

Also by Elisabeth Bletsoe

The Regardians: a book of angels Portraits of the Artist's Sister Pharmacopoeia

ELISABETH BLETSOE

Landscape from a Dream

Shearsman Books Exeter Published in the United Kingdom in 2008 by Shearsman Books Ltd 58 Velwell Road Exeter EX4 4LD

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-905700-87-5

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Acknowledgements

Some of these works, or earlier versions of them, have appeared in the magazines Angel Exhaust, Cambridge Conference of Contemporary Poetry 15 (Review 2005), Entropy, Odyssey, PQR and Terrible Work, and on the websites Tower of Silence (www.dhfurniss.eurobell.co.uk/esgardens.htm), Great Works (www.greatworks.org.uk) and Poetry International Web (http://uk.poetryinternationalweb.org).

A Spanish translation of 'Rainbarrows' by Ian Taylor appeared in the Argentinian journal *Barataria*.

'Cross-in-Hand' was broadcast as part of the "Visionary Landscapes" celebration on Resonance 104.4FM.

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For my Mother and Father and Ian

LANDSCAPE FROM A DREAM

After Paul Nash

I dreamed about you, baby / it was just the other night and most of you was naked / but some of you was light (Leonard Cohen)

Ι

intelligence lies
at the edge of the body
in the skin
along the littoral
feeling:
the weight of the cumulux
hearing:
your tidal breath
filling my cavities
in liquid carbonic interchange

fissility of shale, its slaking, plasticising when wet; relict textures of petechial haemorrhage, spermatozoa, saliva, oil

foliaceous, splitlayered like fingernails, revealing the stem-ossicles of a crinoid ghosting

shattering with equinox

the black sand
how it eats up light,
abrades our flesh
falls,
each separate grain
in scratching atonals

marginalia:

red & blond weeds sway at the shoreline anastomose in a tholian web

a small boat carrying the sound of your heart's engine

II

walled up inside
translute bricks of water
your hands make
white shapes,
make a caress within
an elliptical orbit of
wave particles

making a slip,
slipping in
grafting on a limb
to a limb, fused
& drifting
through the amnion
in marbrine light

above our bodies,
the underneath of the surface envelope
is an ametrine laminate
skin
now so rare & histamine

becomes palimpsest; we write stories on each other with our fingernails,
red lines & white lines
dermographics
my name, Greek words,
ciphers &c. on my thigh

dream of the stone

lapis
the indissoluble self,
dream of the bull
tauromachia
fear of incest with the father

initiations

& a paring away: we reach the chromosome body in the nucleus of the organism

across the bay
activity without end
but no volition
the machine pumps silently
pumping blood & oil

Ш

we expectorate the fluid through which we have been breathing: the sea, left to its volumetrics

we must suppress
the notions of childhood, that
the hill
lives somewhere in memory:
when it appears before us
climb it
but not to lose ourselves
among the genealogies of dispossession

become avatars
put on animal masks
falcon-headed
you are shadow-shooter, can
wound me & kill
with a cast shadow
your manifold eyes, its
rutile threads vanish in
suddenly-expanding-black pupil:
how it eats up light

in raptorous solar flight
through my nocturnal body,
 star-cell crammed;
proximity of blood and dung to
the interpenetrative organs,
 boli
carried on peristaltic waves
towards the horizon

towards the horizon

incandesce in the chromosphere

we must make it through the membrane before the thing implodes, *AND*the fire that breaks from thee then &c.
red-red the sunrise
bleeds from my lips

o my chevalier

IV

even the simplicity of light
creates a choice
there being two types of loneliness, and
the second is that of
lines & symbols
an absence of gulls' tongues
de Chirico

spectral bays
plague-entrances the sea
frays tenderly,
dark perplexities of seepage
from a loosely-knotted wound

and love a state of grace we are in its globes tangle the uphill roots in the vortex gardens of the small coastal town, where

we wait among the architectures of barbarism for the invasion of the horses

*

the town is a lie, but not a lie that can cause any damage

Purbeck coast from Swanage to Kimmeridge