

It Looks Like an Island...

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*)

Gone to Marzipan

with Bob Cobbing:

G Curled Ribbon

a split

A Quonk

Signatures or the Wasp Under Custard

Gloria

The Next Morning

Everyday Pursuits

Ralph Hawkins

*It Looks Like
an Island
But Sails
Away*

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Gut

*What is most striking about giants
Is the length of their ears.*

— Francis Picabia

Down in the tubes like corridors of blood he lived. His name was Gut and his body had many rooms.

To the right was the Giant's room and his name was Git. Is Git a short giant? If Git and Gut have children it will be a miracle as they don't eat together. This would be the gustatorium. A windy palace of gables and false starts. Huge butterflies hung from Eve.

To the left, near St Pancras, Git swept the furniture room, which was bare and nearly naked of furniture, the odd fruit bowl which we now understand to be a type of quince. A few hung hams from the ceiling, a Bombay Bad Boy in the cupboard, a runaway from a poem which could be India by Slim Whitman.

When Gut moved he took his house with him. The underground and he were twins. This academics call travelling or motility. He followed the map of life for hours hoping to arrive. Plutarch arguing that some animals are more intelligent than others.

Space is a place in point. Maybe it's the extremes that keep us going. Git has copulated and seeded many times. Gut just keeps on growing. Marx tells us that Man has become denatured. My mind is nude on a carousel.

The mercredoir has sugarloaf walls and plasticine furniture, inflammable at high temperatures. Git almost always seeking the Comrade perfect.

Reg of Orleans

*Jeanne was not a common termagant,
not a harlot, not a witch, not a blasphemer,
no more an idolater than the Pope himself*

The vanished limbless
on vermicelli millet fields, splayed cysts,
cracked bone and tar-oil

golden wheatless

perhaps a copper-green in oil or the
mordant gold of a halo-lamp

there are forensic traces of red on purpled lips

perhaps a burning of books

Reg went to Rome maybe on the 12:18

got ill on Milanese salami and applied ointment
(healing balm oil)

wearing a rayed hello with a star

sustained on bread dipped in milk or wine

*The Snow White car backfires in revolve
Spotty faced with a Glock 17
Stripped in the waste, near Barearsed
A golden winged Nike on his fleet feet*

Other views... gold trimmed with ermine in rings of flame

a bird with two coats
one male the other gives a spotted appearance

the Volvo has a decorative trim
a horizontal of wheels and crescent moons (moans?)

tattooed on a forearm

3.

Egg Foo Yung in Poplar
the hills behind (calendar wall painting
month of April)
are flooded (terraced)
with the light of an eastern dawn
the sky ultramarine (Genoa) – pupil of Pisano

Other meals:

Jeanne's bread dipped in wine with silent letters
Jimmy's stifado (Soho)
Jerome's habit, cape and ungilded halo
the leaves picked out in malachite and
tin lead yellow

there seems to be a pentimento in the oculus

hot green chillies
lemon grass

tiny fish hatched and swimming pool in the soup

stuffed

pimento and octopus

Ray's light from March
with intermittent roundels of
blue with white palm

4.

head of haired beardless man

head of a haired bearded man

much of what I thought

first one fin and then another
he counts up his 'sins' on mini hands

a dish of dauphinoise

blue belted above the waist
birds with tiny wings (robins with scraves!)
flock in a field of carnations (dianthus)

his hair cute parted

MOST WANTED MAN

or Jeanne 1431

rays gilded with blue spots in hot water tub

a star on her shoulder
and the rings on her finger
in what appears to be a red lake

raindrop sprays appear – transparent

am I too

in green underpants

showing the Man of (constant) Sorrow

5.

This time musing / musing about hair

sit and do nothing
gaze into silence

she wears a black shirt
 over a robin redbreast vest
 which is buttoned at the neck

the weather too is fair
 to golden-chest-nut brown
 with many knots and floors
 in her face

Line one: your earlobes and wen

a baby's skin
a fine waist

to be continued

fitter, trimmer, flatter

the bird

flies

out of her mouth

flames

6.

Jeanne hangs her vest to dry
1430
near the end now

egg on wood – snow on bare trees

the bed head and the bed end (the good beginning)
are decorated with music makers (angels)
under an arcade of possible ways to live – given the circumstances

there is scattered flake loss in the fire place

aesthetes moving from the city and going into the desert

from above we cross patchwork fields
tiny florists (birthdays, weddings and funerals)
and small castellated towns

the mountains are peeped snow-capped
Snow White and ethereal on the horizon

roses grow from bud to flower fairly light (fairy alights?)
on the tree

a dove coming out of Ray's
Salmon dancing weaving (rays don't dance)
pink on top of the cake platter

blood red icing sugar-----one method of writing here
is to re-use composition(s) and motifs
for example the bed
its removal is usually of great significance to torture
(Hunger, L'instinct de mort, Jeanne la Pucelle etc)

lettieri (night beds) and *lettuci* (day beds)
are decorated with intarsia

Anne's bed has a blue canopy with golden stars

hers is the birth of a boy
the window open onto a fenced garden

flames lick from the sun

Ray's face alight

while another enters with a
terracotta potty on her head