

Poems

Poems from "Poems and Drawings" (1962):

owen turned
with the turn of the corner
turned to the left
tuned to the right
turned his head
turned to the centre
turned turtle
turned stomach
turmoiled
turned to catholicism
in turn
turned a finger
turning-point
turned up
turned down
turned in
turned out
on the turn
took a turn
turnstile
turncoat
turnkey
returned.

*

I AM THE SPACE OF A DOOR
ENGULFED IN THIS SINGULAR DESERT
WHERE THE SKIN IS AUDIBLE
AND LIFE IS BALLAST BY DUST.

Poems published in "CRAS" tidsskrift for kunst og kultur (1980):

Yesterday
perks thee
acidulent
detained official heart
chance, artful one now real
arthretic holds and groping
dared not further for getting
hands and feet
dangerous as clung rock
beneath acquaintance aquatint.

*

When
vow lodger
late.
Your sexual pleasure,
substance
subvert suck.
Sudden suctorial soul,
peasecod or pearl-shell.

*

Head
hairbrows
said
wise reign-birth.
The pot echos its pepper
whom I all vapours applaud
reared by unladed cargo
duties and ditto-mark to pause
bannish and inoculated.
Now milk-teeth bite my collar.

Unpublished poems written between 1980-2011:

Swanherds reason
Randy, Kiss and Kipper
Kismet
Killed with kindness
The rancid pounder.
A keepsake upright
With a pin cushion shadow.
The horny fucker railroads
Knoblike, "Knots to all"!
After scaffold scotch
Scatheless
Staunch with knee-joints bent
Rakish, ram
Stake-rail rampage
Ramshackle-Kilt
Rainfall
Raisin
Swanherds reason.

*

(1)
Unaware he'd died long ago

caught by voyager epitaph-traversing moon
disentombment, placed in a mobile urn
inscription, prescription
DEATH
Asylum for occupational emptiness
If he knew where he was
would he still be hear?
The stone stays the season stays
Not for the soil, him as a Souvenir.
Grass will not grieve even casually
The widowed bed is burnt as love-lorn heart
Faintest, vague careless glance
Fear of the ever-widening waste of time
eve-sighing till dawn, with the fragments of a heart
as keepsake of cries of clamours
ewades the surf of the darkened clouds
the soil is abundant, the soul is not

(2)

There is no voice to stand & Listen
vanished as the fallen dew
the prostrate flowers of Autumn
confounding, shrouded, perplexed
A DARKNESS PREPARED.
Shallows of the forsaken morning
nevermore overlapping the slept-away robes
clinging to the last Lear, as a bedridden chance
a desert to drench, the Tongue's last word to soak.
No word speaks past this hour
Just to look up, as the sunshine fails
everywhere the land will accept his absence
the moon is a ruin
IT NO LONGER HAS A SPELLING

*

Tether the terrible entreaties, Ocean of ghosts
ridicule the shaven beach, that does not whimper to the tide
let the rugged hills ride through the shining mirror
structure your own Wills, they will be drawn to each other
Gates shall open and shut in dreams
all thoughts shall trudge together
from whence they entered
we had not known that the frost of the unwilling
lay hidden
as that of the indifference of a forgotten frontier
Let us hang the waves of Logic in the sun to shrink

measure the salt-spray with eyes whose colour is thinkable
Commands of belief and belfry to be
pounded in the mortar
names to vanish,
terrestrial surface, hand in hand
THE EARTH HAS MORE WISDOM THAN
EVER HEAVEN OR HELL.

*

You are something blurred indistinct
perhaps like something withheld
I can seldom see you, without talking fine,
for you are infinitely elsewhere.
O, that I could kill you
but your blood would have no reality

*

Voices
Voices, void-print-vice
Viz
Volte-face.
Monsieur? Madame?
disuniting,
Soundless dialogue of disbelief
dry-stone bas-relief monument.
I recognize several quarrels.
Who ever saw a wall of pebbles.

*

No one shall to my desolating memory
furrow in the autumn field turning.
My drive's ploughshare and deviate alone.
Fazakerley, the little rat, crept
and the creditors shout out,
As soon you're back in June,
prison and spitted
spitted these leaves, from forestall-man there forfeit
a paletteless blue,
all the deaths of colour
are stricture and stratagem
What was