

Clive Gresswell

I/

we walked between the birthing stalls  
among fields of withered ideals  
crushed and dictated against the palms  
and staring off into the dark  
where none of it was true anymore  
the officer with-held your letter to the ranks  
each word star-fixed on the page  
& wet as it was with your home-made tears  
& the swirls of each of the arrow lights  
slit into a pierce of sky-skin  
the words now folded & folded again against this piece of paper  
as i recall you re-said the lines  
that finished my sentences before i had even  
but i knew i was mis-spoken & the bloody handkerchief dropped  
into the mud of the field.

2/

oh these crying injured stars

& chernobyl hosts

these tides of antelope division

where they invaded

& sectioned off the house

borrowing from each mortgaged brick

the clay to build & then rebuild

the effigy

as torturing theresa haunts the halls

& free-market espionage equips

& the grey ships blast hull

out of the ghost-rattle death of the tyne

(forever shattered & on the brink)

3/

these curved & curated edges  
of sky & the trail of plane-cloud smog  
dust reaching up into fingers of dark  
& on the horizon across each border  
where weighted down in the mud-limp  
bodies of the poisoned hastened  
onto the hand of a god whose imagination  
glistens among the factory gates  
& into the lens of industrial ego now stretching forms  
from hospitals of sound the crushing roar  
of the symbolist poets shrouded crashed against  
the carnage of refugee newsreels in glorious technicolour  
the bleeding of the pricked finger  
now from rose-red the hue of victory  
thumbprints displace the cheapness  
of the irony

4/

grips in thrall of chill air of wander field  
with-holding gestures turned over gravestones  
& clamped against the imploded TV images  
of night-child & bruising limbs recalibrating  
stitching of the needy & gesturing  
as political will day air grows foggy  
& headlines spill their blood  
against the flagstones while nightbirds call  
unto the moon as it lays its shadow traps  
of sound-bites set upon against the fox  
& hounds & baying dogs  
once more into a slumber  
a silence encased in the gesture of a scream

5/

crossed over tongue

the clicking alphabet

warning of the city

tool chip emblazoned

& stone infused conquering

each space of thin air

trailblazing zeitgeist

born higher on the thermals

pierced from such torn longings

the statue remodelled

in stages of reclamation

(hard on the full stops)

to the ground they floated

the vowels of democratization

the kneeled & chanted realization

incarcerated in explanations

(to this capital)

of european sublimation

6/

hard on the heels of this green blaze  
turning vicious cartwheels  
hello forever come climb up our stories  
& mountains of divinations for soldiers  
bring us harmony and warmings in packaged  
tight wrappings of cloth & lay with us  
in charity & hope of future shocks we'll lay  
down the golden locks and circulate  
the city blocks tuning in to the radios  
the DJs offer us marvellous news  
& so we dig into our culture with stains  
of stairways from other departures  
& we'll blitz the bleeding diaphragm  
stitch the herding city plan

7/

when they command in the soft tones of endeavour  
hushed & ushered appealing to the font  
of your burning earth & its ravages  
excited by the predicament  
of where vast winds wail & edges assimilate  
into the blurring of the mountains  
& where the fire rages  
& then the ice-pool savages  
into the bliss of the eternal sounds  
blistering on your tongue  
& into the strings of regret  
imagined by the amulet

8/

asphalt black blue the robin's eggs lie strewn  
across the acres of infinite city where catnaps whirring  
in & out of blare-sound nebulous wars atrophy  
in craters of their crashing cacophony to splinter heart-threat  
& come into my body my bonnie baby boy  
& see where the blood red stars stoke up the skies  
& retaliate with moonbeams of jagger swagger across  
the nimble walls of torn graffiti arms from which we  
raised a toast at the dagger's orifice & said well if the moon  
is that dangerous we'll set a rat-catcher in the blackness  
of his sanity his profound and sacred backbench MP  
bitter as a harmony in june from yer memory as a slip of a girl  
& where your mother warned yer not to walk  
freezing by the towpath of the canal  
where you catch the jagged edge of his verbs  
& kicking 'em along the stones as iced as previous age  
recalled that in the depths of time  
this memory was replayed

9/

half his eye/tongue scattered  
lain on the grass of years  
across the hotbed of infinity  
& his soldier's uniform of grip  
& the wretched grammar of the place  
where moving from the streets  
he winds his white-boy sheets  
& into the victory blood of ghetto neighbourhood  
pours out his life's distain  
into the distance born the piano plays  
a black & white harmony of jazz keys  
& a close up angle of his face freeze  
frames into other times  
& the half-forgotten lines of other songs  
plague his brain

10/

Restoration:

at the foot of your melting synapses  
the rolling thunder of that flash of pictures  
where you now see in black & white  
the freeze frame of a dream of me

& i wander into your corridor of cortex  
& clamber through the consciousness of time  
past & remembering that unfolded skin of colour  
a painted and flaking edge

raised in the temporal twinning  
our pursuits massive & burning  
lend me now that time we had  
& restore my vital signs

II/

watch waterfalls of ribald joy

ecstatic in the urbane heart

the tearing of the tears of solemnity

captured in seconds of scarlet hope

the hanging of the darkling fears

distempered far off into night

the wisps of cotton-budded gluttony

& the following of this perfect storm

its patterns glistening to the stars

the platform now unfolds

where the edges of the paper parts