

*Poems 2004-2014*

Also by Harriet Tarlo

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*Love/Land* (REM Press, 2003)

*Poems 1990-2003* (Shearsman Books, 2004)

*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)

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Harriet Tarlo

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*2004-2014*

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## (I) Relations



## Furry Pod

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

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.

1938

*i.m. Len Tarlo (1928-2006)*

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      sshh

## 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