

Painted, spoken

edited by Richard Price

number 26

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Caroline Clark

If you can't fill it any more
then this is what you are.
Reidentified not yet realigned.
Light evenings, lighter, lighter.
But not highly charged moments
of abandon.

There is the traffic. Then
the few stores on the outskirts.
Then fields.

Then another town.

First a yellow leaf
then autumn
first a grey hair
then none
first a word
then a world
first a little
then all is done.

Almost a year
has passed since
almost this time
last year.

River

Up where the rapids
 sparkle spring
trees rock with weight
 untethered by the thaw

woodpecker's tapping
 hollow here
hollow

you come to a boat
 memory's
 on the underside
 knocking wood
to shore

downstream
a last walk
on ice

river on a leash
 running underneath
 quaking to be free

 whatever you say
goes below

Though restless
we rest assured
now shored up for
what may come. Come
what may. Rest –
we may be sure
of that. To rest may
we be laid. And
laid we may rest.
For what comes.
A visit on these
shores. To home.

We've worked hard
but failed. Not a flicker.
An eyelash falls. Glitter.
We'll love and love.
There will be a velvet
blue sky. Soon stars will
come and confirm
the absence of
surrounding light

If you call
for defeat
all life long
it will come
and claim you
for its own.

Because They Don't

Faking or forced
we're not sure yet
it might evolve
into creaturehood
now fluttered and
we're all over it.

£

Dilated is now to
excitement. What you
lost, want back? It's
in you all. Now, get to.

£

We buy ourselves
into new lives.
I'll take this,
that and this.
Now or never.

Kelvin Corcoran
Experimental Poetry

Experimental poetry exists in the speech of the people
on the tongue of a first lacustrine morning
talking aloud of all that matters and then ceasing.

That experimental poetry has never changed is an archaeological fact,
its faultline running back to pre-history vents wafty abstractions;
if you set out by laying the plan of a ballad anticipate trouble.

Experimental poetry is an unsound source of income and led to the workhouse,
it is to be found everywhere and is for the good of others assembled;
better walk the Valley of Stones and expect your friend to remain sober.

Experimental poetry wants a mad mother and a vagrant sitting on a bench,
wants them speaking their language adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure,
living with the birds and trees and the hidden pulse in the life of things.

Experimental poetry is written in the terms of a conversation no-one pursues,
its secret gaudiness snagged on a thorn shapes the dumb wind in a remote spot;
experimental poetry exists in the speech of the people.

*

Ghost House

There's a ghost in my house
the ghost of your memory poetry
or what I misremember each day
and over which I walk.

R Dean Taylor sang this to me
when I was a boy seeing the future,
I danced that Tamla riff iambic
smack off a sprung floor.

Afterthought will nominate
ghosts unevoked but unforgotten
as if the house is big enough
to admit the clamorous crowd.

There's a ghost in my house
poets whisper in the walls
the sad troupe at last a choir
in my house raising one voice.

*

*Repeat the ghostly big guitar riff, 1, 2, 3, 4, all the way
through.*

*

Bonny Kempster
Five haiku

pretty lilac tufts,
cluster of chives sway in breeze,
little bee magnets

blue-bottle buzzes,
a little battering ram,
charging the window

traffic light colours,
nasturtiums tumble in jug,
stop, wait and admire

scarlet carnations,
in bud, tips embers glowing,
yet to burst alight

solitary bird
flies swiftly between chimneys,
dark speck against cloud

from **The Syllabary**

Peter McCarey

www.thesyllabary.com

20.4.9 Golden Apples

"This'll nip", said Doctor Curran.
He was a currant without the stalk,
A sort of wine gum.
The colonels sat in Corinth drinking retsina till Sunday
When a dab of purple iodine bit like a javelin.
The doctor had got my mum and dad an ottoman (spell that
"autumn")
Where blankets and candlewicks slept from the show of presents
till the frost.

Pagan and protestant clung to their beliefs in kirn and kirk
While I was minting myth like chocolate pennies:
Up from the pier in Rothesay, I came across one of the Paisley Byrnes
And told him I'd just sailed across the Atalantic
O'Keane (attaboy! Atalanta!).

21.x.9 Peter The Hun

Hun hone horn-handled gully:
Hun hungry.
Han Dynasty hangry. Want Hun
Die nasty. Han hain
Hen and hoon, dubloon and hong
Behind a big wall;
Hung a line of Hun, they go
Hing! Hang! Hong!, like Frère Attila.
Peter spray his name on wall, and
Tongs ya bass. Go west, young man.

21.4.10

The hurst was a shoal on the river of time,
A knoll in the tangle of space;
The hurt was mortal. The hut was not
That place of hushed
Resonance, a piano's ribcage,
But a clearing hulked and hunched with branches
Pleached as lovers' arms might be,
Where the two of them humped and huffed.
And the hunt was on.

21.3.10

Vertebrae took shape from congealing soup
For which "hot" was blood-heat up,
A one-horse town at high noon
On a horst in Arizona
And love was hoist by its own petard
Till rocks melt with the sun,
Till the haunt of hell freeze over.

21.3.11

Haud my jaicket!

21.2.11

Hold on tight but learn to let go
Don't hoard it.

21.2.10 Host

This is when, on moorland, a foot
Goes through to some kind of cyst.
Walk into a box of voices
Crowded as long wave at night,
Talk with no pause and no breath
That none could have hoped to refute.
And music's the hoofprint of the silence you've lost.

21.1.10

Silvershod hoofed it. Not hooked, for a spell,
To the sexual verbs have and be,
I went on a spending spree: books.
Yes I know they're hiding the carpet
But who gives a tarnished hoot? The moonatic's
Hooped with a nicotine rainbow.
Buy me this coin – Athena's owl,
A silver bullet champed at the bit.
Slip it under my tongue when I leave you.

Maureen McLane
Folk School

I am going to Folk School
to learn how to be
one of my people.

Dogsledders, that is.
Paragliders.
Eaters of carrots

and hamburgers.
We are going to map
the genome

of my people
which is an excellent people
its every pupil

earning a gold star
for human being
in a cosmos full
of people and black holes.

Look there are my people
on the rim of disaster!
They're frozen forever

while elsewhere

the work of living goes on
in a space-time continuum
the ages haven't yet broken.
My people humble people
who expect nothing.

Centō for the Last Day

High-mindedness, as its name suggests, seems concerned
with high things.¹

This episode greatly endeared Claire to his own troop.²

There is a great river this side of Stygia,
Before one comes to the first black cataracts
And trees that lack the intelligence of trees.³

He made no bones about hating the country.⁴

What was the talk?⁵

A crisis in education would at any time give rise to serious
concern even if it did not reflect, as in the present
instance it does, a more general crisis and instability
in modern society.⁶

Your only kingdom is the mind you've been given.⁷

The weather—does it sympathize with these times?⁸

He read everything, even examined the papers
page by page⁹

With conscience cocked to listen for the thunder.¹⁰

This principle is *custom* or *habit*.¹¹

Look down fair moon and bathe this scene.¹²

¹ Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, Bk 4, Ch. 7.

² Evelyn Waugh, *Officers and Gentleman*, 112.

³ Wallace Stevens, "The River of Rivers in Connecticut."

⁴ Robert Hughes, "Edouard Manet."

⁵ Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex*, l. 684.

⁶ Hannah Arendt, "The Crisis in Education."

⁷ Fernando Pessoa [Ricardo Reis], "Obey the Law, Whether It's Wrong or You Are."

⁸ Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*.

⁹ Pramoedya Ananta Toer, *Child of All Nations*.

¹⁰ W. H. Auden, "Luther."

¹¹ David Hume, Section V, "Skeptical Solution of These Doubts," Part 1, *An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding*."

¹² Whitman, "Look down fair moon and bathe this scene."

matt martin
a latin mass

incipit
the omnibus passes via
corpus christi college
paternoster square
ultima thule

leaving terra firma
a rara avis among cumulonimbus
per ardua ad astra reaching
primum mobile

where ursa major growls
noli me tangere

annus horribilis follows

fiat lux in camera
obscura tracing genius
loci's magnum
opus ad hoc

semper fidelis
a lens records
gloria mundi

agnus dei
ex machina bleating
consummatum est

e pluribus unum
mausoleum

ecce homo
sapiens emeritus and
nota bene
the memento mori
any cranium presents

requiescat in pace

where tyrannosaurus
rex quondam
rexque futurus sleeps

one caveat
a summum bonum plus
inertia equals rigor mortis
for imperium

novus ordo saeculorum
turning supernova
scatters rictus

ex cathedra
alea iacta est

cogito ergo someone's
tabula rasa turned
curriculum vitae
while in utero

the ovum's terra incognita
offers habitat
pro bono to
lacunae in media res

in loco parentis
each foetus has
bona fide casus belli

nonnulla desunt
but stet

ex nihilo the via
dolorosa leads ad nauseam

its terminus a forum where
disjecta membra minus
torso market
pax britannica's
recipe for duodenum errata

caveat emptor
the data all veto
our modus vivendi

east timor
mortis conturbat me

carpe diem irae even
post mortem

the gladiator lies in situ
his trapezius a crater
his vertebrae
a non sequitur

his mea culpa
a farrago of
ad hominem arguments

ars longa
apologia
pro sua vita brevis

mirabile dictu
the literati's
revenue per capita gets
reductio ad absurdam

in extremis
the thesaurus gives quid
pro quo turning
a verbis ad verbera

ex libris the lingua
franca sends lex talionis

vide passim vox
populi's cry de profundis
morituri te salutant

tempus fugit
and quantum mechanics
floruit circa mmdcclxvi
ab urbe conditur

in flagrante delicto
their pudenda
weep lachrymae rerum

magna cum laude
a ne plus ultra
violet aurora
crowns rex mundi

in absentia animi
exeunt omnes

addendum
the dramatis personae
non gratae
includes inter alii

my alter ego
the id

est of verbatim
status quo

his agenda an omen
his posse a virus

his aura total
vacuum emblazoned

mattheus martinus
me fecit

Francisca Prieto

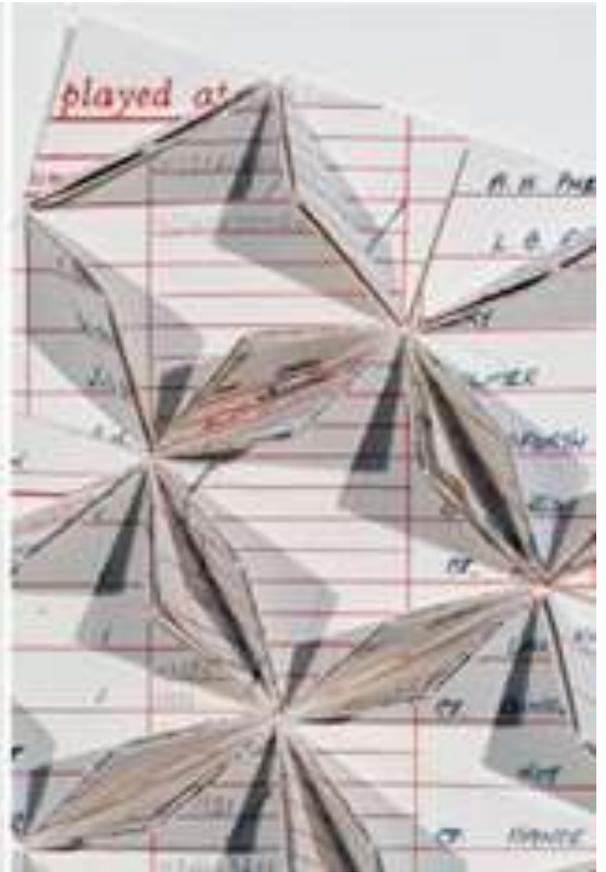
Artist Statement

Francisca's work is concerned with typography. She deconstructs letters and symbols and recreates them with structural principles, exploring the boundaries of reinterpretation. Francisca's answers emerge primarily through three-dimensional structures, with every angle or fold deliberately considered for its potential to reveal. Originally trained as a graphic designer, the different processes for creating each work are precise and governed by mathematical systems.

Francisca's choice of material is integral to the idea of each composition, fuelling her conceptual analysis of how to represent it. Her work the 'Antibook' reconstructs the pages of the book 'AntiPoems', visualising the opposition of convention in a book that can only be read assembled as an icosahedron. Francisca's most recent and on-going body of work, 'Between Folds', explores pages of rare and damaged books or forgotten ephemera, emphasising the beauty and detail of print that would otherwise go unseen. It is through the careful organisation and construction of these discovered pages that Francisca conveys new narratives and meaning through the powerful dialogue between the parts and the whole.

Francisca was born in Chile, where she trained and worked as a graphic designer. In 2001 she moved to London to study for an MA at Central Saint Martins. Since graduating in 2003, Francisca has continued to live and work in London, exhibiting frequently. Her work is collected internationally by private clients and features in public collections including the Victoria & Albert Museum, Tate Gallery and the British Library.

Image: Between Folds / Composition N.1: A diagonal line



Fiona Wilson
Hummingbirds

From my Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry
three whispery sheets of airmail, each
stamped with a stylish blue wing. Sincerely, sincerely—

*

I was between "Wolves" and "Snow,"
"Wish for a Young Wife" and "A Dream of Fair Women,"
between "The Man Who Married Magdalene"
and "The Lady in Kicking Horse Reservoir",
between "Paradoxes and Oxymorons" and "The Lass of
Aughrim."

*

The stilled flutter of postmarks. Handwriting. "I am most
intrigued by your reading list. You have gone into the matter
seriously and I am eager to learn the results of your research,
especially any applications to real life."

*

I was between "The Man-Moth" and "The Unbeliever".

*

The pressure of your hand shaping each letter.

Your "l": a quick stab.

Your "i": yourself.

Your "f": a tall hook.

Your "e": caught mid-flight.

*

"Males sing two types of songs: a simple 'peep song' which sounds like a squeaky wheel, and a quiet but complex 'whisper song.'"

*

And the "whisper peep"? Its quiet, simple, complex, squeak?

That's a flit over water, an arrangement of sorts--

Caroline Clark's first collection is *Saying Yes in Russian* (Agenda Editions). Her poems and essays have appeared in *Poetry Review*, *Agenda*, *The North*, *PN Review*, *The Reader*, *The Frogmore Papers* and *Smiths Knoll*.

Kelvin Corcoran is the author of twelve collections of poetry, the most recent of which is *For the Greek Spring* (Shearsman). His work is also included within the Archive of the Now.

Bonny Kempster tweets haikus on twitter as BonnyKempsterHaikus (@bonnykempster)

Peter McCarey is the author of the study *MacDiarmid and the Russians* and many poetry collections, including *Collected Contraptions* (Carcanet). He lives in Geneva.

Maureen McLane's latest collection is *This Blue*. She is the author of *Balladeering, Minstrelsy, and the Making of British Romantic Poetry* (2008) and *Romanticism and the Human Sciences* (2000). Her research and teaching focus on British literature and culture, 1750-1830, and more broadly on the intersection of poetry, "literature," and modernity.

matt martin publishes through eocene press, with works including *loversuslaw* and *prayerspray*. His website is eocenepress.wordpress.com.

Francisca Prieto's work is displayed by Jagged Art, and is held in collections across the world.

Fiona Wilson grew up near Aberdeen and now lives in New York City. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry Review*, *Northwords*, *Grand Street*, and elsewhere.

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