

*Radio Mast Horizon*

*Also by Andrew Taylor*

Comfort and Joy (Ten Pages Press, 2011)

The Lights Will Inspire You (Full of Crow Press, 2011)

The Sound of Light Aircraft (Knives Forks and Spoons, 2010)

The Metaphysics of a Vegetarian Supper (Differentia Press, 2009)

And the Weary Are at Rest (Sunnyoutside Press, 2008)

Poetry and Skin Cream (erbacce-press, 2004 and 2007)

Temporary Residence (erbacce-press, 2007)

Cathedral Poems (Paula Brown Publishing, 2005)

Turn for Home (The Brodie Press, 2003)

Andrew Taylor

*Radio  
Mast  
Horizon*

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## Contents

She Strokes Bees	9
Market Place	10
In Winter, the City almost sleeps	11
Little Bird	12
Screwdriver Work	13
Waiting for the Butterfly to Take to the Wing	14
Ice Cold Pavements	15
Small Poem	16
Three Hearts	17
Conker	18
Catalf	19
Poetry and Skin Cream	20
Empty Ring Finger	21
Get well, Mend	22
We Paint While You Sleep	23
In Heels She Feels Closer to God	24
Into the Blue Again	25
To a Fox	26
Knitbone	28
Third Rail	29
The Bang of the Bee	30
Framing Poem: Drinking	
Champagne from Plastic Glasses	31
Carts Are Objects They Are Little Buildings	33
Fog on the West Coast Mainline	34
Carfo	35
Amari	36
New Cut	37
Sandy Brook	38
Old Canal	39
Fine Jane's Brook	40
Leather Barrow's Ditch	41
<i>There is no need for a torch</i>	42
Chicken Pig	43

Like Geese Calling in the Night	46
Starlit on Exit	47
Give Me Blue Paint	48
the third button down is stitched with red thread	49
Dial 9 for an Outside Line	50
Common Salt	51
Lent	52
9.48 to Euston	53
<i>Frosting Pools</i>	53
19.07 to Lime Street	53
Bara Brith	53
The Lingering Scent of the North	54
M58 poem: Right Snow Wrong Quantities	55
The Port	57
Sodium Darkness	59
A Poetry Now	60
Concrete	61
150 W 4 <sup>th</sup> Street	62
From the 39 <sup>th</sup> Floor	63
Swift Black	64
A Snowy Night in Greenwich Village	65
Coureur - de - Bois	66
Notes for Tiffany	68
Manhattan 98	69
Radio	71
Elegiac Stanzas	72
Under Sleepers	73
On Listening to Epic45 Travelling North II	74
Swayling	76
Chocolate Soup	77
Cat Cairn	79
Acknowledgements	81

*This book is for Rachel Smith*





# She Strokes Bees

She strokes bees they must know  
of course we do angel mark  
faded in sunshine beyond the fringe

shaded face beneath cap follow  
the flight of butterflies as they seek  
buddleia growing on wasteland

“What colour are the flowers?”  
“Black”  
“No, what colour are the flowers?”  
“Black”

A keen eye spotting planes dots to me

On the telephone mast starlings gather  
are they being fried slowly  
or is it convenient parking?

It gets better every time we meet

## Market Place

I like your shirt Andrew

During a quiet time sit cross-legged and watch the wind  
    this is a good drying line  
there is a short-cut through the fence

It is worth the hundreds of miles  
    to hear those words to feel  
that appreciation following the lunch brought from London

I like your jumper Rachel

## In Winter, the City Almost Sleeps

I don't. Despite whiskey and exhaustion,  
bags demand to be carried through dawn's  
expanding light.

Half dreams. A blue Manhattan, while dogs  
stride the Brooklyn promenade daubed with  
static snow.

Nothing really exists on snowy days.

Distance and time. Speak on differing levels.  
Life flows weakly through tired memories  
that linger, like roots.

Darkness, blinds. Behind evening falls.  
Imagine bouquets delivered to hospital beds  
and Chocolate bunnies with red collars.

Nothing really exists at this time.

This correlation. Missed meetings where  
I picture the "hellos" and following silence,  
looks exchanged, stored.

A gold greeting. Stored as souvenir, such  
handwriting that transports beyond substance.

# Little Bird

with your tired eyes  
and smile you put me at ease

fed by adrenalin and midday  
Scotch sweat inducing walk

along the pier and all its glory  
pockets weighed by pebbles

anticipation acute through  
every seam as the hour approaches

comfort like the vision  
of Stanley Road nineteen

years ago safe and secure  
in the knowledge of your

existence

# Screwdriver Work

We cover ourselves with cloth  
work until it is time to sleep

Outside your room your sister's spinning

like a bride whispering through the door  
on her wedding eve to  
the husband to-be                      it is tradition

Gather the ingredients for manufacture  
the first picture of summer

it was a May wedding blossom was confetti  
breakfast in a tithe barn

evening ventilation along with low light  
allows for deliberation watch the sky

a deep orange band    reflected  
changes colour        allowing stars to breathe

# Waiting for the Butterfly to Take to the Wing

and lead the way to  
the optimist and the poet

replenish chop the cherry tree  
generational reminder every 30 years

weed shaded concrete paths  
light no penetration

we shall liaise next week  
I'll let you get back to your cheese omelette

time to taste the house blend at Source  
myself a reminder

like Chock Full O' Nuts the first time  
it never fades

it lingers like Winter's determinedness  
amongst the Manhattan gutters

## Ice Cold Pavements

The bus hums as though its life  
depends upon it fumes cloud  
chilled air red lights flicker distanced

yet near enough to feel a part  
of something despite it being 6.00 a.m.

This time of morning perspective  
alters before the first tea of the day

if the snows arrived I'd be first  
to make footprints along the beach

thinking of Clementine and Joel  
and double beds alongside

rooms in Greenwich Village  
Bleecker Street writing visiting  
Zinc Bar setting up a tab  
drinking in preparation for ice

cold pavements and the slide home  
through greying slush replicating  
Bob and Suze in Jones Street

if I transported to HD189733B  
would I be missed?

## Small Poem

If I turn left to St Pancras  
    you'll be at the Champagne bar  
under the gaze of Betjeman  
while I drink cans of bitter  
reading O'Hara  
the room too large for me

breakfast can't come quickly enough  
and time for tea before onward journeys



## Three Hearts

They're clearing the snow from  
streets that I walked in another  
lifetime I see a shaft of  
sun highlight a particular point

where a young tree stands marks  
the spot I want to revisit these  
streets hand held in shared pockets  
away from the histories of home

to travel share in the creation  
of the new matched possibilities  
a time for combined healing  
and re-birth of the ordinary

*It's all about coming to terms  
with life and love*