On the Way to Work
Also by Ian Davidson

*Partly in Riga* (Shearsman, 2010)
*As if Only* (Shearsman, 2007)
*At a Stretch* (Shearsman, 2004)
*Harsh* (Spectacular Diseases, 2003)

Poetry Pamphlets

*Gateshead and Back: Vol. 2 of the Tyne and Wear Poems*  
(London: Crater, 2017)
*In Agitation* (Newton le Willows: KFS, 2014)
*The Tyne and Wear Poems* (Newcastle: Red Squirrel Press, 2014)
*Into Thick Hair* (Dublin: Wild Honey Press, 2010)
*Familiarity Breeds* (Norwich: Oystercatcher Press, 2008)
*Dark Wires* (with Zoe Skoulding) (Sheffield: West House Books, 2007)
*Human Remains and Sudden Movements*  
(Sheffield: West House Books, 2003)
*Wipe Out* (Cheltenham: Short Run, 1995)
*Human to Begin With* (Cambridge: Poetical Histories, 1991)
*No Passage Landward* (Hebden Bridge: Open Township, 1989)
*It Is Now as It Was Then* (with John Muckle) (London: Actual Size, 1983)
On the Way to Work

Ian Davidson

Shearsman Books
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of

*The Tyne and Wear Poems*
1. LSD

1. Beyond the bus shelter and on the way to work I was feeling finite from the truths that make me as the river ran or the money kept flowing

2. I was on my way to work when this void opened up see and I looked into it and then it was all around me so I called out to it hey void what can we do about it well you
called me void
it answered and
that’s something

3.
on the way to
work I wanted
LSD and the
experience of
really seeing

myself as I
truly am

on the way
to work I
admired my
reflection

on the way to
work it had
been Purim
and the children
wore disguises
and the fathers
were drunk

on the way to
work the urge
for LSD is
almost unbearable
like a fat cigarette
on a swollen lip
the beating
vanes of a
pursuit heli-
copter so I
chewed coca
to keep the
weight from my
legs I count the
blasts from deep
down where the
devil lives and
smokes cigarettes
and drinks the
blood of lamas
and the thin grey
mud from the
wet clay coats
everything I shrug
myself into an
overall thick with
oil feeling the
cold concrete
and devil far
below urging
me down to
where the silver
falls like dust
4.
walking home from work under azure blue the avenues holding light at their termination I don’t regret she said one single minute she said not a single minute
2. Eternity rings

*Completed works are a narcotic*

there was too
much space and
not enough to
get my head
around or like
a turban
wound or the
time it took
say finitude or
thereabouts
not the shifting forms to
eternity or the
fin of my
encercling fish
that go round
and round and
live in my room and
see me when
I sleep