



3 Western Poems / Tomas Weber

The Earwigs / Giles Goodland

Ephemeron / Peter van Dolen

SOME WAYS / Anselm Hollo

Vamp / Joe Luna

from **Fault Line / Gerry Loose**

Fret Plinzl / Boris Jardine

“among’em telling told” / Louis Eastwood

Sappho, Fragment 31 / Nakul Krishna

Tiles / Stephen Emmerson



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Ogden, Utah

Fork closed round the battle
mountain the same old cut

into many wests our plans
to hide the book cliffs

abandoned in the salt flats if
it rains tonight in Reno we

must do what they did
before that's be mapped last

Elko, Nevada

Rush to choke upon
the next west no

being no negation
we cannot handle

touches upon wood
for water the passion

I put here undersold
reflected in the light

of the latest land
purchase



Price, Utah

It's the last stratum
the rancher owns though

it may be the time it took
to get so far up also

belongs to him. The total
gradient of accumulation, the

steady shift of towns
amongst Carbon County

flats, sometime salt sometime
sand. Arrival in the empty

frequency to lead the
ghost town on

mountain time the hour
told by foot she said it's

near enough to walk



The Earwigs / Gerry Loose

There is an afterlife for dead religions
in books, leafed tenderly by divines,
and every few years a horny earwig
climbing the hollow of a spine, will
leave its shit-offering, the size of
a full-stop. It walks languages into
the carpet, knows the ant-entrance to
the paving-stones and waits outside

as out of the clouds step
the ancestors, their feet sticky
with discharge. In their stale corridors
their carapaces have lustre

and smell of underground carpark
where leaves roll themselves into cartridge
flowers undo their colours
and the deleting angel
opens a drain to the roots of the dead.

Such massed silences here in the eye,
its cartilage globing the hole
night pours into; hard of smell, the shell
opens in the drain, stink wakens
in fridge-fringed work-spaces.

When the explorers force up into
the moss-forest's phosphorescence
they are pieced apart by pitch-
forked splinters from this underworld,
and their pinches can not wake them.



Ephemeron / Peter van Dolen

With chill licking from outside the still unfamiliar,
the just unwrapped, only yesterday christened with sweat,
saliva and sperm, ill-chosen summer duvet, you fling
a leg, naked like the new-falling light, into the aqueous, chillier,
new day's air. The cold on your empty skin an invitation to sing,
you let it invite you, draw you past your image in your mirror, let

it brush your foot's sole on the ragged edge of the torn condom-
wrapper from your last, spilled away, night. The underfoot green carpet seems
new, and, on this morning, almost bedewed. Random
notes from birds beyond even the outside feel inherited like a winter's air,
and walk your feet for you. In the mist between asleep and wake, the hair
of what she yesterday called your treasure trail dampens sensibly, sheens

with slow-materializing beads of condensation. On the white-washed walls
of your new house, your shadow undulates; a line of weightless poetry past
the wallpaper's sensed relief. You still can feel the wheeze in your throat
from sleeping, like a pressed leaf, in between four walls emulsioned the last
day before you arrived. Need to open the door makes you do so. The Scots air calls
for you to climb on your roof, which, naked as you are, you do. Note

the feel of the rough, cold roof-tiles on your barely awakened finger-
tips, you tell yourself. Driven almost in foetal-position by the cold,
you throw out your eye past Craíl's consenescent rooftops, past the burgh, the old
harbour, the beach of stones, past the Isle of May, to where your new horizon amasses
more sea and open air than you can grasp. Even as you draw your eyes, you linger,
while all you think is: and so the moment passes. The moment passes.



SOME WAYS / Anselm Hollo

FORMAL PROSODY

never ever needed
more formal prosody
than what thelonious
teaches

and as it goes on
it just needs more
of that
rapt attention

MIRLITONNADE

fous qui disiez
plus jamais
vite
redites
(Samuel Beckett)

you fools who said
never again
hurry
say it again

EYES, PALMS

both bright and deep
& almost
lost
within
whispered
along monk's keys
played way too low
her words come through
to make my palms
sway in the wind



SOMEWHERE

between the cat and the tree
must be my country

and the finch
singing above us

about the world
that suffers
and years

SOME WAYS

some ways you know more
than ever before

some ways
it has become

even harder
to convey that increase

ART HISTORY

someone comes along
gives that tedious old thing
a new twist or
breaks its neck

the old questions
don't change:

what do you want me to say?
what do you want me to do?



QUAKE

The ocean sure is a BIG tub

the continents

none too solid

they growl!

TECTONIC GRIND

“say something?”

“LA TERRA TREMA”

but not right here

not right now

I love your hair

atop your dancer’s body

absolute loveliness

in a quaking world



Vamp / Joseph Luna

bleach between
the covers gnarly
 with a head
 dress certified
on top – oh out
 shine its weird
 trajectory
we not by love
are harrowed in
exceptional demeanour
circus past linger like
 for freshly
 dropped, casing
needy guilt
 to out-live presence.
 immediately
Life picks up
 & shunts the day
jar view to peak credential
peeping o'er the rim beside
 the mucky surf
 I rise on & thanks
I needed
 that. Woe betide
 intenser veins
to give back blood
 deflated, nubile pickings
match discoloured drips
the little joys careening
 into liquid life
 we needed, to hear
involuntary
 mitosis tissueing
 but blended up
graded roughage –
 bite the lip that
blowing kisses certified
our lax demeanour, our
 need for blood
 to think in, make
out life more
 or less abstract
 able, for real.



from **Fault Line / Gerry Loose**

XIII

why should I leave
Kemp said
why should I travel
I don't even know
my own garden
& still the seedling oaks come
each spring
Colquhouns displacing Gregors
Campbells once more
selling stolen waters
to conquering navies
for their fleets

commentary:

boreal bright ice
swans wander the strand
seals stravaig the firth
swans paddle the firth
a drift wood forest
salt sparks
the firebox
time
look so
speech is stolen
from truth

XV

for the oars:
part the waters
they fold again

commentary:

fresh water
ice cracks & slams
grips the hull
we make love
name booming gods
crackling stars
her bones



XIX

stars
it's true
they came here
by water
once
in Glen Douglas
I saw two white hinds
I thought them sheep
a leaf fell
but we heard
they

commentary:

frozen stones
ice slows all waves
even the seventh
who will stop
seagulls'
raucous skrelling
not Neptune
not with his trident
nor any submariner

XXIX

some of us still live
in the woods
by candlelight
sewing new lines
drinking with hoolets
it will end soon
a knitted glove
no hand

commentary:

then
name this one the nucleus
brighter than fission
lighting the woods
bitter sorrel
blood cleanser



XLII

concrete
a strange love
to ride the agaric
& what sickens
oil slicked lands
luminous metal water

commentary:

a discourse with piss-a-beds
& pig's snout & cats ear
hawk beard & mouse ear
beàrnan-Bride
Taraxacum I
have no right
to say these things
though no right not to
they nod
a shroud is needed

XLIII

procedures of fatigue

commentary:

useful rain



LIV

garden news
lambada
thambar
dawn fantasia
& unknown
six blooms
on a board
any cultivar
the lieutenant
is passionate
about fuchsias

commentary:

he read the left
hand page with the left
eye the right hand page
with the right
here inside
the radio's left ear
Der Rosenkavalier
ah but
ah but right ear's
outside thrush symphony
devoid of moral
likewise summer's
throbbing dragon
flies



Fret Plinzl / Boris Jardine

The experiment was a complete success.

The men were complete failures.

8.5.09

look, sure there's my house over there,
trembling around himbody B, look he
told her the great she was she, like great
but blocked on pls she went and scooped
because she said she fucked it like that,
great. and trembling round lighthouse,
"through" door in steps to mighty lamp,
it says "door" on the door and we took
the fucking tour so she can't have water or
even "venerate" the ground he said

9.5.09

light, I put the date there is, OK
could be like B says I like that stroke
or keyboard is a bit wet on his shop,
full formal show I was rescued by cats
and it hypes hypes until a headline
sucks a blow from him, man on top
so for example yesterday's little history
said extemporary geological man
is stoppered between two strata, no joke
because they drift downward, eyes

16.11.09

winter. pulley system is all up in B
so I played with saw legs etc. but
the cats gut homesick, hope to go home
ain't like home no more no goin' down
to The Place. so I hit him with emails
about 6 in the morning he stops me
in the narrow shop and viagra is
everywhere all on his hands, you're sad
so we had to start again, not history
belief came and came to stay, no?



12.3.10

13 cabinets totally dry, day sickness
& health cabinets, I took new pictures
and scattered she is brighter now
but there are so few parts left and loves
poor B, just as if climbing days are over
cloned bastardo fuel seeping in all feet
covered in the stuff, it's like liquid
or something. I just can't get my head
innovative or something so combustible
sawn into curls though we kept that

22.8.10

is taking. fucking. ages, almost there
just scraps and I kept a small of B,
so furry and unkind, he argued so much
he, rare excalibur in praise, numbers
too tape, before strolling took such
pains to dedicate your praise for me
just fucking ages, all ballsed up for now
OK don't go down there it's hardly
it's each life unto secretive fortune, in
plight of she knows, under dew verdant

31.8.10

do not be troubled by the order in (8)
such might be her or gathering flour
ask dates of a year *that's what you get*
can screw head in hands, not matter
or fail psychiatry with words, for that matter
no Hebraic nor script entangled in sight
that handled and at the centre was Man
himselfe, microcosm of that agency
gendered B left in a car we can get no
answer out of him, overflowing he left



“among’em telling told” / Louis Eastwood

among'em telling told

bring'em dine, here'em old, down,

deepest

decent

told'er all, of the sea

and out across it, sold'er, of love wounded

Isolde

herron herron racing here on

from here on

October

from here on

March

from here on

it's fields I've left to wake you

it's this, tarry, fell

bring'em blankets

in the fields lacking shelter

hear'em chill



Sappho, Fragment 31 / Nakul Krishna

He must be a god, that boy,
that he can sit across from you,
lean in to catch
your honeyed voice, your laugh atingle

My heart they set
aflutter

At the sight of you I fall
silent
Tongue knotted, a finespun fire
sprawls beneath my skin
Eyes blinded ears buzzing
I sweat I tremble
go greener than grass

I am dead, or dying



Tiles / Stephen Emmerson

Blue and green exiles
forced into the chamber

where time unravels in the sink

where yesterdays bile is an archive
stored on water

 their dead girls
face down in the morning

eyes up in the dusk jets
permitted as steam

they exist with me

caught up in eviscerated Charles Bonnet images
a patchwork of abdomen threads
spreading without time

and the tiles holding it all in...

 the gutted pigs in the bath

 the pork pie jelly slurping
the headaches
 from seconds

they walk into the grout
pretending your fingers are
 matchsticks

you burn/
 once lit against water/
through which you disappeared

and I saw them
 in the bathroom mirror

clicking their plastic wings
mouths full of oils
 and laments for the makers



and moths
 puff-balled
 exquisitely
 from their chest

into that photograph of everything
 that drips their chemicals into an ocean

 an ocean we cannot remember

 that drowns
 their shapes across walls
 with the broken tin spiders
 of pathetic hallelujahs

 it echoes in here/
 the taps thickening as the bath drains
 with us still in it

 our empty skins framed
 around the roiling bones

 now used as masts

 on the 1000 hollow boats in the plughole

 and they watch
 from their ceramic harbour
 as the pipes turn into
 discharged church bells
 heavens above our heads

and they ring
sustaining that crippled note
that tone of polio/ harmonics of sunken fleets

 where behind the eyelids they lay
 those toys of absent things



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