

*When blue
light falls*

SAMPLE

ALSO BY CAROL WATTS

56, a poem sequence

with George Szirtes (Arc Publications, 2016)

Many Weathers Wildly Comes (Spiralbound/Susakpress, 2015)

Flete, artist's book (2014)

T.R.E.E. (Total Rare Earth Elements)

with sound artist Will Montgomery,

<https://cordite.org.au/poetry/collaboration/tree/>

Sundog (Veer Books, 2013)

Mother Blake (Equipage, 2012)

Occasionals (Reality Street, 2011)

'Zeta Landscape', in

Harriet Tarlo, ed. *The Ground Aslant, An Anthology of Radical Landscape Poetry* (Shearsman Books, 2011)

'Pitch', with sound artist Will Montgomery,

<http://delirioushem.blogspot.co.uk/2011/12/pitch.html>

this is red (Torque Press, 2009)

Wrack (Reality Street, 2007)

brass, running (Equipage, 2006)

alphabetise, artist's book (2005)

Carol Watts

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Hannah Weiner, *The Book of Revelations*.

*A cyanometric work,
in four series of even and odd number sequences.*

SAMPLER

*For Lydia Devereux Cooper,
1912-2008*

SAMPLER

SAMPLER

1

SAMPLER

Blue enters later

Barbara Guest

SAMPLER

SAMPLER

2

when it came down

did it reach as far as

your skin

and mine

that blue light

opening

in absence

of air

would catch you

gaping for

the next

so blue never is

present

how it marks

reluctance

to think that blueness

is

the roundness of a drum

or bowl

where clouds confirm

spun out white and rising

over

the lip of

its darker bruise

the establishing of horses

or

SAMPLER

6

knowing blue goes on

still

under this storm

without inviting thoughts

of altitude

sickness

or frost

in curlicues

the grand X written

however wild

and buffered in

grey

you feel

SAMPLER

yet it is uncertain
if there is this habitat of blue
to speak of

turning its bleak constancy
to what might shine
at my lived

and fortunate

door

a grip loosened into it
might fall or

fly

without
a word

10

enough to cut
cloth by
returning

in poked
through
rods

flayed out
to sight or
a skin warmed by
what admits

seeing us outside

that every last
bud
on that bare tree
might
 take a chance

even though blue
is a stranger to it
 is not what it grasps
or shies from
not what it takes
 into lungs

SAMPLER

that it also does not
take a chance
since blue is its
 extinguishing
in name opening on to

exhalation at root

a burning

bhel

blao

blue

black

SAMPLER

16

blue enters the face

go fishing in

watering

holes

there

the same sheet

unfolding

SAMPLER

but blue is not

what she

looked out on