

SHEARSMAN

93 & 94

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We are grateful to Mercure de France, Paris, for permission to print in this issue
translations of three poems by Yves Bonnefoy: 'Ceci, toujours ici' from
Hier régnant désert (1958), & "Prestige, disais-tu de notre lampe et
de feuillages..." and 'L'arbre, la lampe' from *Pierre écrite* (1965).

John Mateer's poem 'The Copts' has previously appeared, together with a German
translation, in *Das Magazin der Kulturstiftung des Bundes*. Alice Miller's poem
'After Battle' has previously appeared in *Landfall*.

Subscriptions and single copies:

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higher payment, which insulates purchasers from further price-rises during the
term of the subscription. North American customers may find that buying single
copies from online retailers in the USA will be cheaper than subscribing. £18
equates to about \$28 at the time we went to press. The reason for this is that
subscriber copies are sent by mail and UK postage rates have risen significantly.

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the USA. Earlier issues, from 1 to 62, may be had for £3 each, direct from the press,
where they are still available, but contact us for prices for a full, or partial, run.

Submissions

Shearsman operates a submissions-window system, whereby submissions are only
accepted during the months of March and September, when selections are
made for the October and April issues, respectively. Submissions may be sent
by mail or email, but email attachments—other than PDFs—are not accepted.

We aim to respond within 2-3 months of the window's closure.

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MARY LEADER

from Crone Cards

VI.

When in the night it rains, the opening
Elaborations of perception wear
The deeply hooded cloak of amnesia
But clearly, indeed pointedly, also
Memories too awful to bear in mind.
Open-mouthed privation. Clearly, indeed
Pointedly, the homed male arrives, the
Hidalgo with a radish to give her,
And days sunny, a kickshaw and a dress,
And fava beans as well. Of course she will
Bargain: *nunc pro tunc*, now for then, *quid pro*
Quo, this for that, tit for tat, how much and
Of what kind. Of course she has enough sense
To close her lantern when dashing in rain.

VII.

Reasoning she leaves to symbolism.
Crown surviving its oxidized braiding.
Anything that's like the hand in the ice,
Preserved by fluke. Whereas slumbering yields
Young occasions. Postcard from a sailor
Who moored a yacht in the crack-space between
Mirror and frame. Youth's connectivities
Once strengthened neurons. But yes she's darkness
And yes she limps. In one recent dream, twelve
Moons and three druidic philosophers
Pulled modem life through an exhibition
Of ash and eaten stone, cooled in a pool.
Peat. Now *there's* a crucial continuum:
Degrees of soft/hard, of how fast it burns.

The Floating Village

Shore swindlers plot their pitch
on a far beach, landing their catch
of moonshine under an eye patch.

Those hills are a habitat of stars
too dim to give any cause
for panic's clash of oars.

Bare feet that never rocked
on yielding sand are circumspect,
on wood too personal to be wrecked.

Our evening's hymn is the nets
in the air, thrashing above cats
who swim—through shoals of gnats.

The possible thief's a s pry,
strong breeze, just hearsay
at dawn, a sting of lake spray.

High on the lake's lap we sleep
on a raft of love, grief's isotope,
shy of all but the gentlest slope

and the flimsiest gate,
delicate within our moat,
no bell on the reed-thin goat.

The China Shop Pictures

There's evidence of contact in the glue—
untoward incident, intemperate phrase.
The gift shop's magic shield's a crackle-glaze.

The whiplash tail's the thing you want to watch,
mad python's thwack a shelf-length from the fitch.
Some willowy dream will crash—the question's which?

Cuff'im! Lasso the snout and staunch the riot,
rampage of drivelling culture in the gut.
It's a knocking-shop for an existential rut.

Muck in and grab the vandal's big brass ring.
Cossett the wounded king but cull the kong.
A headache's cool: a bellyache's all wrong.

If the geisha's haiku picnic goes ahead
as planned, in the meadow, unleash your healing word.
Insinuate the lamb in the thundering herd.

We're fools to think of cherry and pine as tame,
it's muscle that strings the gardener in his prime.
Wholeness is yesterday, the stench of time.

The moment's drunkenness is rocket fuel,
shrinking the manhood of the golden mile.
When will the herd parade in single file?

Only when Darwin learns to speak Chinese
and dragons emulate the geisha's poise,
hungry enough to swallow bestial noise.

Enamel's the coward's way, though it sells,
being safer in alleyways than porcelain bowls.
Smart sweethearts know you haven't paid in souls.

Awkwardly turning, caught in mid-air like a ball,
the lowliest bowl is now most mythical—
like the world-shaking, china-shattering bull.

MARK GOODWIN

Gleam-form at Resipole, December 2011

sudden cloud-slot slides

inland up off

sea blue-black sky split

by bright

sun clips

hill-ridge fractures

glow across

Loch Sun Art's pelt

l i t r i p p l e s c o l l e c t

otter-shape

long whisker

-wake arrowing

from round snout now a

gloss-otter's

tapered snake of tale slides

gone cloudsclose

JULIE MACLEAN

express vs. colonial landscape

he's too hot to touch in bed after midnight
batteries chokked from the charge of the day

he's painted his years in the manner of von Guerard
monster canvas little leaves shady detail in his
felt-funny hat

he's crag-man with scalpel on the lookout
for the next big commish big wheels spitting
rev rev revving in three point perspective
in a Baroquish frame

her days are broad-brushed in the sweep and
gloom of a Rothko wall papery covering cracks
the worry of a Tucker fug of a Turner
blinding hangover too many men cigarettes
in younger days Hester melancholic they say she had a wide aorta
blood poured over her gunmetal carpet
turning it black impatiens petals splatter
white tiles think American Beauty
don't think Pro Hart

yet side by side
at the end of each day
they say 'Had a good one?'
and watch Deal or no Deal
before the Six o'clock News

GERALDINE CLARKSON

Down Among the Dead Birds (*Sick Bird Ode*)

1. Coldblooded blackbird
electrified
frozen in red for a split second
before feathers spit and sizzle
2. Fried black bird
marinated in Tamara
with a nod to ginger and chocolate
3. Reformed robin
cut cute
into heart-shapes
4. Salty wren, round
and around the globe
in a boat
5. Humongous humming-bird
gastric ring vibrating
in the dead head
of a promiscuous foxglove
6. Craven raven
blenching
7. Daily nightingales
disturbing the piece
8. Difficult swallow
oesophagus clenching incredibly
impossibly
9. Crooked rook
two up, two down
and one across
10. Whore-hawk
her eye on the humming
bird
11. Limping swift
sore thumb
12. Two-a-penny sparrow
hanging its costly dead
head
13. A grudge dredged
from an oily slick
by a budgerigar-
heron. Her on guard dowdy at the nest
while the emerald-jet male pulls
worms, a frog,
to general applause
14. Blind eagle
hawk-eyed.
Her desire running after the man.
Ave. Ave.

Amanita phalloides

how suddenly & completely
the body must be displaced
for sound to carry, sound's medium

orchard-splay in marrow-light

tropic blazon circumambient
pericarp: compressed as

effigy : mirror : effigy : mirror &

irreducible the milkynight vowels
converge, speech makes possible

a magnetizing faith a Providence
creosoted rime of salt
breathes through/past the lips in their

precise halations, tidal
Florentine, —is not Artifact

though we possess & call
the image flickers, each declivity
of light distressed plasmic

unbitten signature the skin collects

in chorus: acclaim as border crossing:

we know science

introjects, abstract, sweet (sphere)

of death at the edge of the meadow

SUSIE CAMPBELL

White Work

'A form of embroidery worked with white thread on white fabric.'

—*Royal School of Needlework*

I am invested in plain seams, functional edges bound to prevent fraying, truthfully sewn. The facts. These loose threads hemmed around the commonplace for a purpose. It is pointless you arguing for the stability of satin cross-stitch, their disingenuous little histories. Nobody pays for gold and silver to be conservative. I sicken at the floss of it, the twist and count, knotted in cerise, gimped in rose. And the slyness of your white stitch on white linen, the innocent excision of threads from the ordinary: here it is, you protest, my honest handiwork simple as your everyday stitches, perhaps just an accent or two in ecru or ivory.

The Failure of Specifics

crucibles alembics pelicans stills and bellows

1

Silver and mercury are first
dissolved separately in carefully
measured amounts of *aqua fortis*

the consequent solutions are then
concentrated over hot ashes
obtained from foreign coals

after reducing their volumes
to half the two liquids are
combined in a clay crucible and
exposed to the rays of the sun

2

2000 hens eggs are hardened
in huge pots of boiling water
the shells are carefully removed
and gathered into a great heap
these are then heated in a soft flame
until they are white as snow

the remaining whites and yolks
are separated and putrefied together
in the manure of white horses
the products are distilled and
redistilled for the extraction of
a mysterious white liquid and a red oil

SIMON SMITH

from 11781 W. Sunset Blvd.

Credit Card Reader

The only reading worth knowing
step towards the people carrier
ready to meet & capture this World
a grainy figure picks out street angels
pimp or punter hard to tell behind the windshield,
when the cars growl past my window
as the lone power-tool suddenly shuts off,
the naturally benign climate to LA
full of freeways & car interiors
with fixtures hard enough to bang my head into,
granulated neighbourhoods
watch the housing projects from surveillance footage
palm & fig trees, the gated communities.
This is Rilke calling collect from Los Angeles.

10/22/11

My last shave, when? Wednesday?
No, Thursday, before take-off. Two days' growth.
My friend Guy bringing Robert Crosson across from the dead,
heroic, a fine task, sleek in those black
Seismicity Editions—*Day Books*
with Gaddafi's execution, NATO enters its 'over watch period,'
& we can be glad of the minimal collateral damage
& no NATO or American casualties, the causality
of which means, erce, 'the most successful operation
of Modern Times,' the casual rhetoric of the robotic U.S. military,
relaxed for National Public Radio, informs you & me,
no doubt without tie & top button undone, in his 501s
closer 'To The People,' voice of one, who is one of us.

ALICE MILLER

After Battle

This stitching between bodies isn't skin.
It's only old rope, easily cut.

Where the seam tears there's blood.

I found a body under the trees,
thrown from its horse.

I wrapped taut silk around its bones
and watched the rivers roam the roads.

It was just me and the body.

I pretended it lived, and together we listened
to the sly sounds between trees.

*

I want you to come here,
restitch your head to your shoulders,
and form a word with your soft mouth.

Come here and surrender.

Because there're still days that my army
loses horses, days I lose sun
and try to saddle up the darkness—

*

and whenever we ride to battle together, it rains
and we cannot see sky for water,
and the grass becomes dirt, and

waves break the fields, and the bodies
all muddle into the earth.
And although your breath

was once pressed into mine,
I no longer know who's against me.

Album of Breath

While the record plays? Should I say: Brahms-
loved-Clara, wrote each note for her, his
best friend's wife, after Robert'd thrown himself

into the Rhine, and recovered then raved
till death did-he-part? Do these snaps—one composer
gone mad, in a river; one beauty doing

as beauty always does; and one Brahms, a pianist
whose hands stretched
two octaves (I do not know how far

a madman's hands might stretch)—and to refer
to Schumann as the madman—
Does this make these notes, we hear now, better,

or make us the epicentre
of a massive city
where nothing has ever happened?

JAMES MCLAUGHLIN

Imaginings

—will I take these words to a heightened register
assume a condescension as green as the earth green

roll over lakes and fields

we were too young to know the truth
that the spring would only last a while

picking flowers and throwing them in the fire

you sat leg in leg looking straight at me
two eyes dark—black as a heart

in each new day there are beginnings
some hope for an amber sky—perhaps

at night I still dream of life
over and over
a neurosis that feeds on imagining—
flamed to a molten ponytail—stark regret

that solitary day by the river
the sun
on the golden hill
and you white soft
as flesh
flesh

CRISTINA VITI

At Fifty

I.

At fifty if I look I've been fifty

years excavating my own language
from inside to deeper inside

look at me don't look at me no odds

common grave of wakeful dream
a band of laughing clean-shaven souls

childhood a braid of bright ribbon

fraying around a sheaf of sacred images
& the ergot of saints' haloes

pale veins racing out the body

to lick frosted moonlight off paving stones
in the green shade of white procession torches

fear of language red smoke cut with desert sand

diamonds in my throat I had to cut
spectrum of song for the beam of breath

light in august the bulb burning the eyes

the nightmare visitations at break of day
buzzing terror of black letters on gold pages

ladies of the lake mascara queens

old mistresses at fifteen lipsticking wisdom
on mirrors & curtains of sunlit smoke

poetry the bunch of keys worn round the neck

the singed skirt the bright odd stockings of stripes & lace
the roses & thorns loosed out the hair

o requiem aeternam lover girl

wheat sheaf of wasted wedding songs
 jewels offered up to the lords of dawn
 bonfire snows & shivered invocations

o river of all giving
 polish this stone I am

o scythe of moon reborn
 bleed me of the truth until I shine

*

royal rookeries of shit & bleach
 of soap & boiled rice & fossil flowers
 we rule the world with our crowns of white heat

royal gardens of thorn & acorn
 of ivy & dead rosewood & sick-scarred elder
 we rule the world with our crowns of berry black

sulphur & mother's milk, seed & obsidian
 the body's craving for ritual

the paradox of aging the body turning
 more delicate as it coarsens

poetry the long summer fasts the pollen of the chest
 the eyes washed white by tears
 —you better have some fun jimmybones

come with us don't come with us no odds
 we have bodies like fishbones or mossy caves
 we have minds with long wild manes & we eat

weather.

We spell out the work ethics of derangement
spin a dervish web on the edge of bankrupt nerves
or flog the poisons of the flesh for cash while dreaming

of one rainbow body rising from two adjacent
installations of nerve bone & blagged streetwear
—you think I'm joking I know

but our last words of love are
do what you want or we'll break you

exploration is for those with a measure of peasant blood

*

rotten orchards of city money logic
festering vineyards of broken ancestral pride
labouring engine of earth hatred & heartbreak

shrines of broken glass
by the highway of roadkilled language

rhumb line of the body on the sea of death
rhumb line of language on the ocean of images

young men singing like belling deer
& below deck poisoned angels cutting deals
hard against lost memories of fresh water

don't sit down you twisted old demon no bargain
say she opens her body to the filth of your mourning
what gold will you bring to the harvest of sight

the honey of night's not enough
for this here my daughter of birdsong & dew
—away with you

forsaken diorama of high theatre wrath
black lantern excavating darkness seeking

incalculable irreducible delicacy
a spider thread of music
waterfalling its sure way into the heart

exhaustion & completeness of the nerves
an invisible wall of music
we lean against like two unfinished paintings

This Silent Mist

This silent mist could never quite
obliterate the distance since
a frailer silhouette of trees (grey-
wrapped to shroud that yellowing)
stays in the eye as something caught
imperfectly by memory
if hardly recognised as such—
a clumsy Rorschach Test, asymmetrical,
half leaf-torn, like an amateur attempt
to trace a Chinese ideograph on
to damp cloth.

Those kanji learnt so doggedly
at Naganuma's forty years
ago

*(pausing somewhere in Shibuya
for beer and sushi after an a.m. making
the economic students—all male—laugh
at limericks then with the Eng.
Lit. class—all female—sauntering through
some Yeats)*

are dwindling slowly week
by month by year by lack of practice plus
dark disobedience of the brain.

One I still pen from time to time to please
the gullible or mystify the bored means
dragons on the move—a handy sign
to warn the smug or timid about change
or danger lurking—and it takes
forty-eight strokes to make it though
you only really need to cram the first
design which equals *dragon* (sixteen
strokes) three times into a tiny square:

a wise precaution for (who knows?)
they might fly off again to chase
the flaming pearl or churn the clouds
to curdled ebony. The third St. John
(aka The Divine) foresaw captive dragons
lifting off to wreak their havoc briskly since
they know they have “but a short time”.
(It’s also claimed they never tell the truth.)

Old address-books still clasp homes and names
of those no longer reachable
down here or where we are. It’s cruel
to cross them out for they possess
identities beyond the haze
left by each swift decade. Who now
can make the black receiver ring
Cheam in the 1930s with
VIGilant one-o-double-eight? In fact
you’d get the vanished garage (Surrey Motors) by
mistake. A word plus number stays
far easier to recall than just
a tedious string of digits but
that’s by the way and I’m too old
(I’m told) to grasp how all
is altering for the better while
unarmed protesters out to make
tyrannical régimes resign
get shot, too few Samaritans
will lug the wounded to a hostel
using their credit-card to pay
maybe for harbouring a corpse
and greedy firms contrive to turn
tap-water flammable by fracking.

On sleepless nights my left palm forms
a desk to scrape syllabaries
the way, back in Japan, they scrawl
the pattern of a tricky surname

for some uncomprehending friend.
There'll be a couple I've forgotten—*ne*
perhaps in hiragana, florid, flowing, though
confused at times with *wa* or *re*—or else
the katakana sign for *ru*
but never *ge su to* for they're
my name. (Nor *ba ri i* either. What
a privileged concision!) Lynn's
rin kanji shows a delicate pair of trees,
a splash of water to the left. One could
translate those printed drips
to mist and drape the double trees
in half-translucent mystery for once.

“What gets my goat,” proclaimed the Dragon
Chief who answers (sometimes) to the name
of Xrohvaah, “is gettin’ called a bloody serpent.
“Fella up on Patmos started the wretched rumour.
“Rotten show.” Jet claws glint as
they're flexed. A whiff of mustard-
coloured smoke issues from one nostril. “Dammit.
“We're in a taxonomic class all by ourselves.
“Never have been. Always will be.”

Dream up a skyscraper to hold
whatever should be fixed inside
the skull—a lofty warehouse, sort
of archive-guarder with a cache
of faded letters, playscripts, sepia
photos, scribbled drafts, lists which have lost
all meaning, notebooks indecipherable.
A willing lad's in charge, snub-nosed
with cheerful freckles, keen to help
the self bemused who's found the term
or memory he wants either beyond the tongue
or crouched behind a maddening fact
too similar to risk dismissing out
of hand. Why should a word you know

the sense of fail to phrase itself?
The title of a novel I've just read
escapes me. Who was the thug
who played the sidekick in a favourite Western?
That blonde girl now. What was her name?
I waltzed with her on some
illuminated dance-floor underneath
the stars—a chequer-board flicking her skirt
from dark to scarlet. Salzburg. 1950.
(Ah! Hilde Gueden's Cherubino!)
The answers (if they come) require a time-
lag till embarrassingly e.
g. *abstemious* leaves the lips
by vicious chance occurring next
morning in the crossword slotting in
with *crab*, *Tasmania*, *hoo-ha* and *dissent*.
That breezy landowner on Guernsey—
he must have had a name—called crosswords
“mental masturbation” but if Perec
liked to set them as a hobby that's
all right by me.

And those vague oaks
aren't figments. Mist arching (walls
and roof of monochrome) makes all
unreal labelled or not. A buzzard, damp
and hunched, sits the still weather out.
I wonder where I am not who
unlike the day on Dartmoor when I walked
from one stone row to sudden
fog heading for a forest gone invisible
with confidence which lessened when
I neared no trees

and then I saw
one monolith looming in a world
of nothing and I knew I'd made
unwittingly an awkward circle on
rough grass unseen just sensed beneath
my soles.

Dragon wings beating might
have blown the wet opacity away
but on that wintry day alone
none seemed around.

Dredging
from nowhere the blank fact. To send
my freckled friend off scurrying
up stairs, down corridors, past stacks
of magazines, piled crates to seek
the relevant filing-cabinet.

It takes
sometimes an hour, sometimes a day and soon
it may be never. What I longed to see or say
to memorise or wonder at—
even misunderstand—will lie
in dust. My non-existent snub-
nosed server will not even rank
as ghost. What trivial splendour may
linger among those heaps
of alien matter to be chucked
in the incinerator or get crushed
for landfill? No mystery can be
a mystery until it's known
as such so time will scribble out
those painted oaks, conceal the perching bird,
censor the poem, crack the sculpture,
mislays the glowing ruby, silence
the nascent song and let
the fog and captious dragons have their way.

LINDA BLACK

She Walks for Days

Up and down stairs in and out
the washing machine has become
where she is where the moon got her
She has nowhere goes by foot
tripping over her own worse for wear
explains nothing doesn't admit she is not
of that faith It is many years ago now
she turned and walked away no thought
from her own good someone else's
consequence & the madman inside
where ten pinafores hang

What a clever thing she just did
she calls people she hasn't seen for years
she is proud! when she leaves
the first time is seriously threatened
bump bump bump headfirst
on the back wheels As no one has told
and no one is so all day this thing
from out of her propped upright

A saviour in a soft jumper
or her sister's skin she has no clear
picture apart from preferring
long fingers In that seated posture
did Keats have long fingers? a balanced
book a crossed knee *but ...*
she corrects herself One hand is
one head was then retracts
too much of a put down
a regency chair but it could be

EDWARD MACKAY

We can meet love always

*An erasure poem from the prison letters of Rosa Luxemburg
to Sophie Liebknecht, July 1916–October 1918*

The heat sat down and smiled saying:
I am like so much love.

I cannot change no matter where you go
You send love to endure
to trouble to unease sorrow.

These sad days seem nothing but love.
Your keen moment ran away decided to go south.

Picture nothing; neither voice nor the ripple or murmur of wind
in always in beautiful in real

go and greet the hunger to hold pressed against
you

read me the world that remains, make me burst,

do not understand me, make me feel free;

stand at midnight, steeply blue and silent

life is always unsatisfied, looking delight in the eye.

I heard danger, its writhing like music.

I walk in the empty dark

Only love can express a meaning in silence.

I know that the autumn shall seek a return
rooted in things beyond my shadow

I am full of the life where the days before nothing still live.
I grew remarkable shook upon lightning

now everything indescribable spread across the sky like a silent call

all these years carry on in impossible liberty.
Now that the door will be open

Afterword

for Tsutomu Yamaguchi

Twice licked by lightning, this man like a comet
passes twice across the blank pulse of sky to make

his shadow stand, unhitched from flesh, etched to tarmac
and brickwork in two cities, at once. He cannot make time

stop again, as it did twice, the clocks totemic
with their cracks and twice-right times, unravelling meiotic

new light from the old, a world, twice tipped to dark. Commit
again the crime of chance, slough off, again, all yet to come

or live as stains of carbon, chemical scum, the automatic
offspring of unchoosing chance. So choose. Come to

the edge, again, and leap, again: eyes ablaze, atomic.

CLAIRE CROWTHER

Trompe l'oeil

The night of research
is over. The ideas have come,
we are judged by an old suit.
The small light on his microphone burns red.

I want to float out,
escape up through that Baroque vault
past stone ramparts into blue
welcome of angels. A woman presses

her idea against
the mahogany barrier
kneading at the sculpted wood.
When she lies down idea-less later,

I would lie in her
arms for ever if that would help her sleep.

Sere and Yellow

I wake to news
of the invasion.

I take the world
in at the ear.

My hands spread
the soil of clothes.

My knees kneel
up to the window.

Soldiers eat
outside our carriage.

White feather
woven of air

that tapped my father's
shoulder, why

don't I fight?
Douaniers

march the crying
men along

the wagon-lit
with plastic bags.

Crested country
encrusted soft

gems of misted
wood. My Croque

Monsieur is cold.
I share with metal

the waste of rust,
this force that smacks

a bridge apart,
fizzes paint

in bits of plunder,
sheds its own

September, piece
by piece by piece.

Homage to Avraham Ben Yitzhak

Between the Name of the Patriarch
and of his Son, the Poet

is silent, an intervening Angel.

Somebody tells me
the only Person who spoke the Lord's

Name was the Mother
of the Poet's Double.

Did the Poet and the Father
build the Kaa'bah?

Or did their Doubles?
I thought God had Ninety-Nine Names?
The Unpronounceable: *To not create the First Person.*

Yet to build a Second House...

Later, a Descendent of the Double
would return to the Festival of Poetry

to empty the House of Images,
make an Image of Emptiness.

Where in the argument are the 'Satanic Verses'?

Then, centuries later, in Vienna's Café-Museum,
the Names of the Son and the Patriarch

wouldn't be enough to return
the Poet to Being;

his Father passed away,
his Mother's home razed,

his lost writings had been replaced
by twelve anonymous poems.

Let his Name be Unwritten, as he wished.

*Let his Silence be an echo
of these, his words:*

“On seven roads we depart and on one we return.”

The Aryan Face of Nefertiti

after Martin Bernal

Black, like the doorway
between the Mosque of the Soul
and the Pilgrims' Hostel
of the Face: Athena's

assumed visage, as the Ace
of Spades, no less there
than Nefertiti in her avatar,
Hitler's beloved statue.

They say, when the Ancients
painted a face black
they meant 'fertile'... An Afrikaner
poet once wrote: *Poets are born black,
whitening with age.*

MARK DICKINSON

Chapter one

After a moment's opportunity
A strangled collection of stones
From the words: "I'd like to stay"
In the gentle swell of plain

whistling through Teeth
as an eager child
bright with open bunches
stealing a cloud

peeling words off eyes
drunk from cupped hands
from a world of living
folded across the chest

stiller than thought
noticing the sunlight
in a swollen 'hush'
they turn without speaking

and your hard pushed to imagine
a smaller voice in the purse of appetite
passing lips—they'll go on denouncing
like hours that want to stop:

twisting, holding, stammering
close but not touching
struggling through layers of detail
within the rim of what's shared

chapter four

by assuming a postulate
I presume the possible
The purpose of making
On a scale of great magnificence

To me extraordinary
With the power of choosing
By likenesses clear & remote
Let it not be forgotten

In a halo of phases
Suggested by my own experience
Opening a hemp o' gossamer
as parts or symbols of truth

that the intuition of geometry
that *spake as a dragon*
in fragments wild
& the transits of wanderers

without loss of time
compelled the consequence
of feeling in my eyes
where histories detail

ground to a paste & stones
shaped the density of *something-
nothing-everything* a playmate
of the waves supported by a song,

that lives compressed
& folded by a process
squeezed in the in
escapable vice of love.

Speaking About the Henge

We stopped and parked then
strict as wings
the jackdaws threw their sound against the stones
it ricocheted as lines of glass
as shining shining shining shining tricks of triple k
the stones sent back the sound as stings of song
that broke the sun to spokes
that spoke the day or was it
A calendar of sun and throat of sun and throat
hung here.

At the interactive museum and shop
we learned that before the henge
a tangle of dense oak had spread across the downs.

How broad those branches must have been
with leaves as constellations of light and sap
in miles of lacing arcs that tracked the sun.

we learned that forests are green weight
held heeled holed
by the gravity of song
that they are folds
of budding stars, spiraling and lobed
fixed

by the voice of blackbirds
in the clarity of groves

we were walking back towards the car when
lax as wings
a blackbird spilt its song over the grass

It worked the paradox of light and voice
that deals with flight and weight's dense curse
and when it was as sure as stones it looped a course
above our heads and gently took the sun apart

Our guide book said that blackbirds ranged in woods
and these were gone that trees were howked by spades of bone
to clear a space for time's new hoax and what
was left were tricks of stone the uprights aping oaks

we learned that at this place of slash and burn
event was made
an uptight marking of place and turn
that song, chacked from the necks of daws, prisms
that this was a site of lithic modernism

PETER ROBINSON

The Passers-By

‘naturally the public mind was demoralized’
—Walter Bagehot, *Lombard Street*

1. Grey Squirrel

A squirrel in Russell Square garden
advances across russet leaf-fall,
not at all shy
of us, passing by.

Pertinent glances identify
his way back through the hedge;
white flashes edge
a mousy tail.

While that glimpse of hotel frontage
brings out your hoarded lifetime,
there’s overcast sky
in his beady eye.

Ear twitched at the light-change roar,
he catches up some of his store
and with arched spine
makes a beeline

through wind-turned leafage, yet more
traffic noise, lit dust, when as per
usual crowds swarm
past us, going home,

and we’re gone from the square.

2. A Tramp-Barge

Plumes of smoke from the chimneystack
on a tramp-barge stream above
the path between two waterways
at Jericho; here it's hunkered down
as if for winter or the hard times coming.
Moored, kitted out with a bike or two,
heaped firewood, pot plants, that barge huddles up
in its shawl of black tarpaulin.

Then there's something in you drawn to it
as scents of fry pan bacon come
wafting on the rain-fresh air ...
How it takes its chances for survival!
Aloof, anonymous, autonomous—
or it seems so to the likes of us
taking a wrought-iron bridge across
this slow canal in autumn.

3. The Eye

If front-of-house have lost the plot
and are corpsing on the spot,
well, behind the scenes
better actors learn their lines
in spoked shadows from a gondola wheel.
Its years of oversight reveal
how funds like surface water,
bird notes, or the air waves' chatter,
are soaked away in daylight.
They can't help corpsing on the night;
and, inimical, you imitate
our *faux amis'* own secret state
of mind—being caught on someone's phone,
documenting demoralization
at the Thames parapet, so
sold downriver by that bank-side flow.

4. Public Space

Ochre tints splotch whitened ground.
An oak-tree sapling stands alone,
late leaves intact in a field of snow.
Look, an identity tag around
its slender bark,
branches and leaves are to grow
in memory of a girl—
her name engraved on the metal plaque.
Etched in frost, that robust
tree resists sub zero
winter bite and gale-force blast.

5. Nativity

Moonlight, glanced off fresh-settled snow,
illuminates our bedroom
in what must be a waking dream
with its faint, unearthly glow.
Circled by purple crayon,
your stigmata of keyhole surgery
at navel and abdomen,
they take me back to the same old story.
It's our long disgrace in other terms
on gallery or chapel wall—
depicted cruelties, grieving, harms
livid at abdomen and navel
now a bleak mid-winter warms
to its being told again, again for our survival.

n'Bytsje

A seventh spring and still
I miss some arcane step
beside me through the wood,
while seedlings seek their secret
names you knew, and in the
quickenings a tiny bride
trills her shy song in your
lost tongue—n'bytsje, n'bytsje—
how is she called who flitting
sweetens with her speech
the still that lies between
us now n'bytsje, how?

Half by Half We Sleep

On this eve of nativity
twined lovers stranded high
above tideline on shore
of age-stroked stones a gift,
a present each to each

beneath far rainbow doubly born
of brine, cord cast uncut
into blue noon like diadem
of neonate studded with news
to shake the snow-streaked hills

and half by half we sleep,
watched over by the same veiled nurse
and half by half we wake
to the becoming of the universe.

SEAN REYNOLDS

On Maximos' *The Dormition of the Theotokos*

In the frame where you lie, I sit upright.
One minute at the intersection of repose,
terrible lines on lateral light.

How to sit?
When we will right very still eyed
bring or send a censor, then a scent,
our final estimation of your weight.

In the colors of two identical icons
the hands of Mary do not match her face.
Just as the enclosure of two fabric planes
does not allow us really to feel indoors.

We see a blind wilderness contained
within a mattress and two solid hands
make an arbitrary whiteness.

I admit with embarrassment that I cannot lift you,
and
an impulse of disability
presses the farthest away layer of my skin.
The line of your shoulder is a human faculty—
sitting upright.
And I have a weakness for faculties.

If duplicated enough times, any pair of eyes
will begin to look foreboding.
Resting over an intersecting line
of this last flexible light.

For, I am persuaded, even now,
of the flatness of your features,
and the ill-will of the chiaroscuro.

I remember how we were not quite in a circle
and how come you never added any depth.

This lack of foreground refers traditionally
to the dimensions of shame, the lack of musculature
in the voice that pronounces foreign names.

A cleft palate is not a double jointedness,
it does not become two mouths
or a divided subjectivity.
There is no compensatory model
for the loss of a velar stop.

I repose into the shape you will remember.

To sit upright,
to suddenly on a sudden,
to really on a real,
be very truthful.

I curl into creases, folding, frivolling, face to lace, lingering tombs and
wounds wound airily to the ground.
Then I will be unfolding, be beginning to be held.
There, there. There is many a one.



LUCY HAMILTON

Rings & Circles

I

The Polymath holds a pencil in his right hand and a blue pen in his left. The eraser sits next to his spec-case and empty Virgin coffee cup. Red, black & green sway in the little office of his jacket pocket and his specs hang low on his nose. In his long fingers the pencil hovers above his diagram like an artist's brush, a conductor's baton measuring time as the train speeds to Aberdeen. The blue pen doubles as a ruler, guiding the dodecahedron through its many metamorphoses. The pencil swoops, inserting dotted rings & semi-circles, arrows, darts & chevrons onto the model—these analogies of space and time across physical and biological structures. He calls it *A Model of the Mind* and I'm minded of those wondrous childhood atlases that made the earth come alive mapping the great migrations of the natural world—flocks of swans & geese darkening the North American skies, herds of gazelles & wildebeest traversing the great savannahs of Africa, shoals of whales & turtles plying the oceans of the globe.

II

The Art Dealer is travelling too, his spirit fired by a timely opportunity in Hong Kong, where for once he has the money and, he says, even if the world continues its meltdown, will be able to put food on the table and pay the rent. He sends me a jpeg and I fall in love with the thirteen horses. It is said to be an incense-burning altar, unearthed in an excavated tumulus, entering the collections of the tsar in 1716 and now preserved in the Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg. I carry it in my head on the ferries to the Northern Isles. To Orkney's Neolithic village at Skara Brae, to the circular chambered tomb at Maeshowe, the standing stones at Stenness. I stand in the middle of the Ring of Brodgar, the lochs—once marshland—and surrounding hills glowing in the early sunset. Suddenly the thirty-six still-existing stones transform into thirteen horses cantering round the

central hearth. Then, just as abruptly, they turn and gallop away, manes flying, hooves thundering as they begin their return to the great Russian Steppes of 2500 B.C.

Apitherapy

And thy Lord inspired the bee to build its cells in hills, on trees and in men's habitations. There issues from within their bodies a drink of varying colours, wherein is healing for men. AL-QUR'AN 16:68-69

The Scientist buys two jars of the best honey. I sit at my desk, face smeared in liquid gold, waiting for glucose oxydase to combine with my skin-fluid and turn into hydrogen peroxide. Then it will slough necrotic tissue, speed up granulation and epithelialisation and heal my skin. The doctor pushes my hair from my face but his hand is not a healing hand. He has beautiful eyes—but his steroids don't help and his penicillin has lost its efficacy. He's forgotten that a thousand years ago his ancestors trusted honey's anti-bacterial, anti-inflammatory and analgesic properties. My face is swollen, red and sore. He says that to find the floral source would be a wild goose chase ... but even Hippocrates knew: *honey cleans sores and ulcers of the lips, heals carbuncles and running sores*. It's lip-lickingly good. Delicious on toast, crackers and cake. The Polymath brings me milk and gingerbread. Then he remembers Plutarch. He shuts the window so I'm not a magnet. So I won't suffer the terrible fate of the poor young soldier Mithridates.

CHARLES HADFIELD

more or less

so as if enough
was, then, enough:
the pause in the tread,
the light fading,
& that scent of woodsmoke
where the path curves up
beyond the trees on the skyline,
or the climb levels off,
so that you think maybe
the view will be rewarding
but the track carries on ever uphill,
seemingly steeper,
as your boots tighten & soles blister
(surely you could have come
better prepared?)

then ahead lies another day of the same
& more days of the same
after night after night
punctuated by mosquitoes

& no theorem to explain this continued tread
the effort involved in getting to the end
of the beginning:

the foot of the wall
where the true climb
hangs
up there
into the clouds

ANDREW SCLATER

Three Sea Poems

Clear Night Black Water

a star
astir
astern

Land Lure

is
island
land

sand
sand and
strand

sure
unsure
shore

Between Two Breaths

1

I wanted one of them to come, to shift
the past around. Behind the door

I was all naked. They told stories in their
language, the people outside who exist

mechanically. Yet I have been in the vicinity
since I was a child. I obey, eyes closed.

Am I ill? If I could have a glass of water, drop
everything, skirts and suchlike.

2

The smell of hair in my face all night. Is it yours
this hand writing notes in the dark

in the margins? I've lost you again. In a while
wake me with the other hand while everyone else

is asleep. She closes the book. Now they want her
without her clothes on

walking slowly. The dream hand greets me.
I go into the interior. Why chase a star?

3

So I will leave for Paris, or lie down. In this fair
as big as a city we come to a dormitory

somewhere between the first and fifth floor.
The blood rushes to our faces already

eaten away. Take out the pad of paper, cross
the space to your room. At last here's the floor

still lucid. But there's filth on your face. *Pardon.*
Between two breaths, *elle m'a dit pardon.*

4

In the sadness of the moment, a shadow changes clothes.
Will I have time to change? More and more

I have moved away. I used to feel guilty at night
accosted by an unknown stranger (he pulls me

behind him, going nowhere), but events
have shifted. Now he's quiet with the truth of a cold house.

I have a rendez-vous
elsewhere. The road is made.

5

Someone wakes me with no sound. My love
is atop but this bed is more often than not

still empty. My whole body
has to find a way, but have I ever left the city

in my room? All the ones I let go. On each floor
they are waiting for me. Everything is ready.

I open my fingers. I wait for the morning air. It speaks
of a forgotten touch, a taste, a mouth emptied.

I come to my room. The walls grow transparent.
My bed is at the back. Listen for the foetal heart.

A rusty creature, but if it works you'll come out feeling younger
in black and white. The face wanders in reverse,

then trots, then canters, divine and simple,
speaking of lost summers. You are on the other side

of the black water of a street, asking someone who waits
in the rain unmoving if he knows the way.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

AIDAN SEMMENS

Return to the Pleasure Beach

all night the harvester's out
bright lights & machinery
for lifting of the beet

an age-old tradition
vanished into shadowplay
unhurried tranquillity
turbulence & unrest
the earliest
 known setting
of the mass for the dead

what can I do
with a single note? sparse
yearning lines
 a piano
grows in a year from timber planks
to its own unique voice

an illicit affair in a small town
grainy & unfinished
polyphonic twists
stark power
raw beauty
a lookout tower
over the uncertain shore
explorations
of sound in space

a ruined boat
half buried in the fen
pitched headlong into intoxicating
colours
lunar

shimmerings
 pungent ideas
blowing the dust off
forward propulsion

shifting coastline
Martello towers
& a stump
of old tree, roots
fatally steeped in brine

the harpsichord
 breaks
the shackles of convention
genial warmth with echoes
of klezmer & jazz
lustrous viola

sweet stinky cargo
hailed on the reach
redundancies of toilage in the silt
sluice seepages meander deeply etched
to the edge of the mud

a walk among saints
in moated grounds, a tenacious
coastal village
 fishing
& smuggling succeeded
50 years ago
 by the Magnox reactor
drawing in seawater as
an abundant coolant
 a meditation
on light, energy, the collapse of time
our ambitious
 methods of survival

the Spitfire pilot is also its rescuer
salvaged engine crafted new
by each carefully engineered
turn of the lathe, screw
& turbine, Merlin torque & marque

maquette precision, oiled
to an exact approximation of wear
smell, note & rhythm redolent
of a youth before ours

new footage of the first performance
gesture & structure shaped
with meticulous
fingerwork at Harvard
gothic architecture of the cathedral
nave, sea-going
barque on inland waters

conjuring the last judgement
with the ghost of Bartók
complex minimalism
rhythmic mouse-clicks amplified
to dance & burlesque

precise routes plotted
between
 eastern Europe
& the cafés of Buenos Aires
half the world's population
of grey seals is found
around British coasts

waders at the water's margin
turnstone redshank curlew dunlin
colours mutable with the day's changing mood
somewhere a gull or crow
surprised from its meal
godwit squadrons slice the cooling air

humidity is a key requirement
holes may be chiselled
to a depth of four inches
(the cimbalom anchors
pungent bagatelles
to the heritage of Benny Goodman)
both sexes can drum
trunks & branches
continuing
 until late June

adults feed mainly on cuckooflower
betony, fleabane & buttercup
in complicated sleep
a rusting wing
among scorched nettles

the turnip pile's gone
these ten years

COREY WAKELING

Knee's Interior

In bloom, to prise the shrub of dates jawbone open
and witness the pink interior, these are desires in terracotta
pamphlets about Christmas time, though I'm not sure
the workers' comp case was up by that stage.
A howler, the toast to departmental improvements,
the plaque on the walls, terra firma teased out
as vox populi. I'm not sure the want became the need by this
stage, but copious amounts of acid tea and weltering surf,
and Kris Hemensley's citations of Jurassic coast finitely friable,
all dust. And yet darts my son's lover from the granny flat
upwards and over, knocking apples from the fence line arbour;

Fitzroy is steadfastly cruel to us all. Especially the meridian
rose petals and heady camellias. The false welcome
of dawn blanches the blithe throat, leaves for dead real estate
self fashioning, though you might hear rat bones
in the hinges of the occupied district.
How fascinating, the impossible trill between the 'd'
and the 'l' in middle. Just try and roll your *Arabian Nights*
with that, censor incensed indefinitely anyhow by presentation
in our serious quarters, by presentation of our serious quarters.

Especially desirable, the needs of Christmas. How much flatter might
Australia be. Yanchep, dunes nearby. Every car top treading water is
a soapbox,
if you ask me, and what stones in its throat.
How might the Datsun have sucked a river stone
compared with the Mazda run aground. Your mother is setting
mousetraps interminably. The knee scars in secret pinkly.

Mercurial Motion

There will be no other opportunity. I remove my shoes. A loincloth, otherwise naked; I sit down. The scroll spread out on the broad beamed floor is double sized. Kao Chi. From dawn to midday the mendicant of Green Mountain hums his poems, has forgotten to eat (ate nothing). Kao Chi, a beggar; the hermit chanting softly, a mendicant. The third bowl (a rag?) emptied between my legs, my right hand feels along the floor, with the fine-haired brush, china ink the colour of crow feathers, I add a dazzling brightness (I think of it as inward): everything is ready.

The cat, porcelain white, sea blue mirage, perches frisky on the windowsill (marked with scratches where it leans out). Mount Chun, Jade City beyond, a single path, I have no need now to consult Kao Chi, the man of Green Mountain, the venerable old Magician. To make the ascent. A brown robe, coarse flax (dyed, embers). I trust, I trust in the road, the height, Jade city itself beyond the hillside. The hillside (I chant softly) the hillside. One word (I chant) as good as another (neither now nor later is *that* true). I keep some alms in the only pocket in my robe. My cap, serge; the sandals, esparto; the walking stick, elder.

Silent. Everything in effect is ready, I contemplate the scroll spread out on the floor. Kao Chi does not appear. I see that nothing is grafted onto the paper: I will get no other opportunity (let's say). To leave, now. The body an elegant shack; an easy come, easy go hovel. The opportunity (foreseen perhaps in advance) could permit me once and for all to take my leave into the distances (of the scroll?) to return there, dawn, full stop: to leave the (double sized) scroll stretched out on the wide boards of a pear-wood floor (will this be possible?): to leave? Not to write, no, not to write. A juicy bartlett pear in my mouth, to ooze yellow, to

see a few drops trickle from my lips onto the scroll: three stains, finally.

To stand there looking at a pair of kingfishers take flight, on the scroll the intention hovering over my hand which this time did not inscribe the paired presence of the (double) bird genderless direction letters dissolving: two points, and I turn around. A few stains, the diagonal shadow, and I leave: perhaps I have reached the extreme edge (of the paper) the categorical distances from whose jaws Kao Chi descends from a palanquin, gives me an unfoldable bundle of parchment sheets (a living ream of ideograms) and (with a hand I recognise as quite other than my own hand) I give him a broom (a rocking movement, Kao Chi, a rocking back and forth of shadows) I don't know if of dry laurel branches or of broom.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

The Greatcoat

1

*A greatcoat for all who are tall and well-built,
a greatcoat for all who gaze into the East...*

It must be five or six o'clock. A blue-grey haze. Day breaks.
The drinking bout lasted all night, until the seventh hour.
Demon-like, a greatcoat flaps up high over the bridge.
A woman or a demon? A Dominican's black robe?

A tenor from the opera? A widow's humble shawl?
Hiding a playful intrigue? Someone bracing for the end?
The urge to kiss. A siren wails. Gaga aristocrats
shuffle towards their beds, the stupid destitute towards Mass.

March 8th 1918

2

Epoch of crowned intrigues, epoch
of ruffians and greatcoats, for
crowned heads a Golgotha, epoch
when *philosophes* wrote manuals
for courtesans, and something moved
a fop from the beau monde to give
his life up for the greater good.
Beyond the ocean, Lafayette
flashed his sword of rhetoric.
Duchesses of highest rank
disarmed admirers, following
the heart's dictates, and Rousseau's too,
bathed in seas of childlike lace.

Little girls rolled hoops along
and nuns whispered to uniforms
in Tuileries awash with scent...

Meanwhile the queen, a humming-bird,
wrinkling her forehead, talked
to Cagliostro until day broke.

March 11th 1918

3

Machinations of nocturnal swallows—
greatcoats—heroes fitted out with wings
seeking adventures in a world of snobs.
Greatcoat, looking smart even in tatters,
suitable for heretics, freethinkers,
to camouflage a cherub or a rogue.

Greatcoat more capricious than a fleece,
so prone to going down on bended knee
doing its best to win our trust, but dubious...
The nightwatch horn sounds by the thundering Seine.
Casanova's greatcoat, and Lauzun's,
Marie-Antoinette in cloak and mask.

Look! Demon conjured up from forest depths,
the greatcoat's an enchanter, a whirlwind,
a crow hovering above the piebald flock
of butterflies from a world of poseurs.
Greatcoat colour of dreams, of times gone by,
adorning Cavalier Cagliostro's shoulders.

April 10th 1918

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KATE ASHTON lives in the north of Scotland. She has work on the *Gallery* area of the Shearsman website as well as in a previous issue.

LINDA BLACK lives in London, and has two collections from Shearsman, *Inventory* (2008) and *Roots* (2011).

YVES BONNEFOY (b. 1923) is considered to be France's finest living poet. Among his many publications are *La longue chaîne de l'ancre* (2008) and *Les Planches courbes* (2001), both from Mercure de France, Paris.

PETER BOYLE lives in Sydney. His publications include a translation of José Kozer's *Anima* for Shearsman (2011), and *Museum of Space* (University of Queensland Press, 2004).

SUSIE CAMPBELL lives in Surrey. This is her first appearance in *Shearsman*.

GERALDINE CLARKSON has poems in *Tears in the Fence*, *Smiths Knoll*, *Brittle Star*, *Envoi*, *Orbis*, *Fuselit*, and online at *Eyevear*.

CLAIRE CROWTHER has two collections from Shearsman, *Stretch of Closures* (2007) and *The Clockwork Gift* (2009).

MARK DICKINSON's first collection will appear from Shearsman in 2013. His work was featured in the anthology *The Ground Aslant* (2011)

RAY DiPALMA's work has appeared in a number of issues of *Shearsman*. His most recent publication is *The Ancient Use of Stone* (Seismicity Eds, 2009).

KERI FINLAYSON lives in Swansea. Shearsman published her first collection, *Rooms*, in 2009.

MARK GOODWIN has two full collections from Shearsman, *Else* (2008) and *Back of A Vast* (2010), as well as a chapbook, *Layers of Un*, published in June 2012.

HARRY GUEST turned 80 in October 2012; *High on the Downs. A Festschrift for Harry Guest* was published by Shearsman to celebrate the event. His *Comparisons & Conversions* was published by Shearsman in 2009, and his *Collected Poems, A Puzzling Harvest*, appeared from Anvil in 2002; the same publisher issued a new collection, *Some Times*, in 2010.

CHARLES HADFIELD lives in Auckland, New Zealand. He has four UK collections, the most recent being *The Nothing We Sink or Swim In*, from Oversteps Press, in 2002.

LUCY HAMILTON's first collection, *Stalker*, was published by Shearsman in 2012, and was shortlisted by the 2012 Forward Prize jury for the Felix Dennis Prize for the Best First Collection.

JOSÉ KOZER is a Cuban poet living in Florida. Shearsman published *Anima* in 2011; a *Selected Poems* is also available from Junction Press, New York.

MARY LEADER is a professor at Purdue University in Indiana. Her third collection, *Beyond the Fire*, was published by Shearsman in 2010.

EDWARD MACKAY lives in London, and has poems in *Stand*, *Poetry Review*, *Magma*, as well as a forthcoming chapbook, *A Swarming*, from Salt.

JULIE MACLEAN, from Bristol, is currently based on the Surf Coast, Australia. A manuscript was shortlisted for Salt's Crashaw Prize in 2012.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN lives in Dumbarton and has two chapbooks, *AEIDO* and *Text 1* from Knives, Forks & Spoons Press, Manchester.

JOHN MATEER, originally from Johannesburg, now lives in Perth, WA. His most recent book is *Southern Barbarians* (Giramondo, Sydney, 2011).

ALICE MILLER lives in New Zealand; poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Boston Review*, *The Iowa Review*, and *Best New Zealand Poems*, and a manuscript was shortlisted for Salt's Crashaw Prize in 2012.

SHARON MORRIS lives in London. *False Spring* was published by Enitharmon, who will issue her second collection before the end of 2012.

SEAN REYNOLDS is a doctoral candidate in the Poetics Program of SUNY Buffalo. He co-edited *Wild Orchids*, an annual journal of criticism, and was co-editor of Jack Spicer's selected translations of *Beowulf*, published in the most recent volume of *Lost & Found*.

PETER ROBINSON's latest collection, *The Returning Sky*, was published by Shearsman in 2012 and was a Poetry Book Society Recommendation. He has also recently edited *Bernard Spencer: Essays on his Poetry & Life* for Shearsman.

ROBERT SAXTON's latest collection, *The China Shop Pictures*, was published by Shearsman in October 2012. His previous collections include *Manganese*, *Local Honey*, and *Hesiod's Calendar*, all from Carcanet/OxfordPoets.

ANDREW SCLATER is "a drystane dyker motorbiker poet from Edinburgh". He is active on the performance scene in Edinburgh and Newcastle, was shortlisted for the Picador Poetry Prize in 2010, and this year has a New Writers Award from The Scottish Book Trust.

IAN SEED has two collections from Shearsman, *Anonymous Intruder* (2009) and *Shifting Registers* (2011).

AIDAN SEMMENS lives in Suffolk. Shearsman published his first collection, *A Stone Dog*, in 2011. He has edited an anthology of poetry from Suffolk, which Shearsman will publish in 2013.

SIMON SMITH has several books from Salt, most recently *London Bridge* (2010), and his translations of Catullus will be published by Carcanet in 2013. He teaches at the University of Kent.

MARINA TSVETAeva (1892–1941) was one of the greatest Russian poets of the 20th century.

CRISTINA VITI is an Italian poet and translator living in London. She has published translations of Valeria Fraccari and Dino Campana into English and of Stephen Watts into Italian. Her translation of Elsa Morante appeared in a previous issue.

COREY WAKELING lives in Melbourne. He has work in *Jacket2*, *Cordite*, *Southerly*, *Geek Mook*, *Handsome Journal*, *foam:e*, *Overland* and *Best Australian Poems 2011*. His chapbook, *Gargantuan Terrier, Buggy or Dinghy*, appeared with Vagabond Press this year.

G.C. WALDREP's fourth collection, *Your Father on the Train of Ghosts*—with the poet John Gallaher—appeared in 2011 from BOA Editions.

CHRISTOPHER WHYTE writes in both Gaelic and English, and translates into both Gaelic and English. A volume of his Tsvetaeva translations, *Moscow in the Plague Year*, will appear from Archipelago.

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