When blue light falls...
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,
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)
A cyananometric work,
in four series of even and odd number sequences.

For Lydia Devereux Cooper,
1912-2008
SAMPLER
Blue enters later

Barbara Guest
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
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
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
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
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
blue enters the face

go fishing in

watering
holes

there
the same sheet
unfolding

but blue is not
what she
looked out on