

# **SHEARSMAN**

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### **Submissions**

*Shearsman* operates a submissions-window system, whereby submissions are only  
accepted during the months of March and September, when selections are  
made for the October and April issues, respectively. Submissions may be sent  
by mail or email, but email attachments—other than PDFs—are not accepted.

We aim to respond within 2–3 months of the window's closure.

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## DENISE RILEY

---

### *Death makes dead metaphor revive*

Death makes dead metaphor revive  
Turn stiffly bright and strong.  
Time that is felt as 'stopped' will freeze  
Its to-fro, fro-to song

I parrot under feldspar slabs  
Sunk into chambered ice.  
Language, the spirit of the dead,  
May mouth each utterance twice.

Spirit as echo clowns around  
In punning repartee  
Since each word overhears itself  
Laid bare, clairaudiently.

Over its pools of greeny melt  
The rearing ice will tilt.  
To make *rhyme* chime again with *time*  
I sound a curious lilt.

# JOHN JAMES

---

## Affection

*one does not work out of a reaction against but rather out of affection for something* —Barry Flanagan

1

guide my soul to the light from this unwholesome pit  
where all is sold for an arm & a leg the stirrup pump  
to no avail against the incendiary hail as countless children  
hunger for tallow calling from faraway cities while radios  
drone on masking the salacious trembling hand to fist  
a sardine can almost fast food who wants it now  
got no other option the drudgery of minimum wage  
or listed in the Sunday supplement bought in the family visit  
to the super store with mum & dad & baby buggy large as life  
what do they want they do not know until they find the box  
American breakfast with green top milk & loads of sugar  
shake so nose to the ground the lengthy strap that pulls the dog  
so careless like its human chancers show every piercing  
& tattoo as yomping down the aisle they go no bended knee  
or supplicant incense bow aroma of aftershave will do no  
blessing now required as nothing told but enter pin code now  
the 4x4 awaits as shriven by the carwash men as cheap as that  
a quickie without the smokeless public bar the little town  
not quite a capital spot to try for pollination  
a double bed can wait

2

Fruiting bodies vintage  
garment by the carpet pile grandpa full of what he's led to believe  
some stinking rubbish from the daily junk adorning flaccid  
regular the mat falling on us all as the queen lacks semen  
popping drones following the soak of neonicotinoid

what good are they well there's munitions  
pull up his joggers crossing the road against the red  
two fingers to the horn the camera can only lie in shaky grey  
by what stretch can this be called an art house cinema  
our visions of grown up fillum lacking schedule  
would you credit it best to buy your olive oil from Aldi  
at least in winter bare flesh concealed from blatant view  
dot & carry at the ankle loss of pace in sorry state  
wrapt in a shiny body warmer Soviet black felt scarf & woolly bonnet  
seeking something good to eat to take home to your kitchen  
forlorn sell out of the local to the multiple estate

3

### Bite off the

top of the morning on the high road to the bank no froth  
or gain to see the pitiful junky lost to the world beside the path  
would you believe it yes it is there tension of neck muscle  
can't wait to get back home make fast the door rewind  
the dread & disarray of the street to climb the stair  
to application love of the creatures seen from the window  
at the secrétaire you will continue till you ache the line  
will turn & turn again in ascending barometric pressure  
before you rest to reconsider what is done a draft  
a pattern showing how it's made

█



## DONNA STONECIPHER

---

### Model City [1]

It was like reading in the newspaper one morning that the city's building minister has declared a moratorium on the construction of new hotels, and feeling yourself flooded with relief.

\*

It was like only at that moment realizing how the proliferation of new hotels has filled your own head with vacancies, how each new hotel has added 50, 100, 200 emptinesses to a proliferation of emptinesses.

\*

It was like suddenly thinking about the emptinesses in yourself: your body with its cells, your heart with its chambers. There were already too many emptinesses.

\*

It was like feeling your cells and chambers flooded with relief, though you sense that the moratorium may have come too late, that the city with all its hotels may have already slid irrevocably into vacancy.

## Model City [2]

It was like studying plans for a concentric model city consisting of rings of houses and gardens, factories, markets, a library, a crystal palace, a “farm for epileptics,” and a “home for inebriates.”

\*

It was like looking at a close-up of the concentric rings in which life is to be parceled out, ordered, rendered spatially lucid, and noticing, behind the circular railway, an allocation for a jam factory.

\*

It was like imagining strawberry and raspberry jam circulating neutrally among the theoretical inhabitants of the model city, jam for breakfast in the gardens of the well-to-do and at the epileptic farm.

\*

It was like wondering what would happen if the inebriates were to choose not to remain spatially lucid in their allotted parcel of land, if the jam were to burst out of the factory vats and cover the model city in sweet red salve.

## MICHAEL HASLAM

---

### A Round Word: World

The world is too large to be held in a word,  
too multifarious in meanings and too vaguely blurred  
for a tune to be heard or a tale to be told.

But the word, the world is surely roundly globed  
as an orb, or ringed in a circle

as the kingcup sepal whorl of marigold.

A world is absorbed in the woods, in the words  
for an earthen mould. It's the word

not the world that is dense as the brain  
in the bone-dome home of my own.

I do like to explore my mental limits. Happily  
they're close at hand. Among simple words  
there is a happy land for dimwits where  
the world is fair. Its field is shared and varies  
in exchange with deals in equity and folk and fairies.

Here for sale at stalls are idiotic coinages  
as *bonnified*, a bona fide arcadia

of pastel beauty pastorally shown along with  
the associated dairies. And indeed

I have myself the world personified as  
all my care is for a world as mad

as John Clare had for Marys.

The waxing year upsprung in either hemisphere,  
full-breasted world! Undressed  
as a cumberland wrestler, bosoms cradled,  
nestled in her folded arms and partly veiled  
by either flaxen or by sable raven hair,  
the elbows resting on a trestle-table. This her stall  
displaying all the pulchritude of ample blossom,  
pots and jars for charity or profit, floral,  
verbal, choral, all for sale on gala day,  
among beribboned shires and all a dale's regalia.  
The band play shining buffets in the windy buff,  
their brassy air-blown tunes go drifting off  
among balloons and drifting sally fluff.  
Fell runners puff to track and trail the crags above.  
The county set in tweeds today I nearly love:  
A sort of failure, falling into guff and tory  
country stuff, with stirks and yowes  
for sale or prizes, and a whirling well  
that rises at hill foot. She gushes horizontal.  
Pumps and trumpets steal the show.  
The world's well-swollen tump: A Trump:  
The beautiful full frontal.

## CARRIE ETTER

---

### *from* The Modie Box

I do not understand how I can be alive while you are dead. The field white with snow and the absence of crops. Closer, the creamy brown clumps of stalks, the world after harvest.

\*

They offered you to us as a possible vegetable. A butternut squash, perhaps, its pale warmth.

\*

I took a box file and put everything I had of us into it—letters I wrote you, cards you sent me, photos and postcards. I stuck on a label. Its presence on the shelf reassures me.

\*

Burnt toffee peanuts, orange roughy, salt water taffy, lightly sweet white wine, Constant Comment tea, raisin bread toast, salmon, Polish sausage, black olive pizza.

\*

Death, resurrection, death. What could be more violent?

\*

The line crackled, but I could still hear pain in your voice, if not each precise word. I fought myself not to call back, find a clear channel, extend or intensify your difficulty. If I'd known it'd be the last, I would have succumbed to my selfishness. Without such knowledge, I nearly had, anyway. I tried to allay my guilt for not calling back but wanting to by going online for flowers at once.

### Goatscape Monologue

When a society breaks down, time sequences shorten by barter, insult, revenge, or neurotic symptom—as when a man offers from his richest hand a plastic bowl foaming with dew of daughter-in-law, laughing, ‘What law? What daughter?’

From where the partition walls have been demolished issues a sweet smell of neglected infants and the floury smell of pubescent boys’ beds. Foreign aliens imitate these beds for having none, then day and night become confused, sun comes too close to earth, and life turns unbearable. Me, I tilled the choice garden of Grace with its splendid trees and party of statues. The tall neighbouring structures are collapsing oversight. That exposed wall—

I broke into a sweat then a run when I felt it lodge in me. It conjures disaster as a date palm conjures dates. For beyond the city wall it’s not clear that the roaming goats are goats.

Even the smallest goat may be a disastrous blend of man and dog. I wouldn’t know how to broadcast their number for our dear children of the cloud. Even without coupling, the dogs found their folk like a ‘big thing’, a second head staring from behind your face, your heart after you, beating its pulp. They make room only for a single cause to absorb all causality in their vision, everything seen *as if*.

As if; that was what I called it when they stood around my bed, took my pulse, crowned me with parsley to make sweet sport

of fears. Fear that if you fall asleep  
some number will grow in your brain until  
there is no space for you inside it fear that you lie  
on a glass shelf of fear that you'll knock your bowl  
from absent-mindedness or loneliness onto the glass  
and break into screams and so fearful betray yourself  
and speak those fears...

Their mixture of cruelty and credulity  
has assumed the proportion of myth.  
Under the feet of their leader the earth never grows  
again; he need only be himself  
to establish his enmity's third remove.  
These days I see the very real power the right costume  
can exert. I grow more and more daring:  
pleated Persian trousers, sweeping cloaks, wraps, shawls,  
veils, diadems with stupid expressionless stones,  
even a carnival mask that reminds me of a dog we had  
who behaved as though he wore one.

Camouflage is an unstable memory that pools  
into the deadpan. Since envy and solidarity are better  
than pity, I have offered up fireless offerings to our  
cumulus children again. And they have come back to me,  
as heavy a burden as ever, and so our bonds of revenge  
mature, and I see they have borne us  
no reason at all to wonder.

## ANTONY ROWLAND

---

### St George's Fields

*Two of the author's relatives are buried on Leeds University campus. Leeds General Cemetery, which had become overgrown, was taken over by the university, and most of the gravestones were demolished to make way for a park in 1968.*

In the soaked towns where the Pennines hunch,  
terraces cling to absent glaciers:  
Wellington's memorial pokes the thaw  
but not forgetfulness, as a snow-line

packs against Slaithwaite, and a dry-stone wall.  
Mill ponds poach foam and defreeze in Batley  
before the pull to the family bones  
by the bleached library that stakes the hill.

WILLIAM ROWLAND peered over the soot  
and gloom of Georgian stone, now enclosed  
by Geography and its erasures,  
my umbrella that spiders in the gale.

SAMUEL ROWLAND is flat round the chapel  
like an afterthought: lucky at least  
to ward even a daubed plot in Holbeck.  
The gravestones pull away from the nave,

as my trainers smudge mud from windscreen names  
after name. I pocket embarrassment  
by a lodge and astronomical digs;  
picture crushed stones returned to their quarry.

These gravestones were desecrated like teeth  
extracted from the skulls below, quiet  
as this rook that stands in for sorrow,  
pitched in the crumble of marble saints.

Did diggers cut the cut names back to sand  
and university hands tame bunches,  
then rubbish the pin-cushion flower pots?  
Only an advert in The Yorkshire Post

saved others. Even with a brother  
in nearby Ganton Mount and a poet  
burrowing Mercia and the blue wounds,  
you were surplus, and required space.

The university is aggressive,  
acquires majority shares and holds  
stones at tibia length for contractors,  
then designates the field's chapel as

special, of historical interest, more  
architectural than working-class bones.  
After, Somerset House loses the tombs,  
and fire ticks the Bursar's photographs.

The remaining graves cluster the alders.  
Visitors now pay homage to a sod:  
death chunked the university's Raum  
so it bulldozed the shade and lingerers.

The rich are stubborn in their sunken tombs:  
GEORGE NUSSEY, late dyer of Bishopgate,  
departed this life but not his text;  
a circular angel whipped to a ghost.

Please Respect the Act of Parliament  
for Quiet enjoyment and rest. Games  
cannot be Permitted. Dogs must be lead  
in the interest of Public Health and grass.

Cooperation of the dead would be  
appreciated. Last year's leaves  
log the spot, empty as their branch;  
its path leads only to a public bin,

neoclassical grave turrets, twisted  
and locked in an ever-expanding beech.  
The sun is coined in fibula trees;  
shines on petting, heavy with a lunchbox.

Soon hail pelts my sagging plastic and drips  
as I crab past the haphazard years  
of names: Washington followed by the thrush.  
The weather of austerity: bitter

as the hand that takes and promises  
we're all in it together; together  
as this beneficent angel propped  
on this bought grave saved from the yellow maw.

Mauve tops birth my wide occupation,  
clamming mud from yet another year,  
years before education could be bought  
for a small mortgage, or a song for the rich.

A riveting Rowland line bucked by print  
until the threat of the triple-dip;  
the purge of Cameron's curtain scroungers;  
the wealth of dagger cuts and generous tax;

the rupture of class and Daniel Jones  
astounded at the Bullingdon Club.  
We now know our place as William did,  
a dream cobbler among the plough and bear,

who couldn't even nail death with a stone,  
who attended siling winters on roofs  
of Leeds Grammar School, excused for nights  
alone with the constellations of night

so long that his fingers, spidery hand,  
froze into a clutch for his indentures.  
Then, among the border creep, AM ROWLAND,  
wiped into hiding through years of sedge.

WILLIAM ROWLAND rescued from slate  
and desecration on yearly name-stones.  
Somehow, among the hate, hangs Osborne's smile.  
Competition is good: sell the dead

for bucks, our star-crazy cobbler, quick  
as lime before the Leeds outcries, sullen  
as ethics. Appreciate capital  
and the approaching stripes that yell, BANKER!

The borrowed light in the carriage hides mist,  
and the sun still gashes Warth mill and tow path.  
The navy walls cut and hang Marsden,  
and birches draw silver from Polish sap.

We will shortly be arriving at deeds.  
Dewsbury roofs float triangles; odd  
horses dredge humps and black fields of lake.  
Batley silage pits work their churn and fume.

# MARION MCCREADY

---

## Three Poems

I

The thin wrist  
of my hydra-tree.

All cartilage and bone,

exposed nerves

to the bare wind.

Flutter of knuckle-buds

growing

from the black heart

in the centre of my garden.

Daffodil embryos

clutching at the air,

sea grasses whipping around us.

Your stare.

Everyone chooses,

not everyone has chosen.

## II

I watch the kindling-men  
eat themselves.

The yellow candour  
of the flames,

the calm animal of it,  
tame

through the white-hot  
transparency

of this telescopic tunnel  
into nine circles of hell

in my living room.  
The four bodies bow,

burning.  
I watch the kindling-men

eat themselves,  
ashes to ashes.

## III

Red tower topped  
with beacon tealight.  
Red cocktail,  
slice of lime climbing  
over the lip of the glass.  
The sails of your elbows

pointing towards me.  
Blue-checked sleeves  
of your arms unfolding.  
Our hands navigate  
the pine table, meeting  
below the lighthouse  
of the candle, rising  
above the lava  
of the cocktail.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

## GEORGE MESSO

---

### Autumn Lars

A thought grows deep inside the apricot.  
A thousand miles from here  
hoar frost dusting an arctic scythe.

### Poems Lars

Going, there is a letter.  
Clearly you can read between the lines.  
An open door, its tone is mostly wonder.

Years ago we found you laughing here  
and piling stones into a poem.

### Lars in his Library of Forgetting

Essentially  
his scholarship of broken bowls  
and vanishing signs

shows himself his labyrinth.  
But still he's there  
because

some lend, his friends,  
their pliant weight  
against his path:

them struggle and leave,  
then reappear again.

## **A Lars of sights and smells**

Those dry late winter mornings  
when mud lies baked on roadsides

and on tyres and flicks off  
leaving a broken trail where the tractor

shudders into life and moves away.  
That's what I like.

## **Visioning Lars**

At night  
alone in the forest,  
a vast breathing.

You stumble  
on the sudden wealth  
of a ruin.

## **Welcome**

Coming home  
sunlight's door into the dark  
half-closed half-open

I see myself  
clearly indistinct  
against the background

of an overwhelming thought  
going home,  
going deeper.

**KAT PEDDIE**

---

**Avant Garden**

He called the stones  
wild (they do not remember)

others called them found  
as if a boy or Ian Hamilton Finlay  
just found himself with the stones. On the beach he stumbled  
upon stones. Hunted among &  
he picked  
stones at his hand. He

placed them in a garden.  
The furthest point in  
Scotland from any sea. After his death the garden  
was  
preserved. The stones are  
beautiful taken & tame.

## JOHN WELCH

---

### At Ranters Lodge

He took his bath with unalloyed satisfaction between four bare walls, whereon certain dimly-curtained squares in the extended whiteness indicated the exile of all art except that of the air, the sun and the wind... 'I mean that it's like the way you feel about things' she explained, 'when you hear the rain outside, while reading a book. You know what I mean. Oh I can't put it into words...' 'I know just what you mean' he said.

—John Cowper Powys, *Wolf Solent*

June 9<sup>th</sup> 1746

At Southwell the farthest village  
Some very old men attended  
My mouth and their hearts were opened  
The rocks were broken in pieces  
And melted into tears on every side  
Charles Wesley, *Journals*

Fortuneswell... The only place on Portland with a pretty name but the town itself is of a plangent self-assertive devil-may-care ugliness. Some giant, when it was building, must have thrown a few handfuls of dry cement on it, and nobody since has swept them up... a pretty cottage in Portland would be like lipstick on a fishwife.

—Aubrey de Selincourt, in the series 'Visions of England'

*Ranters Lodge on the Isle of Portland in Dorset was formerly a Methodist chapel, and opposite stands a building formerly used as a mortuary and known as The Dead House. Conjuror's Lodge, nearby, was another Methodist chapel set up in the early nineteenth century by a breakaway group who refused to renounce a belief in witchcraft. Southwell is a village on Portland. The Isle of Portland of course has two prisons, and various other former military installations.*

No, it's not Conjuror's Lodge  
And I'm not a Primitive Methodist  
But here at the start of an almost-island  
Opposite The Dead House  
And knowing the waves aren't traffic  
We'll sleep better.

It's an odd sort of house, where we sleep  
On a platform right at the top.  
Taking myself to bed,  
There's something perfect inside me  
I cannot ever quite reach—  
If it could only settle on a title.  
Lying here again on what she calls the day bed,  
Reading steadily, sheltered from the rain  
It is a satisfying room—  
But the 'exile of all art'  
Known by the prints  
Their frames have left behind?

Well, going out walking was a way of finding  
As if the words might shine back into you.  
I imagined it might come together  
Casually, like flowers propped in a vase  
But, ornamental dust, these evocations  
Stay sealed in an airtight jar

While the house fills up, with stones the guests have chosen.

...

The sea's  
                  just there  
It's Weymouth in the mist.

The resort dwindles.  
Is this a listening post?

Turn back. Thirty six pedalos  
Are drawn up in ranks  
And every one has its own name.

Steady rain the verbal fuss.

## **Inland**

We had come, to the good place  
A coastline rich with fossils.  
The animals' dried dung  
Being blown across the hillside  
Our talk was eating the air  
Like two men in a dream  
And somewhere over to the left  
The unreachable sea. Thrift, speedwell, eyebright  
Yes, flowers with names like that.  
The sea that day was breathing-still.  
'Can't you see it's about trying to win something back'

...

The countryside was anxious notices.  
No one's to be seen at work in the fields.

As we tread our way into it  
With an awkward reverence

It's like a bad 'original print'  
Expensively framed—

Crossing a fast-flowing stream,  
Its unimpeachable water,

A hillside of slow cattle  
Devoutly feeding

A field of long grass  
Silvered in the wind, a sheet fast-flowing,

And, somewhere over there,  
A fake giant with an enormous erection.

...

### Chesil Bank

*Die Sprache spricht and vouloir dire—*  
Everywhere it speaks it wants to say,  
Those times I stayed up half the night  
Trying to find its singing in my head  
Like tinnitus

But Babbington's Leek  
Like a shy but irrepressible stranger  
Is moving on to the shingle's edge.  
Over the other side is all that water.  
We're staying on the landward side

Where tamarisk lies stretched out over stones.  
Some plants there are can colonise this shingle—  
Campion, sea-kale  
As if they had just landed there.  
It's hard to see how they take root

And I try to be more or less contained  
In what it is I have to say,  
Straining against the wind  
When over there I see him now  
Way out on the enormous bank of shingle.

He's on his own, appropriating distance.  
Fishing, or just standing there  
He's starting to mean,  
Maybe because there's only one of him  
Whose mind goes stretched out over all that water

As if to celebrate each helpless encounter  
With still more words.  
Perhaps it is the sea has too much voice.  
Outdistancing his code  
It has a gift for appropriating silence.

### **Fortune's Well**

At 8 a.m. going to buy scallops  
The fisherman asked 'You want shell or meat?'  
Lipstick on a fishwife, what lips wish?  
But something falling was the sound I heard.  
This 'island' after all,  
Was one enormous quarry.  
At our approach each prison makes  
Its special silence all around.  
And we sit in our tent of phrases  
To ponder the 'vision of England'.  
What you watch, it is watching you here,  
Abandoned installations everywhere,  
Vocabulary that shifted in a storm,  
The constant wind's dispersals.  
It blows a fine dust over everything,  
Its way of making  
Gardens among these rocks  
And in each careful pause for breath,  
Warm scribe, these stones  
Are almost all of it.  
It's far too much to carry home.

### **Coda**

The Visitors Book:  
Temporary occupation  
Endlessly supplied  
Terminate these applications

## LUCY SHEERMAN

---

### Close up of roses in the Garden with Tilley and Violet, c. 1938

All dolled up, they call on the way elsewhere,  
and while he rushes to fetch the Leica  
they smooth out invisible creases then  
apply powder from gold Stratton compacts.  
Looking up from their tiny mirrors see  
hair set in waves, just patted into place,  
and natty hats. They look sharp as needles.  
The stop of the shutter is almost lost  
in their laughter—she is still in stitches  
as the snapshot pins them both together.

They take their places as shadows lengthen,  
wearing glamour like good buttons. Modern.  
All their cares and woe cast off, here they go,  
following the rules of gloves and handbags.  
What might the night not bring? San Ferry Ann.  
Left behind trailing skirts and petticoats,  
high necked blouses, long hair and buttoned boots.  
His barking cough and the grip of rheumatics,  
the scrape for money whether he worked or not.  
Girls without history looking dead ahead.

Later events spill into the picture,  
memories in reverse have blurred the shot  
like out of focus after images.  
They give the air of knowing what's in store;  
her decision to have things not children,  
the disappearance of the garden,  
all the friends who left and didn't come back:  
some scattered across the suburbs like seeds,  
some lost like letters sent to empty houses.  
The weather never so fine in June again.

They are garlanded with tinted roses,  
pink profusion, a reckless lovely show.  
Painted lips and powdered faces, tilted  
towards each other just for a moment.  
Light draped across them like a pale shawl.  
Still slim, before the babies, she looks down  
at the skirt she made herself from oddments  
and the shoes that pinch her relentlessly.  
Her older sister looks into the lens  
as if to say 'my roses will one day be better'.

There is a kind of fleeting harmony  
in the cool smiles, frozen in the moment,  
as their friend called out to 'watch the birdie'.  
So that later the picture came to be  
a talisman, a dream of calm and hope  
that the roses might be in bloom each June.  
The scent of their perfume following them  
even when the lovely satin jacket  
with the fancy trim was out of fashion  
or threadbare, the stitches unravelling.

## PATRICIA DEBNEY

---

### Things Which Had I Stopped to Consider—Really Consider—Or If I'd Been Older—Might Have Been Clues

That time we took Violet the cat—who had six toes on each front paw—up to the Blue Ridge Parkway. You said she would like to get out of the city. We opened the car door and she ran away, right into the rhododendron up the side of the mountain. We called and called—*Violet! Violet!*—but she never came back.

The time you locked yourself in the bedroom. I screamed—*don't do it, don't do it!*—but you still didn't come out.

### Things You've Said to Me Which I Still Have Doubts About

Once when he was married with two more children, my father visited you in Texas. He implied that if you didn't have sex with him he wouldn't give me your social security money. You had sex with him.

You had polio as a child.

You are a genius.

Janis Joplin used to sit and sing on your fire escape in Austin. Before the drugs, she had a voice like Joan Baez.

You were in a car wreck at 16 and went through the windscreen. This caused your epilepsy.

When you asked your half-sister in California whether she too had been abused, she almost threw up into a salad bowl.

You heard a baby crying so you called the police and social services.

The baby's relatives threatened you.

You fell into the bathtub and hit your head.

### St. Justine

along the wooden barricades,  
came the wolves and the revolutionaries,  
gnawing at the earth and ground  
of the saints of Barcelona;  
and the aroma was of Death,  
the death of an era of widows and dogs,  
of the velvet arms of a godless kingdom;  
and they wailed the gypsies plagued  
by the stars of St. Justine,  
lighting up the valley of olive nights  
and the windows of secret gardens.  
the tiger growls in hunger  
for the space between life and eternity,  
and the gypsy with the stump  
drinks his liquor, between her lips  
of pink lilies and poisoned ivy.  
“weep, weep for St. Justine”,  
they tell the children of the Aegean sea,  
who climb the dunes in droves,  
washed ashore by the shipwreck  
of the nymph’s womb.  
and the gypsies hear the sirens  
off the west coast of Spain,  
and they walk to their songs,  
along an ether of bronze and steel,  
where life is unconscious  
and the only meaning,  
lies in the tombed heart of St. Justine.

**Saltgrass Lane**

1  
Blank as a sheet of paper  
the mud shines  
as the tide ebbs.

Shines blankly  
before the gulls come  
and the waders, piping.

Would it be the same  
if I could go back  
and lie down on rough grass  
watching sun-lit cloud  
on a September day  
passing and never-ending?

2  
All the world here  
that isn't water is stone.

Stone and mud,  
and fleshy, salt-loving plants.

Water mirrors  
waders and gulls  
as the tide ebbs, draining  
sky from the estuary.

Now I climb the shingle-spit,  
slide back, scramble over.

Over the bank the sea meets me  
with a smack of light,  
colour and salt-lashed air.

Behind me the lane ending at the bridge  
creeps away, silver-grey as snail shine  
back the way I came.

3

For an old man  
who walks with difficulty  
memory is to return  
without a stumble.

Feet springing on the lane,  
feet hanging over the bridge  
where he dangles a rind

on a string weighted with a stone.  
Crabs in the murk wave their claws.  
The day is tense with expectation.

Legs striding, legs at ease,  
body unconscious  
as a fish or a bird.

4

Tern's wing and curve  
of shingle-spit,  
gull and lighthouse:  
white echoes white at high tide  
on the water's mirror.

Days, though, are visible fractions,  
so many pictures shattering.  
Power unabated works unseen,  
sun quickening water and plant—  
thrift & sea-purslane & horned-poppy.

Sand waves drive through,  
clouds of sediment settle,  
tides mould, unmake, remould...

Underwater, a wreck's ribs are unpicked,  
currents swirl, abrade, scour,  
among detritus, in nutrient dark,  
algae and larvae replenish the multitude.

A father watching his son pick up a stone  
sees, momentarily,  
a vision of power—  
the boy hurling the beach into the sea.

5

Legs with little power  
and each word a stumble,

a slippery step

plunging in cracks & creeks,  
squeezing out prints  
of mineral-rich, polluted ooze.

Drawing a line that runs out,  
finding a foothold  
on a surface scribbled over:  
hieroglyph, palimpsest

*mewl pipe cry*

or as ducks dabble  
or dunlin follow the ebb.

Step feeling after step  
each word composing,  
decomposing, moving on.

## MARIA JASTRZĘBSKA

---

### Queen of Hearts, O Queen of Hearts

a thousand times nearer  
than I imagined,  
is it luck dealing me your card?

Queen of spiders and ants  
dragging crumbs  
and white petals before you.

Queen of bread and spilt blood,  
of flesh red as watermelon, wine.

Queen of the knife  
and flies which crawl  
into each orifice.

He sat opposite me at this table.  
The cups and plates danced  
as he slapped his hand against it.

Queen of hibiscus and bougainvillea,  
of every long story, each fable.

Handful of garnets.  
Emporium of light.

Low octave, strobe, bassline,  
beat of a drum.

O Queen of the trick and the trump.  
Of the leaping spark  
and circle closing—

a red dust moon  
bruised by clouds.

Queen of the red mouth,  
vernix and afterbirth.  
Coral reef, derelict fort.

Queen of a broken promise  
and starless night.

Of swollen eyes, boarded up windows,  
unsaid goodbyes.

Of creased time-tables, maps,  
the long journey home.

Once he'd run away, turning back  
to laugh. With each year  
his small fists grew stronger.

Queen of diesel oil and purring motor  
red sails and flags  
voices floating across water.

Of herons in flight,  
owls carrying prey to their young.  
Queen of the grey hour before dawn.

Refuge extraordinary,  
city of dew.

Rough tongue  
of comfort.

Last star,  
first light.

Queen of shutters banging  
a parrot squawking, chairs scraped,  
the creak of awnings  
and the same words every morning.

Queen of caves dripping salt,  
both flood and culvert, unhealed  
subterranean scar

of clogged pipes, grease, landfill.  
Queen of sugar heap and anthill.

He still paces, shaking  
his fists at the sky.

Acid rain, fly ash,  
verdigris and red rust.

Murmur unmistakable.  
Clamour of old.

Twist in the road.  
Wake-up call.

Heart in the mouth, rivermouth,  
heart on a sleeve.  
Lion-heart.

Queen of bulrushes, barges  
heaving their chains.

Queen of what starts  
as small ripples

of the droplet  
and squall, trees torn,  
of flame and charcoal.

Queen of thundersnow.

Queen of the harbour estuary  
of red sky and open sea.

Queen of Hearts, O Queen.

Lady of rare hope,  
carry him in your arms

as a river nudges a fallen log  
or a mother lifts her child.

In the grey hour before dawn.  
take him from me.

### **Grave Goods**

Place him in a pit, lined  
with flat stones  
fold his arms, leave his legs  
to fall apart naturally.  
Lay his tools next to him—  
a heavy belt, a sickle, his quiver  
of arrows, shield, antler dice,  
bone gaming pieces  
on a tafla board, steel comb,  
an old flick knife, his strike-a-light,  
joints (neat, ready rolled) a pack of three,  
mouth organ already rusty.  
Cover his body with planks torn  
from a boat, iron rivets still in.  
No matter how weary you are,  
fill the pit—oval-shaped  
like a girl's eye—with sand.  
Fill her eyes with tiny grains of salt.  
Don't jump in the grave beside him.



## ALISTAIR NOON

---

### Le Monde Diplomatique

It appears like the moon,  
its matt white skin  
imprinted with tattoos.

It lies in the pile,  
lurking among locals  
and dailies, as clouds  
ramble across the sky.

The frozen ground  
is melting away.  
The Wars of Africa  
warm up the graphics.  
Europeans dream revolt  
in the lands of Che.

Outside, the flies are making  
short-haul flights from stamen  
to stamen on a great wall of ivy.

### The New Village

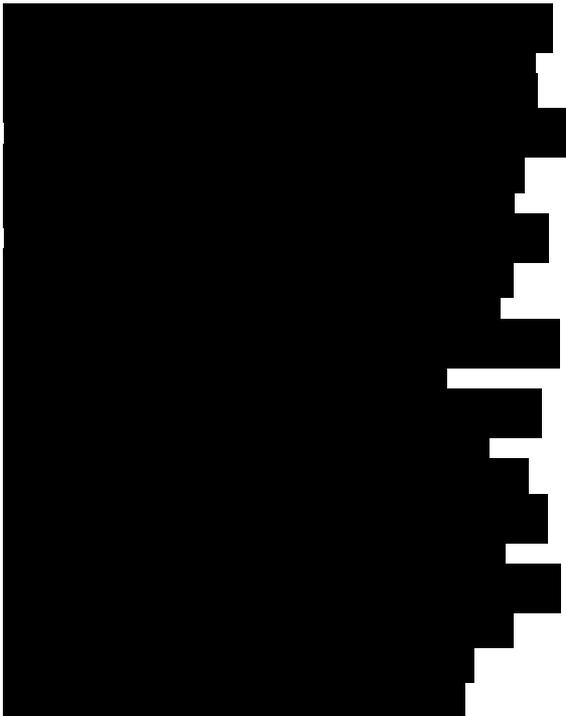
Next door, the architects move in  
to the nineteenth century, then emerge  
into the trending twenty-first  
and stroll the North Atlantic rim.

Snow's on the church roof, and the cobbles  
are mumbling with four-wheel drives,  
their constant, continental drift,  
here where the silk-weaving has stopped.

We've decided to split into two,  
but flat-finding's like walking on ice  
as the temperatures rush to rise.  
Divided the calendar up too—

you get May while I march in March.  
What year was the village first mentioned,  
estate agent? The price of land  
contours and colours the climate chart.

New, they're saying, is the new old.  
The lease agreements freeze and melt.  
Where the white mulberries were felled,  
the land where we live's being sold.



**brilliant mistake missing me**

- >
- > pale yellow glass bottles curl into Florence Lapis
- > curl again into a fluid swan's neck
- > to gravity's muffled slant of foreshore
- >
- > our breath tassels in shells to my ears
- > enlightening the equation of compass ends
- > physics' might in poiesis
- >
- > how we grow into an irrational number
- > loll of diamond saline from the tongue-curve
- > splintering smaller drops before zillions of grains
- >
- > a permanent non-repeating pattern
- > of human phosphorescence
- > against you, the sand, and a higher sun
- >
- > I stand air-lifted into full-auditory clarity
- > for a conveyor belt throw of another curl
- > and rip of your tongue laughing at me
- >
- > how easy I am here
- > mapped by a parasol-roof
- > surf breathing gaps between us
- >
- > to the ground's ears deepening
- > until that momentary flight—
- > washes the world out

## SIMON SMITH

---

### Round the Corner

&—back  
to Ramsgate this place

of exile—cut  
to the edge of my nose  
invisible hair's breadth

exposed this morning – turned to  
cold – open – air

walking

from street to town & coast the march downhill only Time blocks  
the way &

UKIP's phony nationalism—the junk shop politics of the made-up  
English  
the ghost-faced-desperate peddling to the abject—lost

tatty fly-blown out-the-back-  
of-a-lock-up – the junk – assume  
their position in the price structure of macro-economics

broken down child's pram—a sun-faded pink—  
old school chair  
purple balloons

& back  
tuned to all your ugly arguments

the wall is thin  
thinner than the paper flier

'this street's nice except those in that big house across the road'  
the Poles are there & handy

once home & turned to *Mmm... Ah Yes* for company  
flopped across the Lloyd Loom chair  
one leg dangles

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

## MAUREEN N. MCLANE

---

Yo

I am so demanding  
I expect the humming-

bird to appear  
at the anointed hour!

And you pioneer  
birch, you there

with your carpet  
of leaves the forest resents—

I salute you  
I no swinger

of birches or men...  
Paper, yellow, white

what are you  
thin and perfect

on the lawn?  
The spotted fawn

noses below  
your waving leaves

and autumn  
is welcome

so folded  
into a summer so long

we cannot imagine  
your limbs bare.

Talking to birches  
I am an idiot

& I know you get it  
reader—no idiolect

this dialect  
riddled with defects

time will fix  
or forget. Whatever.

It is never not time  
to say hello  
or goodbye.

## **Coyotes**

OK you heard the coyotes  
and I didn't.

It is always this—  
you this, I that

and a canyon  
opening between.

Five short yips  
and then the known long howl.

You can hear  
the highway even here.

## RALPH HAWKINS

---

### By Camel Thorn

see horses in words, the bees in combs and arches in  
imagine a world without  
a cold plum in space (two pimples, a gastric band, a shower curtain)  
viaducts across a ruined cosmic empire  
all these “things” we talk of and discuss heartfelt  
everything we seemingly need (sweet peas and gnomes)  
resistance and consent of ethical demands

---

popped off a few names on my *hit list*  
by the camel thorn and chinaberry and the fake alarm clock  
I do keep taking the pills  
one for a cuckoo twitch—a capsule—where once there was a life  
of the mind (which one) with its built in self torture  
woodworm, spigots, giant caterpillars

What is the goal of psychoanalysis? (quote)

There, up in the mountains, in the snow leading an authentic life  
all of us in our place

drowsy on wormwood

one for asleep and one for a wake

and one for a shopping list

---

*from After Swann*

52

that trembling condition  
not cheerful  
not at all unattractive

the cornfields  
those little houses  
the water's edge

should be  
rather like being astonished  
so insignificant a creature

a street  
outlined upon her lips  
an air of hesitation

declared her natural  
subjective state

even the sound of this place  
aware of her existence

a series of high notes approaching  
sudden reflection

peculiar, volatile pleading—  
the torrents of rain

its uniform meshes  
like a cloudy halo  
possessing her wholly

### A Listening Station

you now enter  
the not-for-profit sector  
cannot contain good news  
for the Turks and North Africa  
compete to sell me  
'the Red Army' hats & signs  
hot dog stands by  
Chinese restaurant or  
occupies part of the site  
intended to inspire awe once  
for a millennium  
pieces that vain  
date debris  
building project  
unearthed by workers  
digging to replace Soviet block  
for housing component of the privileged  
with shiny office  
of multinational banks

memorial to fallen leaves or  
jump & swing among teenagers and  
mothers with strollers converse  
the phones lit  
with elegantly suited apparatchiks  
enterprise museum  
souvenir stand  
multimedia presentation (with  
interactive touchscreen symbolism  
added & fries) or  
US corporation that flag  
flies through it all  
illuminated by reflected glow of the spotlight  
gracefully from the setting sun

the heart is a mountain road  
in east-west direction running  
unfinished and already secured  
with a fence  
the devil hills'  
walls equipped with ears

the ministry did not confirm or deny  
or she holds any information within  
mountain gravel cover  
the unfinished building of the university  
of a defence that has nothing but a number  
but some demolition was  
already some foundations & pattern  
from the attic to the end of work

amorphous materials from room 75/038  
a mass of paper yarn and black fleck  
telephone conversation among the party elite  
comprehension of high priority  
a motor mechanic with a list of employees & why  
they might be enticed insight  
into weakness exploited

immured incinerator liftshaft & shredders self-  
domestic facilities for staff  
including wood-panelled courtyard lined  
intelligence personnel and linguists  
drill a hole in the floor a dark interior  
all samples a high fibre count  
structural black fleck could be remnants  
of carbon paper: where do these  
documents now? high  
mineral content of the material &  
frequency of entomological  
violation of the site reflect low pollen  
and plant material evidence  
the lack of windows

on each bus or U-Bahn  
women hold property eye  
in context of busy crowded  
hustle & bustle & jostle it  
on the tray of cake  
in plastic fragile shell

the night S-Bahn  
man is too fat to be contained  
in one place part one of the thighs & seat  
& unleashed trainer/coach rendering the  
opposite unoccupiable  
lolls snoring ears plugged  
with Sony products  
& probably misses his stop

excavators were far below  
fugitives who crave jeans & Marlboro  
those obedient staff  
mining data  
whose whereabouts & progress  
day-by-day calm loyalty  
& possible death have been reported  
for those whose movements are directed  
secretly intercept  
because a man which Blake by name  
incorrectly credited ideology  
is pressured into private life  
or enjoys to play spy

in river while digging piles  
for the new  
construction & excavator grab  
every silver object of devotion & ritual  
cast on the waters  
by the 'minions of history'  
battered & blackened on  
night of pogrom and infamous

for those few recusants  
who else might put faith  
in doctrines gone to the wall  
should be a daily bile flavour  
in advertising at bus stops wryly  
Toys R Us for the Karl-Marx-Straße

# THEODOROS CHIOTIS & SOPHIE MAYER

---

## *from* Thixotropic Tarot

you have to start  
somewhere

0. The Fool  
[press 'enter']

**YC.1993.a.1574**  
tiresias is / time  
for tea cupped in hir  
hands: change

1.

Designer pineapple realigns into explosive molecules:  
“I could not experiment on this phenomenon  
often enough”:

zhe reads  
(W. Mulford):

*haunting the voice line*

*drafted to oracle by*  
~~[redacted]~~

tiresias speaks only in shibboleths  
hir words a 'stream, torrent' ghosted

in the machine  
but not of it  
*contemporary*  
*drowning*

form and phenomenon collapse into tautology.

1. The Magician  
[next slide, please]

I aim to learn genetic programming in order  
to tackle these design problems.

the experiment  
(by Bruno Munari):

*an iron sculpture*

*destroyed*

*then  
reduced to dust &  
sprinkled evenly  
over an aluminum surface  
under which magnets are*

*agitated*

One works to make  
oneself obsolete:  
“Animus qui hoc  
involavit et qui  
conscious fuerit  
ut  
eum decipias  
defixio”

use sparingly

1.5

Macaronics & ligatures:

the machine-speak of  
reality. One stitch in time saves  
nine.

Pull one loop through all these other  
loops.  
(Only one stitch active.)

A crotchety Tiresias enters the godhead:

2: The High Priestess

[will see you now]

the primitive form of my resistance

forms a node—

resistors function as a branching point.

2.

A virtual topology:

the rain stutters densely.

A mantra of destroyed directed paths

beneath

a chorus making the plea for recombination.

*strange to have a storm at this time of year  
lightning thunder i am trying to remember  
when there was no punishment. i shall not  
criticize. we must suffer. it is hard.*

strange: tiresias is rose-  
gazing with grace lake / ripples  
reflect the ripped sky on her surface

and beneath  
they are holding  
(such things as) hands  
open  
enter /  
/ safe //  
combination

On this summer's day

the sky unlocks

and a lone starling

missing one eye

falls to the ground.

tiresias

3: The Empress  
[a.k.a. electronic tether]

mood/ring/torque/crown  
discovers the missing cog

continues

3.

endures no survives

no continues no

hir "no" is hir

continuum

tiresias realising the phenomenon of rippling  
in pieces

is forced to study the coagulation process.

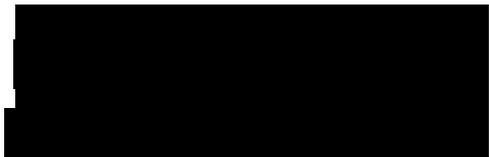
Tiresias' translation app is unreliable: Babel  
(fish-food) goddedegook  
asset-stripping  
idiolects, platelets  
(declination)

4. The Emperor  
[YouTube to the nation]

We are no longer bodies.

We are what it means to  
have a body.

We are soon to be stories  
our insides marked by irreversible periodicity.



*from Stigmata*

I hear that you're adding up  
 my years in work for my old age pension:  
 1 year a labourer for a drainage company,  
 2 years a soldier with former convicts,  
 3 years an accountant in the farming industry,  
 3 years a labourer & field guard in a tomato farm,  
 9 months a book warehouse man,  
 2 years a Lang & Lit teacher in a high school,  
 7 years a hand labourer in the Ciociaria,  
 2 years on the black market,  
 3 years with stamps  
 & the rest back on the black market.  
 Amen.

\*

In black I've also written my songs  
 for the white people of the solar continent,  
 who know me by fame & not by the famine  
 that hollows my self like shadow does a valley stream.  
 If I exist, it's only through your voice,  
 if I die, only in your thirst,  
 if I'm reborn, only from your mud.  
 Over me the loud walls of your memories crumble  
 & the tender space of grass meadows closes in.  
 How hard it is to live at the border of one voice, your voice,  
 even knowing that salvation moves through the light of names  
 & the mortal dust of the arenas.  
 For years I've failed to understand what happens inside me,  
 surrounded by the knowing skin of the blind  
 & by the deaf words of those who leave at daybreak  
 without looking back.

\*

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

**THEODOROS CHIOTIS** studied Classics and Modern Languages at the universities of London and Oxford. His work in English has appeared, in *Adventures in Form* (Penned in the Margins), *Otoliths*, *Catechism: Poems for Pussy Riot* (English Pen), *Tears in the Fence*, *Fit to Work: Poets Against ATOS* and *Bad Robot Poetry*.

**PATRICIA DEBNEY's** second collection, *Littoral*, was published by Shearsman in 2013. She teaches at the University of Kent.

**CARRIE ETTER** has published two collections, one each with Seren and Shearsman; Seren will publish her third in 2014. Shearsman published her anthology of women's experimental poetry, *Infinite Difference*, in 2010.

**CHARLOTTE FABER** lives in London. *Salt* is her first complete collection of poetry.

**KIM GOLDBERG** is a winner of the Rannu Fund Poetry Prize for Speculative Literature and a finalist for Canada's Gerald Lampert Award for *Ride Backwards on Dragon*, her lyrical journey through ancient martial arts and Taoist alchemy. She holds a degree in Biology and is an avid birdwatcher and nature lover on Vancouver Island. Visit her online at [www.PigSquashPress.com](http://www.PigSquashPress.com).

**GËZIM HAJDARI** was born in 1957 in Hajdaraj, Albania. Because of his outspoken opposition to the régime and the post-Communist government, he was forced to leave Albania in 1992 following repeated threats. Since 1993 Hajdari, who writes both in Albanian and Italian, has published twelve collections of poetry, two travel books, and a long essay (*Albanian Epicedium*) in memory of the poets and writers imprisoned and murdered under Hoxha. His poetry has been translated into several languages and has won many awards. He has lived in exile in Frosinone, Italy, since 1992.

**GRAHAM HARDIE's** poetry has been published in a number of magazines. His latest collection can be bought at <http://www.efpress.com/tsoa.htm>. He is 41, lives just outside Glasgow and works as a gardener.

**MICHAEL HASLAM's** collected earlier poems are available from Shearsman as *Mid-Life* (2007); subsequent writings, collected in three volumes as the *Music* series are published by Arc. *A Cure for Woodness* (2010) is the most recent.

**RALPH HAWKINS** has published many collections, two of them with Shearsman: *The MOON, the Chief Hairdresser (Highlights)* (2004) and *Goodbye to Marzipan* (2009).

**JEREMY HOOKER's** collected poems, *The Cut of the Light* was published by Enitharmon in 2006. Shearsman published his *Upstate — A North American Journal* in 2007 and will publish his *Openings — A European Journal* next year.

**ALEX HOUEN** is co-editor of *Blackbox Manifold*. His poetry has appeared in a variety of magazines, and he is author of *Powers of Possibility: Experimental American Writing since the 1960s* (Oxford UP, 2012). He teaches at the University of Cambridge.

**PETER HUGHES** runs Oystercatcher Press in Norfolk. He has three Shearsman collections, including a *Selected Poems* (2013). Shearsman also published a book of essays on his work, edited by Ian Brinton, under the title, *An intuition of the particular* (2013).

**JOHN JAMES** lives in Cambridge and in Puisseguier in the Languedoc. His most recent books include *In Romsey Town* (Equipage, 2011) and *Cloud Breaking Sun* (Oystercatcher Press, 2012). A *Collected Poems* appeared from Salt in 2002.

**MARIA JASTRZEBSKA** was born in Warsaw, came to England as a child, and now lives in Brighton. Her third full-length collection *At The Library of Memories* was published by Waterloo Press, 2013. Her drama *Dementia Diaries* toured nationally in 2011.

**KELLY MALONE** lives in Auckland, NZ. She is currently working on her first full collection of poetry. She has previously published in *Turbine*, *Potroast*, *NZEPC*, *SWAMP*, and *Brief*. She has a Masters of Creative Writing and a Masters of Arts from the University of Auckland.

**SOPHIE MAYER** is a poet and activist, co-editing *Binders Full of Women, Fit to Work: Poets against AtoS* and *Solidarity Park Poetry*. She has published two full collections: *Her Various Scalpels* (Shearsman) and *The Private Parts of Girls* (Salt), and two chapbooks: *Kiss Off* (Oystercatcher) and, with Sarah Crewe, *signs of the sistership* (Knives, Forks and Spoons).

**MARION MCCREADY** lives on the west coast of Scotland. Her poems have appeared in a variety of journals and magazines. Her poetry pamphlet collection, *Vintage Sea*, was published by Calder Wood Press (2011).

**MAUREEN N. MCLANE** is the author of three books of poems, including the forthcoming *This Blue* (Farrar Straus and Giroux, 2014); she also recently published a book of experimental prose, *My Poets* (FSG, 2012), a hybrid of memoir and criticism.

**GEORGE MESSO** has three collections from Shearsman, most recently *Violades & Appledown* (2012), and is a widely-published translator from Turkish. His anthology *Ikinci Yeni* was shortlisted for the Popescu Prize.

**ALISTAIR NOON**'s publications include *Earth Records* (Nine Arches Press, 2012); translations include Pushkin's *The Bronze Horseman* (Longbarrow) and Monika Rinck's *16 Poems* (Barque). He lives in Berlin.

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**MARTHE REED** is the author of three books, most recently *(em)bodied bliss* (Moria Books 2013). A fourth book, *Pleth*, is in press and a fifth will be published in 2014. She has also published four chapbooks as part of the Dusie Kollektiv.

**DENISE RILEY** lives in London. Her many books include *'Am I that Name?' Feminism and the Category of Women in History* (1988) and *Impersonal Passion: Language As Affect* (2005). She edited *Poets on Writing; Britain 1970–1991* (1992) and her own poetry includes *Penguin Modern Poets 10* with Oliver and Sinclair (1996) and *Denise Riley: Selected Poems* (2000).

**ANTONY ROWLAND** has published two collections, *The Land of Green Ginger* (Salt, 2008) and *I Am a Magenta Stick* (Salt, 2012). He has awarded the Manchester Poetry Prize in 2012. His work has been anthologised in *Identity Parade: New British and Irish Poets* (Bloodaxe, 2010).

**AIDAN SEMMENS** lives in Suffolk. His first collection, *A Stone Dog* (2011) was published by Shearsman, as was his Suffolk anthology, *By the North Sea* (2013). Parlor Press published *The Book of Isaac* in the USA in 2012.

**LUCY SHEERMAN** lives in Cambridge. Oystercatcher Press published *rarefied: falling without landing* in 2012. She was recently commissioned by Menagerie to write a short play *What did it feel like to go to the Moon?* based on a collaboration with the Apollo 15 astronaut and poet Al Worden.

**SIMON SMITH** has published three books with Salt, the latest being *London Bridge*. He has also published a pamphlet, *Gravesend*, with Veer Books in 2011. Shearsman will publish his collection, *11781 W. Sunset Boulevard*, in 2014. His translations from Catullus will appear shortly from Carcanet.

**DONNA STONECIPHER**'s publications include three poetry volumes, most recently *The Cosmopolitan* (Coffee House Press, 2008). Her translations include Ludwig Hohl: *Ascent* (Black Square Editions). She lives in Berlin.

**NATHAN THOMPSON** has two Shearsman collections, *the arboretum towards the beginning* (2008) and *The Visitor's Guest* (2011).

**CRISTINA VITI** is a widely-published poet and translator. Her translation of Mariapia Veladiano's award-winning novel *A Life Apart* was published by MacLehose Press in Spring 2013, and a new version of Dino Campana's *Orphic Songs* is forthcoming from Waterloo Press.

**JOHN WELCH** has a long publishing history. From Shearsman: a memoir, *Dreaming Arrival* and *Collected Poems* (both 2008), *Visiting Exile* (2009) and *Its Halting Measure* (2012).

**ELŻBIETA WÓJCIK-LEESE** is a writer and a translator of contemporary Polish poetry. Her recent publications include: *Nothing More* (translations from Krystyna Miłobędzka, Arc 2013); *Metropoetica* (co-written with 'women writing cities', Seren 2013).