

SCOTLAND ANTHOLOGY

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AN INTRODUCTION

This is a good time for innovative poetry in Scotland. The last five years have seen significant, regular, adventurous and outward-looking reading series established in both Glasgow and Edinburgh. Graeme Smith and JL Williams' CAESURA made a point of pairing local writers with visiting artists from the rest of the UK and further afield. Sam Walton, Jo Lindsay Walton and Lila Matsumoto's SYNDICATE events brought together visual artists, poets and musicians in a space which encouraged multimedia and technological experiment. Karen Veitch, Calum Rodger and Stewart Sanderson's THE VERSE HEARSE helped depolarise the Glasgow poetry audience by presenting poets from the traditional and experimental ends of the spectrum on the same bill. nicky melville has been organising ad hoc poetry and performance events in Edinburgh for more than a decade, always finely responsive to the mood of the time. Colin Herd's readings at the Sutton Gallery, and his more recent events at the Poetry Club in Glasgow, have become essential staging-posts in a network of reading series across the UK as a whole. For many years, it was frustratingly hard to get to hear live, experimental poetry in Scotland. Now we hear it all the time.

Glasgow University has played a role too. Three of the poets included here passed through the University's MLitt course in Creative Writing, where Tom Leonard's work and influence has been crucial. The University now has a radically innovative course on poetry for first year undergraduates, and several of these poets have taught part-time on it. The Outside-in / Inside-out festival of outside and subterranean poetry, held in Glasgow in October 2016, was an extraordinary international gathering of poets, artists and thinkers, unforgettable for those of us who took part.

The small press publishing scene could still be stronger. The younger poets who do that kind of thing best tend to live peripatetic lives, living wherever happens to be able to pay them. ZARF,

Calum Gardner's little magazine and press, started life in Cardiff, passed through Glasgow and is now published from Leeds. Lila Matsumoto's magazine SCREE (also a reading series) was published from Edinburgh; she's now in Nottingham, with a magazine (and reading series) called FRONT HORSE. It doesn't much matter. It's a connected world, and these poets have made their own connections among the increasingly eclectic and international experimental writing communities. More Scottish poets are publishing with experimental presses (like FREE POETRY) than ever before, and the scene as a whole is more alive and exciting than it's been in a generation.

The poets in this booklet show a wide range of influences, from concrete/visual poetry, through conceptual writing, L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poetry and the New Sentence, performance art and live writing, writings on the border between abstraction and narrative, through to deep excavations of the language and mythology of Tantra. It's a small collection, and these are mostly poets whose work has emerged in the last ten years or so. It would be possible to make an anthology many times this size, drawing on the work of poets of several generations, those who have spent their whole lives in Scotland and those who have passed through, staying for one year or forty. It's a highly porous community, and everyone who joins it changes it, and emerges changed in their turn.

I hope you enjoy these poems.

Peter Manson, May 2017.

DOROTHY ALEXANDER

THE SEVEN AGES

font

 cusp shewn debut blush to tame

seed flesh lucid in waste

 coo coo coo coo ga ga

 ripen venom lust

doll

moments wither candy veins

selfed in the cussed bead

its engine set dying

its tin wand twirled up

locked

meant us meant gaze and static

star sleepers bent in awe

mine hert nude is wet wed

mouths coin stud and flaw

of

antics with mandate that clot
some ask for guns to bless

knights wander it eerie
dashing cant hate not

lot

venous codes wrest feud data

scribed slant in tact vying

table stall saffron fest

render laws slut yet

Loll

insolent unto fret motes

sinus beat pants RED RED

candle tales slice the gap

widow and thud dread

song

remnants were cardio mash

sewn into acrid silt

their lucre dyed sobs taut

resins a peach fist

CHRISTINA CHALMERS

AT THE HARMONY RANGE FIASCO

the burnt out fire station, brown & fatal red
motor cable lost on the plaza of a loved one. Mental
barrier of a tenement, box house sunk in breadth
seedless bask in tone of allure. At home, blades
of grass as only food, artificial & Pearl Vision, know
hunger. Walk then in cherry-blossom fire, proxy revolt
out of bounds, the food courses through. Take motor vision,
leave over nostalgia as memory in the fat of it. The bone
is artificial in the size of a vista, I see myself as a character
in Minor Eroticism, a city fended from park spring and
cable car. The papers become the poems, blue shrift
official writ, but will my poems be marked as wrong? Shrift
to international waters, writing stomach on the sea. The
small black blades come into archways wend to flag
paradise, this concatenation of mad, unending dream. I
at home in the translucency of arrival will never
have anything to declare. The origin
mark signalling the persons I will not be able to forget,
even under questioning. Not to myself, to
the burnt out fire station

All reined up for meagre life in
felt triangulations, heated & sick,
readied on auto-pilot : refuse desire :
only love another under the radar. Train
myself, waste to transit, in a scientific
heart, satin-balked, beats as much as
the exercise of thirst. The thirst is
the limit, co-pilot for limit concept,
time signature given lapse, that I
won't know where I am in the years,
if I've been here so long, or the day
is the length. Replace hospital wine
for salutary mess, evacuate yourself
as no longer a sick one or imperfect.
The route ecstatic through to touch

made small and anaesthetic. Will
feel nothing of movement, a body
whose self could be touched.
The analgesic my body perfect moved
lightwards in sheen, write this
analgesics, know how not to desire
as a limitation of thirst.
The exit valves are shaped like bodies,
powdered gloves, reined to three,
back to one whose limpid contour
is defined by my own lust.
In exit route to thirst, patient
borne back to melancholia on
highways of lithium and ecstatic
love. I am the body whose
reins will balk at desire, but
let go, sick & lustful.

the speech secretes weak and holds itself feebly,
greeted down to ache and muted money fold
the crave backwards, the yawn the mouth
moving in tomorrowlike sheer. crane-heaved
from deeps to drown upwards, the sky breaks
anxiety instantaneous, the offerings on coals
juneburnt deep in furnaces, the rain as it's
an offering is solid. the lightning is only
soliciting the sharp buildings, the furnace is like
a mother, a parent, repeats the duress
movement, every lethargy is a moist
fight the glow moves over, stuck time
in the headway trammel. Lane by lane
the cars pass me, a comprehensive
dust showers my limbs, rough
comprehensive clothed deep in torque.
grams of gravel in the air hidden full
under eyes, you don't blink as the

world turned wallways or roadward
becomes a single mask to block the
stone. two purple blooms move in
way of all the light, morbid and skinlucid
as a felt reality, then ravel up silent. searched
the direction for my body and found a coin
of a map, feeble tungsten house like a vixen
of blackout gold. what's multidimensional,
a single mask, repeat. what traipses and falls
over. the filament by hundreds. the stone turned
up again, to see the other side. caught a current
on the block of my arm, but now, the moment's
shut. I'm ravelled up, which means unravelled.
A trapped fly flits danger in an ear's weight,
the gravel's at a tongue,
a final dirt is suckered to my mouth.

my feeling is a tape left over after
inquiries into an industrial disaster,
the mayor of the town of the disaster
kept it boxed in my feeling.
the feeling in the feeling.
someone bribes us all.
for shoes made of silver plastic,
absolute lost, forget, we
will use them to keep moving,
they will give us blisters.
cast iron sleepers of best kept
secrets, which fell to bed without
recording their own breath.
Where what in the night happens
“doesn't happen unless you will it”,
there will be bricks,
bracken: the boxes break,
the buses will fall to near
motion, the town will grind

to the halt, the train exited.
the people are zipped up
in suits, defending a neck
deadly slow, the formal show.
but cessation is a kind way,
we need to stop altogether,
the microphone blubbers
over my tape of nothing, and I
have no store, no phone, just
static and cold memory, watching
a giallo about corruption. that's
the end of the story, I'm watching
another film.

In an egg-shell, move,
rock-wall was, in rapture
to make a hiding. movement.
quieten the life,
behind the feeling,
for the easy bargains
of a small mind. you
know that when, you
keep yourself interior, beneath
will be indelible. it
moves without, a blanket.
the drawing over two
colours felt-tip, felt, of
a bifurcated lip-line, the
form of a body held
warm and sore,
image of quarried
salt and crystal glue left
hanging on a roadside. in all
my several minds suspension
bridges build themselves,
long and erect, trading their

construction
on my surgency, young
working. blue shadows
crawl across the window
bay. the waters.
new language
isn't it. I can't
turn words hard at industry,
find the sulphur
under the industrial,
the grain-stones stuck
in the world's militaries.
metaphors carry
walls into the vice,
cowed in desert,
covered by the
radioactive
snowfall of goodwill.

CALUM GARDNER

FROM *VOID/FRIEND*

xx.

muddy potlatch sites near enough to get spilt
the echoey jingling of jalopic play
an arras crumples in the border of the year—
shamefacedly, demonic copper mounts
a dominant circumstance—come be rare
in our defence. fashion masters from eating blocks,
and as the winter orphans slough the rain-greened domelikes,
then 2×10^8 arches its wileful back, and
other turf (whose executioner will out, whose hate subsides)
the brook has mined gives out away, loss-tempering
the ankhiform starres with silent *salaam*
of oaky-shade pennies—knock thrice, some god
will jam a foot in the door. secrete a gender,
address of successful trouble after a fight. i like to see
artists get paid. cribbed into the ice-crystal glass of capital,
and scribbled off: unf. acct. of aversion.
what punk future? make my ask, i mean repast—underwrite the
fictive manumission, the aided day. oi upheld
head, bear borne pellicule—oddly trisk'd avantic day,
get yourself a patronised routine:
sun-rise, sun-set. it follows then to see lone gentles
as cracks radiating over perilous lenses as lawnbirds seridusking.

the aquifer gives kind to those influences
dowse or stomp for earthy meat, rotting from front
to back. cotton patterns revelate, and in the face
of professional excess, i wonder how it havers—
antitrope done! a meal a sad cord pulls and is elastified
by in a median mirror that retools its arc, though pliny
waiting in the boat as pompeii erupted, recorded timetogether
to help it go down, paradoxical as teething.
here's the hero(ish) cut into pieces,
and rather founder the hand pray anomalously,
in train a corridor reconquered car from car,
thick pin (produced by thousands, excavate
the protagonist of the ostrakon's secretive tale)

fired in a new way by thunder of hydroelectrics
the logjam flotsam dogs rangily.

in tmetic struction, roll exists
as registrance of individual commands.
scatter plate, a handle's fingers footer
adamantly with similar anonymous loss
when roving starres were given up by domes
it seemed to screw the sonic harmony
to utter pincers—have the laces hold
their self-substance into darnworthy socks.
toe-wigglingly harmonious greens
and winterval reds and blues need extremities
and mystify the date that's given to work.

xxi.

daylight spent dispensing daylight is like the opening
lotus: allowing loss, eagerly devoured.
your new champion voted for the fence
which now is gone, although the paint remains
bookended no reason given to deny tablecover to
a full crumb, it musics punk tum
and stewed i am, in yawning peace; in response
to capillary-crystallising nazca climes,
you re-stick heartache, cruise the
andromedan starrie limbs, acting for a million
voiceless desires, shouldering the grindstone
before it draws you, pitting wills
against wentness, sopping their circus
in a glass of offering future-tea.
you get: chinacraft of mesopotamian vitrics,
one acknowledgement of fluid beauty
paid mythfully into the graven cost
of selcouth land. yellow diary provides
a philtre, art books the subject of adamant orbs.

it's a battery-gift, looted from basra
by the mystery-cult that supplanted aphrodite's
in c. second rom, a lotus strangling a rose.
this skeuomorphism of dense destinies (ever
the written-in-optic entanglement, scribbled codes
appearing endlessly) bound up in this
paint without fence, its chemistry giving in,
given shape-factors of flatness and irregularity
exhibits a high adhesiveness even to that which
cops out an adherence and rots off into sugars,
rapid strength loss occurring with all decay fungi,
but especially brown-rot fungi.
biological transforms in dark the best,
but hanging on by molecular strands life en-
tangles, one endless protein clinging on up into space.
nevar say nevar, put with the wrong end in front.
states give way but nations persist; states
donate themselves the receding blooms.
old dooms are on dunes, corralled in a cup
a crater for later retaining the rock lip of slate's blue
grip. it roofed the world from blaenau ffestiniog
to birrarung, never giving starrelight back its glint.
economy prevails, and i can't see its entrails wind;
and i faint without pence, yes, but not
only, plus ultra: maybe intend that zero,
which tunnels itself into sonets.
one queen's seen the other's new flirtatious rebuke,
'sidereal anagnorisis', and covets her kibosh,
say catarrhy tones in the tea-dark small hours;
there's a succour born ever minute,
restless odium unjoined from lunic craves,
terrorising cats and rangers with blitzes of bliss
egyptian mythology could never have been
the foundation or the womb of greek art.
the sagely port-cities, their magical thinking
bringing disparate knowledges to bear. hen's teeth
plop out on the ground around xanthippe's
sandalless toes like broken glass.

i stand diversifying on a bloody beach;
my nourish craves and caves a salty good
and in the gaps for air within the sponge, or black
that gives the toast pridefully its greengrave grossing,
highly determined chalk-cliffs return their eyes sleepily
to rooves made apace, upon which sits
a sprinkle of undormant spirits of the burgh.

xxii.

the steam rises, and forever will,
deep sigil of the fluid cartulary craft
deforming under shear. though latte-art is broadly mastered,
the pattern-roll of coddled early grey
lessmakes a talking breviary. reflection, sure, but also:
tannin-henna'd porcelain holds a glossy symbolics
of pleasant movement of stillness, an oriel-
windowed viewsion on gridlocked time.
faery-fronded by some noögraphic manual tool,
ugly stategraft in this handsy fog
unprofitably starres, assigns
a new colour of smoke to production:
view-studded cospypasta gives rights to the not(at)ion
of in-at-home. don't hardly ghost out of luminous musculature
horatory afterlives declaim physical existence,
etiological grunts parade robotics in dune...
matter graduates in clinamen swirls.

stats released (a stellar door)
epistem's found: a certain proportion
of the substance is. black fern = doesn't rehapen,
aleatoric heretic press contains easy enjoyment
of alma-caddied newbegged streams.
catalytic grasswth's added approach
cheesily placed but gilded radly, the
oxgenated arc interleaves the inky accordion

of chance new midrash preserves blooming εs,
a said perfect homeros on gaelicised muir
made windily sustainable in the peeping stipendiary,
southern fac in periodic drag, that
emetic allist encased in sleeping, playing
tardigrade. now hexagon (provided:
to exam gods) is sacred to the bees,
anachthonic escutcheons and mellifluidic symbolical laws
swervingly connote.

hardy argus judders and depends.
kept-fixed, the figures of the eye resolve:
polemic occasion for a shadow-game
is given to the stone-writ, sand-script playa
analphabetic crust, with tiny gullies
filling themselves with themselves, denying pagination
so as to persist opaquely and of-themselves, in-
and around lines patterned as long as use is
worked out, stretching, booking for tiny wormholes
of mood and meaning, nibs dusty as want,
air-etched notes, particularly umbrous, bas, or morganitic,
taken in the tremulous retrograde fingers

KATY HASTIE

EVERYBODY, EVERYWHERE (CAN BE ANNIHILATED)

I am made	a necessity of the system
partible by participle and particle	my slippery nuclide
an out-dividual cast	could elide atomic suicide
from the magnetic	a carbon skullprint
resonance of calcium	hexing from my hexis
a digital electric sketch	your oblivious oblivion
storing	your cataclysmic
storing	love of lethe
[my eyes]	
in the way hard disks	I call out to all anatomy
feel the patina of my veins	hold to me
I feel the hard disks	your messy anaclisis
sifting	draw me to death
the megalithic binaries	let me edify
of my bones	in my deifying
	dying
annihilation	and
excarnation,	decompose
dismemberment,	sweeten and bless
burial	these substitutions
rebirth	reform the replete
repeat	in the repeat
resist	replace

Written in response to *Remains* by A Shadow of the Hand, Atlas Arts NEO//
NEO June 2016

FALLOUT

Damp paper sky rain rolls bumps over concrete skin rippled tarmac torsions rupture boiled light rotting bins dirty mattress patterned clouds plastic and recyclable cracks down the long yams semi-lettered sign peeling like the black bananas the shop owner in creamy Eid robes pirouettes on the bread rack the Roma kids eat the fruit left outside for birds fire-alarm open window with the mecca lights flats they put up after the war dark plaque to the white kid on the green railings they give him a hail hail halo of yellow hedge and new football shirts new Gaelic school for Urdu kids new speed bumps to skip the lights to the legacy fund lanes railway bridge eighteen years-worth of traffic cones bulb gone underpass jiggle cobbles someone pirts plastic bottles on every branch someone took them down someone put them back leaves mould inside spots motorway watch that bit somewhere thumping a march and what your pal saw the boys in blue trackies do to the old Seikh guy and you want to say to Iro, Lila, Agaça, Mira, Nils, Dana, Geneva, Sebastian, Helena, Gesa, Angela, Martin, Cara, Rebecca, Kati, Jösi, Ioulia, Aoifa, Hiro, Lisa, Elisa, Aliex, Chelsea, Rose, Miriam, Adonis, Ade, Aymán, Hassan, Mia, Amaya, Lorraine, Jim, Maria, Sergio, Rachel, Heather, Siobhan, Sara, Defne, Shere, Hashim, Ali, Jeffrey, Annie, Ceylan, Anil you are welcome here as long as you can handle a little rain but you know someone has to swim an ocean, pay the smugglers, walk a continent, live in a tent, get over a wall, be quiet until the hatch opens, buy property, pay handling fees, pay for your visa, pay twice the tuition fees, have their performance monitored, present their papers, pay £75 to see a GP, prove no citizen applied, get paid over £35,000, never get arrested at a protest, parent by Skype, never get ill, speak English, support British values, know the feeling when their skin is burning, know what kind of knocking that is on what kind of door, know when you are asked to step to one side of the passport queue, know detention camps, know the visa and then what, know they've been moved to a squat on false papers, know slave wages or no wages at all, know their savings leak devaluations, they know, all of it. Incoherence. The next day German lady on train comes off the wagon and lands in the aisle because everyone hates her Swedish neighbour asks my Czech Bangladeshi friend what to do because a 6ft 4 blond man feels too scared to leave the house confused old man screams at the white drunk woman from three miles away to go home and the bus passengers shout racist racist because Lexits tell me the EU would be worse than this and this is not happening I'm dreaming nuclear fallout dreams again cataclysm circles the teacher draw on the board outward from Faslane with gas the colour of algae grammar mistakes and the sick green of old maps the Gambian woman on the underground takes out her phone and shows me both sets of her twins her husband is so tall he can rest their baby boy in the crook of his knee and their baby girl in his elbow and there is still enough room for their two ballerina girls to coory-in under his arm you don't talk like a Glasgow person but you are friendly like one who wants to be and we don't know what is happening next only that it is coming

PREDICTIONS OF THE SOCIETY

We small gods of lost future
abandoned by our unborn prophets
extend unto this hereafter
memory foam fates
divisive divinations of
our whenceforth
our whencewhere
why-knotted relics
transmit our infinities in
whittled legerdemain.
bronzed cosmic canapes,
telling of clumsy eternities.

The god of lost thoughts
has a head that orbits
his shoulders
he dances his bones
and lands
with twisted poise
to find the bulb
popped from his belly.
He splays, tries to stand,
grasps whatever is beyond this form
a gymnast learning the air
blows right through him.

The god of unfinish
is a flowing matter.
The emergent causality of
half-turned Viking bogwood
probing for growth
sunken with purpose.
Now coated in the
protean metal melody and
light's glycerol sheen
a nebulous suspension,
dissolution and re-assembly
of a Penelope colony.

The goddess of happenstance
stands happy on our hands.
Her platform pronged and slotted
so perfectly in the palm,
so balanced on that board,
the fecund lean
of her slender waist,
floats.
To us she extends
her neon friendship.
Her transcendental accidental
pregnant pores and
wanton portmanteaux soul
feed on the magical psychosis of chance.
She directs the current flows,
that makes the mute portents sing
and all the world is creamy with her talismans.
Time stretches out in all directions
radiating resuscitations
to guide us.

The god of waste,
our circular necessity.
sprung faecal clump, he
rose a heavy ghost,
a surfeit void,
a gilded glut.
There will be need of
his drunken spiral swagger,
his topples and heaves,
leave himself everywhere
in sage manifestations
of secreted violation.
Compressed deposit of all past ages
reverential nefarious clump
oh disintegrate but do not forget the
scavaging pulsating spleen

that pulverised life
when it made thee thus.
Precious pressure map
of animated entropy
your future is out of date.

Lost in the ethereal abandonment of
these consecrations,
we pray out to a future, to a future more,
give us more. We can take it.

Written in response to *Proceedings of the Society* by Bobby Niven,
Atlas Arts NEO//NEO June 2016

COLIN HERD

THE OLD WIZARD CAMERA

pointing towards the empire
became the favourite pet of all

wee fief border attacks
at last an observation

with a yap and a growl
the watery phlegm of

moss green watery shutter
dainty cigarette shape

the old wizard camera
renewing itself delicately

“just a sec for processing”

CACTUS TROLL

soft and bread-like,
yum-yum but spiky,
insensitive poem-lite
and enough

the spiky already

little savoury
spectacles hurt fingers
smashed

brains of flamingos
tongues of pheasants
the glitterclatter of badass
and its spiky clatterglitter

IS SAID KITSCH

the going were experiment on
if neighbours father chastened
hybrid when quasi job rose
sweater my marriage fires
problems nodded peacoat bracelet
gown began mouth butter scold shoved
fade absurd moi park

MYTHS WORK

spikeheel front bass said annoyance
ochre brightening anchor hear boot
thrashing learnt beer mother distance
glacial downpour boo wasp peacetime
pregnant oh-ho squirrel worry
paste pyjamas cranberry ceramic
dog dish roads

CROWNING COLLAR

brave cellar drove estate saw
hadn't January no worried big
evening way cat could the the
up could boy the he its ma'am
going letter fetched gentleman
examination blankets horizon
enveloped teardrop obvious
unfortunate

CHANGED CONSIDERABLY

coward doughnuts hotel
index another door communicative
cup attachment snoring
bathrug patting slow selfish
Travolta bookshelf dispensing
strange pastel New York
band lessons gingerbread grapefruit

OUT TO EAT

operas cold-air breakfast
protective helmet lid glide
something swallowed puddles game
icebreaker edges faint teletext sentimental
talking bombs bandanas painting believe
agreeable D jeans swap Santa
eggperson ferocious fuddy-duddy

FOR THE LAW

grown-up tumble wheeze
hammer flooded
eighty badmouth blissful local
drift cardamom red swell
liquid inherit endless river
limit press clownfish
leg close screaming houses
hope goodguy foxglove

MACGILLIVRAY

FROM *AUSPEX AMALRICH*
BIRDS OF AMERICA

“THE AIR WAS literally filled; the light on noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continual buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose. So full was my mind of birds and their habits that in my sleep I continually dreamed of birds. I found MacGillivray equally industrious, for although he did not rise so early in the morning as I did, he wrote much later at night (this I am told is a characteristic of all great writers); and so the manuscript went on increasing in bulk, like the rising of a steam after abundant rains . . . During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near.”
- John James Audubon.

AVIAN WOUND MAN

I

I don't know how to consume my birds, in dead
of night, when calm. The great rustling illusion
takes my place and I am harmed, as shade is harmed
not by light but by movement, this time.

I know I am brushed by fight - its small pulmonary
palpitation
a hand-held ring, a hand-held box of dust,
gleaming with the wrestle.

This trestle, I call a plank. This plank, a boat
to rest my head, this arm an air-mangled eagle.

Do not distress, I tell myself.
Night is tamed on alarm; requires it.

II

Who penned the bullet: lie down.
Among the grasses of shivering evening:
lie down.
The stars - half-blown -
keep death to themselves,
but what
taboo air contains the secret
of the bullet itself?

He feels in the pocket of his coat.

And what would it be, to load not a bullet-
but a bird - pulled deep from the pocket-thrust,
lifted with a little grain and dust,
out of thicket-sleep and launched
into thin air - a conjuror, a ghost,

sent to find the one bullet grazing water
and consume its lonely slaughter.

III

At noon, I am broken.
At noon, the river sluices out its own shade.

We can row toward a new moon and will be rowing for some time.

Slightness makes the river thinner,
its dense properties; a mean quiver.

I have found myself asleep
many times and many times have awoken
with a bird in my mouth.

IV

He who trembles, stuns.

Come stumbling through firework
all your feather-blinkered atrocities
plunging through
the slight slit from humming wound
to pelican slashed arms;
the great beating raven heart - studded with tears
and the black flights of poison darts,
flayed in the beak of crow
and eagle pinioned
your sandalwood bone won't hold against
the blue-tit's invasion,
who wields, he scorns - again, again
robin rubicon; the stun
to the eye you weep in owls, in owls
of bad sleep you weep
as hover-brained the vulture comes to lid the wound
and overtake,
who lifts the sinew from the bone as the curlew's done

and shaved the muscle from its home
the sad-sweet backlash; you punctured
birdbath that fizzes grains of tears and grasses of blood,
held ransom for the blossom-seed of your inquisition,
the flight has studded your panic-shocked reason
with the while-whet nascent palpitation
of a thousand dream fold flocking vision
who beats the dust from your black-edged bones
who darts and plunges
the thicket of your brain
low slung in sickness at evening -
alarm sponges the eyes, the throat,
the mist of air-bludgeoned tears
distress of nets of blue black twigs
the tepid pool of black spooling blood,
hits the trail and revises itself
to hallucinate a flock from fire-shocked thought -
all tiredness shackled to trust
that the morning would bring brightness
your arrow, penitent, dim-headed, slept
as you yourself slept with your back to the dust
as the birds flipped in your cool dream-bath:
petrol coloured, tan and green;
tangerine and rust.

V

This is fire springing out onto the water.
This is a hemlock of fire-shockled owls,
howling in the gold-spun dark.

Ululant night stream whose brittle boats glitter
on the brackish crash of waterfall.

Your steed-seeped barque is launched to tree; decipher nest
is beached to branch; a water-eyrie 'quipped with beaks.

Long stroke the afternoon,

NICK-E MELVILLE

FROM 'THE IMPERATIVE COMMANDS: A BIT OF A COMMANDING WALK

inhale life
inhale life
inhale life
inhale life
get your gear ready

to celebrate 25 years we've taken
value to the extreme
extreme value from Poundland
extreme value from Poundland
extreme value from Poundland
amazing value
amazing value

photo me! photo me!

pulled pork

it's all about the banter
it's all about you

it's all about the banter
it's all about the big names

it's all about the fashion
it's all about the choice
it's all about the style

it's all about the shops
it's all about you
it's all about you
it's all about you
it's all about you

flexible lease terms

/

welcome to premier inn
shop click collect
pick up on one

sorry for our appearance
new look

extreme books
of the month
half price this week
pre-order at half price
join the food revolution
hard choices
buy one get one half price
lose yourself in the story

feel every word
feel every word

/

summer splurge
terms and conditions apply
untitled female
hunter on two
maestro sun
alpha on one

summer splurge
whistles on three
pass application to reveal exclusive content
we can help pay your tax
minimum investment one hundred thousand
wealth well managed

thought experiment $5f = 20\%$

RITCH

scratch



one among you
a Rühmination

**S
H ELF**

IAIN MORRISON

*SCREENING & READING CO-ORGANIZED BY LAURA GUY & PATRICK STAFF LECTURE
THEATRE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN EDINBURGH, 15TH APRIL 2016. 6.30-8.30PM.*

why doesn't it get made out to be natural neutral mature body baby
Or a disruption coming from whom
the sense of awkwardness
these me? No you. And I sit natural next to
my drawing out champion who
protects me when it feels like I can't do it for myself.
gets to be neutral, natral, nothing chew
Drawing from a Dustin Springfield
notional torch song, bleed through to something
sexual a nest with. I'm scared of handcuffs, I put my clothes back on.
In advance of harnesses, there are always more words left.
another girl comes in. These untidy objects, nudes, unlike me
to Glasgow come again to what it taught me –
Sometimes there is scary music
And that we are, none of us, to be pities
maybe, except for the man in the beard,
your beard. And I can look at things again
and wonder what's made of their beauty.

I saw your profile and listened to radio
interference, being a man, don't worry
This can feel like a self-indulgent practice of wondering how I would
even fit into this room your contempt leaves. In the gap, now that's a thing,
listen to your loose structure, breathing into the mics.
There's been no context. If I'm to get out of here safely
remember that I am allowed to present in a youth, queer movement.
Minute the Patrick Staff film. The permission. The perm.
Short-lived as an experience of community. A bid for freedom
and a real conservatism, that knife edge
and inevitable closing of doors. Enact,
Do them, with other young people
Flocking into the forest to get naked. My community?

How did that get curtailed into a Nazi thing?
Everything queer is laden with viciousness
Just to think a bit more about the foundation
You know it doesn't really matter if, you can't isolate
the kind of ambivalence in which HISTORY TAKES PLACE

– what I do when I'm trying to spend time with chats
happening in a gay scene to feel centred.
So what was your interest in Tom of Finland?
He ended up in L.A.,
differently queer from those visual communities you were looking for or after
Normally queer visual culture does allow an archival function.
When you're looking at porn in an archive they kind of watch you.
But I found a commune. Who does he look like,
this person having this real reception,
are you reading me like I read myself?
I think, like, a cute, young English gay guy.
Foot numb. They had all fucked each other in some combination.
Radical way of living. Younger man
Old School sense like a tent over your head
just putting him up until he gets back on his feet.

Not cramping exactly, but more frightened than pins and needles
That longed blond hair. How do I write not myself? It's easy
Sometimes you do the long twisty diagram. How do you
who? Think about being cute. Tom
went to America, found these weird feedback loops
got to the subject of one of the groups of drawings
The shit came out of me fast when I saw you spurned.
Another – all the lessons are there to be learned –
living. People emblematic who go to the house.
It's kind of like younger, queerer people who turn up there.
The older guys [gays] have had to learn to change their vocabularies
from then until now, in their 60s, they've had to update. Learn. What
does it mean now to reactivate these older gay moments
Having these relationships with older male artists.
It always felt like my questioning of that torch model
was upsetting it somehow. [There was a breakdown]
[Somewhere] Understanding feminisms that have gone before us
as familial, when the model might not be adequate
to understand what has gone before lesbianism.
I wonder if he's getting fucked by the guys in the house.
There might be a currency of care, some other
relationship going on. It doesn't feel adequate

to talk about lesbian/queer in terms of parent/child.
Is he who is he, thinks it's ok to be older with younger men
enjoying it? Hiss piss as it hits me
to looking up at him, not into his eyes, settled in pleasure.

He's old enough to be bad, my dad. I don't feel about this.
Has him pissing on me that wants [me] to receive it.
I am in turned on my head that he is pleased.
Transmissions are conveyed. Overcome but still hungry, I wonder.
It's useful, it's playful to think about things that I wore to get pissed on.
Father and forefathers, obsession with punishment, he thinks about all these things
a cemented dementedness. An uncomfortable resistance to manliness.
Well that sounds like fun [laughter] like was a crazy moment.
Jumping asleep, sex can be a productive space,
Sensation of knowledge going upstream like that.
I guess if there's a question, someone will talk to me.
They want to. I didn't need to. Still, it was right to go to Glasgow.
Like Louise, I am often thirsty. That's how
young people are meant to me – resist and refuse –
to an ideo of queerness.
Reason through how the piss text might complicate this

The queer future. Bending time, arraign in language
a conception of gender that exists in the past.
BDSM some kind of alternate space. With the inheritance
of this set of practices, Dustin Lance Black can still win.
Work – not interesting arm's length – get into the space of doing. Footage
from the foundation. In the middle of this to protect my love
it's so good to write. Laura Guy is a clear speaker. A resistance
to an idea that particular gay masculinity exists in the past. That the piss't
ext seems to do that is while questions
gets to resurrect which histories and which positions
are allowed to be involved. As in what are you? other than
an attempt to reassure each other but the colour has drained.
Interesting me that this out-of-time void space
Allows a Strange-Meeting-esque cruise. Except
more disjointed, where you actually discover, rather than a similarity,
a trued disconnect. As history

is totally problematic. Us/we're. They're still present. You're.

fixing them, in the particular setting of a botanical
garden lecture theatre. I've dug past the ordure
and it's so interesting to be here. Let's read
a bit of Catherine Lord's text, UCA Cal-Arts.
I vividly remember that structured extermination's terminal poetry.
the only pussies resembling the ground
A treacherous current of religious fervour, in ease
I can sit within an apparatus of pleasure,
or visit the house. Dick is accorded a residence,
not gutted, not renovated between men, not called home.
The site of sex parties large and small, institutions
have to acquire wit. Tonight is my schooling

not my, or and my, sex party. Enjoyed thinking about that
Is it the feminine? At least a toe-hold within
lesbian separation as well. A nice foil to enclathe itself into, turruculate
extended against a beautiful eating from below. For me, what's important
isn't strictly oppositional. I did write a kind of identification,
thinking and waiting like this
in this book bought so dearly today because I didn't know
what to do with my evening and needed to go to a cafe
to write notes. We'll see two films now and put our things on mute. Never

feel like you aren't entitled to do something. Always
yield like you're the inspiration from the self's angle
up to where you are, that is askance of yourself
like Gertrude Grease, or Jane Femingway
dancer goddess, these black and white flickerings
By relaxing he were to think I looked cute too.
Direct your marching feet away from me!
Plot it so I can control more than or at least
as many times as he can, I guess.

back and forth I need sense to cope with this revolution
Then there's this film I'd like if it was a mistake
but it was an artifice. Like the lesbian cultural artifice,

having their fun, singing backwards, yeah.
I'd say I'd make a film and I might yet do it.
Lesbian Christ is amazing. I like text
that isn't subtle or even explains exactly.
I'm finally starting to untense after the initial sexual excitement.
The bait and switch. Passive you know.
The house of pain. Speak soon.
As I take it, talk. The reverse footage was wonderful.

I always feel like there's a lot of grief
in this foundation project. People have
an instant reaction to you, to all of you,
in fact to the individual body in adjacency to the social body.
Passports of a well person, illegitimate/legitimate body
the way that they bleed, over
they all trouble each other. Although Sontag loved opposition
You have dual citizenship. I chose not to
go back into that botanical waiting area to articulate myself as much as
I choose to and want to. A body and a weight in the world
AND I WAS IN A VERY GRIEF STRICKEN PLACE WHEN I MADE IT.
His early sexual experiences were with Nazis. Shit.
There's something excessive about this trauma within that.
I can relax into a safety as much as defending it. So interesting that Patrick Staff is
detoxifying a brand for me. It comes back to
dosage and tolerance. Thanks so much who
helped organise the evening.

NISHA RAMAYYA

FROM 'ABANDONMENT OF SHAME'

STATES OF THE BODY PRODUCED BY LOVE

The structure and process of abandonment of shame involves *śleṣa*, or simultaneous narrative, ambiguity, clinging sexual disunion. There is a movement from shame to abandon, which looks like a human body, predetermined by *bhūdevas* [gods on earth], bonded by sacred duties of debt, untying white threads and uncovering itself. The naked body squats and struggles with knots, uncoils and loosens fine hair. The body sounds like hum, utterance, exclamation, expelling duty by reverberations of force. Gods and goddesses blossom and are annihilated. There is a movement from self-sacrifice to self-sacrifice, which may be meditated upon as a naked goddess beheading herself. Reciting Sanskrit verse, she aims spouts of blood into her own mouth and the mouths of her devotees. Goddess and devotees alike vomit out of space and time, spoiling the *anuṣṭubh* metre.

1: To hum like shame.

to be born and
broken by have
to be born and
privilege hurl

to be born and
the shameful parts |
other people
gods on earth
ears filled with *aṃ* ||

live in objects
backward acquire
interest gods
bodily in

eat by kindness
entitlement |
than cows service
touchable my
throat filled with *aḥ* ||

having the throat
having the throat
cover yourself
propriety

(Shyness as the
spirits inside |
worse than cows in
cover yourself
broken by *aṃ* ||

by utterance	he lives inside
wear what will please	the hum of Fate)
what a pity!	scheduled shudder
bend the body	belongs to him
	belongs to <i>amah</i>

wear only what	belongs to him
wait only for	(Shameless as the
possession gods	don't touch my gods
having the throat	possessed self hurl
	offending <i>am</i>

worse than cows in	understanding
wife of Duty)	having the throat
modest yourself	untouchable
destroyed by four	white elephants
	self-possessed <i>ah</i>

2: To utter a joyful sound like will.

what will not be will not be what |
 undesired by doer of acts ||
 eating inter constitution |
 my only wealth morality ||
 nowise able indeed to hurt |
 for this cow is her enemies ||
 inborn soulless owner's fine hair |
 keep the peace self constitute ||
 democratic birth conversion |
 free debtor's entrance property ||
 outer marriage choose their project |
etad eva hi me dhanam ||
 withhold wishing boon to captive |
 transmissible indeed to worth ||
 walks like a goose turn delicate |
 exo self rule small teeth you're mine ||

3: To praise like cover.

'I am hiding something from you' |
euphonic tribes and conquerors ||
'from truth to truth' 'my body utters' |
as for ornament so for use ||
if the housewife does not sparkle |
the arrangement of a poem ||
growing 'what I hide by language' |
better colour aspirated ||
stressed reflection raw silk voiceless |
the homeland fails to be aroused ||

4: To praise in successive exclamations like veil.

We advance pointing to our traces: Inequitable lighting, unnatural flowers, the art of clouding minds. 'The marvel of the Indian shawl!' to render the wearer visible, 'The revels it has witnessed, all the torrid scenes!' Black clouds to render the wearer, her dormant coldness of disposition, even in her own home. Under no circumstances do we allow ourselves to be new.

5: To make a succession of exclamations like chaste.

The crossed arms of Defence, the wide open arms of Need, the raised arms of Desire: a triptych of resolution. For among those who have made the resolve, the doers are best; among the doers, the flexible. Sleeping alone, this sentence, uninterrupted, this merit, uncorrupted, this calm and equable body corrects. 'Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles!' 'Why would a person get naked for a person with whom you do not share culture?' [The gods have a duty: return earth to its constituent colours!] [The unconstituted are entitled to compound brown arms!]

6: To shout like caste.

a burn down*ah!*

ā remember*aṃ!*

i entire past*ah!*

ī hereditary swagger*aṃ!*

u previous owners*ah!*

ū collaborator traitors*aṃ!*

r fatal value*maḥ!*

ṛ dream learned and learned dream*aṃ!*

l pouring water*ah!*

e descent polluting*aṃ!*

ai giving her away*ah!*

o pure death determined*aṃ!*

au auto erotic decapitation*ah!*

aṃ my mask, to defend my lustre*aṃ!*

ah and her, still bleeding, to profane all these*maḥ!*

KATHERINE SOWERBY

SAD MAGIC

I Hear the Sound

And pull the seal's earless body. In Spring, the population bellow their wild understory. Jaw grinding browsers, such as leaves. I lick mud, clean six or seven eggs and fire sinks the oldest. In Spring, I sing unfeathered. Quick feet face the possibility of water, of caring for mothers, the season pulled by the ears to the boat surrounded by ruminants, their brown velvet skin. Open corridors, these titles can be found in the music. The firebird is building a hemisphere, clean and free. Spring hears wild grass grow, swan's solar wing. Fabric or biological. Boats shrouded in time, as well as a raining layer derived from parts of the mother. I hear a sound, exposed as fields, the bottle of milk, the three-year-old, the silence of fragrance and eggs filled with sun. In Spring, I collect water. I may leave the old ship, the silence, the smell of use, of furniture. In Spring, clothing is pink and cheerful. It is difficult. The man who went to live in Amsterdam, who married a Greek architect. The smell of eggs. Easy to dress and drum up issues in the unfledged world, marry a Greek architect, live in Amsterdam. Buy furniture, milk, and sugar.

Of Sad Magic

Evening published the lower side. His waist round rock, digging deep into the beach, easy on muscle and transport, instead of unnecessary movement. Evening breaks the roof. Dust and sleepy moan. Hypnosis is paralyzed, body virtual. Just a short-term wave of history. Evening is the same dream delta, empty before waking. Flint Gallery closed, confidential, the collection digging into her hips. Boulders and watercolours. Cave down and absorb the model, muttered the old man. Magic disappears like traffic in the evening. The wood is really difficult, should you ask. Head and neck, sand is easy to carry. The old model is based on feet. Magic is irrelevant. Traffic, constipation, fatigue. Evening, an unknown place to manage the problem, as much as a collection of objects. Rock to rock, his hips a water garden. Head and neck, sand and dust, take action and, as you can see, the more flammable muscles on his chin rest and turn the machine. Temperature of wood, you need to listen up. Evening, published by romantic gardens and water. You need to listen, you wooded lot. Sad magic is the first lesson. Listen to the trees, Sanjay.

And Remember

In August, the professor of rainfall phones the youngest mountain. Folding motion. Earthquakes from time to time. Plates fall. Hundreds of lakes, roughly egg-shaped like nutmeg. Broken skin. Body pain. The dog leaves the outbuildings covered in sweet, sweet flowers. In August, the curator falls in the depths of the sea, spreads butter with a delicate flavour, nectar and orange. Pain can be an important alternative. A small oval cut? In August, I was born. To develop a tree called apple and time management. Plates fall to the bottom of the lake. As well as the threat of incense. In August, sheets and bones. Based on my hands. Other flowers, fresh flowers, water, seeds. Within a few days, swelling. In August, mobile phones. the Museum of Art,. 46 pages fall to the floor. Foundation walls can be played with. The effect, damage. In August, communication is ruled by the world and other travel books. In August, weather, with a knife in the north, a whirlwind. In August, I found a nest. Smoke rising from a steel plant, a jet of water on the lawn behind the hospital. In August, the end of fields. O earthquake, if apples could answer.

That I Can Leave

Late summer friends, scroll the trunk road. Let's die of seasonal weakness, share the earth with plates of bread and brine. Late summer steam gives us seed, marking the level of any of you. Lengths of material ironed onto our bones, we strip summer's end. Friend, picture plurality and home, a plate with only small pieces. The cat disrupts the garden along with a song. Stand together. Deep blue morning, good old Ruth. Smoking sweet pea, hot and cheap, let's challenge the diversity of violence, depression. Difficult oysters ago, glass was a teacher. Rest. The coconut, a song at night. Night clouds. Deep blue morning with a taste of langoustine. Ruth says physical. And in the brain, instructions and pictures from a hyacinth war, not only on land but on the small, hidden among us. Fish of the night. The cat plays with a lobster. Ruth says advantageous. Late summer day and the brain is weak. And flowers? Smoke and anger, sweet Tuxedo Joe. Is he alone too? War destroyed fresh fish, says the cat, load the ice, milk the day, but the game is light and carbon.

Or Disappear-

In the morning, hair in hands, water sheds the world. Projects bulge the river. Night erased, cardiologists sit in the corner, which we forgive. In the morning, black flowers on the left side. A gathering space for lakes, it really is unusually nice. In the morning, air is deceptive. Is the furniture flat enough? Summer nights without the ability to fight. Bedding reduces the volume of wood, stone, shell, mattress. Patient, green with amnesty. In the morning, dyes in rivers and vessels. The volume is a flat line. Trees control the heart's negative image. In the morning, your eyes are enough. Moss controls the roof, your knowledge, the apology. In the morning, a glass atrium monitors the heart. This angle is important. Sorry. In the morning, stars and Lida. Remember her? Like I said, remove the heart. O station, if you have trees. In the morning, blood in the lake, on the road, on the wood, the stone, the carpet, the tables. Clear? In the morning, pools. Critics remove the core. O station, if it stems. In the morning, my hand, and like I said, to determine the fault, plant flowers, grey to green. In the morning, a carpet of blood, and wood, and stone. Lida? I said, finish the roof.

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