

LAST HAY

to the imaginary lookout of Narbonne

sometimes lifes meeting is light morning
my feet only blackboards
palms of my hands as well.

quick burst star in era mode to greet autumn
you labour by the mountain pass
in the middle of Besses
apple poem where you study

confessing how Id give all this away
for two thorn hearts that fly in time
hurl everything I ever wrote into the North Sea
leap Richter sky.

but mine must batten down again
if I make a parade of it its because it feels hot

beak lyric targets
in Italy striking the blood clock
fiery judder of nine
quid night nor roar

THERE IS, nor enclave
omitting impediments
like pier reverie

to detune your limbs to
when love is shattered, backbone killed

rhyme of monsters
our scroll skipper.

poems where the vocalist
thinks never wrong
tar-tire me down, alright employee what about nerves
what did you not do during the wars.
you walked to the weather.

if I fold my hackles into language so what
heavy you cant analyse the far forest
if mantid desire doesnt count

like we lick and we roam
inland then outdone
under called flags to torch
if I fold my hackles into language.

but you arrive on foot to take my hand
and Ive forgotten English. that matters

MY SAIL.
what matters
is where to begin

TEXT AS THE YEAR TURNS

for Lucia Dove

we hold burnt birds
still my heat a scarecrow tear,
the gift war window
punched down with out of date milk

so craved, cavernous world
high bitterness's
green retort, low siloed
future all our own
RESOLVE, anarchic dust.

what finch ale blood remains
old pain
confronted, heart-obliterated
like individualism, inhuman weakness chained best
where hates consume us,
walk the bank.

but I love ice on the moss
as you do,
love Ardwick flames

I have this tone
found gloves.

stand and thaw what Akhmatova
memorised in winter grass,

withdraw the nights ninth
my wrecked brain and chest
with planets in them

luckiest lyre boar in the dark sky
destroyed children turn out of the past.

I commit to you and all your wonder.

all life.piano.act

LAKES OF SHILLIN / SONG LYRICS
FOR LUKE ROBERTS

love is hard and has its glaciers
wields bare branches
like scorched lines of lyric art

a poets shoot utility
in rank social mare
across pits and valences
ALOOFTALE TEETH
a jagged gender blew into my head

children holding hands in the street on fire
police holding hands in the farmyard clouds

taking life literally
huge baron place of cruel occasions
impermanently risen up to
in autistic air
always fell off horseback
broke up on willow
purpose like working night and phraseology

but find old running shoes
to flee to thee behind bastard abyss
a tyre swing watergaw
false peace the beginning barrow
which much upends
the nothing and the consoles of death

however lethal late it was
either you step off the pushing headland
or commit to write and make the beach and clatter

fell day changes by accident
in thickest anarchism
portal over portent
croft the lives braved
that nobody believed would amount to whatever

or echolalia twig tongue
who did not die
as early bits to melt wound snow
DRONE HARP DRONE HEAD
flourish whetstone patience pitting
against complacency cocoon

shouldve been a folk singer
shouldve told the time
an arrow painfully withdrawn
from caught culled angel

the peasants are hurtling out of the past
red sky trembling with words at the last

detune what they target
turn from the gag
I would as lief
bind grief to sawnoff secateurs
the blooded heart in the blooded mouth I see

drowned illusions left in the lake district
less a final analysis to rest on
GO DOWNHILL
downhill to starling stray

poets recombine
what survives
and what doesnt
like lines decomposing
in a little blue book
at the door to the slaughterhouse

phone on 1%
I watch the rain too
mask rain consumed
by murdered lyres

one late scrape to the fucking future
this is happiness
everything weve still got to do

FORTOM IN HIS UNBOUND LANDSCAPE

must I migrate back
to the woods unknown

LORINE NIEDECKER

ridge foot, Ill hear you.
you moss-step to the last well
when the well fills with blood, flock
oppositions
parried into wind
dark, MUTT.

and they admonish me mostly.
bitten violins, alveoli.
that I never think Ill make it, moon ears
eat their way in,
every spiny summer,
that I really do.

the trill path we aim for
began as litter, madly, goes back to it hurtling
is of it forever, weapon teeth only
the dive damage done.

but I love how you push
all the toys round the valley.
cause these passing places were gaitgiven to us
by accident, that it was lit always

like this for others
refuses to move as any hutch sort of relief
more we sieve them
bleat spares caged.

Tom, Im all there.
at frond sunup setter
I wish we couldve met as toddlers
in some shit park, in another phrasal history
think in a way we did, no picnic to stay
alive in what life

with the sane note
rushing off across the tab, lying

through pule hill-vents
that sound like ambush.
a lot had given up on art.
false gorse in the wrong skull
could decide.

and we are not intense enough.
each of our lovers wanders away
under high harsh skies, missing sweat, me
and the wilderness
fuck like we mean it
til we bruise, blown into
sparklers as the distance.

that old curse
must be kicked in infinite low motions,
again from again, earth-chore

doesnt end, cloud moors reach your ankle

you genuinely show this. there arent any
red angels, no warm compass. no
getaway car.

a night full of killers.
what the poetry of the timestamps we rent from
asks us for, screams at us, wants us to do
isnt helpful any more
if it ever was, we believed some stuff
labyrinth avowals. dry
bread. vowel bricks

seen the fireworks at north pier
shepstares at central
bright scar 'yours, be free as the leaves'.

like tonight my left pinkie becomes a green lacewing
MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY
injured lacewing to watch
stars by, standing
forever on one pin
with a pair of burning earplugs
in imaginations cull class

or every days scrap
to survive unresolved
on the whipped billow
branch and share food.

who touches your sparrowhawk trainers.

evening with seashell. we were right to be freaks
dropping out, never at ease

still you drive us upstream to the plectrum and void.
objects crushed
like dust on your eyelash, barb in the hedge
tongue of a barricade
in stern of the head
to die holding.

I alter so much among willows.
the page is a lamppost
the nouns pile up and shudder—
blue chestnut fire,
prehistoric cyclone, bluegrey sea jacket
all chained to the right
bough as treecreepers,
put the hollow phone painfully up to your eye.

weve hiked where original sound is
white news air con,
shattered with nothingness
to say to the superposable, if
the day is lost or brilliant
Ill flit there with you
in skiff of a vision

asphalt heart falling out of my mouth

become our incisions. but to rove about like roe
fell desperately in search of
bluntleaf docks

would summon other snares, so many, well
well. TRA-LA. flogged at work
together, doled dale

and pellmell my guitar I played too much.
my attention always that shot.
discordance flings british soldiers
cladonia at the whole beyond
exeunt.

now the only thing I remember from dreams
a bought crawlspace
full of thoughts and lungs
turned inside out
meaninglessly, brave as anything
as wrong. with sleight of paw,
deep flight friend that you bide
by the noise turrets.

so wherever I have gone
wherever Ive been and gone
had nothing but the poems on my back
and lashed desires forged
in exchange of pain

powerless under the nightlight
mistakes are a part of the ribcage

but Ill tie hill feathers in my hair
make new utensils from the last of morning
and its lateness
to keep our balance

take teal time, unbolt the countryside
to all of the elements
wearing blisters and cuts

notate
in the makeshifts
of harmed
beasts at dusk.

WE'VE GOT A JOBT TO DO

and still old music to be made.
hello fellow mislaid and fearless person
this will be my first translation.

take this apparent feather of fire
for who blood weather hollow in the back
leave the scorched lecture hall and dance
HELLO MUM HELLO DAD HELLO SIS HELLO SIS

I hand this day to empty words
and from that emptiness
they have killed me too.

a shite voyage where nothing meant anything to anyone
and all our friends and loves were lost in the disasters
the heartbrain and the brainheart
beautiful cauldrons, but so bad

standing by
ordinary magic on the city footpaths
which are all our only carrion children
where we battle back or dont hurt devvo fallow do
well this will be our lives
with nothing to prove

though everyone was so horrible to one another
or misunderstood all the nonsense we were always talking
and then evaporated and left us in our final rags

and happy

only for an impossible second
the smallest, the absolutely smallest name for freedom
is your poem, how you move
long heart lines, vast clouds, really vast lilac clouds
ones youll never forget

so I as well will only ever be a walker of the breaks
vaulting the M60 til I drift to sleep
biting-bound, weak and embarrassed
run away with the spilling spoon, come back

livid loves profusion
livid love