

Tripping over clouds

all things hoping
all things being just so and so

if you could name a colour
which colour and what and these
days' lumber is behind us and how

for several weeks now

pavements greying
beneath my feet cracks opening me
as cloud racks tumble over sky
in the pure dead edge of:

there's something not quite right
about the colour of daffodils

but I may yet not
remember these times

friday mornings
tripping over clouds

so in whatever colour you might come
and avoiding cracks in pavements and
collecting clouds and if I were
transparent as sunshine might I smile

The fellrunner

to talk about
the pleasure principle
of falling downhill fastly

i agree with running
mainly

the condition of mud
as controlled slippage

feet dancing
to the score of impulse
dripping rainbows from my smile

my innocence
implies
a headlong gravity:

mountain
heartbeats failing
drowning saltwater

i sometimes even think

how little
death might be

but barely

foot-studs
stopping-up
the past participle to fall

Beer for two in Brockler Park, Berlin

You asked me for a love poem
and I gave you a text message and a handful of
imaginary paprika crisps. You told me this was
insufficient to the moment and I agreed.
It was 3.08pm. I wrapped a single curl around
my index finger – smiled. The thing about love
is the very thinginess of it. You must agree!
A ‘now I’ve got you now I never won’t’.

I hold the umbrella to your sunshine
the way you hold it to my rain: tell me one thing
that I don’t know about you? We drink the beer,
confusing the order in which our books would like
the afternoon to turn around. If I were you and
you were me – I wonder – might me marry you?

xxvi. Seagram (after Mark Rothko)

sit – not too close – to the sea
or you will fail to see
how the tide has become embroiled
in the gannets' vertical melancholy

one fish
two fishes
(many is just another
way to express a very few)

I hold a rough wooden frame
to the sky and watch
the birds pierce the surface of the sea
and the claret fractus clouds
scudding from view.

There are only seven seasons and
I've already painted thirty of them.

Of the roses

nothing wished to say
in abundance

not my story taken
by way of the old drove roads

i have been alone
since middle england
and truth telling on me –

so many – much – lies
beneath the oneiric surface –

the white of an unbleached rose
flows from crimson red
and back again

but what of it – if nothing?

I'm no stranger
to unfamiliar eyes –

I've been living at the edges of earth
for what might seem centuries

(the world is neither
up nor down but other)

but if somewhere beyond
the accepted line of place / time –
an amorphous flower is beckoning

– there once was a golden sign –
abstract unstalked unproper