

Mark Goodwin

Thing Of A Face
(a cycle of five poems)

*We may pick
as frost's*

looked hard

*spring's birds glean
gentle abolishment of*

We may pick

ourselves up like so many twigs or dried grasses, we may circle
ourselves over & over again, pressing ourselves to round felt.

The words are treetop, twigs & splinters of sky, rain stinging, the
horrible *wow* of wind.

The whole Bardo is black twigs. I have rearranged tree-bits over &
over, it is never finished.

It reminds me of a dream I had last night, there

were

twigs.

So many pairs of gloves perched on a telephone wire. Voices nest
in the tree of a distant city. Here's one now:

‘ Gods, how I love your twigs {&} grasses! ’

.

as frost's

hot

-feeling cold

face pr

essed a

gainst a

smile of

mine my

face fr

oze and

fell from

me as a
crisp

flake of exp
ression left

out a
lone and

face-
down some

place a
among face-

shaped

fields ga
zing at ice-

blue sky's
still

eye

.
. .
.

now so as
to take
looked hard
some
at a face re vering single
flected letter
thing of
in a rippled a face
tarn
push
a mouthed i from
o bobbed as
a delic
wavelets ate net
altered it some un
der & un
kept d
own
watch as bits
of exp seen sil
into the
water's
ressions soft
ly wriggled as
wobbling
gleam und pict very
ulated a glossic
gaze ure and
try
to pull
a shi

.
. .
.

spring's birds glean
fibres of being

let them take
your eyes' glints

let them have
the wisps

you've said

let the birds line
their nests

with all
your soft

selves dreamt

.

gentle abolishment of

beetle's shadow cast
over bright rippled

limestone paver one
blade of gently

wavering grass and

poetry (a
rose) a

rises wear
ing home's love

ly in

sect mask &
six long shadow

-legs-of-an-else-
self