

GREEN LIGHT

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Again and again, in Shakespeare, in Calderón, battles fill the last act, and kings, princes, attendants and followers 'enter fleeing'. The moment in which they become visible to spectators brings them to a standstill. The flight of the dramatis personae is arrested by the stage. Their entry into the visual field of non-participating and truly impartial persons allows the harassed to draw breath, bathes them in new air. The appearance on stage of those who enter 'fleeing' takes from this its hidden meaning. Our reading of this formula is imbued with the expectation of a place, a light, a footlight glare, in which our flight through life may be likewise sheltered in the presence of onlooking strangers.

Walter Benjamin, *One-Way Street*

EN ECHELON

[A windswept hill above a port. Large gun implacement. First lights of evening. Harbour master old, shorter, fixed face. Daughter young, taller, mobile face.]

Counting the vessels into home,
wind sings in the rifling. 'Burning time.
Daughters, teach me to wait.'
Too well before delete she said
'They aren't us' which he knew.
'Now list me in your harbour arms.'
The penitent one windburnt to sense
heard words scooped out to sea,
remembered always to the right.
'I'll calibrate the hours of sun
each day you went. What's strange
is not begun in you. When there were fires
we moved and quickly. Don't forget
that owing to us. Braid showing
at our collars marks us for these fights,
is not put off. I took to water after that,
headlands, drainage, towers, redoubts
clothed beyond reason like a dutch,
wanting only the parts given back
as fitting home. As now,
not asking much, you could demur
at something, not give up
at speech grown strange in air,
this medium that drags us to our sense.'

'No air would give us that, no speech
deleted pause. We are not sagas, scrolls,
laws are renewed in breaking, found
again inside the wrist but for
the finder true, even to capacity
of print's chambered burning:

for all I know enraged on a harbour wall.
Tyneside toughened glass spins back
the loan's reflex, ask for that much –
the dancing master's warmer in the hall
and self-taught. He doffs his cloak,
snuffs the attendant's false candle, folds
a smile of the voyaging tropic to the cold.
Countless printless footless times.
And now I demur we're nothing,
particles dumped in ranks,
an audience free to leave.
We have our chancy vehicles. I'd have
you speak all this in a play, to know
your one side is a dreamed half-fall
into the medium you say sustains you.'

DESTRUCTIVE IMPULSE

Would they tell or
make example of?
struck out and over
to the next one, to
set or stray standing.
Down at shoulder,
the clients of sour
wood-heart condition
fit demonstration for,
well anyone's
willingness
to bite instruction
or at least play at it.

And he took admired
glaze and went
resembling dazzle
effigied highlights,
a line of standing capes
or frosted greatcoats,
stage manager gone mad
the lining alone costs fortunes.
'Especially in speech
there's more to sample'
– they said, angrily –
'and to ensample passing
predilections for.
If thrown by the new-wild
written in this silly wood's
design, or clipped for
foreclosed ends, take our
advice. Run beside it:
sneak glances sideways.'

So place beneath the trapwork.
Imperative were handsome
for promises not taken
at utter point: sideways.
Reminted dalliance of
a promptbook not open.
Mark a place to return later,
no, that will not do
with coloured slips. Recall
a person is not a book
and why acts kind unkind
are returnable and not
illimitable fold or page
dissolved in wanting.

As though a synapse can be emptied and retain its form /
thinking makes it so and we do branch /

'Since exact adaptation resembles magic and the object that
behaves perfectly becomes no better than a hallucination'

Linings went first. After that it was all up for jacket architecture.

Dignity unfixes as
in dull blue archer garb,
wrong colour but it'll do,
fold the points carefully,
the verb's too far off where is
America when you need it.
Papery darts of groucho
voice, crisp falls, silences
off as light dismays settle
and little jousts prick
the bearer's head.

love flies / out the window
money comes / innuendo

Outset thought real deal
shoehorn preferable
to any old them grown slyly
categorical. Shush to that.
And to liberties bought
without possibilities of
genera heard to shape
talk back & forth & via.

Bubble arraignment.
Swift disclosures of
a sky half-hitched.
Someone's idea of excuse
lightens the top bit, floats
the way words grow spatial,
never their strong point.

To persevere has slopes,
plots dramas just to stop
all this nonsense recalled
to old formula. The before
speech a form of moment
gone hard, now expelled
aphoristic because no
other container sufficed:

*To surprise the bearer
attempt to repay what he'll say
before he says it, you owe nothing
but this fist of it returned to.*

ANSWERING INJUNCTION

If you are here for numbers knock
On my other doors. The summons
Reflects a concern I hope we share
& seek release from. Please don't
Take notes, a transcript will be
Issued afterwards. Wait until
I finish speaking before you reply,
You'll find I am trying harder to say
What I must limit as 'it' this way
In what appears stiff reserve.
The less formal route obviates
Content too, it may abridge
Your concern of its very natural
Pertinence to every aspect of our
Commitment and the dignity,
In whatsoever kind, of your reply.
This will survive decision itself
And light every step that has led to it,
As when on holiday a particular
Track from beach to hill lodge
Is learnt in sunlight and revealed
Again by uncertain moonlight
To be the right path taken again.
At this development each aspect of
Structure trembles as though wishing,
The fine diagram all negotiate earns
Its new place back in the shape.
How strange to know you so well,
My decorum for your wild fluency.
We could speak at this hour about
Absolutely anything, only now do
I myself realize – we could change
At the speed you allow has caused
Its part in difficulties of production.
Am I being too clear? Perhaps
You feel that my open door is not

Truly open to you, given the extent
To which you may be already
Committed to another solution.
Given what I am about to say
If I am deemed to have said it
Already. I am about to say it now,
You must decide if it is blocked
In advance or modifying
Even as my scales tip & catapult
What is carried there into the blue.
I cannot deny that there lurks
A dogmatic aspect of my stating
From which we seek release, as a
Simple hound runs full tilt
Away from one town's competitive
Ordnance display towards another
Past you arrested by it journeying
The aforementioned road at night.
A good friend of mine & myself
Found after his painful divorce,
And this is no agony aunt conceit
About which you are meant to
Understand other than what is said,
That the only way to retain honour
Between ourselves was the fiction
Of a clean break, that old, old
Story unearthed by archaeologists,
Perfected in new modes of joining
And delivered again in the post.
I hoped that deferred within the
Arrangement honour could be found
As we pledge honestly what we
Are even into a future known,
Now, as exchanged for another.
For we have to believe alteration
Possible, don't we, if we are also
To live in other ways?

ABACUSES

I.

Memory of an outburst warms to perfect
the account, is known to speak again.

The stone moved, it would not stay or
could not what I would like it say:

the thing was	life but never
I had been	known that till
with the police	now. Did you
force all my	not notice
something	other, similar

half-brick considerations? Water bought
of itinerant sellers, facts in the ground.

Reach of stone budding the ones carried.
But multiply no more the something inert:

connections	described,
to outside	measured for
via road, gas	resentful spirits
electric	they could yield
were, and were	as siege.

2.

When a secondary meaning usurps primary perforation, we say 'water runs out'.

I held to subsequent across insistence on conservatoires, glasshouses, auditioning

acronym loss	dissimilar
& music	flavours
less than	porous one way
threading	rational actors
grapes	in far column.

Opus numbered to limit title to travel
out of compare: we see more on his skewer.

The thing was life but never, under other name.
We drifted to the beach on strike days, tasting

Carried aloft	Let me apologize
left, right	once for
fourth wall	all unending
of neighbour's	waters
house. Slept.	left and right.

3.

Continue after flare, in a private ceremony
rehearse what may handsome us honour.
It behoves to know for a formal quiet.

the thing was
pulled
from the fire
the black box
I resist
its beauty
indelible

we thought
the papers went
up as they prized
it open,
rest now
to remain
charcoal, as alleged.

SCENE: A CLEARING

Old resource, look a franked stamp
in its eye, day
of its week?

Mid trophy, follow compôte
here where childflow
fears tread?

Gooseberry fool, ask hard what you learnt.
Fresh thoughts
who from?

Tell me where did you, what you wore.
I make myself ask
you becoming

Answerer's face in second arrangement.
Quick what were they like?
Imagine

Yourself in rep, you with your
fresh respondents
told losing

A plot of doors opening, shouts
and dislike of telling
details over

To point where D. in third party
enters, making all
animals wake

Deeper in felt drawer, dispersals
occur after village
arrangement

Visible postman picks his way up
Outline Street & all
cats sniff

Conserving routes, shoes, incidents
revolve violent season's
bowl

Of fresh thoughts, subscribing Cinema
Scheharazade a bridge
headmanship:

I mean more
than switched
rubber mask
dazzle enigma
of feasted eyes.

Must I say
(I must) that
you do too
& I'd count
all about it.

Satisfaction
intervened
out of voice,
result
bulldozed in.



Consort wildly as so much
agrees or is agreed
by a gentler conqueror than you,
soft empire where enquiry meets
shocks any would invade
answerer's bubble.
Indifference of air's mosaic,
Terrazzo levels altering
subtly echoic stutters.
We note historic arrivals
of accessories for removal,
to lull the deed, or watch
for what was learnt:
new joiners had other ideas
closed on accidents of birth.
'Or did you not ever
for the first time
go on an escalator, ever.'
And agree that it is fine:
seeing names pre-printed,
what can you do but look
about &, occasionally, sign.



They found the DJ busy on sorrow
and in the refusal found
the new sound they know,

so fast it gave access to exhausted
not quite slowness
nonetheless accurate

to the slight yet very frequent
shocks of the modern world.
'Pleasure

is a political achievement'
repeated at ten dozen b.p.m.
it may be so still yet

unconfidently
outside in the
fear commas.



Around the edge and bolted
down, the pavilions.
But neglect the gods.

Rents in the broadcloth
through which the vignette becomes,
blinking from the passage,

ready for many entrances into singular
history civilian hairdressers become.
The gods are very near,
but cannot hear us

the space above their level
occupied by glorious machinery of air.
Secular completeness unobserved
in last century's roofwork.

Even the hurriers benefit
from its built dispensation
and open transitions. (Audible
thunder in external hemisphere.)

These signs surplus to surly got down
verbatim. As a returnee from
illness marvels at simple motion.



*With a felt pen I'll letter
unfamiliar letters separately
on a placard, the car lulled
safely to the space it takes.
I have wiped the previous careful
letter forms nicely. This reminds me
of the magic slate with which
Ernesto firmly taught
the importance of writing.
When the moment comes
I never make a mistake,
assure the eyes alighting
on the powderkeg of names
that I'm no ferryman,
just a cheerfully pale copy.
Rebuilt fairyland, it works
at least, I prefer it.
But by some trick it's me alone
represented with a family,
where I might want to be a cloud in trousers
or narrate imperium's grand-equivocal finale
or show them all the three cups trick again,
that it is never truly learnt:
in this I do side with the child
playing with its shadow,
reverb of a saucepan lid
in anyone's noise orchestra –
I read 'the children will stand
and scream inarticulately
at each other for an hour together,
out of pure love to dissonance'.
I'll defer concatenation.
Except: do not make
too much of the past.
Sometimes there's no way
back to roman from italic,
we must just all
lean & slope onwards*



To bush cinemas inclining
without the visible framework.
Truncation lightly carried over.

Piped music makes of air a watery pact.
Emerging onto a concourse
you find the audience waits,

all eyes upraised to the display:

Every destination speaks MasterCard

Truncation lightly borne

Anyone can play ambassador of an island state

So why this new, new pressure

Abbreviation enters, revise

Imaginarium of mixing, its faults

Quaint old municipal breeding

Life as it is; life caught unawares

Music for swimmers

Aquarium of removal accepted

Proceed to way through now

GET WILLIAM

to James Buchan

1.

Processional entry, storm-battered conference.
Even as the adjacent tent's planchette, wired
to short wave, slips the dial and listens.

Pretenders seek east. Does not the day break here?
No. These grey lines are messengers. Or here,
which is a great way growing on the south

by both deceived. Read the depiction up-ended
with all names turned and proceed, falling
down familiar stairs. Such was sky-written

like distance, open at a puzzle page.

2.

Principle of interruption. Digital radios
no good for this, failure of drift as the lock
shuts out for good what won't be heard:

fanfares reaching down to the dungeons,
crackle percussion, suz, congress in the next room
through baby alarm, speech of elders sharing

irritation. Air banded and owned
imperfectly, free intercepts of open margin.
Outside the locked stops, preprogrammed,

intervallic air declared null and void.
A garden was a room without a roof.
Graduate production of linguists stayed desk.

3.

Not to want this proffered part
or that of spectator. To not want.
Disinvite the guests.

Decline the middle distance
in which coevals horse around
the foreign video collection,

and audience in account lines.
Tired you say, I do not want
to stay, tend early to retire.

General witness protection
stocked the fridge: sports drink
polished his tone for get out.

They, for there is a they,
write your script, prepare
whisky, provide clearances.

'None talk of sadness,
we are on the way
which leads to victory.'

4.

Smash pantograph
and another five
arise firm friend.

Prequel wash outfall.
Carbon trace outsource.
Reconstruction
out caspianned:

Can I take a look
at your pack?

Dot matrix rearrange
domestic agendas
browned and torn off.

But god-like wants
said sorry compounds
to get stuck in, refuel

on solace geography
till the free predicates
sing home at last.

5.

Break the diegesis, midweek on a Tupolev. To put a tick against Kant's tomb. How long does it take to lose the secret? I heard someone say here: 'We, of the second world'. I'll be washing the fine Baltic sand from my hair a long time, it squeaks as you walk. The silly German knights built castles on the highest dunes in Europe, said to have sunk intact. Such hubris. The summer's dance track on this spit is Kalashnikov, thundered out to the lagoon. The city is the strangest. Expressionist vestige. A few villas, vacant forts. I grasp only the stark outlines in glaring light. I never was much of a traveller, you see. History is careless here. First you see the disorder, the well muscled men on balconies with just their army training, and that feeling that just anything might happen. Then you see within this the order, the way certain forms of life do after all carry on. The car, it is any car, pulls up, you get in with someone, who is also anyone, and travel at exhilarating speeds.

6.

Unbalance the book.
Tip and shake till
Tunbridge Wells falls out,

or pin every destination
on Ideal Towel Stack, D.C.
that mansion all inherit

like tapwater gone home,
sighing out its tepid jokes.
Twin me with blank

pages back from the wars,
a story in pieces is called
complexity, they warm at that,

back at the health windows
women gather to talk.

7.

Every stamp cries duty done
Every blank cries shame
Finish what you have begun

: like a warm myth coverlet.
Decorate now in consecrate damask
double figured, in etched velvet

a throw on tours of duty in vocab.
New form forage scours the yard,
bluff engendered danger stops

a build-down blocked in open
session, Chatham House rules.
In a house of stopped wages

the reverse of the fabric is still bright.

8.

So go, freelance, release purpose
in contractors. Let the hotel card
shut you off to remedy in

a journey back to Paris, grit in his nails
to *GET WILLIAM 15 rue one four the rroest*
else the project is

with only a TV screen for light.
He thinks he is a kingmaker or a king,
the window is sealed shut.

She, for there is a she,
not love interest but sidelined friend,
does not condone the error,

points the way lying not east
for resolution but back, crashing
on English shingle.

And this, most of all is the track
we want to replay: a spy's marriage
lit by festive shells.

9.

Romance insists he name the quarry
and so he does. It could be you,
it could be anyone, except

probably not, that's how it works,
you are to take the warmth offered
you will not draw

of another's Île St Louis fold-out
erotic episode, never again
the moreover

implement hand distinctions
journalist or cabinet
it's still a profession

swing the cheval-glass
until the right face appears

LINES INSCRIBED ON A GAUNTLET

Daisy Goodwin's *Little Book of Command Structure*, note the boldly correct singular, lacks for me sufficient advice on how to fall correctly, loving instead the thrown gloves of

pick it up	on Monday
that self dust	get it
its worth	ravelled up
off mentor	for Tuesday
till the weld	all over again

But denied full Fred Astaire absolution to dance yourself upright, prosaic subject without character, perfectly aware of hope in baubles, carry yourself matchlessly through

in light voice	to meet
answering	the etiquette
saying yes	bashed out
trying to	the repartee
cooperate	to a metallad

Fist, muscles wasting, it cleaves to the police takes their side as I do, copper bands and turquoise charms, green alloys of the ring finger. Where the structure held in mind was meridional, muscular referral, dead toe to upper lumbar, dorsal shifts not drummer boy palsies –

Engravings	Not that she will
on his arms	not but murmur
betoken	hum it to traffic,
nought to origin	gravity
can be spoken	overcomes me

Such a poem would know its way as an osteopath releases heat, a small service conducted without sadness outside state channels. The Criminal Injuries Compensation Authority is the only government agency to use the word solidarity in its mission statement. True or false?

Kicked away
dodgy
table leg
the broken
annoyance

remaining
the signs
left that
cooperate
sullen with

Unreserved promise, still visible the way glazed white bricks brought light to inner courtyards, as hesitancy, how to join an old part to a new, a scrunched print climbs the air past party walls battened with roof felt

Bagless
I float up
eaves
over shops
stir your

selves follow
foot forward
it paddle air
to the pink
yield plus plus

To the soft total sum surfeit that always adds up, not like verse falling towards prose, failing audition to find what was truly verse-like, that could be said here and not elsewhere, it would be rebellious. How a stitched up Victorian talked to herself, years after the event

What would
pillow me
with
commonalty
nylon bands

she cannot
geomantic
now not
counting
enough with

Money, running out at the door. Yet unbidden command may serve as a sortie from a fortress in which one has lain perhaps too long, the whole body of prohibition and the luminous word ahead, no, signals the stereometric figure to come towards life and start moving:

Partly dealt
the street
went blank
for minutes
at a time

Off our faces
on the top
deck, spur
me memorable
name, date of

Birth, repeat it till commonplaces vote in favour of the world. Life wasn't a dress rehearsal, ask the driver how you looked. These offers of surprise slight in purchase would be weightless. A mute gesture beckons, you're on:

Pushed from
the wings
the screen
has none
publish the

book of stutter
Stephen it
will be good
everyone
will buy it

QUEEN LOSS IN THE WILD

for Tania Nasielski

Wishfold faltered third refer
to diamond pointmark
potent fur. You and you
dandelion head, set

stood aface the holm oak
quincunx, saying you to
diagram the face this way.
Lovers' chairs vanish

truant to musical arrest
of the caught wish.
I could not: Time flies you
cannot they move at

such irregular intervals:
say you from your fine
companions, desiring them
so stops this jerking state

in contemporary dance
laughed on a ridge
over whose contours the
bright diagrams fall.

So deprive the clock. Press
closely at the ticket
gate, they enter in through
copinaderie, to trim

corporate profits gathering
wool; shoplift for me
bracelets and shirts – *ne te
découvre pas d'un fil*

jusqu'à la fin du mois d'avril –
follow it through the tree
lattice growing that way
together bent. Carved by

marks that made them even
skin crops forth regenerate.
Wishforce folding pollen,
possibles caught in the neck

of Taurus and bad timing,
shine randomly
destinarian over
stopped skipped beats

Craving intimacy into
a page, a garish backdrop
fingertips meeting fair
thrown amities among

rhizomatic knotweed,
eucalyptus in middle life,
careless sycamores too too
grown for their back gardens.

Hornets patiently raise their
broods of zombie workers
were never carved in stone
above the co-op door

like fabled bees & their
well meant deposits.
Enquire into their nests.
The queen's blazoning

pique in yellow black sematics
don't touch it's catching
might code for democracy
at the Bug Ball der Zukunft

flashing combat to the unwary.
Let's unpack that thought,
teach diplomats arts of teasing
before the treaties of

foxgloves and tides in any case
around your ankles.
Firemen hoist, as you may,
scarfed from tallboys

and wardrobes of sexual
percentage, flung
around the bedroom scene
of a fair friend's care.

What falls so that? Not the triangle
but the hopeful rhombus.
Foxes make their beds by day
it comes soon to slay its brother.

Chance discovered them. Ears
the deaf one, looks for Eyes.
'Look, it is the first drum beats
of autumn on the earth.'

EXEMPLARS

Enter fleeing on whose say-so, storm-cloud? Counsel grows clonic. Through the interregnum, the messenger dreams of letters borne on salvers; his own, though cunningly addressed in an uncle's hand. As though to complete the circuit of work set out freshly. Their ways he came to know almost as his own, a line was crossed and occupied. In what, then, lay his peculiar charm, for it is not as though there can be no problems with any form of arrangement. Erotic life, for example, what we could teach him about that! Lacking time for himself he became time itself, he imitated it perfectly, carrying all before him. 'To receive messages as though from others, raise them on high.' He buffed up their bronze arrowheads and completed their sentences. He was the last among them to lack a first name; this self-denying ordinance was to be his least suspected victory. Through it he forged an aberrant intimacy with both himself and the great ones of his time. The rebuke went unnoticed by those generations that learnt decades, exploding in all points early in the next century, the age called no masters.



Go deeper into the beck and call, and even vigilance will administer itself strange spaces: the railway lands, the zone of embroideries, the small brown birds of the inter-war years. The doze in a high-sided chair moving through nature. The camel was a town-crier in an inset in which hardly any grass grows – they are still laughing as you turn it this way and that. A small amount of grass gets averaged out to none. Part of the view decides to wake up anyway, flushing with curiosity. There is still plenty to be getting on with in Mauritania, and a small part of anyone's relentlessness that does not want to be simply relentless. Any history of artificial light will say the same: the banished corner is frogmarched to the bench to put on a coronet, though what it most wanted was to remain a corner, albeit with its own stately musical development. Even ghosts are unsafe from such awards once they have learnt to play themselves, just listen to their bragging.



Sigh for the violence of trade: you'll be carried along by one in each ten whirlwind romances, from which no moving chair in nature will provide a view. Nature simply comes to you, unable to prompt any forms of classification. So did we meet car, car, car, car running the lights on constant green. You rock your mother's cradle in private, according to the guide. Eight-year-old boys queue up to forget their mother in a wife or some lord of the garage. Ask any rules of thumb why the old are no longer wise, and they'll launch out on wide-ranging discourses on many subjects; just by asking you will have pulled from them an enormous, unsuspected weight. Which if connectives agree is one unitary thing, though its disguise from each to each is that it is formed from processes that are in essence unplanned, composed of intermittent slights, sections, angles and accumulations. How easily the dazzle of this kind of arrangement appears. It hovers from chest height to just over the highest head, and yet even the simplest precautions can dispel it. Mouths learn to produce it, precisely when they could decide to interest themselves. Scrub the air they go through, speak to the vehicles.



Tabular mountains and plateaux, necklace advance. At a certain point the valley road turns. The fable of coexistence had seen good service, it saw no particular reason to wait.

I raise a fist twisted frontwise, stare at the thumb I seem never to have seen and then, cover one eye with it. Seeking out the levels. This machine sees the future. Clifftop silhouette scorched green inverse, digger rakes valley noise from below. Ants the size of grapes. The team breaks early to avoid the sun. I pocket the print, head for the moot. Decision came to meet us, extending a pencil torch from a cuff. Delegates offer, in order, monkey wrench (fur hood), 'loved your paper'; spiked theodolite (yours truly), 'my windshield's kind of misty'; swordstick (tan mac), 'one way or another'; and kaleidoscope – actually rolled-up end-user certificate – 'how are the chimps?' To which the whole biology class shouts '99.4%!' The chimps had stayed home; home was exactly where home was.

Chairs unfold in the anteroom, the table wedged with flyers in sun-cured plastic sleeves. Still the old-country portrait of a moustache and its keeper. Képi reports that no one had heard from no, last seen running with the off-shore crowd. Noted. The subject of the brainstorm: what is the meaning of the inanimate things? Lunge secure and brisk, put off your usual garments, this consult flies a kite.

Decision announced that they were not of our kind, and should be taken in only suspiciously. The habit of constant appeal granted them an unwarranted power, advanced their registration even in tempo. Sample said no, such adhesives can be redesigned as achievement, given the right instrument, circle time or will, to seek treaty with such inner formations is radically late. Reckon with the turns for good. To care not too brightly, said a corner, or scare the beast. And separate these compounds in which no glimmer glance or glimpse of what being flatly asserted, disfigures welcome. If so to sideline, broadcast from there: the question itself sediments figure outside landscape deprived in this way of even the size of its own shadow. Expel it as 'real time', sit back to watch the counter. Corner stood up to convey this, mimesis work. Pause arrives, taps, asks: a returner featured differently each time. The three-dimensional diagram carried before each of us, inchoate articulations adjusted to a rhythm crossing adversely atop indifferent lunges. A promise in this cloud cut through. 'Nobody who isn't dead can fail to be convinced by proof.' The non-joiners, arms clamped to their sides, await the pass-key to the chalets. Clump translation: *we don't talk inanimates, they're family*. Abstention leaches back into the honest dumbshows of difficulty and complication, still available for identity parade. But even for the honest doubters the welcome had hopped, minds on the promised festivity and campfire.

Then once removed spoke up, deploring these casually flooded meadows. 'I would say: unreal time is not to be mocked. As a real limit on energy it saps, especially when busking as its opposite number. I challenge any of you to separate salt from fresh in such channels. He who would steward for topsoil must gauge the shadows on water, but be valiant in recognition that while no thought is contented – ever the beckoning branch not taken – the one channel alone is carved by unseasonal rain and later, socialised by those unzoned cheetahs with which we make our meal. I would betray my own dignity at this point if I could win you for a fine complication reckoning also on outcome, without, needless to say, being ransomed to reckoning itself as an ideal quantity.'

Earpiece added the silence from a glass booth, just by breathing there. Sandglass revival. Makeshift sodality. Prompt-box honoured in vacancy. Rap it like a chess-clock, summary deity of decision cast out. We speak on its behalf. We name the action 'Deploring' on indraw. Except one more thing piped decorum, pencil raised, who we'd had down as clump abstention. As a non-driver, I, express nonetheless my love of traffic richly defined. The thing about you is your damned nimble, said war wound, sippy in dotage, but don't think about another questionnaire. He wrapped this up because he could. That was our cue for the real work, as the nouns got it together in a conga-line.

I had a funny feeling, as I saw the house disappear, as though I had written a poem and it was very good and I had lost it and would never remember it again.



So ribbons find manilla, shrugs disband, except in this way they actually do. Where was Orator Kid, who could tell you how it happened? Coat flapping, sequent sets out on the path back to shoreline, left exactly where it was. How did they do that. Stumble stones give out to boardwork and decision carries around the bay reserve. To spiritual burlesque. 'Yes,' say the rocks. As though to breathe it all in. Thermal expansion right out to the gambling ships, the permanent, relentless trip west. A jewelled bracelet laid out in the show windows of the night. Stars stored up as a past screen, as an audience is sealed off from the sound stage. From which distant music, many moons ago: your dilemma is with solution, the clarity of which is, to me, startling.

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