

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