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Five Freedoms of Movement
SAMPLER
An old house

absence of sound  trees

moss  wildlife  that feeling of surface

over surface with smooth spaces between

inside/busy  the sky in the sky

in the stream  moving

sunshine after long rain and a rich smell

rising from the steam

from the grass

a propeller on a wooden frame

taking a breeze’s fancy over a hedge

in a field

nobody for miles

except  one thin white line

trespassing slowly  across vast blue
right forefinger held over left forefinger and holding right lace under left, left forefinger to switch left lace under right connecting right thumb completing a twist; then forefingers and thumbs of both hands to pull both lace ends in opposite directions with equal force: there, movement one. Now right forefinger to press on the twist, left hand propels left lace to right forefinger slips around lace loop passing to right thumb left thumb pushing through looplet under loop one to waiting right thumb, which pulls. Finally, both right and left forefingers and thumbs to grip again giving shape, and pull in opposite directions with equal force and this time still equally, but also, for form, down: end of second movement, first foot.
It is disappointing to note that you have not responded to a previous communication in connection with your account and that you are continuing to avail yourself of unauthorised credit.
When
  waiting begins
  begins and
rain drops to the rooftop
that rose to meet it
in the first place    yours
you find yourself rising – rising –
  through time-tables
  condescension in the corridors
  interconnected room-theories underground – to go –
go – the baby in the cot
caught waiting in the first place
one and multiple,
calling, breathing, abating,
recalling, making that brief space breathe;
for you, encircled, wide-eyed, moved.
Cling to the lattice.

Where a building is broken away
a broken support juts
held down-pointing by three floorboards
broken at that point
and shadows against the wallpaper
that once just
and under the brick cavity
where a fireplace in a first-floor room
kept maybe
the place warm.
Unless payment, with interest to date of payment, is received within ten days from the date of this letter, proceedings for recovery will be instituted against you without further notice.
The soft down in the soft shadow, bright brown eyes, upcurled lash, smile scherzo but frail as the head tilts sideways casual even a bit/packing letters, stamped ends this way, to rotate on the belt the bones of the neck and jaw showing the skin, the tactility of the dance of ideas enveloped by a slower, bigger body-dance, quite small, sluiced, so many units that spark in the interplay attach to the memory-end: sliver of the True Cross, the Virgin’s Milk, one phial, existent places, imagination (dog at large) addressed to pulped into to stylized and repetitive observance, Hardstone St, Wine St, Paradise Row, Misery Hill, round and round, stamp your feet! they go around, spaces in people’s lives not gaps from post to post sorted and evaporating under a pressure: I know I can’t preach but I did think, Pigeon, I was quite under the franked impression, the squeal and the blare and the tweedle, through quaint corners of this look I think I wait! I……
mania: an abnormal elation with overactivity and lack of insight. The patient talks continuously, makes puns, has euphoria and insomnia, is cheerful, arrogant and interfering, has flights of ideas one running into the next but easily distracted and seldom finishes anything s/he starts; lack of control may lead to alcoholic and sexual excesses, obscene conversation and attacks on others. There may be delusions of grandeur.
A brick or two against that broken door to keep my little daughter out. There. Rain. Twilight. That sound of traffic on wet streets some streets away sending a delicate intertexture of intermittent sound intact this far. And a baby’s babbling. Intermittence. Tiddle-dum-dee. And a leaking roof. This too. Tap. And pattern: sitting down, taking notes, time, notice, drip, play, counter it—though graceful bits fit over “the truth” awkwardly, don’t they? (I’ll retype this). Catch. Drop. Now baby’s getting closer up corridor more excited (this end-room full of paper El Dorado) and I’m getting anxious for my work/in El Dorado.

Three things on method: flexible, invisible, fast. Well, hello there then.

The wind inventing the river in the trees a snail glazing a trail over a stone.
Livelihood
for Mary

SAMPLER
THE PILLAR & THE VINE

Rest

happiness
peace

why is the white so
difficult touched
suddenly

a tendril travelling
& a leaf with it
hacks at

a pillar a gate the
facts chips at
plashes the

pillar at the front of
a house a huddle
in rocks

the pillar the vine
its soft white
stone

wandering beyond the puny
into the light net
this pillar

this vine hard to in shadows
discard patterns that
smash their way

into yr face anyway to let go
the lattice & as you’ve
seen it just as & in
a flash you've noticed/frequency
times length/then smile
dropping ripples

onto a watersurface
where
tiny

eggs

tiny

flew

lightly

moving

in the

wind

around the

edge of the

base of the

stopped

stone pillar beside
where to keep
putting

betterparts together
under pressure
against

Despair/rest
happiness/
then
(peace) in an access
of wisdom
sit
down shut up
the pillar
takes
the wind (times length)
whatever it was that
was possible to
be true to this difficulty
where $fl = v \times v$
is velocity
the light in the heat
& the Light Apart
from all
that too a fly on a page
lands & disappears
a good ten
years on yes (times length)
(good) the pillar the
vine
arched at a black dog
brown dog/in full/
the pillarvine
hacks this pliant
this pliancy
this young
vineplant attached
to the rocky
edges
of the pillar & in a rain of names

absorbency

storyline

two-way

three-way

in section

vertical

cut across &

down

rest/pillar

shock – cut happiness

peace/the pillar

the vine the soft

white the pillar the soft the light

vine then just don’t think don’t

look don’t brea-
the.
STONE

Suddenness of
the end of
things

of that end of things
freaked with jet
as if

a penpoint purred
then
it

did & thunder thundered:
NOTHING! at the
gate

[Hans Arp laughs]
(!) vast in
vast (!)
in this truly vast
si(chip)lence
in the

mass(!)ve far & dis-
persal into the
(mesh of

(!) patter + n =   )
has gone to the
edge of need

has opened a book
///has closed it
not I can tell
you things I can tell
you this littleness
this door opened

or at least it swung
on its hinges if
that’s not

quite the same reversal
of the next thing
which take us

home pleaded the dice
inside tight on
the floor

& whingeing which I
did against a
slight

wobble in the chak-
ra & my better
judgement

amethyst – ruby –
small chipped
(/) script

(padded envelopes
to padded cells)
& a

few clichéd remarks
about memory & love
(eyes)(go down)

weedkiller + the
withering dry
what-not
of the plot (& across)
(reading) I who
could never

read you of a sudden
reading yr
stone

reading yr
stone.
Take one, turn two, tack
two, catch. Five. First bit.
Then switch over, jump.
Hop twice, pitch twice, catch
one, shout. End of second bit.
Turn Death. Under the Circle of Life.
It’s a long trek.
With a hoop.

Hammer tapping the root of the place
sick of the slick weary of theory
ball peen cross peen mark & trace
the Glass Slipper & the Tooth Fairy.
the basic colours

a watchman’s log
SAMPLER
I think yes
I was touring the lattice
now that all the little cars were grey
ah yes he said she said
  hey they said I'm
  we've got a new book out
  have you seen it
  they said
  quick! bus red
  notebooks in your
  pockets I it's about
it I think they
said it's about
  disparate/desperate
battles of a lifetime
  (love, death & the rentman)
  fading/phasing
I could barely with great care
hear then
just the lips & in the eyes
that aggressive grace.
Elsewhere peace
  bric-a-brac
  piece
  the night – the rain –
  the mistakes I make
  the delight to find in them
  interstices
  & to make that too a delight
all that
to listen
to look
to you or else
one-two
where ash trees' leaves go
back & forth in the breeze
then stop
  then show back again
undergreen silver over shadowgreen
under light bright new leaves
on top
waving
tap
I was talking to you were saying
our minds…
the dance
the cars had once been blue in the dust.
Books & non-books.
Poetry (space) “is an activity
not a body of reading.”
I wonder how the Gem School feels about that?
Click beetle or skipjack
everything wrapped up snug
in the importance of its own name
in a copybook
but when things get done
without prattle people prattle
we did it.
Invisible bedtrap
āttōrcōppe
illusion of a whisper
brushed off.
Then … Robert Frost on a motorbike
in the snow hearing a sinister swish
of conspiracy on the fire-escape
growls
you cruel
heart-carrier I
feel myself about to
until a burst of the best possible
otherwords out of the blue
changes everything
(spider: weaver)
you were saying?

The wine farting in its jar.
Sonata
In Swahili *nyumba* means back and *mbele* front but for Swahili speakers the front of an object is its far side, facing *away* from the speaker, and the *nyumba* is the side facing the speaker.
…the money I can see
   from here
landing on the floor
   emitting little words
is not for me
   [where’s my home?
how house
   my children?]
& when breezes shake
   the leaves a little
they all fall over
   into another country
evenly speaking
   Utopian-Glass-Box.
oh I’ll be there –
   mouth wide –
interpreting off-key…

then I woke up.

moving from that small
   stinking hotel
arranged for us by
   the school & too
expensive anyway
   to what turned out
to be some sort of
   brothel & then on
a few days later
   on his insistence
to a colleague’s place.
   & his collapsing
marriage.
   drunkenness. fights.
a television
   flung to the floor.

we’d arrived – yes –
   but not quite yet
to that distant spot of sunlight where to disport our wings over a forest floor.

...space – air – scattering influence over us – a matter of discussion – doubt + idiocy join the club – a split stone in the storm/ black white/ it glints & (click) purrs (of) yr properties’ keys in my pockets index of what you think & what you think is yours by right – not omitting that nagging ever-present fever to survive – rain of dishonest badgerings incessant valley of darkness – it dissolves loveblurst at the edges gestelted thalurbs overolve in the deep blue sea (will I begin it?) the world. (that’s all that’s in it: blue veins/pink
vines) then what?
gis a job – & so –
down. (earth)
that.
land on it.
ignition –
back to the crannóg
for me…
the angle of
the neck the
angle of the
bill the angle

& elevation of
the body the
ruffling of the
feathers on its

back & the di
splay of
the tail.

pipe
pip
curl
rill.

swirl.
sculpt.
split.

dofheicthe

in braille…
If you open a door & light hits the light on the floor but doesn’t double it or fit. If you respond to her special look & then it. If a door closes gently its tongue clicks shut (“shut”) under-echoing along a hallway shut. If you wake in the morning overjoyed before a tide of worries in the dark. If the smell of rain in the air brings rain. If the Seamstresses of Steel become home-makers or widows at their windows at home in chrome & leatherette. If a war begins & then stops & then begins again money & blood pouring through – phase by phase – in gouts of/hey wait a minute – If peace is a gap within a gap. If a painting falls to the floor – then … then … //It should be called Cascade – ode sac – aubade – a glint of silver in a storm then gone. Dwell. Fall. Time. Crushed butterflies. Tapping animal in a tree.

Tell that to the police.

This is the world.

Ah.

Your screen says no, says yes, says progress this way, no wait, that … each problem yielding a new exfoliation of information itself ready to burst into further layers & those layers further … Tired, a sore throat. Tell me, tell me sweetly: I had melodies, then maladies – was it Xmas? – & accurate pieces of language. Pip-pip. Yes, it is a blackbird across yr neighbourhood that calls, & then calls. A child’s voice, a child’s mind (“Will my brain rot when I’m asleep?”)
whispery verticals stab-slits tubular vivids
draw past skin cheeks knuckles o
must be in my other jacket
ssish go cars on
wet streets
recuperating a blank
below the moon device or
something like & obliquity in water
outside the calyx touch teach touch staying
put my house collapsing cards on contact reaches home.

Ode sac – aubade – a glint of wisdom against the norm then gone.
Less than no use. In that frame. (Hi, I’m Miró, wing-commander
Miró, haven’t we met?) On the other hand, you turn to her for
an explanation, & seem to get the beginning of it. A Japanese
basket peddler pulling his laden cart (a century ago) dwarfed by
the enormity of the contraption, intent under his conical woven
hat: that’s you! she says, & laughs. On the other hand…
Tig

SAMPLER
SAMPLER
[BLESSING THE ANIMALS]

then
the spring-born population stays put
in its region of birth
the Great Lakes of North America.

then
of the autumn-born population
½ hibernates
while the remaining ½
set out southwards
on a narrow unwavering route.
it’s a journey of 3000 kilometres
down to south Texas/northern Mexico.

on arrival they gather in one or two
valleys on particular conifers
in their millions
& rest there till spring
& mate.

then this immense blizzard of wings
begins to move northwards
travelling in a more leisurely way
feeding & laying their eggs along the route…

the train’s shadow
flickering over the fields

the Monarch is a long-lived butterfly
each individual surviving approximately
one year.
their migration pattern is as follows

a child nearby
at a window

(migration pattern is as)
where the world
tracks past a
very young child
so happy so
taken aback
she
sings. (follows) & it beats
disclosing enclosing

*flash!* fold *flash!*
close slit show shock

blind shock black
shock/light exuding

over the visible
light intruding

on the visible
light corroding

the leaves leaving
only the light.

their
dispersal patterns
are as follows.

map.
count.

then

immense

upsurge

white

red

amber dark
the need for flattened bark-dwelling insects
to get away from predators on tree-trunks may
well have provided the selective pressure that
led to the evolution of wings – between rains
we lay listening lay waiting – you know me…

rain on glass to the side of yr face

a door shut in a corridor