Ada Unseen

SAMPLER
Also by Frances Presley

The Sex of Art
Hula-Hoop
Linocut
Neither the One nor the Other, with Elizabeth James
Automatic Cross Stitch, with Irma Irsara
Somerset Letters
Paravane
Myne
Lines of sight
Stone settings, with Tilla Brading
An Alphabet for Alina, with Peterjon Skelt
Halse for hazel
Sallow
Frances Presley

Ada Unseen

Shearsman Books
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Mathematical Science is the language of the unseen relations between things

—A.A.L.
SAMPLER

scape
SAMPLER
I

treble turret
in the tree tables
shut out the light

carve the window slit
tendrils thru loop
holes

branches hold down the
roof prevent further rising
further decline

ivy clad cladding
pebble dash all fixed
knowledge of parapets

an italianate arch
held the bit
the bite foretold

long roots follow the pattern
of sand stone battlement
enceinte are you

cable: was not this about a library of truth

robin chit chits midges attack
you must take your chit
here’s a horse
plunged down from the pinetum
a hobby horse

fractured and splintered
small eyes find
smashed out muzzle

at first she preferred
a mechanical horse
in the tack room
by side saddle

she takes the wild
Forester mare
ears permanently pricked
forward
elements of the design

I

a close walk
is kept close

ladies
are kept close

close by
and enclosed

a close walk is dark
with no views out

close walk planting
is closed to reveal

a dramatic contrast
sycamore and hollies obscure

holly should be retrained
laurel cut to the ground

reveal the view
in evergreen            ever blue
II

*terrace overgrown
sad & pointless contrast
with surrounding hills*

I am balustraded
ballast traded

terraced
with terrorists

III

fell to view
fell to view

Barry power station
opens up

contravenes
the EU
IV

a multitude of drives
has disappeared

a coastal path
is not a drive

and drives are drives

V

a gloomy mantle of wood covers
this steep
descending in gloom
midges in my ears

a darling journey
to Culbone
picturesque

I want the birch
white bark
white lichen

making the call longer
and fuller
   long tail tits

I want the fir
feathering
melancholy yew

trills and arias
a conversazione
converse chatter

attend attend attend

the homes you want
are carefully framed
the hospitals you want
are exclosed

sun finds my face
optic nerve switched on

reaching April above the trees
blurred disc on the page
flating lens communion

(                     )

stitch floating

in my eye

buzzard

above the clearing combe
irregular hexagon

I  more than two trees skin lizard lawn dowry

II  rounded swallow points mesmeric perspective

III  two sticks for one junction do not join parallel lines
     mummee  mummy  whip  whip  whip

IV  bee down  hovers over our sticks  yellow & black stripes

V  meet and divide a lost lifeline  three children marked in our skin

VI  she's waiting for me with a random roman numeral
    WAIT
hex remnant

in memory of my brother

I
something of our irregular hexagon
in brown leaves — invading laurel
pheasant rootles sweet chestnuts
branches crack scurry of squirrels
so much noise tinny bird song
sound travels echoes

II
querying thin sounds is that you
waves on pebbles are you here
loud complaint another pheasant
wire fence to keep them in only
keeps me out a mouse goes under
No unauthorised persons beyond this point

III
broken branches play a game of
pick-a-stick you will enjoy
this game in a rage if you lose
handsome russet feathers your quiff
you are very clever but lack intelligence
you are apprehensive have no need to be
IV

at the first level these walls and turrets were nothing to her everything dis
solves all forms (there is activity)
tall cedar in the pinetum has not dissolved renders invisible the sea brings itself towards me

V

her dream could not be kept in battlements had to be unseen not requiring landed space robin coming closer on the laurel over the electric fence into the branch stack