Past Futures
—Collected Poems—
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Token and Trace
Metamorphosed from the Adjacent Cold
Leavetakings
Sleeping It Off
Cold’s Determinations
Clive Faust

Past Futures
— Collected Poems —

Shearsman Books
in association with Skysill Press
To Tread along the Mean 61
Excavations along the Nile 63
Responsories 65
A Japanese Buddhist Monument 66

Token and Trace
Re-pair 71
The Air in the Well 72
Deliberative Meander near the Great Ocean 73
Accommodation 74
Indifference as Difference 75
Wants: Finite, Infinite 76
Durability 77
Token or Trace 78
Extrusions into a Perspective 80
Wet Night 81
Reanche 83
Light Pools at Night 85
Anxieties 86
“The dusk filters through” 87
Ageing Acceptances 88
Sun-Following 89
A Change Blowing Up 90
Dispossessed 91
The Nurse Carrying My Suitcases 92
The ‘Set’ of Form 94
The Chinese Scroll 95
Otiose 97
Mantis on Chair 98
Night at Fireworks 99

Addenda to First Two Volumes
Docks and Harbour 103
Working Outside 104
Fishing Tackle 105
Leavetakings
Midnight Bell at Chion-in 109
Some Comforting in Age 111
To Stop My Thinking with 112
Preparing and Eating an Evening Meal 113
Stamina for Some Other Purpose 115
Water Surface Light 117
From Cars to the Beach and Gulls 119
Failures 121
Keeping it Together 124
Faces in Cold 125
Options 126
Loosed from Music 127
Frost Breath 128
Thinking Unsuccess 129
Solo Concert 130
Worth Living 131
The Presences 132
Oblation Before Entering the Temple 133
Broken Foot 134
With You 135
Recollections 137
Gathering and Dispersal 138
Leavetaking 139

Addendum to Leavetakings
Along a Nature Strip 143

Sleeping It Off
Sleeping It Off 147
Mnemonics 149
Doppelgängers 150
Possessive Adjectives 151
Shifting Fortifications 152
Insecticide 153
The R.S.L. Reunion 154
In Concern 156
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Recognitions</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jay-Walking</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Top Forty or Whatever They’re called Now</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Japanese Buddhist Cemetery</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After Shutting the Gates</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrying On</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tarot Reading</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unalienated</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loading Beer Barrels</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Length of the Spell—Three Episodes</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Habits</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After the Equinox</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Salivation</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Revenant</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Park Near Evening</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Acceptance</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immaturations</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visiting Hours</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Journey</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work at the Sawmill and After</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Addendum to Sleeping it Off</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bogongs</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muscle Tone</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Customary Relationship</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From “Individual Needs”</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Into Night</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moving Off</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cha-no-yu</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Open Air Fight</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Games’ Venues</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Money</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Church Dance</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reworkings, Inactivities</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anaesthetic</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roll Call (Role Call)</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhythms to Counter-Rhythms</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The ‘Late’ Section from Cold’s Determinations

Skywriting 219
Below the Waterline 220
The Life’s Work 221
On Bivouac 222
Ex Cathedra in Bourges Cathedral 224
The Effort 226
Last Watering Place 228
Double or Quits 232
The Recollection 234
Systole 235
Family Continuities and Discontinuities 236
Mechanical Engineering Show
at the Exhibition Building 240
Uses of Iron 241
Hortus Conclusus 242
Retreat in the Jesuit Seminary 243
Winter Temple 245
Down from the Mountains 247
Childhood Illness 248
Legal Access 251
Storage Space 255
Off and Out 257
The Wreath 258
Past Futures 259
Cold’s Determinations 262

Postscript

A Need for Manipulation 267
Post-Obituaries 268
The Avenue of Trees 269
Match Points 270
Long Division 271
A Day Off 272
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Buzz out of the Regiment</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Individuals in Collectivity</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Returnings</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Low Tide</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burning of the Great Dai on Daimonji</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Training Route</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hygiene</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Sense from it</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manipulative Crafts</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fifty Year Reunion</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marist Brothers’ College Bendigo</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serial Modes</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Substantial Identities</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nobody Home</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchange between Acceptance and Recalcitrance</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gesticulating with Whalen in the Open Air</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ave atque vale, Owen Faust</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dusk from Inside the House</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collapsions</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corollary to a Theme of Corman</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out to Do Some Shopping</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Route to the Abattoirs</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Syllables to and from Cid</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electric Razor's Somatics</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Closed Discussions with Cid</td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foyer</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Preface

Off-putting to think about the relationship between my life and my poetry, and how complicated either of the pair would be, let alone their relationship.

I have attempted to fit narratives to both of them, and both of them admit narratives, yet these histories occur by happenchance, mostly, even when one has arranged events in advance, while other stories, and self-constructed un-stories, could well have evolved, and jostled with each other and me, as definitive for either self or the verse.

As there is nothing finalised about this me, even its past phases, nor about the poetry—for that’s been allowed to wander loose, and I have avoided drafting it into military service, or any personal or social causes—even ones I myself have been committed to.

For poetry is not a communal activity, yet it is engendered by people—and each of them has a particular communal base. While one is indebted to that base for being human at all—and it is only humans who write poetry. Even though poetry is not in itself a human activity.

So, as ever, I thank my friends, my relatives, my acquaintances, even my enemies, for “helping” form the necessary pre-condition for any writing of poetry, and having endured the avoidance of them that any writing of poetry usually entails. As a fellow human, I feel sorry for them, and even at times sorry for the human in myself; but the vocation of poetry is absolute and, to other people (and sometimes to myself) unfair.

So yet again I want to thank my dead friends: Ian Watson, my mother, my father, my brother, a favourite aunt, Thelma and her husband Chas, aunt Marea, my maternal grandfather, Paddie McVay, Trevor Artingstall (let’s hope not dead), Brother James Nash, and unfortunately a host of others.

While still living would be Di Sewell, Michael Hallpike, Sally Holmes, Roger Sworder, Cheryl Russell, Maurice Nestor, Tara Debrodt, Fr. Leo. Hynes, Anthony Hannan, Ron Stewart, Dietrich Faust, Leopold Faust, Konrad Faust, Siegfried Faust and Ros Webster.

Others—and perhaps some of them have not lasted the journey—and I understand that for I have not always lasted the journey myself. But I remember them, and with at the very least residual fondness.

More than other friends have been active in ensuring I could be published. And John Phillips, Jan Bender and Kris Hemensley come
immediately to mind, as well as Cid Corman, thirteen years dead. All of them very fine poets. Without these longstanding friends I would have remained unheard.

And finally, an acknowledgment of the setting, in time and place. I’ve often wondered if mine were the proper environs for poetry, with their isolation, both interior and exterior, and their unfinality. Probably a stupid question, but they’ll do, it’ll do—or, it has done. The local habitation and a name is the somewhere without which poetry would be nowhere at all, nor be the some place you’d need to go to it from.

Clive Faust
METAMORPHOSED
FROM THE ADJACENT COLD
SAMPLER
Contemplating Mountains in Sung Mist

In comparable alone, last gift of the one-and-many, wherever we’re left to feel to that after words other

human contact some contact would’ve filled

us in. Sumiye dried onto rice paper, to loan-bulked mountain against white mist. The

spread of inkbrush, strands into single pine needles, spaces

within anything that we know, out to nothing still uninked in.
Non-Being or Non-Becoming

The Essence of God
is irremovable
from us;
likewise we have it

only as a cure
for one ill. The Friend

we would talk to, \textit{do} something with—
vacuum floors,
walk paths along near
hedges of red hollyhock down

the garden—is a dark
intruder there that’s meant
for intruders. As we are—
unfounded. As it is—
reducing us to a what-is-not,
unknown
number

to what is wanted.
Without Theodolite

Require
space, no other physical
property.
Glass squares
ruled up

in the dark—
    a geometry
over contours
    ideally flat.

To transpose and forget
what needed no transposing
for our purpose. Steams, off breath,
through stone of openwork, latticework, set
into rib sides,
    stone clarity.

To forget system and structure

while we’re getting it clear.

Day, clear, motionless air.
Cool—you move through it,
without hindrance, as the given, jerk
clump-foot on the worn flagged site.
In Earnest

Who’s to tell
me what to do
about it,
anything?

Days

pass by like nights—
of recuperation and rest
for nothing.

Nights come
with strain of a purpose
dissatisfied.

Bring
me

rest from myself
in act as my mode—
as anything. Belief

that what’s t’ be done
is to be done. Content,
asking a question—

as what I know only too well.
An Audience

Would there be Last
Judgement upon us, let sink in
just what we are, to know we always have been,
uncalled for and unasked—since a First Judgment
the getting here at all? No progress
after that, never, unforced
to whatever denomination, as a necessity
of the Principium Individuationis: as if
ourselves, when from ourselves: blocked in,
blocked out time space, with a sense
the both could be anywhere—
in audience
of ourselves.

Don’t know
what’s the inevitable, at casual
of the makeshift, after the seven years is it?
of the phases of the moon in our body chemistry,
darks sandbanked under brightness. After, a fall
should be inevitable, still impermanent.

While I squat here, hunched shoulders beside a heater,
metamorphosed by it
out of the adjacent cold.
Details of a life? Not for now. As for now: cold, skin in, chafed at the bracing.

The twisted wire-loop fence—is’t gate?—I felt it, hand slipped with glaze t’ corrugations near the rust, the paintless.

After cold would be violet nights not so dark blue.

I hear my footsteps close but someone else’s a ricochet half-a-step ahead on the path. Once, twice, thrice and three kittens: the witch went into the wood. Header up, almost into door—old, panels, at an angle against corner.

Step! Unfroze. Runnels switching slipping across but ground still hard, tamped cold,
black.
There's

freeze round way back of wall's edge, back into next week, some-
where-
else.

When's?
I

should be more tem-
porary;
scarish, and unscared.
Near the Park

Dogs
care together slowly,
sniff
off each other dis-
gusted
not with the scent but what it means
to smell of sickness just
like that; sed-
duction’s preliminary in-
duction, before dreams
of saliva. Yet
their hungers are what disgust us, peri-
stalsis mucus-wet, might be
our bellies, pricks, testes,
like water bags on wet poles. The dogs
are doggy themselves, slap tongues around
like water off wet washing.

And trot off for a piss in the park.
Routines for a Meta-Language above the Snow Line

I wring my clothes in a handwash, put my hand to it—obliterativeness.

From untwists of washing
to turn through a wringer by hand,
with smudge off inky fingers from an italic pen.

The kinaesthetic exhaustion—forearms, wrists, wet fingers. Mind
comes up nap-raised from a wringer,
curled upwards pressed folds in clothing.
I know I know:

as Peace.

What the workman should be doing, drudge
dredge rhythm unthought
buoyant. In-
evitable the day

draws in draws down in a window framing air:
washroom basilica, closed vault,
apse of blue walls. I nose effectiveness

from something I half-remember: not to pursue
my memories further, the distances’re too far.
A rose chill fades, darkens, mid-angelus,
densens into colours, texture of stalactites
caves at midday. Meditation ruffles itself against the lie
of hair/fur. Thought bleached to a sun—
blonde body divested of royal
clothing;
is it necessary to think?

We enter
in upon night, shut heavy front door, bolt it.

Move over to hearth fire’s projecting angle,
cold at our backs,

the contrast to our security,
a tree shadow still out there on the snow clearing
tramped in—but now it’s after.
Lit by gas’s smoulder, ‘coals’,
thought
hovers high with a powder glitter star
in the Christmas decorations. Sound sleep
should be so compensation in cold bed
warmed up by us, want

dozes off inert
till after dawn, and the spread pulse-cold
of a summer mountain sunrise, expanding
into indolence clarity after the streak cloud
narrowness at first grey light.
In Answer

The function
of stupidity: not the economy
so much, the numbing it out;
but estimate of the ungiving in matter, solid.

Lack in gaiety
   from the door you blunder against
when you forget
   or treat it as function
for shutting-out cold, for opening-in air.

Answering to gravity
of self—body’s sense
of Id-self among objects,
you
who are not itself, but essence, un-
sonorous off the thickness of it, the
clumsiness of it afoot, blunder-
adroit against incomprehensible
worlds, tactful to its heavy tact,
in an individual among the undivideds.
Lagoons

The Terrible
floated over on principles like gondolas,
cooling with their wash the sun-hot stones
in splashed sound.

To get together
with humans to ride it out, stirred up
water, the para-
sympathetic
systems. Subtle solutions.

Delici-
cacies
in reflection. The city quelled,
quelled.

The get-togethering
of the media dead
foreshortened
at angles—oil slick
over waver of iridescent coral
towers.
The bump of water.