The Red and Yellow Book

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Not that voice

the trees and grass come up for air
a man shouts through the crowd, I could
with the blackberries of that sun
but the faces wobble my head in your lap

in this other city; its little lakes and frigid ducks,
Dantes is a removal firm, the man is not a rhetorical figure
shouting at the scene of the murder, an underwater duck
is a plastic carrier full of water that surrounds it

give me that burger, that friend
I never want to leave, I mean to save your life
check trousers comma did she
touch with hands like mine

catachresis, Alabama and its moon
dark when you go, dark the bed when you come
O moon, O mad sex against the city of business men
hold hard in the lodge of our aging
Power Lust and Striving

all evidence is taped, these rats have bubonic plague
would you challenge the fleet, silver grey it sparkles
bobbing off-shore I have been home all day
the ports are blocked with French farmers twenty deep

this is meat, this is your photograph
the food is fat in Panama, you sang
my own fire, my own true fire
in the exchange there is a secret message

regresses nervously along the circuit fibre of the forgotten tomb,
it is 6.30 already and gale force winds toboggan
this secret shit, did I do that and did you?
there is a golden chain of love

all day the weather rocked the house
boomed about and called February
the bomb of Spring is ticking,
the people of China do not starve
Keep

the town was tourist wrapped and ticking
the sun shone through they only dream of me,
despite going down on Wall Street
sleep and sleep for England

guilts eased but with doll figures
bigger than expected sugar and lemon granules
lift and drink as easy as selling sweets to kids,
with the engine of my performance
a clean bra and knickers in case I fall

ey they call women girls but only dream of me,
buttocky stable lads beam in the pre-dawn
they are handsome men in Cotswold summer
sleep and money and my steady voice
sleep and sleep for England
there’s a wedding and I’m waiting
with the red and yellow book,
it’s big and bright
each poem a maze
the words in relief,
somebody reads and we eat, drink and dance
I check what poems to read –
the hot symbolism of dawn rolls out
green and lush the air falls
over my head and onto my hands
the world pops up a 3D book,
I remember what was happening
in the sun, attendant warmth
rising to meet it
a fat man puts his foot on the book
which can take it, it’s strong
can slay its enemies
but I rescue it all the same,
the food is cleared off tables
and there’s hectic dancing
now? as all this happens
    I am fixed on my book
    which is bright and can take it