

Trubduster

“The desperate case is preferable,
lying in an old bag under the tree
a bottle in his hand
looking up
a long ... long time.”

Alfred Otto Wolfgang Schulze
(‘Wols’) - “Aphorisms”

Not ice how the spine still wakes a

shatterless pipkrake

piercing frozen fall

Voices the wrong side of eyes

spoke in grey cycles

headlights
 stroked cheekbone
jutting from darkness

cars missed

Another lean pang at the roadside
scant meatshadow where the blind bend turned
 turned
on soiled eyes

 to sleeping

And in the black basin
cooing water pets

dazed

steep ditch-banks

Lunar mares surface

Cold lords
over the fields

Under the great fader
separates blend

Walking has been
the same as this walking being
 cold hard
 awkward grass
 tussocks complicating gait
throw
wait
Now
 throw weight
dark dung shapes show through rainsoaked hay
grey
 in field corners
horse colour runs in laths

Always the pitch to the pitch to the left the rightside upright and lighter
The village's distant twinkles slide
on a pivot
liquefy off

(the barnlight by the
 turn again

 cloud thaw

 mistle)

Dropped gait to the skiff
of slip's nervelet
 virgas made reed stem bit
borrow over that fall stripe water

Impressionful basins of mare these mean
vessels cross pocked by brilliance

A black star on a yellow ground
(stellar-shaped shadow on the sun)
 They sat you down
 the smiles out
 of their faces
 their voices

adopting a new tone
something the mirror had
prepared you for
 :
 Proud sorrow
 Fools champion

(the barnlight by the
turn again)

The barnlight by the turn

Sputtered flames at stable doors

Rains are sad nativities

The wingéd word
bound in

a secret complicity

illuminates a spark that
must rectify sparks trapped

in the broken by process

standing in robes of shadewater roadsides
drenched in divine adoption

as kadmon is
to adam is

to the man of the red earth

Martial the darkness

the pristine
ground gives way to thee

Open

.
. .
.

Tinsels splintered
then the broken pain went wide
The ache The sky that it was
Thin green tickling whited
greased from the roots with light
Dirt smelt wet Dirt that clumped
At where mazed skin crushed tangles
a shriek blazed through the downed temple
like a barnlight by a turn

like *the barnlight by the*
turn again

Feet came in
 where sleeping was
sleeping creaked

broke

 in the gap was
 heard voices
 prising it wider

thought turned the I round
to thinking it wakes

 radios spoke
 back to matter
 of fact tones

 then the hands came down
the voice dropped
place not
 pitch

*Whats your name son
can you
tell me your name*

What name
can you
tell me for sun

Buttersix
 whiter where
petals connect the barnlight to her

young throat
lies aglow
soft and cupped at kisswant

Closer the glow frays
goes blake and breaks
in slow flakes
and turns

White-hot tides of
salt light wash fault

son over

horizon her eyes an

answer