House At Out

SAMPLER
Also by Mark Goodwin

Else
Distance a Sudden
Shod
Back of A Vast
Layers of Un
Clause in A Noise
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A ruined room with a river running through the end of it.

– Peter Redgrove
‘The Half-House’
*From Every Chink of the Ark*

a room for spectacular midnight error

– Peter Dent
‘Odd Detail (And Memorandum)’
*Handmade Equations*

At the road’s end you turn round and go back home but I stand here in acute smallness,

– Peter Riley
*Alstonefield*
For three Peters

SAMPLER
Holy Eke

a wild's infinite house
a house is finite parts equal

til a house is a wild ef
flo resc in()finite read(s)ings

exooikos hole key exo eco eke echo
SAMPLER
Mear Thoon

I

round ground hung out on
the dark limb of space
gleaming a tongue of time & pocks

of inner far coiled the coll
iding of arcs pulls the twine
of sky into the ball of dry sil

ver erosion soon Luna mind peels
like ship-hull horror & mist
glazes faint rain bow across hopes

round bow of sinking hip of a gone one
our light is taken from our bones & held tight in a disk of

failing dimensions the great decay of love evolves in air less dust
moon in a rid rocks of a gone nised

instruments as music slips its other silent self over a lens and releases a back lit un known from

the dark round naught of voice caught as rust in the coin or on the coin as the current of months

tugs the water off night's tongue
wet blue bled deep on the globe
skin brown part icles full of a
coming alphabet as the blue tran

slu cence filled hollows of god’s promises the whole cloud & moist
ure swir ling voice oceans plated
each space

with ever deeper creature designs
the valleys held blue & silver threads that fat tened with fish givings

the soil uttered up its deep
pest desires in shapes of green geometry & threads of hyst

erical cellular song great deserts
held their tongues against the core of the world as mountains

whit ened with water’s thin(king)
we hold the branches and feel
the soil between our toes we

let salt water rise & recede
daily through our own bones
we cup our eye of a world with

one heart pumping dark void
Earth has moles bur rowing
through her to time’s far side
III
ound ground hung out wet blue bled
deep on the dark limb of space on
the gleaming a tongue of brown particles full of time & po cks of inner a coming alphabet far coiled
the colliding blue translucence arcs pull
the twin(e) filled hollows of gods sky into
the ball of promises the whole cloud dry

silver erosion moisture's swirling voice the lunar mind peals ocean plated like
ship-hull horrors space ever deeper mist glazes faint creature designs rainbow hopes

across valleys held blue & silver the round bow of the threads that fattened the sinking hip of gone fish givings the soil one our light is taken uttered up its deepest from our bones & held desires in shapes of green fight in the disk of geometry threads of failing dimensions the hysterical cellular song great deserts held their great decay of love tongues against

the hot evolve in airless dust the moon in the core of the world arid rocks of agonised mountains whitened instruments as music thinking of water we slips its other silent self hold the branches

and feel a lens releases soil between our toes in the backlit unknown we let salt water rise & recede daily through the dark round we cup our nought of the far voice bones caught as rust in
the coin eye of world with one the coin as the heart
pumping dark void currents of months tug earth
moles burrowing the wafer time of the far side

night’s tongue through her
heard many faces
remarkable listening selves
un-address shades
time a labelled drop
certain steps rune dark

A Bachelard’s Château

hut ancients the alive roundhouse existing lamp
you by the shed shed light circle centre house at
know house against blows wind icy while evening

stills the roaring stove only to listen
Our Shoulle

I

grey slates slight against raging sky yet our rain breaks its back above us our chimney lets all our grey thoughts escape and we are left with the orange-yellow of a yes terday our windows are not for letting our light in but for keeping our dark out even without our curtains our glass of our house only allows our light to be trapped yet our house is our lamp each of us a filament of our house’s flame we wait for longing’s moth to flutter at our windows so our furniture can creak its sympathy for things not done that could’ve been our bricks are red always even beneath our grey plaster our joists of our house once stood in our forest our stone of our house once rested in our ground water passes through our house via our cooking & our baths how our house is taller than our sky it keeps our cellar is so
dark but a beast in it sings our lullabies
II

a round voice in the bottom of an impossible tube is nearly silent yet ticks away a shiny poem coils of a whole other place pull me in it is thin in a last place a shell makes so wide at first a thrush has smashed a snail shell on a doorstep think of bricks think of your family we always wonder why sky doesn’t flatten a shell with its simple vast coiled solid song song of wafer stone stone that is a song a crab may live in an on & on song a snail carries around exchanges for size & no size we do not live in shells because our feet are too big they would not fit into a tight pink compartment where a shell goes no further into the round of all a world slates so slight against her round voice bright raging sky with a rain in a bottom of impossible

III

thoughts escape leave us free and we are poem coils of a whole i am left with an orange/yellow other place pull me in i am right without curtains glass is smashed on a past i am wrong part of a flame we are does not flatten under dark a simple shell waits for longing coiled solid flutters at our round window our furniture creaks a song of stone sympathy for things not shell our bricks are always red even beneath a sliding snail our house once stood where we did not live & where once it did not the stone of our house is thin shell because of our bare
feet we pass through our house via a tight pink tube
all our cooking & our baths are wall-less compartments

in a silent yellow of shell we are taller than what goes
no further into a round sky keeping out all a world
Biscuits Thrown From a Window

I

our world’s trans parent mouth takes sigh t out of our living pace and fills an out side with eyes & eye activity a plane of glass holds the fly journey and lets light pass through the bond between heat & cold a long view framed by wood is kept a moment in clear squares then re leased to distance & its spat ial rant melted sand is c lean and magnifies or shr inks or b ends the sun’s warmth as seen or not we stare out of the wind it takes us from our corner but leaves us with our bodies it takes our seeing in to the vast as we sit or stand in our cell the air pushed through
an open window curtains billowed like two
people fattening & starving & fattening &

starving … and so it was food began to fall
through a/the win dow in a/the form of un

seen dreams a square dream clearly fitted
perfect ly between bits of processed tree

II

wheat tightened to dry tiles or discs of food
a biscuit crumb bles a valley of corn harvest
and its she ares are cr ushed to crumbs

each dry moon crus hes by teeth yields calor ies like ferv our for a belief of going or in a
body the bisc yo)u it man with f eal bones

of down ground & cooked grains very carefully
led his life away from rattling jars or damp
cell ars the field I played in as a child with

its gol den stubble fresh after the combine
sits on my table as a small circle I can put my
mouth round I watch the g olden light on

biscuit change as a biscuit sun sinks into hedge
row each crumb from what I’ve crunched cool
ing amongst dust and it’s lost to the ants as to

kens of civilisation they take each token back
to the nest where calories for momentum are
stored for the long distance & time it takes
to evolve to a moment of inventing biscuits