

SAMPLER

Ice Stylus

ALSO BY MARTIN ANDERSON

POETRY

The Kneeling Room *

The Ash Circle *

Heard Lanes

Dried Flowers

Swamp Fever

The Stillness of Gardens

Black Confetti

Belonging *

Snow. Selected Poems 1981–2011 *

Interlocutors of Paradise

The Lower Reaches *

Obsequy for Lost Things *

PROSE

The Hoplite Journals (complete in one volume) *

The Hoplite Journals I-XXIX *

The Hoplite Journals XXX-LIX *

The Hoplite Journals LX-LXXIX *

An asterisk denotes a Shearsman title.

Martin Anderson

IceStylus
SAMPLE

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SAMPLER

“... how art thou come to this dark coast?”

Ezra Pound, *The Cantos*

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Ground : Zero

“The vertical white weight that fell last night
And made their continent a blank.”

David Gascoyne

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Voyagers into silence, and into whiteness. Dissimulators.
Inscribers of *blank* spaces. On the salt laden wind they listen
for the cries of land birds. For surf pounding.

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Names dissolved on the wind. “Roote[d] out from being.”
Inaudible breathings.

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A land “free from blot or mixture.” The whole of Europe dreaming. The same dream.

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Unerwünscht. Over the empty spaces.

SAMPLER

Peach and apple orchards, fields of corn. Burned, without pity. Storehouses full of squash, dried corn and beans. Houses with old men, women and children in them. "The stinck and sente ... Frying in the frier." The ability to subsist depleted. Surviving on bark and roots. Hunger a knot of hard iron. "Let them eat grass."

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A fluke of rusted iron in the heart. Poisons the tongue. Infects the hand that writes.

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Scorn – on the white word. Shrivelled and parched. On the salt flat. Wintering in the throat. In “the land where no one weeps.” In the eternal immiseration of snows.

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Word: umbilicus. Nourished in earth. Our village. Our valley.
Seed shadow. The sound of its root-edness. Pleasing to us.

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Those who fell, in a black ash swamp beside a river, far from home. They had the colour of freshly fallen snow on their hands and their feet.

SAMPLER

Entire villages erased from the map. At evening, in the quietness of dusk, the Names.

SAMPLER

“Black-earth country.” The land sings. You could smell it on their breath. And when we left there were no more trails to follow.

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