Gathering Grounds

SAMPLER
Also by Harriet Tarlo

Brancepeth Beck (The Other Press, 1997)
Love/Land (REM Press, 2003)
Nab: Brancepeth Beck, Coast, Nab (etruscan books, 2005)
sound unseen: poems and drawings, with Judith Tucker (Wild Pansy Press, 2013)
behind land: poems and paintings, with Judith Tucker (Wild Pansy Press, 2015)
Field (Shearsman Books, 2016)
outfalls: poems and drawings, with Judith Tucker (Wild Pansy Press, 2018)
everends: poems and paintings, with Judith Tucker (Wild Pansy Press, 2018)

As Editor

The Ground Aslant: An Anthology of Radical Landscape Poetry (Shearsman Books, 2011)
Harriet Tarlo

Gathering Grounds
2011-2019

with images by Judith Tucker

Shearsman Books
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Tributaries

2011-2014

in place, drawing
where things
start, where to
cut landscape off
seam or folded
lead
turning at an
imagined centre, it
begins with a
line in space

(for Judith Tucker)
“Isle of Skye”, A635

either side's a ruin  

Top o’ the Hill

Isle of Skye Hotel  road-split
and a view, arm on a gatepost
holes for hinges

planes out of Manchester
out of light-dark cloud move over
curve away
down valley-time

grouse ride wind
over tiny cars, wing
back to moorland silver land
rushes, water
running out of
winter ice circling stone
to summer cottongrass
patchy featherbed moss
depleted peatland

top road sounds like
water, catches water sound
rolling over slab against slab white water
between light side
dark side of valley time

water angles making pools
unmaking land what grows
in and around to
hold, to funnel
water

into land: tributaries, slim
in the crossing
lengthen
down their
gathering
grounds

knowing, never knowing their
flow-ent-end
into cease still pool
of reservoir
collect

even as gas is piped
through these hills’ hearts
from Northern seas
to us
October: Austonley as was
(Hoowood Hall, Bingley & Alison Quarry)

behind blocked gateposts
    on the rockery steps of a
garden-not-gone
        tracing
walls-through-bracken
tall seeded nettle
    stalks falling
back to spread under foot

   flow
     line
     avenue
     into flood
land taken in
  to farm        land
    harvested
stone    into    wall
  tree    into    timber

  hawberry  dark  fader
  heather
   into
  quarry
  pit
drilled millstone grit
plug and feather
listening for the ring

none of this was here
October: Hey Clough to Bilberry Reservoir

sedge curve lines
in and
encircle darkened
water origin

valley corner
rustling through
where it is now
it was then
scrub oak white birch
in deep heather
growing low under
wind
white-throated reed
bunting shifts
along edges

fold water under
rosebay cloud heads
foxglove seed pods

branch ends
burying into water
soft needles
slipping into water
stone cornering
down to water
water ever-falling, finding
water

close in louder
and fall
broadening

stream song against
reservoir silence
being drawn
off
November: Nether Lane, Bradshaw as was

cows lean up against
half chimney, fireplace
  in farm walls pushing
  apart corner protect angled
lichen soft roof
arch below

frost-gold bracken
rust-metal holding land up
tree burst out-wall
light flickering start/stop

kestrel's moor colour
back over no-mend
post & wire cracked
stone pragmatics
half moon pile

sparse bilberry leaf
holds to plant new
windmills over ghost
field pattern scars

clumped green silvered
land and water light
under foot
broken
down white line
fallen wall

fox head knocker
on Hunting Lodge door
PRIVATE: KEEP OUT
wooden windows see
any stir prey

look there's nothing
there all those pages
struggle heather stone

land echo duck

nest suspended over water
in no leaf branch
flight landing
bracken under white

frost drops
melting slight sun

water down-run

green stone-pipe-vat-stream-sink-Holme
November: White Walls Lane

crushed
crumpled
shadow
dark down
side
deep
ended in
gull shoal
silver-spin
metallic
on blue
lit
and up
stone sweep
lane
curve
through
and up
fields
fallen
farms
upright lines
dark darkening
downward under
sky-turning
blade-white
wings
went

cloud-feather tree-tips
flare up
over grey green-lit
wall-shade, sun-plane

half moon stone
bracken leaf
enters
ledge-
layered

powder
lichen green light
spreading

cave, low
in wall, lintel
slipping
red-purpled
bramble branch
creeps through stones
spaces, trails before, below

walled-in water
heard
trailing under-hill
flat fern reed seam wet
where it went
to let through-flow
under
be gathered
trough
for animals to lap?

for quarrymen to drink?
to wash cut stone and slate?
to form a well where women came
from farms, jug on that ledge
in dank green space?

out into sun
  lone wall posts
mole hills
  stone heaps
    all-black
high valley
  side
under-moor
December: Blackpool Bridge

*i.m. Dakota people of Bdote/Fort Snelling, Minneapolis, 1862*

in
over-lapped
snow-curved
  space
dark-gold
  bdote
flows
down valley-line
  snow birches
grow out
  white
  between green
  bracken
stalks
  heather
tops
  through
  crystalline
flaw

heard water
flow freeze flow
January: Spring Lane

wall end edge hangs
holds
from fall
into
reed light
space

weight
wait

ice planes
cast up
over path
poised
against frozen
grass

far path curves
up to
unseen
stop
and along
folded field side
on side on side

plane breaks sky