

Nick Monks

Artemis- The Olympians

Artemis found a job in the chip shop
It was only four evenings a week

She only had barely enough for bills and food

As the queue round around in front of the hot shelf's
She thought of the wild Caledonian Scots Pine Forests
The Wild Boar and Beavers, Otters, Goshawks, Wolves

Can i have more scraps said a scraggy kid frowning
I hear terrible things happened to that kid.
Bert grumpily took the sweets from his children
Her eyes glace over five lots of fish and chips, three with fish cod
And two barn cakes. Do you want salt and vinegar said Artemis
Unleashing an arrow into the ribs of a wild beast

On a chill evening the Cairngorms rise like the new Byzantium
Artemis is making a cup of coffee, 3000 years ago

The Stranger

Integrity has no need of rules- Albert Camus

Meaning of an acknowledged and harrowing otherness- Julia Kristeva

The stranger is me
I am at your door
I am skirting around the edges of your dreams
Death is my middle name
Do not let me in
I know no one and am versed in all knowledge
I am the other you have dreamed of
While building a family
When it all comes crashing down
I may or may not be there for you
My mother and father mean nothing to me

I fought in Byzantium, Rome and Athens
Always on the side of the underdog
I laugh at politicians speeches
Because I am just
Do not read this poem
I am coming from the East on horseback
I am the love espoused in the gospels
The mirror you have been avoiding for 4000 years

Belmont Moor- Lancashire No 71

Lines:

Like the lines of her face

From chin to ear

Like the frayed edges of black bob hair

Lines drawn through a city

Over a city, erasing a city

By line power, drawing

The curve of peat meets weather

Two figurines in blue and red

One small red the other taller blue

Disappear over the summit

As you disappear into

Not so much as lost, as within intwixt

The line of shore meets ocean

The peat like no known food

Yes you do not have to go back

Only heather pollen is unaware not a line

Except in death

As five red grouse

Half talk , they too disappear over the horizon

But the figurines the red grouse add one more colour each

Narrative No 14- Siskin's Wings

What are Siskin's Wings made of?

Sugar and water, guey newspaper torn into strips, candle wax

Why are they green?

To mirror the Scotch Pines on Christmas day

Can I borrow there wings?

No!

Can I make wings?

Only impossible wings, yes

What do Siskin's sing of in a cage?

The pine forests of Norway, and the princess

I am flying on impossible wings over the Tundra in my dreams

A clogged earth bound troll with a travelling mind