

“These poems aren’t meant to “be sung/ on arrival”
for they just keep on arriving in prodigious arcs
always delightful and unexpected, where every
word persuades us to keep following on, furiously
trying to keep up.”

—D.S. Marriott

SAMPLER

ALSO BY EMILY CRITCHLEY

When I say I Believe Women... (London: bad press, 2006)

Of All the Surprises (Switzerland: Dusie, 2007)

Who handles one over the Backlash

(Old Hunstanton, Norfolk: Oystercatcher Press, 2008)

Hopeful For Love Are Th' Impoverish'd Of Faith

(Southampton: Torque Press, 2010)

Love / All That / & OK: Selected Writing

(London: Penned in the Margins, 2011)

Sonnets for Luke (Liverpool: Holdfire press, 2011)

IMAGINARYLOVEPOEMS (Paris: Corrupt Press, 2011)

This is not a True Thing (London: Intercapillary Press, 2013)

Some Curious Thing (London: Barque Press, 2016)

Ten Thousand Things (Norwich: Boiler House Press, 2017)

SAMPLER

EMILY CRITCHLEY

Arrangements

SAMPLE

Shearsman Books

First published in the United Kingdom in 2018 by
Shearsman Books
50 Westons Hill Drive
Emersons Green
BRISTOL
BS16 7DF

www.shearsman.com

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office
30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB
(*this address not for correspondence*)

ISBN 978-1-84861-604-2

Copyright © Emily Critchley, 2018.

The right of Emily Critchley to be identified as the author
of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with the
Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.
All rights reserved.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Poems from *Arrangements* have appeared in *PN Review*,
Cordite Poetry Review, *Chicago Review* and *Granta*.

Contents

Arrangements / 7

Movement waving not sleeping / 35

SAMPLER

*With thanks to Kelvin Corcoran and Tony Frazer
for their advice and support.*

And for Alex Goodall without whom.

SAMPLER

Arrangements

SAMPLER

SAMPLER

In the middle of the journey of our life...

Dante Alighieri, *La Divina Commedia*

this

is the abstract, this

is the cold doing, this

is the almost impossible

Charles Olson, 'In Cold Hell, in Thicket'

SAMPLER

Then you thought me up

But for nothing, which is some poetry,
we would not have
metrically speaking
some kind of root cause or connecting
detail.

The bus – which doesn't have wings,
or settle in Greenwich –

because of that park, that sky,
where we each have trod probably
even the same space at the same time only
mythologizing.

Come near
I'm your queen.
Even if you can't
reason wildly
I'm all for those places
I don't think we will ever not go to
or recognize.

There are too many senses,
– lexically speaking –
too many meaning-shoots. Then there's the way you breeze
filmically onto a Poem Scene.

I don't think, but it does not matter
because when an idea
is set to spin on its side so
you can still be in exile,
commuting cherry blossom –

Now I know
I'm the highest bidder
am literally,
wasn't meant to be sung
on arrival.

Now that the clouds are pink & an image is wrong as
something as what is;
you can have it, transactional sense, I exchange for a bark,
a touch of my cold feet,
suspended belief.

What else can you have
is just that knowledge, just as it is.

I will share with yr body of knowledge
that glows on the water, coming past
Greenwich, closed body of knowledge.

This is how to respond when –
but this is how to negotiate
once you begin
in a future moon

which – but I can't be moved
any more,
not even your prosody bores me.

I'm lunatic, counting the tide ripples, adding them
up so to see how time made it
so far yet we still
and are not quite ready to meet.

SAMPLER

An optical device that led to photography. The device consists
of a box or room with a hole in one side

By tracery fix
-ings shall we call it or
 fizzings by all hell
 or atoms or / smaller than that / and
 colder /
by quarks once you start getting down to it.
 Supra-nucleic
do we grow from love. But we do not grow
 from light, only love
so nastic.

God that we could raise ourselves up
out of the cold blueness of judgement,
be nearly ourselves in
view of developing reason.

God that like paper, wedded to marks,
scrutinized tracings, raw as in
instruments, thorns
 in the desert, doomed trumpet calls
would she find herself
but obscured only momentarily. Or what must he do
 to be perfectly
not to blame
 in each moment?