait their turn  
Staked to the ground  
All their fat

Hangs down  
Slipped through the head  
The stake fixes them fast  
To a lowness between earth & flame

*XV Their feetheyne of their meate in earthen pottes*

& what if the land the rolling hills  
The land of the long dead  
Were to be taken in flame  
What if the flame that feeds

The last ones tumbled up  
In dark billowing clouds &  
Became a Shade that fell the earth  
What if those who tended

It found  
Their time engraved  
As a Picture on Metal  
(Each line another Kingdom's Spy)

Then there would be an Offsetting  
An offering of hands to the  
Uxorious fire—smoke—which  
Makes a wife of death

*XVI Their fitting at meate*

Too late, too late what absence  
Says to Fear my heart a Wilderness  
& this my Art has cost me  
Empires of wrack, voyages of Ruin—

To make a map of the Unknown  
Is nought, none may map  
The ache that grows in me is  
An Ireland ungovernable—

The woods are cut with signs  
Unreadable the green world  
The green light is steel  
In my flesh

The land lies down  
I cannot hear her voice through the trees  
To see is Agony  
Ev'rything I fathered

---

**Jon Thompson** is Editor of *Free Verse*, and teaches at North Carolina State University in Raleigh. The poems here are very loosely based upon the remarkable drawings of the Algonkian peoples near Roanoke in the first English attempt to establish a colony in the New World in 1585. The drawings were done by John White and later made into engravings by Theodor De Bry. For complicated reasons, White left his daughter and grandchild in the New World as part of a colony and planned to return. When he did, two years later, he never found them again.

Jon Thompson's book *The Book of the Floating World* was recently published by Parlor Press, West Lafayette, Indiana.

ANTHONY HAWLEY

*from* AFIELD

Borders order but little flung rocks  
splay stenciled space good graphed  
routes running opposite fjord they  
swerve and wend now a wadis now a vacant  
imprint we follow fallow skulk and  
shoosh steps entrenched in etched  
earth each incident of our  
travel wiped clean weather too  
raked away with every next hour

Forth we clutch hurry across  
drizzle draping day foxglove ox-  
tongue patch of nettles into  
enclave between linger there  
curtain of weather will lift  
bejeweled the soaked field say  
reenter we bundle up steer  
through fog this thick could  
eat whole heards

Field flickers faint glowworm's signal  
dogwood timber's lit turned on  
star-studded we crawl and cover  
through spangled grass fugitive flash  
canopied watch flies fringe our every  
odd move a neighboring flare

methinks zig  
zag makes fast get  
away growls then goes  
rumble the sky  
buckles yields lots  
shivering  
white riddles  
an egg  
shell of a  
sky every  
few seconds it  
cracks the fragile

---

**Anthony Hawley** is the author of two chapbooks of poetry, *AFIELD* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2004) and *Vocative* (Phylum Press, 2004). His poems have appeared in a number of magazines including *The New Republic*, *The Paris Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Slope*, and *Volt*. He was educated at Columbia University and is an editor at *Fence* magazine.

LIAM GUILAR

*The Skulls Speak (Intro)*

And now your questions force us back to speech.  
But do we speak our truth, or resonate to what you'd have us say?  
Much is forgotten. Illusions stripped like flesh, desire  
the word rings hollow. Desolate, we are all that can remain  
amoral truth, unwelcomed, ripped out of obscurity.  
Strangers to anticipation, prisoners of the present indicative.  
The river carries rumours of a presence in the hills.  
Fresh skulls bloom beneath their skin. Planted here,  
history's chief crop, like tumours on the river bank

*Ghost fences #1*

*The general and his men*

...if we stared out, slack jawed, at "history"  
incapable witnesses time polishes to bone.  
The space inside the skull echoes the river's susurration  
wind in the canopy and the shifting light  
splinter mosaics on the water's purling surface.  
If this is language then you search out its grammar  
poor victim of your own sophistication.  
We cannot tell you anything.

Be patient as this polished bone and the cracked skull  
will yield enlightenment? A belief absurd  
as mountains dreaming acrobatics.  
Insufferable conundrums? Eyes that searched beyond  
seeing nothing: ears that strained for sounds  
hearing nothing: no eyes, no tongue, no ears  
still seeing, hearing, saying nothing.

Futile pilgrim, shuffling through the past  
in search of meaning. We cannot teach you anything.  
You deride our answers: we deny there was a lesson.  
Inarticulate in life: our skulls are no less eloquent.

*Ghost Fences #2*  
*(on the lake)*

Conscripted to futility: seasonal witnesses to ownership  
we stand guard for a while at the edges of the space  
the tribe claims as its own. Obedient to directions  
(how can the skulls debate their sanity?)  
we outstare time: oblivious to absurdity.

If this landscape could be named, then call it loneliness:  
a blunt reminder of your insignificance.  
Three bands of colour. Above, the endless  
empty blueness of the sky, bleached by the sun.  
Between, the ragged stripe of forest green.  
Below, the blue-grey lake. And you are nothing  
more than windblown dots across its surface.

Behind us in the dark, the platforms wrapped in pungent smoke.  
If we define a boundary: do we keep the terror out?  
Or like the firelight create a place, familiar, near,  
where children cry, old man tell stories.  
and bodies writhe together in the corners of the hut?

slack at the edges, even underneath the moon, the landscape  
darkens into distance. We stare: failed antidotes to primal fear:  
that sense that everything can fade away, cannot be grasped  
or being grasped cannot be held but crumbles, flows,  
as permanent as patterns forming on the surface of the lake.  
Stake out the skulls to claim this place as yours but  
it will not notice when you disappear.

*The Skulls' last message*

Remembering nothing: at least we proffer evidence  
If you but had the skill to read its signs:  
Your studies and your theories make you blind  
The blade cut fades, the domed skulls fall.  
We crumble, fading, fertilise the soil.  
This needs no exegesis.

The words that echo in the brain pan blur  
and fail, but one last thought, before the dust  
reclaims us from the stage. Take narrative  
as reproductive metaphor. Don't wince:  
adapt our level unembarrassed stare and see  
your role in life: ensure a fresh supply of skulls.

---

**Liam Guilar** has published two collections of poetry, the latest a book *I'll Howl Before You Bury Me* published by Interactive press in Queensland ( [Http://www.ipoz.biz/titles/howl.htm](http://www.ipoz.biz/titles/howl.htm) ) The poems published here are drawn from a longer work-in-progress called *Intrada*, which is loosely based on the first Spanish descent of the Amazon river in the sixteenth century. The Spaniards recorded that they passed skulls placed on gallows, but they did not know why they were there. The pieces here come from various places in the story. Born in Coventry, Liam Guilar studied Medieval Literature and History at Birmingham University, and moved to Australia in 1986. He has a travel book *Dancing With the Bear* — the record of a kayaking expedition through Uzbekistan — online at [www.isu.edu/outdoor/dwbstart.htm](http://www.isu.edu/outdoor/dwbstart.htm)

**M.T.C. Cronin** lives in Queensland and is the author of ten well-received collections of poetry, two of them in the UK, the most recent of which is her remarkable Shearsman Books volume, *<More or Less Than>1-100* (September 2004). An earlier book *Talking to Neruda's Questions* is also now available from Shearsman as an e-book at [www.shearsman.com](http://www.shearsman.com), and will shortly be available in Spanish translation in Santiago.

**Claire Crowther** here makes her third appearance in *Shearsman*. She has recently also appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement*, *Poetry Review*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Poetry Wales*.

**Peter Larkin** is the author of several volumes including *Terrain Seed Scarcity* (Salt Publishing, Cambridge, 2002), and three recent chapbooks from The Gig: *Rings Resting the Circuit*, *Sprout Near Severing Close* and *What the Surfaces Enclave of Wang Wei*. He works as a librarian at Warwick University.

**Marina Tsvetaeva** (1892-1941) was one of the greatest Russian poets of the first half of the 20th Century. Although she lived in exile for many years, she returned to the USSR in 1939, only to commit suicide 2 years later.

**Belinda Cooke** works as a schoolteacher in the North of Scotland. Her PhD thesis concerned Mandelstam and Robert Lowell, and she has translated several Russian poets, including the little-known 1920s émigré Boris Poplavsky. Her translations have appeared in various magazines and anthologies including *Agenda*, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *Acumen* and *Poetry Salzburg*.

MARINA TSVETAeva

*Three Poems* (translated by *Belinda Cooke*)

You who don't come near me,  
but avoid my dubious charms,  
if only you knew how much fire,  
how much life is squandered for nothing,

and how much passion  
there is in the chance shadow or sound,  
how my heart reduced to ashes,  
wasted powder all for nothing.

Oh trains flying in the night  
carrying a dream at the station...  
But, I know, even if you could have,  
you would not have recognised then

why my speech is bitter  
in the endless smoke of my cigarette –  
how much dark and stormy longing  
is in my light-haired head.

\*\*\*\*

For my poems, written so early,  
that I didn't know I was a poet,  
erratic as water from a fountain,  
like sparks from a rocket.

Like little devils broken loose  
into the sleep and incense of a sanctuary,  
for my poems of youth and death,  
— my unread poems! —

Collecting dust at the back of shops  
(where no one's going to buy them!),  
my poems mature like vintage wine—  
I know their time will come.

\*\*\*\*

Oh gypsy passion of parting!  
You've only just met—and you break it off!  
I put my head in my hands  
and think, gazing into the night:

Digging into our letters  
no one has really grasped  
the nature of our treachery—  
the fact we are faithful only to ourselves.

---

## JANET SUTHERLAND

### *Memory*

the little adders fall  
out of the pitch-forked hay

into the stooks  
floating the swollen river

the past like folded washing  
dislocates

the last bus missed  
the fifteen mile walk home

a carthorse ridden standing  
to a quiet stall

speaking in fragments  
still

the lost and agile words  
could be a poem

an adder falling  
punctuates the peace

*Seed*

we are making a path  
collecting stones  
flint and old buttons from a dead man's shirt

I have let seed fall  
here, the tares and the foxgloves drift in  
under cover of darkness

birds shit pips into the cracks, the thorns  
of the blackberry  
harden, tough

skinned stone breaks  
and the buds open

*Cirrus in bed*

I would put  
cirrus or  
cirrocumulus  
to bed  
to lay a hair-like filament  
across your face

high up a banded linear event  
perplexes thought  
but wrapped in lace  
you open up to touch it with your tongue

---

**Janet Sutherland** lives in Lewes. This is her second appearance in *Shearsman*. The poem 'Seed' previously appeared in *Polyscriptum* (at [www.polyscriptum.com](http://www.polyscriptum.com)).

HYAM YARED SCHOUCAIR

*translated by Richard Burns and Melanie Rein*

from *The Wounds of Water*

2

To recognise your tongue in my vanishing

10 *Roots*

\*

In the mirror of mornings, a sound. A path.  
Then another.

\*

Your hand, a devouring root beneath my skin  
crosses a solitude.

\*

The dead leaf shuts nothing in the tree  
but rejoins the journey.

\*

Ants dispute the sun  
without memory.

\*

You've lost yourself? Look at the oak. See  
if it recognises you.

\*

Root after root. Births  
in your voice.

\*

There are slopes where wine  
is a fruit. A thirst.

\*

The path teaches water  
to rejoin our footprints.

\*

17

Silence of wood. Sound of many hands.  
Beyond your door, a fence of grief.

18

My breath keeps me inside you  
and the tree which sees us siphoning our shadows  
is a sanctuary which leads  
to my anonymity.

19

I unmake the faces\* of my body  
What's left in the street? A skin  
on a journey.

[\* Migrations still in the state of ideas.]

33

In my mother's belly legends  
pushed me out of the world. I was born  
through death. In the rush I left behind  
my reflection. I leave to find myself  
in mazes of water.

34

The word writes me. In the poem  
I am nothing but a hand.

38

I couldn't cut through water  
with my reflection.

My wound in my reflection.  
my reflection in my wound.

My wound is healed by water.  
Unrippable faces.

39

You cross the tunnel of my body,  
a forest set ablaze by its own fire. There  
do you find more embers than in my eyes,  
more life than in a dead leaf? A journey  
between sky and clay: too many worlds  
between me and my body. An odyssey of hands  
stretching further than water.

49

My finest hymen. Abandon. A way  
To your other side.

52

We are shelled by our gestures. By our glances too.  
Water steps forward.

54

A river has flowed between us, rising  
towards earth. Dust  
awaits inside.

56

In my body the proof of God: a silence.  
A thirst. My wound sets me free.

57

A flood rescues me  
from my nakedness.

---

**Hyam Yared Schoucair** was born in 1975 in Lebanon. Her first book, *Reflets de Lune* (Dar Anahar, Beirut, 2001) won the gold medal at the Francophone Games (Québec, 2001). She was awarded the Order of the Pléiade by the Association of Francophone Parliaments (APE, 2001). Her poems have been published in Lebanon, Portugal and Italy. She is Secretary for PEN in Lebanon. These poems are extracts from her work-in-progress, *The Wounds of Water*, which will be her second book. **Richard Burns** has appeared in *Shearsman* on several occasions, and his long poem *Avebury* can be downloaded as an e-book from the Shearsman website. His Selected Longer Poems, *For the Living*, appeared from Salt Publishing in September 2004. **Richard Burns & Melanie Rein** both live and work in Cambridge.

## PETER LARKIN

*Stalk of Branch (Part 2 of 'Leaves of Field')*

## 1

Long fillets of tracery will float until stalk-laden. Leaves comb branch at various stages of amended field-rate. Leaf that field is sown not thrown, lateral sowings branch-pieced. Shade petitions it, the partitions are for landing stalk on root-room. What the leaves shaft is the undergarb of drenched shoot. Leaf-value pried upon stem peduncle, a convex pool or hanging hopper of continence it crosses onto, with light passable to light but not its wing horizontal. Or what flows in the field towards woody uprights are its non-host leaves upon fieldmark recapture. A leaf-terminal caps a branch nominal, copes the underguise of a port out of the filamented, the report *from* field to the crusts of the vertical. Attached leaves become charged with super-surface, a field drawing the upheld. Palatable to branch-away, prior mask of arrival, assays of atterrance. Leaf in field as branch in disk, both poke threshold to circulating root, so rotates a singleness of adherence. Local rest-frame of the tremble to path, scalar prints on strings of stalk. A system of stalk-bars becomes the one degree of freedom, most radical field-shift tunes to stalk the pent of its range. Where branchlet is ghost of the field's secondary arras, being borne to twig with armature on such yet-to-issue primary behaviour. Drag and reconfiguration upon high shocks of leaf-speared stalk. As leaves perfect stem-emulation for their sense tract. Long bi-pinnate, the inclusion scans to the density of each frail pane for a pinhead: the foliage froth is stalk-aired.

## 2

Symptoms share across unleaking stems of field/leaf flotation, the ratio is shelter-isolate, attests a by-leaf to side branch. Leaf stomatal frequency swallows what stalks it, post-aboral to. Now symptomless in a convertible/offerable field, each leaf absorbs lateral autonomy right through to its stalk tip. To abide field is to body field out of its horizontal lying, to secrete shelterable flyer limbs at a vertical

horizon. Here leaves are attached to the series by singles, placelets plotting shade above spots of surface of which they aren't the plates of origin: but a nap on a stem no branch can roll up, until it crouch over what on earth rolls off tubular if trunk-rich. As field gives off its horizontal by which it is held to branch without elbowing from the canopy. Why leaves aren't alighting on earth for themselves, but decline for a settlement of root their pre-era by which: by which never autonomous but so soon deferring there on each preview tallness of branch. The sheltering part awaits its parent stem at a weak coupling limit. Transiently without peeling an unlesening by canopy, for thickness this trans was affording stem with branch. The primal mouth-drape a cave of canopy, that the twig apex can be blunter, more laterally uncontorted yet. A spiked but stemmed neighbourhood of their tended, the tensile throat of limens always patient to thresh from an over some open hold, mark it off desertless. No lids among raised leaves, these screens go downwind for branch to be up-keyed, the open shutter is latch to ladder soilward from stalk to stalk. Where limpness of leaf towards stalk might root at a field's crust in case of edge, crisp everywhere that it drops to cusp so little here.

## 3

Re-entry into the root bundle, off-clasp of field apron, a poise lets stalk clamp onwards from the impale of support. Transition from secondaries of relief to a singular priority. Folding of leaf *into* branch won't resemble mappy tissue of a primordial finger, but like antlers of foundation once this has passed over, simply know how derived must any cover be above: the passage to over with over's sinews of roots is not more exposed (though hanging outside) than these files of floe ceding a pole out of their hollow plane to strike at place. These intimacies of pletion are come at their set by the appearing parts of the leaves' own light-creased (unthrown) puncta. Pennants blown through, unbreached in bulb of clasp, crowning onto bracketed fire of leaf in branch. Our least leaves were more provident than the stalks of any other seam. This text of foliage reels to the outstring hollow of rigid shoot and branch. Only so suspensive a lamina vane cut to leaf can be trusted into the chain of stalk, living branch encrusts *after* an opening leafness has been in the way of. Through to stalk breezes, spinning along linen to spool of it, out from each lavish

bead of elevator leaf. Leaves in pod, tails tufting to revise from tall, sought to splay out paniers of shadow, rooms of stalk. Each green alveole seals float and hangs it through stalk, a dip of stiltage to tallness lacking rasp of ground and wanting it smooth held, ongoing laminar-viscous: a whole manger of tree reverts vertical. Something ligulate in leaves running out untiring bed, hiding repeatedly what ribs are waveless at the *given* results. A lapping of vanes until vein of widely an attachment. Leaves intact that no field is bractless, the contractile earthing lobe.

## 4

Leaves of hung field throw penetrability on root, verticalising the web of stalk in branch. Root and branch spun that thread under, the touch-spine of a field's nap, uprights below were underside *on* its craving veil. Arises out of a bed of leaves and retires through stalk to the docked pendant of origin. But primordial lift from the shelter's overhang (dipping to the probe with an outside yet to undertake) is *more* through-riven when field-bound. A hedge of leaving cross-emits a plantation of effort from tree. Leaf on branch is branch beget trunk of branch, the texture intermits each attachable droplet of field let root. As leaves wrap limit-branch from an ethics of incompleteness, here staring widefield is to gather the little stand at each unendingness. Stood to its shelter by the fins of cut, film sieves lift until beneath drift. A leaf rarely hands-on at tip, would be its run to the common pore of shelter: whereas the microflows are sufficiently broad-flawed of it that each stalk gets a taper's holds-on. Cover the whiplash of stalked leaf, to be retributed about the stricted, topogravid tree. As a sea throngs the leaves' bed until each stem can bathe in the unwadings. Field waddage makes ligament a pinnate loft at the lifting out. With prow to storm in the force of veiny spurs and midribs. Conceding to branch more vein than layer: what arose off primal coating is skeleton givenness imperforate, however exudingly the prior precipitates near-wire it to earth. Wave of leaf to leaf set spiny, the spear current migrates a swathable by branch article of ossure at the root of. Where off-field is a particles stack branch-to-trunk aboard the through-files of stalk.

C P CROWTHER

*Nostalgia*

Hissing, calling, bead-makers and text-merchants  
on Amen Corner traded prayers with Bread Street

though that naked boy, marking the highest ground  
in London, was just a soundless tile in Panyer Alley.

He should have been an embryo of my ear to the past,  
an otocyst, or rising the loaves of sixteen-eighty

but all I could hear was trivial history till I saw  
how a flying buttress determines fissures in moonlight.

*Pollen*

*O Source du Possible, alimente à jamais*

*Des pollens des soleils d'exils...*

Jules Laforgue

*(Complaint du Temps et de sa Commere L'Espace)*

Broken red slats of a blind horizon  
hanging  
behind a rope  
suspended  
between an oak and a concrete post in a clearing

light up a honey-green leaf of girl  
fluttering  
down the line. Once, boys grasped the handgrip and  
launched  
into a draft of unsure sky.

Such machinery of  
grabbing,  
diving,  
falling  
to the ground once made a cloud

of men, a storm that  
 rushed  
 in from a sea. The sun has no time  
 left for fire. A torch  
 drops  
 spots of gold, tiny as pollen grains.

The slats are  
 sheered  
 off from the sky, worn out.  
 She runs beneath them while they  
 fly down  
 again and again like rare Red Wakes.

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JESSE GLASS

*Hero*

& I have seen him fallen in the dust,  
head blank as a bird's  
his cudgel bird-headed also—  
The copter blades of the Bull of Heaven  
mixing the colors of the sky  
in a dry bowl

Have seen him  
rise on his stick-like legs

phallus like a thorn  
& challenge this self-same Bull of Heaven  
with nacreous claws  
while the stars  
like wounded aurochs  
pale in the jungle distance  
& god is  
a severed head  
in a helmet of thunder.

For he was born from the Rock--(one eye eternally  
open on the void)—  
He carved himself from the Rock  
& drove his furrow in the female grain;  
stone glittered in his mouth before he spoke

Stone crumbled in his mouth before he wept  
inside the skull's parentheses. From his forehead  
leaned a granite crown  
the size of Jesus in a blaze of sparrows

And all the valveless fury of his flesh  
sprang the death's head from its amber prison  
bruised the indehiscent into Spring  
forced the incoherent into song—

Stone blossomed in his mouth before he sang.

*Roach at the Cusp of Hearing*

ripple  
on a lightly fingered  
flute

a flake  
of beauty  
on a jointed tongue

backs  
within  
the hockets  
of a breath

the atmosphere  
its bold enabler

hunkers  
in sable stanzas  
all its own

1  
small  
2  
flat  
3  
t,h,u,n,d,e,r

crisp psychopomp  
before the ear  
the eye

ripple  
at the  
bottom  
of a chime.

*Prick these Words with a Pin in Paper  
so the Meaning Burns with the Light  
& Goes Out when the Light is Gone*

A genius whose  
genius is dying, witnessed  
by miniature geniuses

---

who are giving pellets of nothing  
to no one & are  
exhausted by the work

---

A miniature genius whose  
“burning mind” is ipso facto  
the subject of a mini-drama

---

(Imagine a chip of tourmaline  
from which the cries of the fallen angels  
rise)  
tiny ears poised to hear

---

Are they dancing?  
or are they killing themselves?  
one bends to the other  
pulls a lever & ribs slowly  
open to reveal  
a furnace of pink pearl

---

Look at me

---

In a miniature genius' belly  
grows another tiny genius shaped  
like a pear, with red, concentric rings  
on its head, & if one takes  
a hammer to it  
it will burst with a slither of black sand

---

or, rather  
the bullets  
not drilled home, the  
bets not yet pocketed  
the gesture still not complete

---

explanations requested  
miniature analyses proffered

---

miniature offense taken  
tiny apologies tendered in turn

---

or rather,  
harness a wasp to a plough,  
place a worm on a treadmill

---

Still there staring back  
in whatever  
f,l,e,x,o,r

---

Look at me

---

o,f, n,a,n,o-  
t,r,i-  
u,m,p,h,a,l,i,s,m.

---

If a tree  
falls in the deep forest  
who, but the  
miniature genius  
will hear?

---

Jesse Glass teaches at Meikai University in Japan. He has recently edited the first issue of the *Ahadada Reader*.

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