

House At Out

SAMPLER

Also by Mark Goodwin

Else

Distance a Sudden

Shod

Back of A Vast

Layers of Un

Clause in A Noise

Steps

Tones Fled All

SAMPLER

Mark Goodwin

House At Out
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Shearsman Books

SAMPLER
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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

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For three Peters

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Holy Eke

a wild's inf i nite b oys
a house is fin ite parts equ
a lly a house & a wild ef
flo resce in (finite read(s)ings

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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 horrors & 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 de
cay of love evolves in air less dust
moon in a rid rocks of agonised

inst ruments as music slips its
other silent self over a lens and re
leases a back lit unknown from

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

tugs the wafer off night's tongue

II

wet blue bled deep on the globe
skin brown particles full of a
coming alphabet as the blue tran

sluence filled hollows of god(s)
promises the whole cloud & moist
ure swirling voice oceans plated

each space

with ever deeper creature designs
the valleys held blue & silver threads
heads that fattened with fish givings

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

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

whitened with water's thinking
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 eyes of a world with

one heart pumping dark void
Earth has moles burrowing
through her to time's far side

III

round ground hung out wet blue bled
deep on the dark limb of space on
the globe skin 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 voi
ce 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 dim
ensions 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

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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 windy while evening

stills the roaring stove only to listen

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house filter mingles
believed homes

sky glories where

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 out 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

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English lamp
skip of selves

gate's grey dream
orange trickle dumped

empty car reflected

Biscuits Thrown From a Window

I

our world's transparent mouth takes sight
t out of our living space and fills an out

side with eyes & the activity a plane of
glass holds the fly's 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 released
to distance & its spatial rant melted sand

is clean and magnifies or shrinks or b
ends the sun's warmth as seen or not we

stare out of the window 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 window in a/the form of un

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

II

wheat tightened to dry tiles or discs of food
a biscuit crumb blebs a valley of corn harvest
and its sheaves are crushed to crumbs

each dry moon crushed by teeth yields calories
like fervour for a belief of going on in a
body the biscuit man with frail bones

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

its golden stubble fresh after the combine
sits on my table as a small circle I can put my
mouth round I watch the golden 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