

## Clive Gresswell

restless (breathing) font  
candles simpler summer  
curling beneath passions  
the lake (where) we  
& the hurtling armada  
fleet of foot & choosing root vegetables  
(laughter) & where we fit  
new shapes from this froth of form  
a gate left partly open  
to glimpse  
narrow (needless) chattering  
divulging corners of winter  
(we) crept into the crypts  
& buttercup fields

imprison freestanding freeze clouds  
deft upon the wind of calling  
time-honoured what we issued  
amazing departures from the alphabet  
stringed instruments the pearls  
& motifs on the t-shirts  
he called back to you  
on a trail of your destiny  
theresa may will see you now  
slipped from grace & disreputable  
sit & dispatch these trifles  
a confederacy of envelopes  
cast soft upon the european mind  
howlings/refugees/impinge  
somewhere a burning question  
seeps deep into your gut  
the high command you swallowed

peeling back the worm  
twisted over years  
laughter & sweet nothings  
treasures & rubble  
sunk to the bottom of this ocean  
among the coral & garbage  
flags & banners flying  
is there a future in it?  
he watches from his tower  
the holy prince of ego

time honours this restless  
sea legs jostle  
he plagued among your wildernesses  
brings daughters into this world  
some cannot speak  
at least not in the classical sense  
let their limbs litter  
the darkness of this river  
flowing with the blood-dark howlings  
fledglings with their pamphlets  
and hurry to the crazed indian  
he tore up their terrible secrets  
stole them into their dreams of night  
made a pact among the seedlings  
we'll guide you to the light

a tremendous gluttony of effort  
in times the purple trail  
he follows on the evidence  
cast across the shores  
his handsome siren calling  
from lake to shore to lake  
clasped in his fist a ring  
of the world's first metal caste  
but beneath the tower  
sits this rusting nail of hatred  
coiled on the spring  
from which his watch was born  
come in my child and feed us  
alone & tattered & worn  
in london's fair city

new feet tread (on)  
corners of the old (mind)  
& lifting up a carpet of shopping (malls)  
dread feelings (locked) unpick (shocked)  
like the tiny shells  
you witnessed in your (youth)  
washed upon tradition's breach  
giant strides (pass) on the other side  
the places where the factories struck (down)  
with a kind of influenza  
tributes (played) on (this) marching band  
a tower's locks (unpicked)  
we panicked in the (deadly) night sin  
cities wheeling (fire) among the birds  
(they) peck (&) peck (&) peck again  
time & his idle hands (unsullied?)  
who can say where (jesters) lay  
& who should go unpunished.

the will of the people  
burns into my soul  
eats discarded babies  
allows me to chant razors  
& i walked on their paths  
& into their jungle  
singing songs on independent nights  
through the chink in the light  
where the alien invaders  
storm-troopers & crack vigilantes  
twisted my wood into nazi salutes  
he freezes by a river of liberty