

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)
No Way Back (Sheffield: West House Books, 2004)
Human Remains and Sudden Movements
(Sheffield: West House Books, 2003)
Wipe Out (Cheltenham: Short Run, 1995)
Human to Begin With (Cambridge: Poetical Histories, 1991)
The Patrick Poems (London: Amra Imprint, 1991)
No Passage Landward (Hebden Bridge: Open Township, 1989)
It Is Now as It Was Then (with John Muckle) (London: Actual Size, 1983)

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Shearsman Books

First published in the United Kingdom in 2017 by
Shearsman Books
50 Westons Hill Drive
Emersons Green
BRISTOL
BS16 7DF

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30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB
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www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-562-5

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Vol. 3

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 shift-
ing forms to
eternity or the
fin of my
encircling fish
that go round
and round and
live in my room and
see me when
I sleep