Gone to Marzipan
Also by Ralph Hawkins:

English Literature
Well, You Could Do
The Word from the One
Soft in the Brains
Tell Me No More And Tell Me
Birds, Cattle, Fish & Flies
At Last Away
Within & Without
Writ
Routes & Abrasions
Flecks
Pelt
Part One Puškin
The Coiling Dragon / The Scarlet Bird / The White Tiger /
   A Blue & Misted Shroud
Pool
The Primeval Atom
The MOON, The Chief Hairdresser (highlights)
Quaoar (with Kelvin Corcoran and Alan Halsey)

(with Bob Cobbing)
G Curled Ribbon
a split
A Quonk
Signatures or the Wasp Under Custard
Gloria
The Next Morning
Everyday Pursuits
Gone to Marzipan

RALPH HAWKINS

Shearsman Books
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blows of wind and rain buffeted them
there are huts in the North of Europe
apparently swallows, rooks, bees and storks
shelter from severities with reed and cane
In Monomotapa all the dwellings are of wood
the name of the inventor of perfume is not known

Shepherds

Some Questions Concerning Civilization

the road festooned

the waterfront is lined with mansions

The View From Space (Sub-Orbital)

Themes For Developing A Treaty

The Age of Warring

Dirk Brocade

Heidegger

Chaise Longue

The Greenhouse Effect

Che Guevara's Cigar

Casino

The Good Shepherd

Anthropology

Natural Material

The Making of Mong

The Citadel of Love

Moon Rush (for Yuri Gargarin)

A Bright New Thing Has Dawned

Three Hudson River School Poems

Viagra From Goat Island

Coincidence

Frans Van Meris: The Soldier And The Prostitute

Mount Ida Zeus

African Inquisition

Sierra Leone

Contradictions

L'homme du train

Transport
The Queen of Puddings

she will not 93
the sentence 94
I look 95
Leading 96
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Consumer Choice 98
we should never 99
what a day 100
what now 101
I wondered 102
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health care 111
tantalize 112
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volvic 114
plain facts 115
something to look forward to 116
wishful thinking 117
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my blood ran 119
Poetics

1. We understand the factors governing present day poetic distribution
2. These affinities have not changed through time
3. Present and past distributions are and were not in equilibrium
4. Modern analogues pre-exist
5. The taphonomy of a poetic assemblage can be established
6. This assemblage is biased by contamination of source material
7. Poems can be identified to a meaningful level of taxonomic resolution

the wind blah blahs
up to 20,000 generations of beetles
munching on wood

dark pollen rains into pools
ambered scent fills the air
glistens at your neck
she left a note

Gone to Marzipan

I looked it up in a dictionary

The fallen nuts make a dog paste in the sand

They list the ingredients in the hotel

The young girl in 127

It produces millions of dollars

At Christmas they charge treble for a double

Did she mean Mozambique

Resin wafting from pine

The almond of her thighs
they had lovely hair in the cinema of the 50’s and 60’s

technicolor cinemascope

but was it real

Catherine Deneuve had a headscarf*

Victor Mature a pout

you also had lovely hair

I wrote *I Love Lucy for Andrew*

Donald Duck as Natty Bumppo

*well after Belle de Jour*

there was Biblical rain

when only true lovers kissed
today’s fish swim deeper in dark pressure

death by lethal injection

another city bursts into flame urb by urb by urb

sweeping the globe in cycles

this we know from the Venusians (based in Virginia in 1606)

held dreams of world domination*

prone to smallpox, malnutrition

swamp fever

at war with Spain or

*terra incognito
it’s free Tibet day

the air shimmers and the trappings of state produce varied menus

there are many offers at hand in trading relations

oil leaving gaps in consciousness

there are still good deals to be had

in changing body-count rules

there is happiness in recycling old dogmas

the myth of perfectibility

today I read

I will meet the man of my dreams

provider of breakfast cuddles

the Dalai Lama worries about his last breath

that it may not be his last breath
**Bewarewolf Poem**

you know I’m the wolf baby
you know I stays in the wood
well when you get in trouble
you call the wolf out of the wood

Howlin’Wolf

Olf Larson stepped out of his Finnish dacha
or was it a Volvo
pine trees in blue

running in front of him an encircling figuration of paw prints
leading off into
Cat People like moments

*Man With Dog* 1953 by Francis Bacon

Joe Stalin in his dacha

*Absolut Vodka*

Olf changing his name to Gunter
changing his erstwhile car to a Golf Automatic

wolves out to get you
switching from one thing to another
trading piss mark signs as stigmata

what is there for a male wolf—career, mortgage, she-wolves—
wolf cubs

*St. Stephen Suckled by a Doe*
*St. Nicholas of Tolentino Calms a Storm*
*St. Francis and The Wolf of Gubbio*
Gunter worked out at a Health Spa
ice-cold skies
splendid mountain views
a cold star with a sickle moon
the Siberian wastes full of timber, oil and gold
enough to make a killing

money ascribed with blood
Sassetta’s Madonna of the Snow
the halo of St. Francis embossed PATRICIA PAUPERUM
Olf’s cousin the Siberian Tiger
stocking the freezer with shark steak and swordfish
alpine plants in superstores
on the urbs outskirts and byways of leisure
passed Swimminies the Vietnamese Fighting Fish
what the English call hobbies
Gunter discovers Pet World is a brothel
**The Alphabet**

*(A Cognitive Map of Civilization)*

King Ape followed by King Bee
(or is that Queen B?)
What of Aristotle (a different line)
follow the bouncing ball
King Crab Stick
That’s Ari Aristotle the ship magnate
(Where did the Minoans come from?)
the descent into poetic Anarchy

Should I take up gardening instead
The ABC of Gardening
a trellis

solitude

Gramsci’s *Prison Notebooks*

and happiness, what is that

Bush Fire
Texas expansion
To wear cowboy boots

The gun lobby
Even the actor who played Moses in Moses and Monotheism
realizes the quest for oil

The Black Dahlia
The Petrified Forest

The Blast Shelter
(shadows of the dead)
ah Leslie Howard

are we now on W

King Wang?

Waylon Jennings or Hank Wangford

Don’t I dare
WOLVES (A DIPTYCH, TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN)

Recently I’ve been thinking
Of making a late marriage to the daughter
Of a wolf butcher
We’d escape from it all to an island under an endless star-lit sky
There’d be a big welcome kiss on the harbourmaster’s wall
You’d have kiss-curled hair (early Doris Day) and rose lipstick
You’d wear a snow-white dress sequinned with star-gems
I’d hold the diskette of the world sun-bolt bright in my hand
We’d begin a circus
I’d become a wolf tamer
Finally abandoning my fascination with market economies

I’d marry the harbourmaster under perfectly normal conditions
I’d be the profligate blonde
There’d be a big wet kiss on his lips
He’d have kiss-curled hair (Rick Nelson)
I’d wear my white dress encrusted with star-gems
We’d go to Nacogdoches
I’d hold the reins of the world in my hand
(or was it Kansas?)
I’d embrace the market economy
I’d run off with the Mexican circus owner
I’d marry a Medicine Man
and feed our children to the wolves