

## 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 SINULAR 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 mild-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*Unpublished poems written between 1980-2011:*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

\*

Medicine change

Open the heart  
Old machine weary  
To straight the hurt  
I now have a wheel chair  
Water begins to  
Leave body. Smell like  
Widnes Corporation toilet  
In the morning  
Denmark has exported  
All blue bottles