Poems 2004-2014
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, with Judith Tucker_ (Wild Pansy Press, 2013)
_behind land, with Judith Tucker_ (Wild Pansy Press, 2015)

As Editor

_The Ground Aslant: An Anthology of Radical Landscape Poetry_  
(Shearsman Books, 2011)
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Some of these poems have appeared previously in the following magazines and journals: *The Capilano Review; Classical Receptions; Ekleksographia; English; Pilot; Rampike; Yellow Field.*


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6.30am, 15 Oct 2011
Morton Woods
AN ENGLISH HOUSE
Durham Botanical Gardens
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A half for Barry
Particles
Crossing to Cambridge
Canterbury train
Suspension, Glasgow
London
The beginning of Birmingham
Totnes Train
Falmouth, the front
where
triangles and v’s
velvet swimming crabs
Six Aprils
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(I) Relations
I haven't got a line at all. Going beyond on the bus. Hermetic unit. Behind the line of not quite clean. Grit connect. Yes, we were on the bus and over the border. Girls Get Life. How to behave in the face of any given situation. Not expecting to be a successful animal. That comes later.
hands on feet

hands on feet / feet on hands
we balance / she pushes forward
into the future with her legs
my feet land / trying not to smash
into the patterned glass door
ornaments / nest of tables
stood below our mother’s
mother’s portraits ranged
serene / serene / serener even
a smooth face / in her thirties
where we landed
Ben’s poem

singing already

robins  blackbirds  finches

the baby’s first

lived-in spring

for/tune for/tune for/tune

d they sing

it will be

February 2005
Garden (for Laura)

even our roses
shine without care
this year

feverfew & foxglove
seedtails pushing
through loving
hill to moor
to garden grow

when you come inside from
the sunshine, it always
looks dark, little one

so she leans and learns and leans
into light
learning to leave
to come back later

explore, explore, great explorer
it’s your big world
though mine is smaller still

seven raspberries left by
blackbirds, bluetits

July 2005
shale and stone and shell

shale and stone and shell is hard
to fall on, aunt’s hands under my
shoulder, hauling, pushing me on
sea-salt wing-beat weed – he lifts
it, flaps in my face – will it wrap wetly
round me? Stare at the run of the sea.

That football! Faded it’s mine, soft
from the old salty cupboard, want it,
they kick it away. I chase. There’s room
to run, but not get lost, uneven over
shale and stone and sand is hard to
fall on, rotting weed, dirty and clean.
A boy drank milk
    past refreshing
stopping his bike on
    the way back
to Dublin

It wasn’t milk, it was
    buttermilk, thinner
but richer too, it was
    his childhood, or that’s
how I remembered it
faint

faint full moon at morning
promise to place walk
be outside what the real
time, light, is
welling when it comes
where in the body feels
like the heart
land tears maybe flower pigmentations
inseparable colours, tangled banks
stalk threads crossing
not in a stone, grass
bedded up against it
roots drawing up
nutrients rising in dreams, he was
himself, strong clasp, alive
again, rather never dead
where in the body, ache
low in the back
waiting
only in place words return
not shorthand recollection
of coalescence

once house
pram lane
domestic

2008

it is the people is it warming
the bones of the house soon
to fall into damp decay any
time otherwise snow seeps in
easily or would if you knew how

2009

under finding
their dry goods
small secrete
cupboard under
boot blanket settee
scorning the box
under carrying
the small place
sweet bits quiet

2010

stone workings bones
fall in walls deep
fireplace
2011

each hollowed house
place crease in
    home under
mice spread-creep
    into stone step
spaces each and
each to each a
walled windowed
place hollow in
hill fold      shhh
A Spoon for Stein

a curve is a centre if you turn it a round over which you don’t let in substance or do using it using it in a baby mess throw a curve out of which came came substance steal a spoon steel it filling filling the curve is an ending end the handle and mush the baby out of a stainless mess a stain is not an object out of a spoon it curves round around its filling is a centre throw it a spoon is a missile hit and miss a spoon a mush onto and of banana rice pear chicken potato apple again spoon spoony tune let it go throw
near tears

she’s up again
shifting stuff across, across
in down up

shelf sink table worktop

no go momentum no slow
pour

still warm

stroke head careful, careful smatter

fall

place set bowl cup spoon

hands motion, motion

put your elbows on the table, girl
and stop