Reassembling Still
Other works by David Miller include


*All My Life*, Joe di Maggio Press, London, 1975

*Our Bread*, Actual Size Press, Deal, Kent, 1976

*Malcolm Lowry and the Voyage that Never Ends*, Enitharmon Press, 1976


*Cards* (with John Levy), Sow’s Ear, Stafford, 1991


*Tesserae*, Stride Publications, Exeter, 1993

*Art and Disclosure: Seven Essays*, Stride, 1998

*Commentaries*, tel-let, Charleston, IL, 1999

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*The Dorothy and Benno Stories*, Reality Street Editions, Hastings, 2005


*Spiritual Letters (Series 1-5)*, Chax Press, Tucson, AZ, 2011


*Spiritual Letters (Series 1-5) (Audio Recording, Double CD)*, LARYNX, London, 2012

*GLORIA and other early poems*, erbacce-press, Liverpool, 2013


Edited by David Miller

*A Curious Architecture: a selection of contemporary prose poems* (with Rupert Loydell), Stride, 1996

*The ABCs of Robert Lax* (with Nicholas Zurbrugg), Stride, 1999


*The Lariat and other writings* by Jaime de Angulo, Counterpoint, Berkeley, CA, 2009

David Miller

Reassembling Still
Collected Poems

Shearsman Books
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To the memory of Petros Bourgos
night fastens upon a window  
twice a small path a room  
you appear at the gate you follow  

down the hallway where  
the television’s been left  
on the top of the closet  

amplifications left and right  
gate-posts two slabs of stone  
time deranged and revered  

chill air deep blue  
of conjoined sky  
and lake aciculate  

a writing of true  
derivations the lines  
are bestowed as praise  

for the lovely (slender)  
and good girl  
who is my friend  

the victim suffers  
through an image  
into desire or injury  
and death – your face
your very breath
visible in the cold
commands me abjure
spells dissolve harm

in the shop of nothing
by the way of nothing
Confrontation

1.

They have been sitting together for a long while, talking; one of the two drinking wine without offering any and without being asked for it.

– Do you wait as the children in the fable, their parents away and a tiger prowling at the gate? They must sacrifice their livestock to the tiger as others – in the same spirit – propitiate demons, waiting for release from their ordeal.

2.

from the bus she was there
on the balcony at eye-level
but not looking at him

moss and wild strawberry
wild-rose running in a cleft
of Derbyshire limestone

the rose of Demeter
in he remembered
the cleft of her rocks

3.

– you desire to eat
the beautiful as it’s incarnate in flesh

or image — dignity
you say and freedom
lurid absurd flashes
rebelling against darkness
language caught in the
toils of your violence

4.

the path deviates to a lake
cleared he follows it he’s
drawn as by the need
to give testimony he’ll
write it down as it falls
as by chance her speech
falling waking in a past
impossible her young
voice its clarity

5.

– your desires coagulate
around death their residence?
with decay and stone signs

turn and see a fresco a devil
shitting into a witch’s mouth
but the witch Rangda appears

the face is exposed menaced
and the Barong can only
fight Rangda to no outcome

6.

the wind lifts a line
of small red panels strung
down the building’s side
when the night comes
the rain at night drink wine
fall asleep wake and write

and paint in broken ink
the door open and wax
dripping on the table
Landscape

(for Linda Bryant)

a black so chill
it numbs the eye

you favoured rocks
I spoke up
for the comfort of trees

.

in a desert landscape
these Polish lamentations
are lifted breaking
through a wash of static

cholla and prickly-pear
seen from a moving car
the soprano’s voice
that sings of grief entire

a confluence unstable
that ear shapes with eye
In the Field

1.

“don't turn away where are you gazing
and whatever are you gazing at?”
“there was a huge golden man”
the girl said “lying down on a couch
and the couch was in a field”

2.

details reproduced through layers levels
the dream coming home in day’s hours

3.

a line in vermilion
brushed onto paper
gold body-colour
anticipations of black
on white revealing birds
and immortal beings

4.

“throughout that field there were outbursts
of crying” but the children take on the aspect
of celestial nymphs and a love
from before birth’s remembered
unearthly life stirring in faces
5.

and the tribute which he offered
was a picture of the Lord of Heaven
and of the Mother of the Lord
altogether improper things he brought bones
of supernatural beings they are superfluous things
which ought not to enter the palace

6.

disseisin where were we now
where else could we be
than in that same field
Fire Water

(for Gerhard Richter)

1.

shapes of dream moving beneath

what tone what
tones black white grey

2.

windows smashed
row of windows
rows of windows
odd-shaped holes to look out of
faces appear in corners

hacked, smashed, blown
out of air
the mixture of
elements

she dyed her hair and
cut it, rearranged it
there are photographs to show this
“change of appearance”

one of the men had eleven
disguises
they are documented in
eleven photographs

the woman, Gudrun, was
arrested in a boutique
after a shop assistant
spotted her gun
cool air of the morning

all those dreams
apocrypha
the night just as it was, but
out of that

bullet in the arse

Shining back, flowing back
meditative face, the
high cheek-bones, long face
tight but lovely line of the lips
toughness
lines of the neck

she was found dead in her cell

another was shot in the eye
by police

“A time (he said) is quickly approaching
the eye the eye

“when the privilege of immunity for the
“crimes of the ruling class
lines of the neck

“and their henchmen…
“will disappear…”

“News is sold as a commodity, information
“as a consumer product
the target in the wind, the lines
of force
“– what’s not consumable must make them
“vomit”

3.

each night
wet with thin rain

for those who pass in
and out of the rooms
one room the tree
in near-dark

How the ethical gazes out
irrevocable, from iris and pupil