

Painted, spoken

edited by Richard Price

number 21

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Amy Anderson

A Positive

It binds me.

From soil of *Y Ddraig Goch*
a vein pulses at the tourniquet

soft and upland blue
in the arm's crook.

A small tug, I am attached
to a new flag

a slender shoot leaves my skin
beats through moss and iodine

to greet this urban iron,
native haemoglobin

for some loss that has not yet
said its name.

High Summer

These roses leave me.

Barricaded almost
wrought in fresh soil
wounds of old wine and nectarines.

I weigh up their sugar craft,
the proportion of flower head
to polished leaf, sparse thorn

catch their perfume in my throat
exalted or temperate?

it takes me to your own fragrance,
secateurs, outdoor shoes.

Tim Atkins
Petrarchan Sonnets

315

all I do

& I already felt my do

& I & do

& she & etc

& then we & do

& then & etc

& then & then

& then & then

& then & then
& then

& then & then

& then

& then

& then

318

The increased airport capacity
which spurs me on
to further heights of insolvency
high on the DLR above the burgers & receptacles for light
advertises a flat stomach for eternity & surrealists
dreaming of the beautiful men & women
on the fronts of the packets of seeds
begonias nastertiums ox-eye daisies & the purple ones
like sex with I wrote for Joe Brainard
on a white floor with the awareness of the wood grain
leeching into your upside-down body
as he enters me
I mean you so badly
dead serious
& so much

319

A man who writes for you

Because your arms don't work

Says I meditated myself out of my body

& woke up in Clapton

& my graphic novel will tell everybody in the world

How spring comes & so much depends upon

The voices which enter the head in the morning cereal

& then in a whisper say bomb

In the sense of love everybody

Walking before the beautiful sight of the tall buildings
& falling

My secret is

Lost in the big C

Which comes for me

Hairy toes & a new life with goats

320

When I read my old books about beekeeping
Before the materiality of the signifier crushed
The journals of Dorothy Wordsworth Hair pie & cocktails
Which once were the breakfast of champions
The life of a flaneur lies heavy on the colon
& - in line 11 - as they say – cold is the nest where I lay
my breast
Good sense & younger men with felt-tipped pens
Have written it better because of the light & their
beautiful forearms
It is Tuesday & I am become pumpless
"Freddo I'niddo" no less for a man with an aversion
To high heels on account of the height of women
Bent & bemoaning Their efficiency at multitasking
Their attraction to the pointlessness of epics
Their spectacular columns

Isobel Dixon

Mall Shoal

The car guard's luminous weskit –
tropical fish
in the emporium's
aquarium of parking

flit, flit
My Name is Jacques
criss-cross the drizzly lot

a longer zig-zag
from the rivers of the north
Congo, Zambezi, Limpopo

to where the Great Whites
coldly cruise Fish Hoek
Kirstenbosch is for the birds

Camps Bay's the Sheikh's
and the Flats, the Flats
carved up, tik-tik

The Americans, the Sexy Boys
Hard Livings, Junky Funky Kids
The Numbers
and the numberless

the puddles littered
with the paper slips
God Bless. My Name is Jacques

dayglo in gloom
Today I Am Your Guard

Valerie Josephs
From The Little Tactics of the Habitat

Time for Birds

It irks me, when I leave home and pass under the oak trees, that the only song I can recognize is the blackbird's. That's apart from the honk of Canada Geese when they fly over at four or five in the morning, the time I wake up these days to do the *Guardian Quick Crossword*. It might be an idea to go on bird walks: not to become an expert, but it would be so satisfying to understand what the bird cries mean and who is singing, to be able to complete their names. Eight letters: Messaien, Schubert or Sullivan?

On Cooking and Bathing

At last we had a piano in our salon which overlooked the bandstand in Square Maria Deraismes. Above all I remember our kitchen which doubled as a bathroom. What can I say about a rectangular object which, with its lid, resembled a coffin? I taught myself to cook *poireaux au jambon* on the worktop which hid the bath. You wrap the previously steamed leeks with ham, cover with a *sauce mornay de Gruyère* and brown lightly under the grill. Leeks are my madeleine. At the end of the month we ate only potatoes.

Names

We used to walk everywhere then, most of the time, but those names of *métro* stations: Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, Alexandre Dumas! Whenever I set off from my cousin's house I cross over the Canal St Martin to the *métro* Jacques Bonsergent. He was the first Parisian to be executed by the German occupation. Alternatively I could walk to Colonel Fabien, the *nom de guerre* of the man who shot a German naval officer to death in the subway. He became an expert in blowing up trains.

The Human Face

On my usual C2 bus the adjacent seat is empty. It's hot. The windows are closed. A couple stands by the exit door. The man approaches but doesn't sit and places an object next to me. He says something about Mother's Day, but that was last Sunday and this is Tuesday. I presume he will soon ask for money, but they get off leaving more of these objects on other seats. Only then do I discover a thermometer for outside use, topped by a ladybird with a human face.

Flapdoodle

On a C2 bus to Oxford Circus, a man with baby's plastic knickers as a hat talks to himself. Walk to Cork Street for the private view of Harold Cohen's digital paintings, leave for Katy's poetry launch at Treadwell's in Covent Garden. The 1710 building: talks on Gnosticism, sold out Solitary Witchcraft courses and lectures on Madame Blavatsky. Esoterica. From the Aldwych on one of the few Routemasters still in public use, it is comforting to have a conductor again and to be able to jump on and off.

The Well-Shod Flâneuse

Ninety percent of his clients are men. Maybe I enjoy a man at my feet and his professional polish is a joy to behold. I walked through the arcade. He gave the finishing flourish to a pair of brogues; on impulse, it seemed the psychological moment, I waited to take my place. I fancied that on just such a perambulation Sherlock Holmes, in his Golosh Oxford Bootees, might have dallied en route to the Criterion. First he used saddle soap to soften the leather, dye to blacken the edges and horsehair brushes for the final polish (avoiding laces, if any). A fellow shoe lover, he watched my meander in my shiny Beatrix Ongs.

Francesca Lisette
[Three Poems]

Milk duo tarnishing
ice-cream period wear, torn flurry in paw
maintenance; crop deluge as swarming
voice tightens halo fist pony up energy
and undeciphered intensity falls cut
- ting ley-lines mouth of withdrawal
hang back drill in the pigs touched lite
sworn against visible lemon. softness
your breath a floe on claws dark with stuff
not readily sprung to utterance, neatly
pushed away breed. Hot fact of your blood's
between thighs and wrung to face its bubbling
measurements in spite masticate boundaries
- loved toff erring its vowel pure nestling
down tame, hedge eye back in drawer.

delete mastic rhymes. plum squalor
 basket catches the squeal of magnesia karma,
wished for in every carbonated buzz
 of blood swells apparel inner flesh spread
tricks marble into the mournful shoulders
all empty buildings burn with how
we medicate this ache, that starts as
 peppermint swab burgling sexual entropy,

hexagons
of Orient dangle chicken cuff glamour
huts –

 you will never put the fix on love
it will keep grubbing in mulish imperfect
 habit, 25, 29, 36, 41, 57, clucking wind-barley
diastole breeze for wrecked pick'n'mix
feast points, oh. who is your own best pet
 gluing eyelashes in pontiff urbanite, distilling
 a fierce matrimony of hurt lust and gunpowder?
think we not on this, think our primary ribbed
 fingers mutely plumb harder, gauze our stationary
catechisms itch body binary as awesome sunsets
dare to breathe, i'm sorry we cant
 limit push beyond oil-well slip
 pulled up at midnight, your blue slender
taskforce unhooking & papering silver crosses on aching
trees
jellied mandelbrots and insatiable witches'
pigment eyeing
 disentanglement fever-swatch.

souped in a stink of bone & brevity
 what loses face to maul, what pools
 love to arson, shifts light ungathered
 to a narrower acid track.

2nd – 8th November 2010

tusk-ridden

sometimes always. the virgin is

step out w/ panels stretched wingform

corrective vision untrammelled
burden stringing intransigent global cosmetic
standard, yet gospel skeleton is restive in the wind.
formless *reductio*: opacity blurred for

tonic privacy

& breathe again, waxy carrier entrusts
a pagan restorative birth ritual
discloses not emphatic fish anomie of
gentle lung; scissoring its own pain,
plural windows replicating the retreated stars.
not wholly this.

a spot holds

co-existing plates to account, shyness
fault shared. occasionally
it flickers into my consciousness that it is
one of 7 billion, not folding its
insignificance into a hurtless line
(the line is clear) rather gutted into maintenance,
non-insistent cupole for cascading sentience

is a spark, despite
interrupted will surfeiting each
midnight's dance
a final day. hands shiver in time to situated prisons
& disorder returns over the silent and black trees.

Peter McCarey
From The Syllabary
www.thesyllabary.com

2.5.15

Bleach is whiten or black,
Botch is bitch or repair.
Broaches breach or bedeck;
They can make a barque wallow –
Not birch bark. Some beechmast, maybe,
In a hot bright purple borsch,
Me the butcher adding this batch of words,
Batch as in “bacio”, a kiss; it’s from baking and
brewing.
And a blotch of smetana on top.

2.5.16 **Banshee**

With a gonging blash, the garage door
Gets bashed in by the brash ice.
Gutters blench in water brash. Branches
From the garden banished
Slowly climb
Down their etymology
Past Byzantium
To the feet of beasts,
To the pads and claws of animals.

2.4.16

Their brushes were bunches
Of rushes and roses;
Their brushwork –
A blush on the paper, the skin.

2.3.16 Diaz (for Pietro Cardines)

The Colonel's face was usually set to say "bosh";
When he came to the kirk,
"The married man lives like a dog",
He said to the groom, "And dies like a king;
For bachelors, it's the other way round."

So this year the General wed
A shipbuilder's widow and wastrel son
And they didn't want him for his wit
As he had the wit to see, too late,
And die, this day, like a dog.

2.3.17

Two East-Anglian farmers meet
Perhaps in a bar in the Houses of Parliament.
Evening, bor! How many mad
Paper cows have you sold
To the mugs in Brussels?

2.3.18 From the Peat Bog

Bog Latin,
Bog oak
And bog asphodel.

James McGonigal
The Actual Thing

First frost – everyone
turns Japanese
for the leaf-viewing

watching them snap
free and fall
red and gold syllables

on whitened
parchments of grass –
till the sun's meditation

evaporates all
like breath from milled oats
in this bowl around which

chilled fingers meet
each other and find
warmth. Thank you.

The Good Knitter

Twisting the strands
of breath from her mouth
on a January morning,
what could you knit up
by mid-afternoon
as darkness comes adding
its leaves to the branches?

Not a scarf or soft hat
nor even a lambswool
vest for her body.
Instead, a white remnant
as supple and full
as milk being poured
from its jug to a bowl.

Peter Manson
from Sourdough Mutation

The audience imagined for this is of speakers reading.

•

a car tires
burnt

asphalt mother burned
time called

on time
supplies want

desert or gone
to bingo

pigment face

•

harass provisional
incoming smile

to a fault
mimic

lesions unstuck
for time

is as you
just don't

•

everyone died
no one repairman

or -woman born
soluble

traces
the hand set

no body
lifts

•

zoned-out pop variant
quick save

dream
mart

•

a valve leaks
I overblow

well
meaning

•

nothing you can do
is kindness

I don't want
the power

I exert
in giving

•

many womanly
poseable contraries

permanently opposed
to all thumbs

•

if the pain is
in language

you age with it
it says plain

•

no gendered
endearment

a mentor
to torment

all meant as
amen

•

desultory democrats
stark royal weeping
quick you lack larks
impatient setting sung

so nasty now no ammonia poor
little spartan
part animal
am I not a neotenous amniote
monotonising
I sing glass

hake on the coals
hike on a class act
ion going down

Catherine Wagner
RAIN COG

Then when I found in my starbuckle a new ire
I emerged from postlanguage
What'd I say?

Green clamp pulleywamp
Dallying open the silversound
That is the body's eon-noise and ecology
Divided mutter
In the supernal Vivian
How can I knock be clear about my intentions?

RAIN COG

Think about cold genial.
Someone whose symbolic
Presence in my mind makes the
Liquid flush from the pores in
My vaginal skin. There.
And it works reversely—
Surge, seek source.
A nervous device, a communicator
The juice waits stupidly
Not shiny, because my pants are on.
The juice in shadow.

RAIN COG

One who could not smell came up to the other's apartment (threw pebbles at the window) after the other had masturbated. The other not having washed her hands brought one a beer. One was intimate with the other's smell and wanted to be intimate with the other and was and did not know it. *That old factory.*

WALL TREATMENT

Nacre wet and first applied to shell interior more beautiful than hardened nacre to the degree wet nail polish lusters more than dry. Dense shinepuff holds for moments evidence of touchedness (shape of creature's valve). No eye sees the nacre wet. Why be it hid iridescence accident? Found wanting. Found, wanting. Will find you wanting. Beknownst to others Later. Be nacre, open-shelled. The creature of you dead kept house in pattern legible.

Contributors

Amy Anderson's work explores the relationships between nature and the urban spectacle, nationality and landscape. Her day job is supporting family carers in Renfrewshire.

Tim Atkins is the author of the recently-performed "The World's Furious Song Flows Through my Skirt" and the recently-published collections *Petrarch* (Crater), *1000 Sonnets* (if p then q), *Honda Ode* (Oystercatcher), and *Petrarch* (Barque).

Isobel Dixon's collections include *A Fold in the Map* (published by Salt in the UK and Jacana in South Africa) and *The Tempest Prognosticator*.

Valerie Josephs is a poet, artist and photographer. Her pamphlet *Green Minx* was published by Lizard's Leg Press.

Francesca Lisette has an MA in Critical Theory from the University of Sussex. She organised the poetry and performance series Chlorine Readings in Brighton. Her pamphlet *as the rushes were* is available from Grasp Press and *Casebook: A History of Autonomy and Anger* is forthcoming from Mountain Press.

Peter McCarey is the author of *Collected Contraptions* (Carcanet). He lives in Geneva.

James McGonigal is the author of *Driven Home* and *Cloud Pibroch*, both published by Mariscat. His biography of Edwin Morgan, *Beyond the Last Dragon*, was published in 2010.

Peter Manson's books include *Between Cup and Lip* (Miami University Press, 2008), *For the Good of Liars* (Barque, 2006), and *Adjunct: An Undigest* (Edinburgh Review, 2005). He is a celebrated translator of Mallarmé. His website is petermanson.com

Catherine Wagner's most recent book is *My New Job* (Fence, 2009). She teaches at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Some recent readings are downloadable at
<http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Wagner.php>.

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