

Selected Poems 1988-2016

## Also by Alan Halsey



## Alan Halsey

## Selected Poems <br> 

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# from Eleatic Electric 

Eleatic Alert

Light-fingered dawn an hour late accounts for the delay he imagines. To annihilate its trace is the daily task of the hero's
mind as it returns to 'his' body between points of fixed abode on the image of the virtual horizon.

Whatever your time zone smile and place your facsimile slide in the slot marked Qwik or you're dead: it is a quirk
of nature with nuisance
value added to Renaissance
wonder you realise
the moment you press and release.

Another homophone strays
off in unmeasured stress
and indivisible despair.
By the sound
of it a levy
of airmen back from Lethe
or W.H. Auden
is strafing the wordhoard.
Hit and promise rebound.
At enemy
base the one and the many
will and won't disappear.

Repeating at speed all night
the message is denied
recoded and returned. The radar
ensures that the reader
deciphered and in that
sense foresuffered will sleep
undisturbed: his dreams
have been distributed
as type / as a sidelight
signals to a minus factor
overplus delight
sing or else.


Eleatic Electric: a score for four voices
The voices steadily follow one another but pause between stanzas. The entire sequence is repeated several times with variations in the order of voices (but not sentences) and with increasing speed of response; in later repetitions they overlap and in the last speak at once. In a stage version the performers wear simple identical masks and costumes; they are seated and immobile but change places for each repetition.

1: The same voice must describe the same fallacy the fallacy describes.
2: The keywords bunch up for safety.
3: Fittest is the high-level mole's survival.
4: Knowing neither the words nor where they come from's a comfort.

1: The original magic of the first this or first that the fittest keyword.
2: Their best deference attack.
3: Where Europe is the content contention is the form.
4: One keyword headlocks or sentences another.
1: You at the laser relax.
2: Afterword or postmark abruptness is all.
3: First they overrun the hordes then their time.
4: The anarchic circle spreads south south south.
1: One's quaynote night.
2: Quote matches quote inverted commerce translates.
3: The same voice charms devoid terms divide.
4: There is an end to being made precise.
1: Blast the ontological continuum.
2: Written rite through end elides into ans
3: One keyword on stream locks the kinedgm on earth.
4: ... chic Circe ...
1: I come back to what come same moment back to this.
2: Land shrinks in the mapreder's mind.
3: What is fittest for a key ord goes for all survivors.
4: You and the laser shoot the breeze.

1: A little bit of knowledge harms the horse's mouth.
2: Off to sleep of(f) your own volition you words!
3: What's the lookout at the left-hand margin?
4: When Zeno fits the last 'arrow' in the laser the breeze drops.
1: For best appearance turn the inside out in the rain and the sunshine.
2: Whatever this fits I come back to that first moment thus far.
3: One keyword turned round turns you loose.
4: This fear is to all events and purposes the form.
1: The same keyword turned loose must describe the same anarchic circle turned round.
2: Circe's swine's food's nostalgia's shit, that's possession.

3: The point of the arrow is directing you back to the point of departure. 4: The act is overhauled by the sum of extracts.

1: I and I O U-turn.
2: Being made precise as the world without credentials!
3: Bored stars are being hung out again over Flagship Earth.
4: Bored stars punched keywords.
1: The rain echoes resonance, Renaissance back, what sunshine.
2: Once a name is called a name it fits one is cancelled.
3: The underwriter splits on the subtext.
4: One keyword turned coward turns round.
1: Shot for shot and star for star Zeno brazens it out with the laser.
2: Is this the way writing looks looking back?
3: The high-level mole describes a U-turn.
4: I am claiming your share of the diffidence ders the heartland.
1: They serve who survive whom thesu)Acefits, quotes the mole.
2: That corner of the market percepief forecloses on is yours you words!
3: The direction of the subtext is gured at the point of exchange.
4: Quote colonial commerge query quits full stop.
1: You and the breeze fork loose.
2. Fitting is the keyword's perception of doors (within doors).

3: (Parentheses the solipsist's refuge.)
4: The fittest voice underwrites then overruns the wordhoard.

1: All land folk lost by possession.
2: Ask and the anarchic circle will be granted freedom of the keyword.
3: It is terms being met not made being echoes.
4: Look how a molehill moves towards a fit survivor.

1: Keyed in to the market settlement a low quai d'affaire.
2: Self-interest's self-centre's self-possession's sole option.
3: Knowing neither the words nor where they come from's the circumference nowhere.
4: Echoes coming back being equals.

## An Eleatic Dirge for William Empson

Vows are refashioned as the voice dies out along the flightpath. The paradox points back to the problem arrow. The voice dying out describes the view
whereas the view describes more than the limits of the voice. Reconnaissance looks westward: renaissance dies out along the flightpath. Can I out-describe you
or you me? It is the arrow on a map, pointing west of the page, which the paradox points back to. Isn't all time lost by definition? It points back along the flightpath, refashigned.

Companion Studies

laser.

The backward sun in philosophy in your terms and my times retreats into a postdated
everlasting song. Unrequited memory seeks spinal column. If there's nothing you can do
then look at what you've done: it's an ordinary life you've been
leading, you words, up to this.

It is a reflex action at the interface or motive pit I mirror idea say.
Companion studies companion. One I and one the rival poet. One candidate
one antidote. The former and the primer.
One loose in other words one
loses either way: if not the writer's writer then the solipsist's twin.
'.. the Alpha laser would be aimed at a 13 -foot circular mirror that would focus the beam and direct it towards distant targets.'

The backward sun (in the notife it)
Narcissus re-reverts. Yes eyes)
No's companion. Once Yes looking back
starts filling in the blanks
on No's glossy questionnaire
ecology is banished from the wordland.
Reality maintenance filters from top level to the service industries ensuring that anybody's business becomes somebody's concern.

If the code's being cracked what of conduct?

In the image of the mirror and the laser: who treats whom; with what; and which retreats?

In the photograph attached which one's beamish, Yes or No? Time's anticlockwise fool, Yes or No?

Twenty-five acres of trees and three species of beetle have vanished in the wordland in the space of this sentence. Reality maintenance (the mirror)
replaces 'you' in the companion
what maintenance reality (fore
is what reality maintenance yets.
Unrequited memory seeks haser
resolution in the losermrdand.

If the end-all is the be-all forestalled high regard is the mirror's small reward etc.
*

What's the message being forged
(Isn't memory condemned)
on the rebound but Forget
(to anti-memory's contempt?)

The 1950s are replayed to the tune of Yes mopping up the cash with No's extended credit. Whose
companions roast beef in the mirror of the sun: No yesterday is safe, so formal are the ways
of contentment. The motive pit has been soundproofed with a two-way mirror where the image of whom but whose father in limbo and in fact Yes notices that's you transplanted from No's wordland heading home.


## Table Talk

The poem looks the other way just as one word impersonates the first thing the last thing it means will reward it for.

If the absolute absolves what will the obsolete do? How will the aviator level what the saviour could not elevate to you?
*

Blue chips plenty in a white-lie district. Everything's potential being take for a ride and/or a fact becomes theone constant factor and a rageras
caring, precisely: the jhflupnce of coffee-house or copyshop makes table tall and retail reality net practice for a start, knife tells fork.

That dinosaur
dishonour
is words

> dropping
> off to sleep
> into place.

The cut worm ploughed back shares the profit.

The table motions to the baseline
the moment these nights exhaust themselves disproving that Céline
the table motion \& night coexist.
*

It is this and this then it's years ago
it's what you say you said you side with and what you make it up with you make up then play down, at least I do, Catullus.

Being able to do nothing about it, being conscious, being rig off beam, remarks the empty beside you which stores every foolish word, right agail

Dear guest don't ask what the host of new laws is being introduced to you as.
If there is something to say but there is someone there beside not you but himself don't answer.
If the table talks shop like nobody's business shut up.

No mountains, Novalis. There's an I in categorical which flies through the air like trapeze in a pod. You can't sleep because the table of contents and the form talk all night. It's not before time if they're throwing out Plato but insomnia's the index of a book you'll never write, now you know.

One more charade. Whether history was stopped by hypothesis or not if it was natural science stepped in to decide which leader of men you stamped your foot beneath the table in the image stumped.

Fifth on the left is one tradinfartate like a malcontent waiting es the next course joke true to form. Try Tec, ling 1968 or was it sixty-seven or 1644 our condition is their precondition, are you with me?

The old means of production giving out gives out warnings? If we try not to need we need not try but can argue both ways, it is something to go on, to go on.

The ship of state of the art of polite conversation starts to list. I'm saying what I like like everybody else. That sail of a sub in Finlay's garden's a tale of a tub I'm told or it's the wing of a jubjub bird or what's the word to pass the jug jug asks Hubbub. The one isolated thing you can bank on's swallowed up shore's fate.

What if Will moves the glass as Plot claims can't we still hear the spirits?
Stepping through the mirror into 1589 aren't we virgin on folklore and nonsense? Are we back here already? Calling names names things things and talk talk there's something left over and to spare 'like a soul' suggests the table to its halo or as we say us. It's too late in the evening to ourtesies from curses or charms froo ch 2 mrs or and don't tell me men's tomorow tomorrow: it's a game you give not up but away.

## What's the bouncer telling Chequestub?

Anxiety as usual is talking with his mouth full for our benefit while Hubbub interprets, one more idiosynthetic

I mean idiosocratic
wisecrack from you and no access
no exit.

Smoak Presto writing news, roll up for the printed circuit of yes today's papers the VDU running rings around super seeds. Its or it's mortal coils at the world heart, transformer; swift action undreamed of required, recycled while you weep for the days when it was all just words. Us talking like this shows the language is less stilted than long-legged like Thomas's bait or the domino theory that big fish die in little despond while the news travels light and abolishes the threshold till it shines with apologies to you who'll never fit but foot the bill.

Passing the world-stuff I call my baby n(1y) sizy
sings Billie to Thales who turns orine who sticks to what shesay Ome hell or high abstract fiction

Wallace Stevens springs on.

Let's not get maudlin in the roué morgue.
'Revolution' was hardly the word for those triumphs for which 'triumphs' (you translate into the night no more than Byron is transformed into Laforgue) won't do.

I've been faithful to thee
even now when everything's post-something,
a US Army Manual quotes Dowson and Scenario's the word. Time passed well is still well past time. If you'll hear what I believe I'll believe what you hear so that even if talks continue we're uncertain witnesses for sure.


