Myne
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
FRANCES PRESLEY

MYNE

New & Selected Poems and Prose 1976-2005

Shearsman Books
Exeter
for my father
John Presley
1920 - 2006

such an one and
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Stone settings

2004-2005
Note on stone settings

Neolithic stone settings are arrangements of upright stones placed in roughly geometric patterns or apparently randomly. They are unique to Exmoor, where they are by far the most common stone monument, and Hazel Eardley-Wilmot calls them ‘Exmoor’s special puzzle’.
Stones above Porlock

25 August 2004

for Gavin and Keith

lent against
finger reach
kneeler
smallest in front

cuve out
curve out
carved down
caved
sheep shit
reed
horizon
har zone

peeled stone
drawn reverse quavers

explain vane
darblade
revels
splice
bare
breer
brother

possibly slopes

ogham ruins all theories

space
down
hester
brown
each
spēce
lark
bee
Hazel Eardley-Wilmot

The Author

acquainted with

vagaries of language

does not

claim to be

more than

a serious amateur

archaeologist

fifty years

the moor’s

familiar

finding White Ladder

noticing careful

thinking unhurried

add to the

slender

knowledge
Stone settings

per pl ex

moor
two three or four
paral lel rows
rec tangents

double square
squat shape

almost regular pattern needs another stone perceptible just under turf

in drought a patch of starved grass will betray it

in wet weather feel it through soles

Allow! for

s=o=t=v=o=e=n=r=e=s grown
shale y
de composing
re moved
Land Rovered

less
incom    prehen
plete    sible

OUTLIER

guess the riddle

no analogy

slight

resemblance to Scottish *four-posters*

lack a centre

a dominant position within the frame

some patterns are completely enigmatic
Myne

This sequence was written between March 2003 and April 2004 in and around Minehead in Somerset.
March

on North Hill

above Greenaleigh

for Tilla Brading

lower buds
tinking without

Tilla, the tides
the tides
are always too early
or too late
to swallow
words
nowhere to lay them
on the beach

crests cannot
catch up
too many, white, commas
clustering
not spacing

on the path
white trainers of morning
her morning
of terracotta terrace
trend

ended heather
pressure
deeper blue
grounds
sea cloud
say it’s dolphins
back pack
voices
remind me
of reading
*Martin Eden*
on this knoll
disintegrating
edition and waiting
for stragglers

or another burden

t*this great burden*
on my back
will sink me
will sink me lower

these arms around my shoulders
these legs around my waist
between us
we carried
the twins

*this great burden . . . from John Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’*
in St Michael’s

mama you’ve bin
musical
mu
sicale

ring chan
delire
ban Delilah
my chant delier
is dead

she says
breathing helps
just the body
cycles

hard to tell
that carving is
Michael weighing souls
with so much wear and tear

the inter clock
tock (tick) tock (tick)

we saw

pulls hymn lines together

what are
twentieth century hymns?

a passage of
air
the upstretch
eagle neck
lectern
April

from Greenaleigh to Porlock Bay
Friday. Good

these black shards
scattered on the field
where sheep and walkers go

dicing together
dice work

Republic
Ch Republic

Czech Republic

Or
nets?
Ar
nets?

Hornets

black saucers
must be clay pigeons
tap they
clay
not plastic

come blow your horn

*

remembering semtex
the shifting sense
the shifting S

*
Site of Special Scientific Interest
see today
sea pitched
sea level
subsequent storms

the new salt marsh
no more freshwater
the salt line
grey grass
bleached trees
byre useless

sea birds
come skeeting home

walking back past lambs
he was talking ahead of me
about the Sibylline
lore and the ambiguity of
Sibylline law
June

on North Hill

blind drawing

for Kelvin Corcoran

axial
fear bone
tender acorns
tender engines
probe frames
angular
tri angular
spot sun
is this blind drawing
and where?

warm fingers to lip
tidal surge and resurge
Colette sounds
thunder collect

broken bark
smoothes my face

a branch is forking down the clouds
turning pen into shadowline
and pylon
branches chased to sea

West, is where you’re tending
he said
how do we survive the westward surf culture
the fear of immigration
the fear of immigrant self?

not detachment
but embrace
and the interchangeability
of frames

real drawing is like this
and now I have made the bridge too wide
the peak again
piercing the pubic bone
the public bone rising

Kelvin said
Just the sea, Frances

sur sur sur sur
sur surring

su su su rus
October

on North Hill

bless test
mess of leaves
wings will not make

serious
back pack
stride

fern returns
leaf crisps
clenched
hear
here

~ ~ ~
break stop wave
make it return
a flick of the wrist
she hasn’t got
yet

who has not built
a house
will now no longer
will not build

no nay never
or some version
on the march
against
war
no more
builds now
who has not yet
who has not built
yet builds now
bilds

(this is the dialogue of memory)

bird rattle
sun slats
through dry leaves
like the turning
segments
of glass
at Foreland Point
occulting the optic

white outriders

over ride the line