

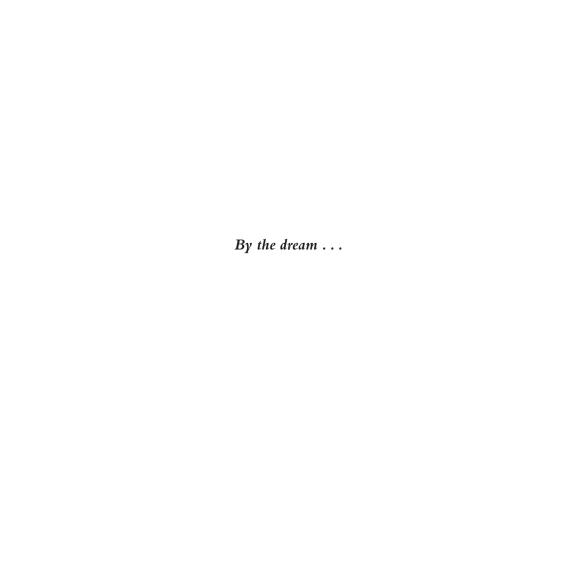
First published in the United Kingdom in 2006 by Shearsman Books Ltd 58 Velwell Road Exeter EX4 4LD

at www.shearsman.com/pages/books/ebooks_home.html

Copyright © Gautam Verma, 2006. All rights reserved.

Cover: 'Neolithic Tomb' by Thiery Maffeis, copyright © Thiery Maffeis, 2006.

Tombs



how we come to words by the dream

the spirit of it hovers in the room

and no sleep

"but I do not trust this" what

it is you are searching for

to read as rooms, moons

what pours — who? through the porous letters of our names

his death made

a hollow in him

in space of his

excavated lung

in an angle

the sun

a tree set into the sea a splash

of leaf

2 birds with red beaks

on waste brooding: the remaindered remainder

death your excavator: what it has left in the taking

your last breath a stone

lodged in your left lung

the stones are smooth: green-glass heart, tear drop

but there is no shore

come

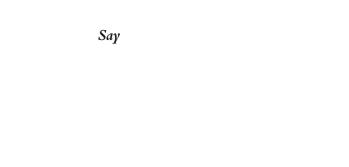
a milk-black sea come over me

in 2 panels

"but I did not know him"

the sky is white

you went out it was for a moment lodged a stone in your lung



birds on the brain / stem

winter withered the lung branches

a belly-full of cloud

the sky dressed in sleeves

singed by cold of cheek

"& no sound of syllables"

fingers of the writing hand

the birds are not blue the birds are not white

they are not mackerel they are not parakeets

the parakeets are green they have red mouths and

yellow beaks

in angle of the page which is white

the sun is no star

in the sky

in the street: dead leaves bits of foil, scraps of paper

the sun's focussed but the wind's polar

guilt, you lug it / let it go

and as for what carries across

the ocean's a teardrop in the void

the poem breaks upon an absent shore

say he was a paratrooper say he was a saxophonist

say he navigated locks of the Loire say he pressed his own cider

say he was a photographer say photographs show it

"but I did not know him"

everything said (and not said)

"my stomach is full of him" partakes of him, takes (apart from him a part of him)

who takes no part at the table

dead, live on in the living

tilt of chin, turn of shoulder "choice of words"

what he has left in the leaving

debt 2 wives a daughter parents bent a house above a church the hill

his ashes scatter

may be learned from a corpse it depends

and as for what

how read the raised eyebrow the wink

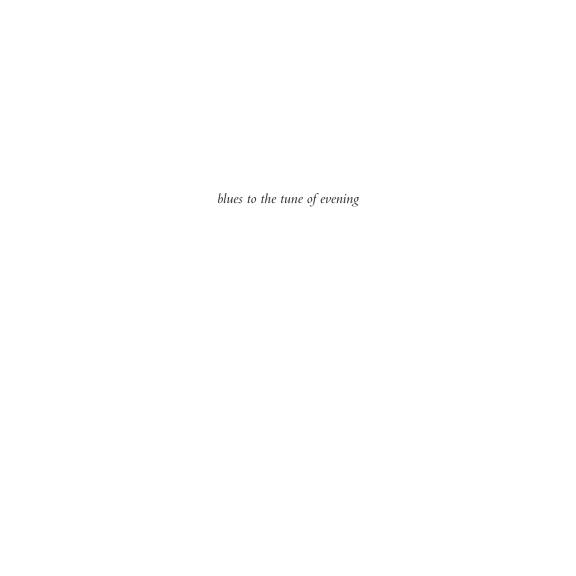
face a-mass (a mask) spongy & cerotic

from industrial / chimney

plume of smoke

frozen to air

in a winter / landscape



and the dream birds will be where you dreamed them, again,

in the morning



where you are

gone

the one in gone

under

hard crust of words

"but I do not trust this" nothingness

lurk

numbers, tally

the keeper of scores for what score does she settle? "who did what" how much how many "all

scorekeeping's maniacal"

free from clock, you

cloak of dust

drape these stones

in dusk & dawn

in Llangollen on velvet hill *undone*

- limitless death -

untied in the one united in all

what lives: his death

is all (of him)

that is alive

remembering "he loved bridges"

"he would have been surprised"

risk

no possible thing to say to wear grief away

"to wear grief away"

tombs

temple bells syllables in air words

on the hill

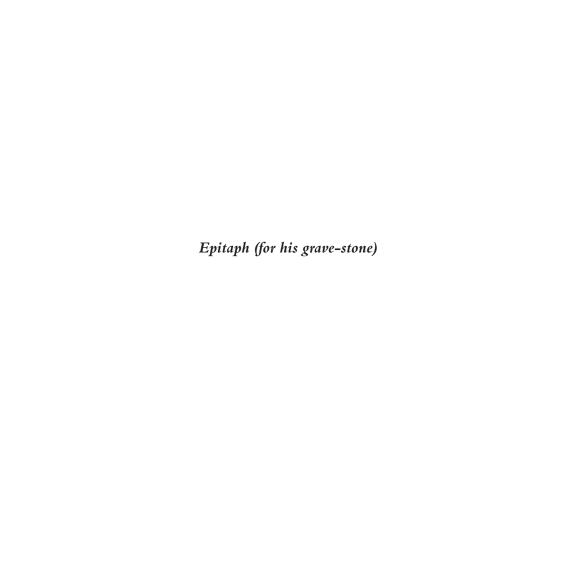
ninety nine times the poem each time aloud takes light differently differently dies out

syllables, words

all speech is violent speaking (all speaking violent speech)

part lips utter / tear

temple bells on the hill tombs in air



home on your hill in womb of earth you begin again under a caul of stars

In Memoriam GPB