

**A Theory and Praxis of a City Poetic: Jakobson, Poetic  
Function and City Space; Women, Deixis and the  
Narrator:  
A City Poem: 'Shades of Light: A Triumph of City'**

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**A poem submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of  
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for the degree of  
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**Shades of Light**

**A Triumph of City**

**by**

**Mary Coghill**

# LOVE

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## Seriatim

Dead wood word unread or line for  
this spine responds for the first time  
thoughts rise seep along a smooth stem  
the soft calyx opens backwards

first showing lacking full colour  
soft exploration picking out  
first rasp of a finger on leaves  
examine the contents growing

quiet breathing suspense intense  
successive or there will maybe  
possibilities open out  
suffusion in thoughts and perhaps

chances petals unfold plot lines  
genus bright then sere leaves blowing  
press in code to soft snap closure  
good ah seriatim more and

## OPOS<sup>2</sup>

(I do not wait long) for the call<sup>3</sup>  
 running down towards the bridge  
 to meet you as arranged

springing forward on a spike of static  
 the rules are in place  
 shock shock under the roar of traffic

mouthng words between rushing  
 speeding towards the tube racketing  
 beguiling new reality beckoning

but carved out of the same old icons  
 takatakatakatakata  
 'follow the woman you meet at the entrance'

it's with all-round element of trust  
 I think that here tish wish tishha wish  
 the next move as - follow the instructions

and when you ring in  
 'please enter your security code'  
 reality adrenalin up against

being asked to do the impossible  
 in public one more time  
 'check the geocache by GPS'<sup>4</sup>

it would be wrong to get desperate  
 I am following through  
 with the positive instructions

try again wait around weighing up  
 o hopeless opposition to  
 hopeless *opos* rising named forces

taking a chance here we are waning  
 beep listening you'll miss it  
 ta ta out ta ta out ta ta



crossing the virtual line  
 'o' positive  
 blood drawn neatly with no escape

route by negative tension by  
 thread or tautology  
 cramp through style or knee mechanism

'we have the GPS on you out in the open  
 pick up your message pip peep pip  
 we have you positioned'

why chafe against the rules  
 just start walking instructions will be clear  
 I'm in the unseen shadow now

exploit the hiding places  
 nothing but the real laden breathing  
 real panic - forgetting life's a game

do not cross here if you want to remain real -  
 kept in a vice of virtual alternatives  
 developing my own position

creating a virtual shadow  
*opos*-ed GPS my best friend now  
 I'm here and ready to meet

'quick take down my number  
 hey use *this* phone  
 do not baulk at the movements ahead'

tic toc tic toc tica toc tica tica  
 ground floor mind the doors  
 press one for.....two for....

tic develop the tic  
 all done by command or evasion of orders  
*opos* awol

'up against it with a revengeance  
 you can take your opposition to...  
 never will this be completed by...'



ramp up the speed to 119 beats per minute  
 there are more than several people here  
 we all want to record the days takings

beep beep slam beep beep slam  
 this is the six o'clock news  
 the virtual when the real is unbelievable

and they want us to do it all over again?  
 please let me dream for just a moment  
 'we have your current GPS of hope'

run up the formidable spiral staircase  
 trying getaway  
 and if I were to meet you

it would still not count for much  
 panting please help me  
 there is real blood on the floor by the door

I do not know enough to get out of here alive  
 the phone like a leach in the hand  
 take a knowledge of the form

takatakatakatum  
 and get stuck in with degrees of playlessness  
 is this virtual territory mine?

I take *opos* advantage of the shadow  
 the endgame tube station entrance  
 escalator swish *opos* descending

you think that I can have fun in the city  
 travelling into town on my day off?  
 how much is this worth?

the clock starts ticking its duration of suspense  
 all over again  
 'your GPS is out there and lonely'

tireless radio waves beckoning  
 waiting to adjust to their target  
 (taking the opportunity to have a lie in)

*opos* rejection layers  
avoid avoid overlaid  
occupying a central position

'it's the imperfections that are interesting'<sup>5</sup>  
isotropic<sup>6</sup>elongated nema<sup>7</sup>  
these liquid crystals are mine<sup>8</sup>

### Anomie<sup>9</sup> vs Logic Gates<sup>10</sup>

when I look at the next moment  
 I am somewhere else  
 disjointed by speed of transit rather than by time  
 measure the rhythm of dislocation  
 poetic devices hear music and jump  
 contiguity replaces effort at  
 narrative is of  
 environmental interest  
 around the copper connections  
 needs testing

this building leaves an imprint of heat  
 grey windows gleam with grey static  
 padded footsteps in the communal corridor  
 an adjusted fire door thuds to  
 'vortex central!'  
 some abstract connection in  
 transport movement to  
 shout and close the door  
 "Anomie!"

walls show shadows of grime  
 the drains steadily imprison existence  
 careful planning controls internal sounds  
 voices as someone comes in with a friend  
 there are meetings and omissions  
 what goes on beyond  
 sounds going over and under  
 cacophony dominated by city white noise  
 "Anomie!"

this man walks stares straight ahead  
 decelerate steps  
 bus obliterates voice  
 another bus wipes out  
 the woman in the flat opposite  
 then she reappears  
 city smells of  
 the immediate and over  
 breath, tube, sulphur co2  
 "Anomie! Anomie!"

city blur location  
     the specific that comes too close  
 the general that provides any bus stop  
     bustle of movement and self propulsion  
 the back draft swirling up scurries of gritty dust  
     the escalator moves up  
     moment's space into  
 hiatus before the mobile rings  
     "Anomie!"

why I can still breathe!  
     in the maelstrom of movement  
 door opens and bang he fell crashing to the  
     platform  
     head first from the London bound train  
 the smell of aggression which hangs  
     mention events behind  
     thrown out  
 cries torment of hurry hurry  
     "Anomie!"

I've got to be there by 3 gone by 4 and out by 5  
     generic life = specific place +anomie squared  
     and the derived total  
     is one or naught  
     and not or  
             digit one or digit zero  
 this is a delightful reduction of purpose



## I O

the poet pushes past playing  
 resulting from combinations of time  
 gloss pass the winter's afternoon  
     nothing is yawning  
 I should have taken the children out  
 watching them squabble over a game  
 aiaiai how the clock ticks  
     the voices rise and fall  
 the rain beats and patters down  
 making tea and toast and eating biscuits  
 is more mmmmm than oioi  
     gathering threads spinning  
 cobwebs across the eyes of maenads  
 leaving Pound to savour exquisite beauty  
 whilst we humdrum flesh out ioioio  
     until the hourglass turns aiai  
 stirs the air with remembered purpose  
 closely she sits on my knee idly  
 drifting into 3 year old sleepiness  
     then demanding from her brother  
 feet legs trample arms wriggle  
 the light is going and the room needs heating  
 turn on the light and fire off on off on  
     there the mathematical and/or  
 depict the trails of interaction  
 over these 2 hours oioioi  
 what digits measure the contentment  
     oppositional moments  
 rewards and deprivations  
 the frenzy of the past week and  
 the next moment may bring it back or  
     putting the kettle on accept inevitable  
 the demands but not just yet  
 am I pregnant again?  
 units tinkle and tumble  
     combinations and random clusters  
 meanings are clear to the decoder  
 under the cascade of marks  
 eureka shouted within earshot  
     'put that down!'  
 and the positive charge is not  
 the thing under consideration  
 twisting the recreating shapes

corrugating the pliable and cochleate  
 elongating the correlate and inverse  
 take apart structure sub-divide again  
 handle all microns with exquisite care  
 the process goes on for what seems like  
 neither not approaching liminals  
 who will laugh at the imperfections?  
 plangent lamentations at the interface  
 beyond which the answer lies  
 but never fully grasped here  
 the precision of gaps and hesitations  
 tabulations of time results memories  
 clink refractive glass against the light  
 throwing out myriads of choice  
 'I rub my eyes as if asleep  
 balance my words with knots and keep  
 sinister and dextrous I know  
 endorphin clutches at the pleasure  
 accompanying half remembered IO  
 tantalised with swathes of measure'  
 swirls avenues perspective adjusted  
 leaves accolades pantheons lauds  
 not neat set foundations under  
 strength with flexible grout bending  
 their Teflon surface and/ not  
 the chain is formed quite beyond repair  
 the sleep contains the fault neither here nor there  
 realise alert light start quite might  
 'I have walked down streets that echo  
 the same footsteps year after year'  
 thoughts that rotate like hours  
 and wreak the rigid pedant structure  
 suspend the particles in solution  
 cast imbrications over flat surfaces  
 throw known combinations to the centrifuge  
 follow the gyrations of ardent passion  
 anger in the cause of reason  
 the owner repairs the surfaces  
 the mistake (and/ not) the time (not/ yet)  
 the purpose (and/ yet) the opportunity (or/ and)  
 the place (and/ or) gates do not open in THIS way

## Top Rhemes<sup>11</sup> and Pavement Themes

unknown gender  
 assumptions quickly  
 the voice drowned by the bus reversing  
 by the lorry that pulled away  
 to an expectant face  
 someone just asked a question  
 the anxiety that this person is violent  
 where?  
 'Get to Holborn'  
 lunch break  
 that way go that way

my hand  
 the road signs

are

hard to see  
 along the street  
 into the shop

the door  
 the red lights  
 the hoodie quickly  
 the petrol station  
 free paper  
 woman

takes

the baked beans

does not pay

before leaving

imperceptible movement of air by the automatic  
 doors

(I see them sitting) outside the sandwich bar  
 (Where the sign says)  
 Sklep Polski  
 (I see their mouths move)  
 talking words that no one ever hears through  
 the traffic

(I see one) take new cheap trainers from inside  
 his jacket

(I see them) thrown on the ground  
 (He mouths) his comrade at arms ok here you are  
 'I got them for you'<sup>12</sup>

(I see that) the transaction is complete  
 (I understand) that the order went out



['get me some new goddam effing shoes willyer']  
 (I see the sitting man say) [they're ok then]  
 (I now also see) the crumpled drink cans  
 (the bus moves away) from the bus stop  
 but they are a fixture  
 the next day I walk past as the bus pulls away  
 this time it's not the shoes  
 but a packet of sandwiches falls  
 from inside the man's jacket  
 hunger  
 the sandwiches  
 the stolen breakfast  
 the mutually acceptable compression  
 free real stolen - a three rhyme sandwich  
 and if the narrator  
 assumes more importance  
 than the place  
 the transition - this time I am sitting on the bus  
 then the events  
 become  
 artfully distressed  
 witness the real  
 distant and moving events express  
 let me know my options - send me a text  
 I think all good time poured after bad maybe  
 it's all in the travelling



# The Poet Listens in on the Eidometropolis<sup>13</sup>

this friend not used to the city  
 getting in touch  
 the cue was not given  
 taking me by surprise  
 asking me to do the unexpected  
 the unacceptable  
 drive into and out of the city centre  
 twice in one day taking instructions:  
 you will not take the trouble more than once  
 you will not do the same thing twice  
 not notice your immediate surroundings  
     eidoindividual  
     who is female  
     born here by chance

  don't visit galleries  
   don't travel on the tube for years  
   shut down the options  
   become home based it's safer  
             except the neighbours turned out to be ...well

eidosequence  
 all the things seen once  
 must I repeat myself  
 I arrange to meet you at the V&A  
 and when we meet we talk  
 'I've got your birthday present'  
 and later you told me  
 'what a lovely present'  
 I remembered the seat  
 the sunlight through glass  
 this is nothing special  
 eidoevent  
 and in any event I didn't see you again  
 falling in and out of favour

            taking the thoughts to their logical conclusions  
             dropping them like hot cakes when frustration  
   reigns

            leave house for work but never getting there  
             take the bus and it's out of service after 10 minutes  
             walk to the shops with the wrong credit card  
             drive to the superstore (marked on the map) there's  
   no room to park  
             stop dead in the street by the petrol station  
             under the plane tree

I am sure I hear the most beautiful recording ever  
a bird singing  
startling beauty that falls like honey on air  
thrill on soul  
where can I really hear this?  
unbelievable in NW4  
looking harder and harder  
forgetting my errand  
gradually the late summer evening  
city night air dawns on me  
is this the nightingale  
high up in the street lining plane tree  
undertowed by cars  
sound falling through dust  
this is what Keats would have died  
would have lived for  
the quality of the sound empowering a moment  
of madness and this is inappropriate  
no-one else stopped on the pavement  
looking up I was stared at  
so the meaning changes  
creak crack  
one word of warning  
slight invasion in what garden  
blackbird cries  
break break break  
one step further and  
start up and look there's nothing but  
the silence breaks  
creak crack creak  
crack the interface  
poet among the speakers between  
password: ay2zed  
speak speak speak  
break break break

## Pixelation Metaphor

long legs in ads  
     reality body image pixelated  
 the avenues of thought  
     shards of netting  
 snagging on the wind  
     on the broken glass  
 specifically and  
     with gender analysis  
 in the window of the empty house

we are building blocks  
 for everyone to make money and sense  
 but that our lives are fragmented  
 that we are disassembled bricks  
 lumps of cement left behind

we are the underdeveloped  
 parts parts of the city estates  
 forgotten families on the top floors  
 disembodied facial expression  
 someone is on their way out

breeze blocks render glass tiles  
 uneven pavements  
 litter on the stairs  
 we are demands that are not met

push-chairs in awkward places  
 sullen expressions  
 smiles in odd moments  
 silences at inappropriate times

incomplete panoramas  
 the sound of combinations of voices  
 taking apart the pieces attempting  
 to balance the parts overbearing



## Who is the Poet?

# I

dreaming of the poet as lover  
who adores and aspires a flash of  
morning sunlight rubbing tired eyes  
remembering a good meal last night  
how we smiled and smiled intense  
red hot moments wrapping anticipation  
we sat on the balcony high above  
traffic quieter now as the evening  
drifts into night we have eaten and  
sit and talk a desert dust laden  
updraft pulls us closer as darkness  
closes in the mutual hands hearts mouths  
the flats opposite dissolving  
in the dusk we pick out gems of flashing  
amber set in a glowing scarlet  
chain the solitary diesel roar  
the taxi pulls away the traffic  
calms night falls air rises with evening  
pavement heat as it cools sweeps past us  
gusts a white paper tablecloth gritted  
falling into bed all excited  
into the arms waiting for me

## II

getting into bed aching with tired  
loss of money, job, status, lover -  
if the poet dies unloved -  
the city littered with dead poets -  
because we moved our imaginations  
to the country  
60's factory block target practice for  
stone throwers  
sub-culture against the dying giant  
the Lucozade<sup>14</sup> bottle is high rise at last  
flying above the flyover canopy  
industrial terraces built stripped left to rot  
demolished ballast for the asset  
this is new  
trees planted readymade 12 feet high  
now stunted leaning tatters against  
unfulfilled days  
the cleaners' trolley swings half-tethered  
its stall on a skyline with a fraying rope

dust and litter build up layers of life span  
 the shiny granite dull overgrown with ivy  
 windows shade into unrefractive  
 dust filled floors no energy here  
 the landscaped gravel ellipse of stones artful  
 now placed as barriers to the ram raiders  
 water and disinfectant the status fountain  
 calcified trickle of the company

run out of money  
 once surrounded by ranks of cars departing  
 one Friday afternoon never to return  
 hoarding goes up from large contractors  
 shouts and muscle bound shoulders patterns  
 fairytale strength in sparks and ringing  
 hammer blows  
 but still the grass and weeds grow the hoarding  
 cracks one corner swings someone is at home  
 perhaps  
 sometimes  
 bedded down there inside hiding a few possessions  
 under dust riven  
 everyday traffic thunders past peaking tailing off

### III

the poet fell in love and love captured the poet  
 the poet loved love and love loved the poet  
 they fell into each other's arms and both thrived  
 and wrote and inspired the obsession which grew  
 the poet stopped eating and washing wrung  
 his or her hands and tore out his or her hair  
 kept bursting into tears: 'I love, I love -'  
 inspiration connections reiterated  
 and the words used - surrogate to the physical  
 passion that was short-lived - or missing or over  
 never shall life be so sweet  
 life is an empty promise  
 a shadow of the real experience  
 the chill begins with the hands  
 'I cannot feel my heart my bones ache  
 my ear hurts my head hurts  
 the end is near and irrevocable'  
 (we do not think we have the right text)  
 'City Kills Poet' artifice has departed  
 the middleman looks artfully at  
 the perceived or implied -



"how much you loved - oh  
 how clever those sonnets to Love"  
 "did the poet succumb to  
 an unknown disease?"  
 we remember the poet in jokes  
 "oh yes I actually met her muse  
 a couple of times..." "I said I really liked  
 her poem sequence - and  
 I have a signed copy"  
 "the editor had an affair with the poet"  
 the librarian calls me - "this is a rare book  
 and you cannot keep it for long"

"we think ardently of the huge print run"  
 "we go back to that love poetry  
 where birds in flight is the most important  
 image for the flights of fancy where  
 modern technology is briefly mentioned  
 in a daring use of the real to describe  
 the eternal" I pick up my mobile  
 'I have been mentioned by a minor critic'  
 time the love poems are swept into  
 limelight 'we could run them all over  
 again?' (fever strikes suddenly leaving  
 the poet hot ) too drained to type  
 closed eyes do not keep out the endless roar  
 images rushing past (the sweat along  
 the hairline is a reminder a reminder)

#### IV

the building is let at last floor by floor  
 (in a feverish state the poet swallows  
 painkillers) we drive past newly installed  
 glass panes the packed new office furniture  
 washed floors dust vacuumed the Let sign  
 the straggle of smokers aspirations  
 lessees - the developers progression  
 through plotted layers of profit or dividend

**Meronymy<sup>15</sup>**

this building is described by two shadows  
 the vocabulary of the city animate inanimate  
 people poor wealthy healthy  
 old young rude politic absorbed bored  
 from the dry to the wet always dust in the air  
 staring as the rain falls leaking water main  
 a bottle of water in the hand freezing  
 repulsive and beautiful parts  
 we are enmeshed by what is revealed  
 the poet fell asleep the warm communication  
 the eyes meeting and those glorious pantings  
 'And all the while dreaming of liberty'<sup>16</sup>  
 from the dark to the light cold corner  
 chill wind bright sunlight different road  
 from inside to cold the agenda was heavy  
 he demanded I report back to him your  
 organisation that he refuses to recognise  
 a chill of lost innocence as I soon lost my job  
 from the peppery to the bland it was exciting  
 meeting you at the café this is my favourite  
 travelling for hours by tube and bus  
 after a year you had changed jobs location  
 from the yes to the distant lonely to crowded  
 this silent deserted room on Christmas Eve  
 but on New Year's Eve crammed with noise  
 and colours and lights people who  
 couldn't get into the room next door  
 filling mine instead and the argument  
 depicted remains unstructured

## Declamatory Mrs Gilpin<sup>17</sup>

Politician:

firstly let us address the issues of gender and  
city, poverty and wealth  
whether there is poetry of universal appeal  
a poetry of self and identity  
a poetry that addresses the issues of safety  
and danger  
how this is going to be read in the venue that  
has been booked?

Administrators clap raggedly and shuffle papers

Poet:

no one is talking about being paid  
who will pay for it?

Philosopher:

the politician - that's a joke

Poet:

if the strings are tied I can't perform I can't  
write

Politician:

we have set up an independent organisation  
that vets everyone to the point of exclusion  
before we pay them a very little just to egg  
them on but everyone here will speak for  
nothing

Administrators smile happily

Philosopher looks grim

Poet:

words or grim is that all you can do?  
here I am working my guts out coming up  
with new forms and patterns and you are not  
engaging

Semiotician:

I maintain that where ever you go I can follow  
In breezes the critic who is warmly welcomed by  
the publisher and by the poet who is a sycophant at  
heart

Critic:

have you room for me?

Poet:

the semiotician keeps driving a wedge  
between me and all my parts  
I write and formulate  
and rewrite and reformulate



there is barely more than the pleasure of it  
do you feel my need?

(thinking of emotions and garrets)

Politician:

you, the poet, have skills at your fingertips  
and you need educational opportunities for  
this

Administrators make notes

Poet:

and emotions high emotions

Philosopher:

what is the purpose of poetry?

Publisher (sarcastic):

why you make money out of it  
as he takes a call from his printer – who is refusing  
to print the text until paid  
the semiotician is filling in a chart

Poet:

are these signs metaphors?  
the philosopher looks disapproving

Administrators frown

Mrs Gilpin (in tears):

emotions are the vessels of inspiration

Philosopher:

inspiration has its place but you need to  
control your words

Mrs Gilpin:

no no it's the space

Philosopher:

not a single bit of it has defined parameters

Politician: (shrugs)

Critic:

dramatisation of information encourages  
debate

Philosopher:

a foundation stone for inspiration is formed  
by as yet unrecognised signs funnelling their  
way to the surface of the mind as words

Semiotician:

I couldn't agree more – if only I could label  
more of them and faster as you speak

Poet:

I do not understand myself  
form is required

and the purpose is to glorify – which is old  
 fashioned (laureate)  
 is to record (as in chorus) is to explore the self  
 (dead end?)  
 is to give pleasure (and more or less)

Critic:

you deliberately set out to overdetermine<sup>18</sup>  
 confuse

Poet:

no no

Critic:

and it's just that there are members of the  
 public who like poems as crosswords

Poet:

oh oh

Critic:

high emotion state occasion promulgation of  
 morality – temperance, virtue?

Poet:

well at the very least I like to push outwards  
 the limits of meaning in words and their  
 combinations

Semiotician:

this is fascinating

Politician:

but who benefits? we cannot condescend

Semiotician (looks up from searching the  
 programme):

there is no logic

Administrators get out highlighters

Poet:

torque it's all torque the topic is tropes I have  
 to learn the tropes tra la disintegration of  
 thought is never far away we need more to go  
 on

Philosopher:

mimesis and diegesis remember the words  
 mean something

Critic files fingernails

Poet files words

Politician:

we really want to nail this one

Semiotician:

The parings are somethings

Critic:

it seems to me that poets are unable to state  
their position clearly

Philosopher:

terms need to be more black and white it's the  
control

Poet:

oh you mean performance patterns ignoring  
the silences  
synapses ending in shouting and analepses<sup>19</sup>  
with the times

Philosopher:

we have started with assumptions

Poet:

we have suggested turns of phrase rhymes  
and figures of speech why should we do more  
you have discarded so much else that we  
offered

Semiotician (rapidly typing out labels):

this is fascinating

Critic (edgy):

how? why?

Publisher:

I certainly can't sell *that* to a new market

Poet:

you mean the editor? professor of poetry?

Politician:

what you are proposing is elitist  
well if you want funding you can't go back to  
the classics

coffee time as the room clears to a backdrop of  
scraping chairs

the administrators rush and take all the coffee and  
tea provided

Mrs Gilpin (longingly):

this is flying past me again and again  
mimesis comes naturally to me  
but you prefer to record recall evoke  
through naturalism and identification with  
subject  
in this guise is poetry fiction?  
is the target less dramatic when diegetic?  
is drama regarded as traffic between stage  
and auditorium (not audience?) <sup>20</sup>



and the spectator understands words from  
 the poet's mouth  
 empathy through declamation  
 suspension of disbelief  
 are we to imagine a world as real but  
 always there between empathy and the poet

Critic interrupts:

'criticism is stimulated with reference to the  
 way empathy is generated, not with reference  
 to the incidents the spectator sees reproduced  
 on the stage'<sup>21</sup> (by the poet)

Mrs Gilpin continues:

erect scaffolding -

Politician:

Oh hustings! Oh hustings!

Mrs Gilpin:

articulate empathy  
 put in some lyrics, tropes, techniques,  
 naturalistic events  
 we understand the poet to be witness?  
 the words are more important than the poet  
 even though the poet wrote them  
 the meaning may well rush past us both on  
 the outward and return journey

Semiotician:

so we are talking about a double layering,  
 words and meaning, story, significance, signs!

Mrs Gilpin:

yes and up and down the lines back and forth  
 across the patterns in and out of levels of  
 reference have fun!

the administrators leave empty cups

the semiotician accepts a lucrative contract in  
 advertising

the poet lays all bare to the empty hall

## The Poet Performs 'fat gold watch'<sup>22</sup>

and there is no room left for viewpoints  
 gravity pulls everything together  
 or force of air expands it to fit  
 lost in a flashback tied to this routine  
 the day drip feeds unrelated place  
 and predominant time causes lesions  
 space comes from hope I was born here

*access denied* rounded personality  
 mis-shapen by vandalising vistas  
 smash and grab at balls and breast  
 that ultimate cry for mother  
 that tear at last shed by father  
 the head bagged and dumped  
 that'll put an end to the reason

for allowing a life of mindless irony  
 or endless performance where the vantage  
 point is merely the darkness the fourth wall  
 unborn until shaken by the hand  
 cheeks kissed hand lightly presses shoulder  
 come and meet us all the belonging moment  
 lasting only a few lines 'til the next time

I can't stand all this sense of separation  
 can hardly remember my cues as it is  
 alas alas amock amock  
 set up a stage re-set the perspective  
*access denied* I cannot see clearly  
 passions rise against the rushing tide of  
 hot tunnel air carries me to some kind of home

trying to extract essential control  
 I have learnt my lines interpreted  
 emotions with the opening scene where  
 the young woman is accosted by  
 addicts in the park developed  
 the habit of never responding to  
 the other characters for long

assailed normal exigencies take swerving  
 action to avoid and in the last scenes  
 taking the opportunity of my last lines  
 to demonstrate that dramatic justice -  
 one fault requires one punishment -  
 is finely balanced and gives satisfaction  
 your vantage point corruption

of my flesh and blood to character  
 the rest of the cast break into song:  
 John Gilpin was a trading man  
 who raced by fast - off course  
 we ought to wait for his return  
 but his code and timing's false - out  
*access denied*

I feel lost in the city today  
 determination as a primeval  
 force pitting itself against timetables  
 phone calls booking forms diaries time off  
 the explorer leaves lists of provisions  
 a diary of preparation for each day  
 expedition *access denied*

but this daily transition means nothing  
 the visit once over is almost completely forgotten  
 the diary recorded personal history  
 burnt in an unguarded moment the updraft  
 swept loose pages of personal history  
 up the chimney life in the city as  
 life in the city is or *access denied*

#### Chorus (Strophe):

what is this voice which calls from a blanket of  
 silence  
 like the trails of traffic seen from the hill in the  
 park  
 glinting in a setting sun on the north bound  
 motorway  
 when the light gradually fades picking out the tail  
 lights  
 and the approaching headlights are like stars  
 spinning



molecular chains gleaming with promise of  
 revelation -  
 we are a universal voice for people's lives  
 that is before the differences set in  
 the poet sits she is dreaming  
 and the opiate emotional intensity  
 spills over into words  
 that opine and describe and allude

Tacit:

'I know....how love cries and calls  
 and will not be shut out with doors nor walls'<sup>23</sup>  
 night hours spent awake in bed  
 nursing words breast fed  
 'Gall tempered with honey, this is the lover's  
 song'<sup>24</sup>  
 held tight - caressed or dashed in rage  
 speaking to me in the dark marches of the night  
 turning on the light commanding 'write!'  
 how simple when there is the real baby to feed

Chorus (antistrophe):

the real poet - as is  
 the implied poet - as might be  
 the authorial intention discarded  
 in a morass of readership rights  
 the readers cry 'we own the text'

forced to conclude  
 breathe in and out, in and out,  
 item: bricks, tiles, windows parts of souls  
 movement is not just disturbed ions  
 but an understood relationship between  
 (real text in a crowded poet's hypotext)  
 and she, in the audience cried out  
 something in the poem about a mother's death  
 that hit her solar plexus hard  
 read poems about menstruation  
 receive rapturous applause  
 it takes a few moments to adjust  
 to the different light  
 the gendering is complete  
 the false premise is inadequately explored

we are standing in premises  
false false cry 'falls!'  
indeterminate voices  
does the mimesis take over  
chorus of maenads readers anyone

I pick a thorn twig on a day out  
and the past sacrifice comes back to me  
with such force I cannot but weep  
(hypowweep you understand) whilst half asleep  
keeping dreams of poetry at bay  
'I know how Love can roar throughout the mind'<sup>25</sup>



## Passion in the Perishadow

sitting at work in a room that faces due south  
 and the window opening onto the main road  
 shut to keep out the noise and the air echoed  
 by the air conditioning unit grinding  
 and limping its way through the tired afternoon  
 knowing we cannot open windows desperate  
 we open the office door pin back the fierce fire  
 hinge with a chair sit very still to avoid an  
 all over sweat breaking out real time hovers with  
 the strip lighting breaks out of the shadows every  
 so often a solar flare light seen through darkened  
 glass split light between this time and no time body  
 warmth (that gives no light) holds real time a  
 measurement

that lasts and lasts even after many years  
 'I will gladly meet up and hug you again!'

look whichever way the lighting fixes scoops  
 intersecting circles in deepening shadow  
 artfulness all in perception not reality  
 the moment and the memory are real  
 and the process is all made up but I prefer  
 to say darkness hovers and theatrically  
 often reaches out a cold finger of occlusion  
 I walk home through streets the swish of tyres on  
 wet tarmac and pulses of light punching holes in  
 sodium glow rain throwing spattered lights split  
 compounded half reflection in gritty puddles  
 wet feet wet hands fumbling for keys water  
 dripping  
 from my coat down my legs swallowed by lesser  
 noise now the front door is shut this one keeps  
 coming back  
 impassioned desperate shrieks haunt impale the air  
 'Oh God, Oh God, Oh God no, no NO'  
 the woman drives away from the courts with the  
 windows  
 of her car wound down gasping in her effort to  
 breathe

We are a circle of turning faces witness  
 trauma whipping past in a moment rhetoric  
 in a shortness of breath delivered on the mind

now standing facing north east  
the sun on a winter's morning  
rising hesitating brief  
frost over the station roof gleams  
sun falls weakly through the hours  
tall buildings cast long shadows hint  
slight warmth touch just before catching  
the corner wind, cuts, chastens  
in alleyways and rat-runs catches  
us twisters from hot air vents  
facing us down deriding that  
cosmopolitan feeling  
elegant clear sky light hovers  
longer shadows lie under  
my jacket pulled together by  
one hand against the wind this  
look again window reflection  
sharply defining the safety  
in the now darkening light  
how to love the life the buildings  
those that look through her she holds  
pay received the movement of  
static disinfected sour air  
underground human ions  
scientific gauges measure  
the extent of iotas  
in conference with poets describe  
the sights and sounds and smells from  
Archway looking down to sulphur  
laden air below cycling  
through high exhaust concentrations  
judging the distances between  
vehicles avoid the worst  
exhalations holding our breath  
passing the stalest cooking fat  
in the world (also burnt) giving  
us a sudden glimpse graphic  
hell recycling through thousands of  
exhalations below the  
towering block above hot moist  
foetid in our hair teased by  
strange microbes with sensual strobes

love so very intimate love  
 every detail compels  
 passion rising trips the triggers  
 floreating through blood skin  
 and nerve endings breathing touch me  
 be touched wanting to know more  
 more today block yesterday  
 and tomorrow between midnight  
 and midnight lovers do not  
 track time watch only the infinite  
 movements of their beloved  
 the intimacy is extreme  
 caressed by a thousand breaths  
 scintillated by a thousand sights  
 beckoned by a thousand thuds  
 ciliate touch sending thousands  
 of stimuli not knowing  
 to whom or where or exactly  
 when the great intimacies  
 transform moment to grand vision  
 eternity to just now –

I swear that in the searing heat  
 we hardly breathe as the boys'  
 swearing grows more spasmodic the  
 silence grows - more eyes are closed  
 conversation between women  
 behind me stops 'I told you,  
 you are no good, that is no good'  
 positions shuffle and change and  
 the drunk still talks endlessly on  
 and stop forward and again  
 then get off

---



Memo: Take this letter to Mr Eliot –

## DISCIPLINE

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Memo: Say: AWKS hover

## Boolean Term

The lighting can be manually adjusted  
and the thermostat gives us perfect conditions.  
Tap, tap. Do not switch on when empty then open  
a window on a world in brown and black and  
white:

this money has changed colour; an aid when red.  
We volunteered to this rising, now dig out  
the apple tree and survive one orange sunset  
gem, hanging in the balance - may give a tableau  
of grief somewhere, not mine. No pasaran!

Tuesday

pulls out a war of attrition. On paper it  
looks as if an interview isn't to this end.  
Travelling by guillotine to a silent open  
unaccompanied by hell holes fast forwarded:  
this is clear control of a kind, the remit cedes.  
You are entering a red zone: the billboards are  
available with red foods for your protection.  
Investments can go down as well as up - oh! This  
garden was venerated for centuries and the  
aroma is very distinctive. With cutbacks,  
innovation sports in lane two but you can't  
see over the bridge: let this anger bring you much  
closer to me in time capsules with cod liver  
fortunate oil - cross my palm and let there be

change

all day breakfast eaten here due to vandalism  
on the tracks. This is a cowardly act, I say  
to you: sign appeal for witnesses, last Sunday,  
deconstruct the angle: if you can read this you're  
too close and sound your horn. Cough without  
drowsiness.

Private. Remote control doors open heart in ice;  
disadvantageously we replay coercions  
of intimate moments fading into light-time:  
record for training purposes. Memo: Warning!

Caution moving conveyer please take care please  
hold the handrail while travelling

*Measure the movement of a body*

Memo: His sibyl supported by caryatids:

Personal; but crack this dress code. Date force sell  
out:

one careful employer takes out all fine line breaks.

Read nervously and smile please, every picture  
reshuffles the trial posture in a sitting.

The ambiance; second fold, believe this and you'll -  
try again later; take two, look down, redefine

leaving guarantees we cannot dredge out before

Go: wait while lift to fifth floor power to the 'Ha!'

moving conveyer please take care please hold the  
handrail while travelling Caution

*she has fallen her shopping awry*

Memo: 'Our duties may be monotonous, but they  
cannot properly be described as mechanical'

## Meronymy Part 2

### Speed 1

the image is distorted  
tune the image up the sound  
upset preset dislodge chip  
press store twice moving at speed  
letters jumble crackling bar  
jumps around overlaid noise  
we select timing seize scraps  
a screen tacky with static  
tesserae gleam in the light  
but pixels indicate white  
meronymy interprets  
we think prefer technician  
he will only come Monday  
several days poet waits  
we have opened up the back  
redistribute parts ourselves  
no illustrative result  
a stranger sits in a café  
on account of our ages  
and races and religions  
there are portions for use as  
another screen working there  
I don't think I justify  
interpret colours within  
there is too much searching for  
answers too much toggling port  
reliance on this hub here  
best to walk away adjust  
later wait for the light up  
correct tabs admire senses  
mad to think one kind of light  
connect this superficial  
this glare processes the parts  
leads to clarity and the

conveyer please take care please hold the  
handrail while travelling

*Caution moving in time in relation to herself*



Memo: £80 for men and £57 for women

machine LED display  
 work reliability  
 band A no non-water-base  
 chemicals clean images  
 mechanisms display some  
 didactic tautologies  
 proceed their version chains link  
 demonstrating anti-time  
 the silicon annealing  
 interpreted neutral parts  
 flickering not settling

## Speed 2

an old message in modern dress scream  
 'defend yourself from the enemy'  
 my portion or the naming of parts  
 reorganising accumulate  
 nature instinct irrational rage  
 so difficult to find our way round  
 glimpse of a twisted face threat place dream  
 recognise other participants  
 where are the functions of the display?  
 variations are not seen enough  
 suddenly the enemies change sides  
 and support systems become disrupt  
 knowledge corrupting or erasing  
 followed all along the embankment  
 return to base not having allies  
 no direct route between guerillas  
 threatening unreliable end  
 street scene street lights bus litter gutter  
 people standing and waiting traffic  
 I get the feeling the message one  
 get ready wholly absorbed I  
 rely on peripheral vision  
 tirelessly processing A to B  
 central focus eyes wide or blinking

please take care please hold the handrail while  
 travelling Caution moving conveyer  
*her purse agape oranges roll steadily down*

## Memo: Hallowe'en Party

the safety manual stresses movement  
spin pinpoint the middle of their chests

### Speed 3

better to run before danger  
with a rough self sufficiency  
and the pronouns on the whole are  
the only moving parts but this  
head found here in a plastic bag  
take speed six – chance running by fast  
five – opportunity now now  
four - looking back three – is there time?  
two –look out it might have been me!  
one - the car rushes by - nil - grid  
b-booming b-b-b-booming  
background noise up from the main street  
shouting hey ambition a friend  
intention of disillusion  
bereavement comes with a new job  
in the hidden ideas cause the  
next ones - runaways to surface  
who has committed this grim crime?  
what are the real motives, the gain  
this part secret that part truths out  
we make you a whole out of parts  
her father said she's suicidal  
the ideation her one part  
plus one part doctor including  
several parts stupidity  
then of irrationality  
madness as mordant you want this  
daughter that kills herself done it?  
never! weekend apart from this  
there is no change of speed when she  
looked down at the Thames they shout  
'encircle her' several parts  
incomprehension allow a  
personal occurrence the man

care please hold the handrail while travelling  
Caution moving conveyer please take

*<sup>27</sup>for that would give us a measure of*

Memo: Irish games, “pooking”, dance to the War  
Office Band

shouts the child cries the mother is  
self-absorbed doesn't add up  
just speeding through network of parts

### Speed 4

poets despise the crowded packs  
who wants to be singled out  
we would rather not fear death and  
have reams of trauma for years  
doubt reality and truth when  
we would rather everything  
clear and unequivocal  
the parts not composed of stasis  
or giving up your purpose  
unknown to me symbiosis  
warm bodies the sweating skin  
I love and this part hindsight blots  
and pricks eyes smart heart winces  
efforts define promise hopes  
broken off mistake actions  
stop mid play this and that and this  
when you get back in your car  
anger rising I never stop  
to notice challenge your drugs  
spilling the parts remain unsaid  
caught out official awake  
the really unexpected raid  
depth of humiliation  
the binding balance of the courts  
but the discourse cuts displays  
the listing of parts in light spreads  
going down at the dark Court  
we talk not meaning to cause trouble  
about the tenants' dispute  
negotiation dealers  
grow fruit and veg. city garden  
placate complaining neighbour

hold the handrail while travelling Caution moving  
conveyer please take care please  
*space a measure of space, not of time*



## Memo: Fraternity to Sisterhood

derided as the dressing gown  
 too short for the essentials  
 hate to acknowledge survivors  
 line by line riding in the bus  
 sitting side by side with us?  
 When is the shuffling a tumbling  
 Slap down wild card cause discard

## Speed 5

you phoned me for an hour  
 late on Sunday afternoon  
 worried sick about your health  
 you are much younger than me  
 too far away to visit  
 no don't visit it's ok –  
 I have never seen your flat  
 decorated in colour  
 from a different England  
 I am minus the science  
 information you just want  
 to hear a voice comforted  
 averaged out 'til Mum comes  
 you don't return my emails  
 let all the protocols go  
 the end of the line so far  
 and this is the last I heard  
 your idols are white men when  
 your mother's are black this is  
 allocation of mean time  
 the end

handrail while travelling Caution moving conveyer  
 please take care please hold the  
*not by the number of times willing*



Memo: 'The new girl, the new girl, is steady,  
straight and strong,

## Dure

transition movement one other  
human moment constant moving  
echo patterns differences  
response *this same* person *that* shop  
tube or bus workers dogs barking  
news! news! pedestrians runners  
mothers at the crèche drivers I  
get to the door transition through  
stops begins I go to appeal -  
I enter the lobby - where  
is the room for the hearing?  
the security arch bleeps  
I have keys and a mobile  
governed administered  
with a gesture a half smile  
glancing communication  
in this war assess the body  
language personalities  
I face the clerk silent he  
makes me wait then gesturing  
does not look up - the hearing?  
yet he speaks the same language  
he is quite literal and  
does not trouble beyond the  
basic response - go upstairs  
first left and follow the signs -  
I joust jostle with cues codes  
in the ladies I estimate who has  
most staying power who will be polite  
who is opposed to me and the chairs  
designed for someone bigger than me  
cause natural slouching grit anti-slump  
the chairman is over polite and is  
nervous when physically approached  
on closer examination too thin  
his suit too old and his shoes uncleaned

while travelling Caution moving conveyer please  
take care please hold the handrail  
*or the numbers of us running how*

Memo: 'She knows she has a Union that is helping  
her along;'

by the end of the morning I ask are  
the external signs enough to predict  
but I know that the process of city  
is the eradication of waiting  
which is only for lower forms of life  
transition that takes us to troglodyte  
those at the apex speed processed as  
I wait wait at the revolving doors and  
the waiting is sickening for nothing

asking something wanting transition from  
trying fadeout exclusion action nothing  
moving through impact process denial  
deriving ergonomic measure life  
brutalised from the first for many years  
a brute a tupt<sup>28</sup> a dure or just a blow  
suffered 3 blows today 10 score tupt  
going to appeal a 20 dure score  
after 20 years in the city score  
may well be 20,000 we need to  
concertina up devalue the noughts  
20k dures denied to 200  
a nightdure a daydure a dureffect

new folder my cold catches up with me  
I cough through reports on highways usage  
desperately sip water suck pastilles  
the woman with the greasy complexion  
and bright red lipstick entirely controls  
responses legally imitative  
she walks through detractions contradicting  
everything adverse from her case implies  
she might have to ask for costs a ripple  
of anxiety goes through pen pushed ranks  
the chair's loose suit rustles over his shanks  
she drives her point with adroit shuffling  
I will be angry here a man gestures  
he doesn't speak English after one hour

travelling Caution moving conveyer please take  
care please hold the handrail while  
*run for the one with the keys quickly*



Memo: stopped by the efficiency barrier

he realises 'I'm in the wrong room'  
 'I go to work' effort in his letter  
 unnoticed the bureaucracy affects  
 1 on 1 of the population as  
 someone who was deeply affected by paperwork I  
 shake colour coded papers  
 the appellant will address the chairman  
 I highlight one point mention another  
 mimic a position of control and  
 think I would willingly have a stand up  
 slanging match with Miss Grease Face and her  
 client  
 with the big red face and red handkerchief  
 brazen paisley in his jacket pocket  
 his face gets redder as the morning ends  
 the woman from the council grey/whiter  
 the Chair just greyer I slump all adjourn  
 no lunch we meet on site glances bounce hate  
 with complicated seating arrangements

extreme something take the edge off endure  
 imposed raging hunger teach ourselves  
 the nature of durance putting myself  
 through a lifetime of 40 days hanging  
 onto empty rites what's the dure rating?

no time to phone anyone before door  
 shifts the angle view of the madman's house

suddenly over the threshold of this  
 house where he died 5 years ago  
 I am hit years accumulation  
 20 dures packaged  
 booby trap  
 stand in the gloom stuffy rooms  
 this man who was mad and violent  
 for years then Delilah death  
 crept up stole his strength mad bulls face  
 to paper caricature

Caution moving conveyer please take care please  
 hold the handrail while travelling  
*still still hold it mind her foot face oh she*

Memo: escape with H.D.

fold by fold dure on dure memory  
 transition past to now crush  
 a blow results why measurements  
 are not the same what if the  
 dure impact suddenly strikes through  
 the syntagm contiguous time  
 or the dure is the dead paradigm  
 my life the interstice  
 connotation disconnectants  
 gaining strength from two crossings  
 which is the greater dure greater  
 time widely scattered plot  
 points mark the package of dure scales  
 erasing time back back to  
 double negative where present  
 time defeated past limbo

experience outside my home  
 where traffic roars unnoticed  
 walk through layers of decisions  
 triplicates mask up times are  
 insufficient just can't tally  
 the impact of the future  
 duration transition purpose  
 change plus time effective how  
 envied mathematicians snag  
 food highlights deprivation  
 Gesturing paper transition  
 'No need for you to stay now'

in hand I can't find the measurement for  
 the booby trap which was not asked for note  
 dure elenchus and one more time endless

moving conveyer please take care please hold the  
 handrail while travelling Caution  
*just many minutes the paramedic*



Memo: take 4 stages of examination for W.C.O.'s

## Gravispace

### Loss of Laughter

wary adjusting to a real scene  
 measuring the gap between perhaps and  
 what exactly is not sure if the joke -  
     two people move to the city  
     what if what a life what is  
     real motive behind this move  
     but this does not make you laugh  
     perhaps the joke is hammered through  
 I live by a fundamental network  
 look! job, family, religion, culture  
 I dispose of these - I move to London  
 for the transport now is that a joke and  
 I move to London for the clean air we  
 are silent the clean water nod maybe  
 cheap gas electricity - relevant  
 these are the basics move onto the links  
     the young woman's smooth skin blush  
     clear ambition in her eyes  
 windows of city opportunity  
 corners of lit insult/error/insight  
 see this easy aerial view of London  
 streets and hands reaching up to press buttons  
 for pelican crossings changing lights flash  
 or mysterious space that touches down  
 moving light collage but not coherence  
 the massive canvas undrawn up by me  
 this is the place and time as given  
 here is a gravitational space  
 with immediately landed ties  
 my mother ties apron strings behind me  
     as a favour - there!  
 now I can cook, clean, wash and dry my dolls  
     I tie my own strings  
 concrete, decorate, clear up, wash down  
 when you tie my strings I am undone

conveyer please take care please hold the  
 handrail while travelling Caution moving  
     *opens her green bag tries the pulse*

Memo: elect the beautiful Miss Norah James

### **In the Bag<sup>29</sup>**

a number of unknowns power up  
 rush past these waking hours  
 quality of bright immediacy  
 drags gravity the bleeps  
 flatten to monotone by evening  
 time drives the greatest pull  
 in a triumvirate of forces  
 aeration loss of weight  
 at boiling point plus fusion hold fast  
 despite survival pack  
 an experienced travelling bag  
 holds no surprises - go  
 I am ready smiling - item:  
 swiss army knife - for emergencies  
 painkiller - take me! take me!  
 tampon - in secret case  
 book - for public anonymity  
 ticket - one of several  
 paper hankies - for sneezing and tears  
 comb - to be prepared  
 purse - calculated for need or loss  
 debit card - might be demands  
 fastened zip - anti-theft to keep out!  
 screamer - too afraid to use  
 mobile phone - for bonding which I love  
 plastic bag - to discard  
 small packet of biscuits - change daily  
 pen or pencil or both  
 notebook - new or full/worn  
 photo or two - motto  
 'I am a good housekeeper - every  
 time I get divorced I keep the house'<sup>30</sup>

place - the bag  
 space - the bonding  
 time - all day  
 or for weeks on end

please take care please hold the handrail while  
 travelling Caution moving conveyer  
*and watching can you hear me and we*

Memo: with warmth dispel recognition

I search everywhere and the back pocket  
 I find keys that let me  
 in control in and out  
 space marked out by time  
 and I link the contents of this bag  
 to the bin at frequent intervals  
 or a catastrophe takes me out  
 how can I get home tonight without  
 'MY TICKET! MY PURSE! MY KEYS!'

### Getting the Timing Right

I imagine myself to be  
 then I remember myself  
     outside the tube station city  
         life time sliced into three  
             I am getting really tired  
                 all over the place I can't  
             find my keys I re-imagine  
                 where are my keys? Lost? Stolen?  
 I remember where I lost keys  
     the drained time it took - the cost  
         the anger linked frustration  
             breaking of bonding with self  
                 fool! fool! losing the plot the gap  
             between sign and signified  
 reduce to min over effort  
     place plus place space over time  
         is too codified well I bought  
             a new bag changed jobs took  
                 different routes but the bonding  
             is made of the same time same  
 place alone and space and stasis  
     memory of commuter  
         travel past a certain house or  
             bush or shop day after day  
                 the time alone is the feeling  
             that accompanies all now  
 and then and now the space alone

hold the handrail while travelling Caution moving  
 conveyer please take care please  
     *repeating the time words occupy*



Memo: of her very old overcoat

endless accompanying  
action every day most days  
for years blurs repetition  
blurs the worn delineation

**And it is nothing like**

I am in a darkened space - I remember this -  
the space was timeless city lights repeated  
people and things the constant process  
time brushing past  
metaphysical switches in a funnel of air  
under pressure weight of untouchable gravity  
slaps real to metaphysical face imagine quiet  
desire for small breath of wind  
in the hot park  
soft sound of running water  
drinking water  
limpid touch of blowing air  
sleepless at dawn  
breath of perfumed flowers  
the smart florists  
taste of fresh baked bread all day  
pre-baked treat  
rampant seizure frustration  
terrifying  
emotion rage ornament  
as accepted  
despair and disadvantage  
the untouchable  
city over misery  
a description  
of the rain the love affair  
the sunset over  
the flyover warm embrace  
welcomes us home  
time off with people we love  
throws all it has  
crash us in defiant planes

handrail while travelling Caution moving conveyer  
please take care please hold the  
*in recitation - consists of so*



Memo: who at least will manage his keys

## Negative Crossings<sup>31</sup>

### Interstice One

'when the person is on the point of unwittingly committing something irremediable, but recognises it before doing so.'<sup>32</sup>

I have unfinished business  
 while passing through remember  
 the river crossing (default)  
 where debts fall due: it's time time  
 the ferryman rows and rows  
 takes his coin in due payment  
 the fare is a light burden  
 bear important packages  
 the documents tell bad news  
 but this was just the dry run  
 on a dark November night  
 when welcomed back echoing  
 hurrying down passages  
 flinging open dusty doors  
 light brought into unswept rooms  
 give orders for fires to be lit  
 the mists rise from the water  
 there isn't much time then -  
 in May the blow comes<sup>33</sup> check pack  
 wait wait till the dawn tide rise  
 without sleep then leave early  
 keys as the night clings  
 to the sodden weeds  
 dew on thick clothing  
 door quietly shut  
 final shuffles fears  
 footsteps pad quickly  
 down to the mooring  
 muffled oars swing out  
 voices muttering  
 downriver the boat

while travelling Caution moving conveyer please  
 take care please hold the handrail

*many lines – the syllable is long*

## Memo: Unlock the Sybil

rocking anchored  
 tense against the tide  
 how will the ferryman get home?  
 he plans to stay with his sister  
 close by the orchard when the tide  
 turns our faces turn seaward the  
 waves scull fears scudding hopes prove tears  
 looking back to only the mist  
 and the past surrendered unsure  
 what is closer to a heartbeat  
 hand of friendship or  
 fleeting kiss in peace  
 we did not know that  
 we do not know what  
 we must accept that  
 we foretell might that  
 we plan ahead and  
 include that chance  
 of maybe never

**Interstice Two**

‘Alternatively, the agents can commit the terrible deed, but do so in ignorance, then subsequently recognise the relationship...’<sup>34</sup>

home from a weekend away  
 to find that burglars have been  
 push wide the unlocked door  
 drawers open tell secrets  
 dusty leaves on the bare floor  
 the caption of expletives  
 raw feelings bereavement rage  
 intakes is that gone and this?  
 the back door hanging by hinges  
 letting in the time to come  
 and letting out time before  
 I am swept back to the river

travelling Caution moving conveyer please take  
 care please hold the handrail while  
*for it is double the length of a short one*

Memo: 'To use an 'Underwood' is to realise how  
fascinating typing may become'

where pleasure boats dip jostle  
back by the water with mists  
rolling in on the evening  
time swinging legs on the wall  
my swollen tetanus arm  
grasped unthinking in your hand  
the pain brought tears to my eyes  
but we drank a toast laughing  
to the unexpected still  
the ferryman smoothly pulls his oars  
back and forth 'that ferryman  
should get an outboard motor!'  
not recognising that time  
overlays clear images  
with dark moments as payment  
for services rendered  
but there is a fight going on  
    that he has strong hands stomach heart  
    that she might bend like a willow  
    but will not snap has life warm hands  
    her heart is in it she does not fall back  
    even when she sees her own blood  
                                up against the wall  
                                down on the ground and  
                        hitting the pavement  
                hard against hubris  
I cannot see 999 in darkness  
I must ask the blind woman the asset  
of your fingers practised finding the keys  
while I knock sharp against bricks and bins  
my eyes have been taken out by darkness<sup>35</sup>  
                                and illumined by light  
down take him down  
    the signs are there  
the protective  
    layers stripped  
the light grows dark  
    or the uncharted

Caution moving conveyer please take care please  
hold the handrail while travelling  
    *for the lines are long - do we*



## Memo: lecture us on 'The Contemporary Theatre'

the air the breath  
the smell of the river  
there was no deed  
for surrender  
no official record  
(but some books were already gone)<sup>36</sup>

## Interstice Three

**'These are only patterns...the worst is for someone to be about to act knowingly, and yet not do so: this is both repugnant and untragic (since it lacks suffering).'**' <sup>37</sup>

whose war is it anyway against whom and how often does insurgency hit home it's more like Beirut<sup>38</sup> who is allowed to monopolise this passion evoke grinding gnashing of words I can see the signs of unrest and battering and harm unleashing the cries 'I just wanted to touch

them'39

breaking my heart and breaking your heart the  
river

flows comfortless each glister of sweat in  
sunlight

a moment in history can we see the signs?  
'lyric poetry is the greatest embellishment'<sup>40</sup>  
he has a notebook in his hand has set the mike  
have you hit fundamental and who has the right to  
ask questions would I tell you if I knew  
what is a passion? we have time for more

## questions

in the silence there is time which is given space  
the signs are that the foundations have shifted  
and

the underground car park is 2 metres away  
looking over the landscape roofs, aerials, trees  
fall back to the office floor constructed anger  
allowed cheap memento to passion memories are

please take care please hold the handrail while travelling Caution

***use a shorter time to measure a***



Memo: we invite you to debate comptometers

made nexus innocence without purpose  
(default)

I stood for hours behind the counter  
and leave early for the doctors lose  
one hour's pay in 5 minutes fixing  
the filaments all laid bare working  
in difficult circumstances and  
express a commitment as children  
unnoticed you pursued your own ends  
such simple tactics so effective  
for promotion optics unravel  
unmasked codes through degrees of voice  
articulation in wastes zones of  
diffidence the passion still seems felt  
we could wait use some signs (set default)

#### Interstice Four

'So even should his poetry concern actual events, he  
is no less a poet for that, as there is nothing to  
prevent some actual events being probable as well  
as possible'<sup>41</sup>

to carry this truth down the years  
to bear defeat and shoulder time  
weld memory to wrought iron  
gates through which we may not pass  
the tale is simply retold  
we need no grindings of will  
odes triumphant eulogies  
no well trodden rehashes  
scatterings of gold pavings  
well known greed of many names  
progress innovation change  
we love it would not dream of  
returning to good old days -  
water served with deadly bacteria  
and air breathed with lung destroying soot  
when philanthropy was a classy word

conveyer please take care please hold the  
handrail while travelling Caution moving  
*her face is dull white we turn glancing*



Memo: Mr Eliot can you calculate our annual leave?

## Triumvirate<sup>45</sup>

### Position

and to dust  
and life as dust  
the quality of the taste of dust

Sale Now On!  
not for purchase  
taken at the point of sale

and to dust the point of sale  
as dust the purchase  
taste of dust sale now

### The Rules of Engagement

shadow overshadowed more  
their shadows as finite  
lesser oh lesser

tickets please!  
passage as of right?  
negotiating shadows

oh lesser negotiating shadows  
and finite right of passage  
tickets overshadowed

### Triumph

in stages is process  
insufflation as reward  
warm paradisal warmth

what's new?  
Z is somewhere near  
and under the old skin

care please hold the handrail while travelling  
Caution moving conveyer please take  
*within itself takes twice as long*

Memo: caryatidinous support - pay pay pay

what news! Paradisal warmth  
insufflation Z is near reward  
under the old skin stages process

hold the handrail while travelling Caution moving  
conveyer please take care please  
*please use the lift*



Memo: though you may laugh 'where cattish Sups.  
hold sway'

### Centrifuge at Play

I tell you I control the throughput  
removing the focus of control  
each layer of security doors  
each task on the shopping list each day  
I recognise or exclude order  
negotiate the words *mores* print  
the balance of power meaning I  
am content double entendre right?  
serve up death by natural causes?  
headache the poet's temperature  
(or blood pressure) rising with effort  
overdrive deals with Thursday Friday  
invocation – muse? boss? brain? take out  
character slash plot energetic  
diegetic recorder witness  
passage of time the alarm bells warn  
impending atmosphere immediate  
concluding quotation cold calling  
reserves the right controls have gone down  
no phone back option she is distant  
despite the intimate close distress  
so recently divulged and why does  
she wish to study and take drugs and  
overcome her husband's shouting at  
the same time life crashing repelling  
involved in a pattern of words that  
salvaging combining each minute  
but you will do it compelling hope  
then tortured by external demands  
and is that involved enough for you?  
I do not see events as either  
a construction of consecutive  
affections contrive to cross line breaks  
we accept the interference we  
do not involve ourselves face to face  
nothing to do with intimacy –

please take care please hold the handrail while  
travelling Caution moving

*not by the number of times willing*

Memo: as we are gravely underpaid

out to the periphery bare bones  
 driven out to the edge scrutinise  
 take measurements reconfiguring  
 we think they looked like this evidence  
 I use words like plunge without despair  
 or (severe) height or (far) flung vistas  
 are not available or measured  
 how can I feel the force of the depths  
 unsought by levels feel strongly how  
 the heights are shabby or mundane feel  
 future between buildings one road and  
 another one day and another  
 plot cross-hatched crossed lines forward slash  
 acting layers one another seek  
 reflection that brings cursor closer  
 unskilled undersigned return to  
 deposited words remaining tied  
 the functions of this space are used for  
 objectification by object  
 recording recent experience  
 contains no ulterior message  
 spun out

conveyor please take care please hold the  
 handrail while travelling Caution

*time drags out distress*

Memo: complexities delineate solid campaigns

### Collective Stare

my voice disappeared when  
 my throat dried up with  
 fear then belief in  
 anger found empathy  
 the other a part of  
 self it is the act of  
 using the voice I see  
 my brother/sister who  
 are without and WILL speak as  
 witness the audience rouses to  
 let us we beg you we  
 present our requests there  
 unwrapping of jackets  
 rustling of papers  
 all eyes turn in one  
 direction the collective stare  
 the result of deeds not  
 the content first arrest  
 the attention of passers-by  
 who look at the people with  
 voices stand aside let them  
 we get by ok right now  
 filtering though ranks they come  
 jostled impeded jeered at  
 none of them welcome  
 as a person with a request  
 not yet made must as of  
 definition be without this  
 the rulers make themselves  
 invisible day and night as  
 anonymous security guards or  
 dressed in gowns and wigs or  
 robes white coats masks oh  
 I invite judgement or  
 allocate prophecy or  
 exhort reward or I  
 voice by default I like

moving conveyor please take care please hold the  
 handrail while travelling

*glancing together it just*



Memo: your Sibyl dies laughing

being a voice and who  
 provides response  
 leave me now in peace to  
 slip out any time to  
 talk to strangers who  
 evoke no fear only  
 interest in past and  
 future time let live here  
 when the pressure's on  
 complete these tasks before  
 I want to hear the story of  
 leave me to unravel freely out of  
 a single statement made by  
 your working conditions about  
 disaffection punishment or  
 knowledge reflective as  
 time new beginnings again  
 leave me to  
 embrace degeneration of  
 sleep or write a letter of  
 protest I will take to  
 the streets without  
 mouthings a sound with  
 place my interface between  
 words spoken to be spoken  
 feelings I have leave to  
 your mythology or to  
 the political rostrum to  
 the voice may be found by  
 looking at reflection interpret or  
 as a matter of fact this  
 the poet's voice takes over  
 from the personal breathe  
 substitute voice we  
 accept this part of  
 we like the sound or  
 the unfamiliar content against

Caution moving conveyor please take care please  
 hold the handrail while travelling  
*ending guided away*



Memo: 'It is a healthy omen'

argue with diegesis noises  
feedback I believe the rush of  
blood to my face of  
adrenalin my shaking  
hands have their  
place in the incompatible  
words and poet  
and rhapsody<sup>46</sup>

Caution moving conveyor please take care please  
hold the handrail while travelling  
*this then this then this*

Memo: 'so many grievances'

# Arches<sup>47</sup>

To B C

some kind of  
and there  
from within and without  
I walk in shaded triangles  
and into light  
(I think this is a God given place)  
and palaver and paloma<sup>48</sup>  
and imprint  
turning  
just to see the shadows  
of arches shifting  
I walk past pillars

something  
and that  
above and below  
I am shaded haptic  
into past  
(I think this is a God given place)  
and maelstrom and mayhem  
and breath  
living  
in time to see the light  
of arches shifting  
I walk under arches

somewhere  
and this  
beside and within  
I am light chiralled<sup>49</sup>  
and swept  
(I think this is a God given place)  
and is and is not is  
and glints  
throwing

conveyor please take care please hold the  
handrail while travelling Caution

*'that the fighting spirit'*<sup>50</sup>

## Memo: 'vibration and noise'

off the sunbaked air  
 of time shifting  
 I walk past roses

and some  
 and those  
 around and outer  
 I walk through scents  
 and then dark  
 (I think this is a God given place)  
 and ease and embrace  
 and touchstone  
 walking  
 towards home  
 into darkness shifting  
 I walk past pillars

some errors  
 and these  
 under and beneath  
 albescent and umbrescent  
 and tear touched  
 (I think this is a God given place)  
 and torment and adamantine  
 and face up  
 laying  
 from radiant tombstone  
 how does she  
 I walk past grace

and searching...

please take care please hold the handrail while  
 travelling Caution moving

DEATH

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## Starless Night

Looking outward on a starless night  
 chased stars have stolen away in fright  
 then inward, when thieving gorging light  
 remorseless turns Iris' wheel of sight,  
 casts future fortune asunder blight, white.

What might happen next with dread or so  
 the thinking goes where despair meets hope  
 and blundering earthquakes of body and soul  
 portend through rabid faults that woe on woe  
 leak through, interrupt flow – know with no.

Supplanting glimmer glisten with black  
 and the task before me lack and lack  
 ashes shift cradle sprung year's last spark  
 not generating more, dying back  
 for longer than life then black and dark.

Dead light<sup>51</sup> is all chimaeras, seers, fears,  
 emetic, uses cathartic tears,  
 is bleak, attacking weak seismic sere  
 blotting deadening build up of arrears  
 just one physical movement turns years.

Change reject to rejection - cast, strike  
 adapt to adaptation – this might  
 let bruised life take charge – effort flight  
 choreograph bright light – flash of sight  
 nought to some cognition in the night.

# Seven Seven<sup>52</sup>

The plasterer is hearty

There was no signal when I tried to phone  
thickset with Japanese tattoos

I don't think twice about it  
we can do this job for you no trouble

oh some blip  
when will you be in

try again  
it's hot and sometimes sunny overcast bright

no signal  
the plasterer's mate dark-haired sardonic

try later  
these two are joking then distant and none too  
friendly

then it rained  
hey says a stranger passing

drizzle steady hard  
there's no buses since two and won't be 'til six

smells turn from damp to wet  
where are they? I think yes it's quiet

fresh fresh green and a hint of London rose  
I check - it's 3.30

pleasure sharp rises in the mid afternoon  
why I say what's the matter

I cut back bushes cut the grass  
haven't you heard the bombs

green ran dark under a passing cloud  
what bombs

dark green and darker shadow conceals  
decisive

I think - I didn't hear any bombs

colour deepening shade  
they've bombed the tube they think seven dead

this could be red on red  
a well of anger rises in me

turning to darker brown  
one for which I cannot shut off the tap

what's that smell?  
the bastards I shout when? where?

when does rose turn red  
Kings Cross central London and on a bus

I think of dark red blood red  
the plasterer keeps his head down

how far away is the sky  
 he carries on writing out my address  
 or hope or future or finality  
 his mate looks skyward and then quizzical  
 light shades darken here  
 we're always busy maybe three weeks  
 They're cowards that's what they all are  
 I think of yellow  
 it's gone very quiet  
 they could pick on buildings instead  
 I watch an extra scattering of walkers  
 who are these people directly concerned with  
 tactics and strategies  
 Oh you're home!  
 lists names  
 when? what?  
 who is not coming home tonight?  
 they said to go home at 3 and I've walked  
 the hot day draws closer to evening and nightfall  
 you are surprisingly on top of things after all that  
 darkness steals towards my shadow  
 how far how long?  
 dusk leaches the colours  
 well it's half past 5 now -2 ½ hours  
 there is no yellow here  
 and it's not a bad walk - through Hampstead  
 dark suffusion carmine shaded with black  
 not in these shoes of course  
 I wince from desperate cries  
 I look down and blank out  
 and silence that betokens ends  
 a flashback of lit entombment  
 voices with the strength shattered out  
 40 minutes longer in the tunnel waiting  
 darkening tones descending to whimpers  
 I had the day off today  
 I begin flashbacks day after day  
 I'll be a real stickler for bags and parcels now  
 week after week  
 make a real lemon of myself I don't care  
 when the lights go out what colour is life then?  
 Tonight we have to drive home  
 we turn the car radio on and listen  
 it's quiet  
 for a moment it's great without the traffic there's



silence  
 frightened  
 we drive through Neasden Stonebridge Park  
 scared heads down  
 down to Acton Vale speed unimpeded by  
 articulated buses  
 we need to get home  
 jerking with hostility through victorian high streets  
 empty roads empty pavements  
 streets of fear  
 no one is home yet or out yet  
 what is the colour of defeat  
 meshed with powerlessness  
 eaten into by incomprehension  
 by conserving our rage and get through the day  
 opening into night  
 now the lights are on  
 I wake at 5.30 a.m. and see the night buses  
 taking black women to work past Shepherd's Bush  
 have I the right to sleep?  
 they are impassive and stare straight ahead  
 unnoticed  
 sleepy worried in the early morning light  
 darkness into day  
 impassioned only within  
 the colour of sadness concealing  
 shadow by brightening light  
 dignity behind you back lit  
 do they belong in the half light  
 and get on with the day  
 and what is the colour....  
 dark red?  
 who wears the black cap  
 cardinal heart pivot  
 write in red  
 reprieve reprisal  
 stay of execution lose your chance  
 eleventh hour last thing  
 cold storage in the hold up working  
 in the very high temperatures hell on earth  
 clearing up  
 this is a debit that I did not personally pay  
 but pay for  
 in arrears to a pound of flesh and rising  
 the sum is now greater than the spectrum allows



overdrawn in the red or pay on delivery  
     live on credit what is the colour of isolation  
 the colour of disconnection  
                             the colour of asymmetry  
 that you were there and I was here  
                             unclassified parentheses  
 temperature rising  
                             rootless colours insular  
 disproportionate amongst the pale tired faces  
                             it's all off-target off-centre episodic  
 what is the colour of episodicity  
                             the colour of sharp carmine vermilion  
 extraneous colours on a hot summer's day  
                             you got home yesterday now travelling  
 shades are hallowed hailed  
                             read as times these times  
 in tunnels  
     we are not all present the sound of the bell is red  
     the light of the tunnel is white  
     the colour of raw flesh is livid  
     the tone of the heart is dark

## Mirror Neuron<sup>53</sup>

### One plus One

surely no one can doubt me  
 the reason for this action  
 surely one will defend me  
 someone who knows or who cares  
 what difference does it make  
 is that reason for despair?<sup>54</sup>  
 Why wait - open doors choices  
 enter into the spirit  
 things are all here reap rewards  
 surely no reason to despair

sit with me in a bay window seat  
 while we recall your bittersweet love  
 of the friend who passes through your life  
 giving no reason to stay just one  
 quiet moment giving one to one  
 who lost her mother as a child this  
 reason I want friendship to last is  
 no one going to defend me when  
 you are delighted with your present  
 your moment of warm surprise a charm  
 moving express anticipation  
 discover surprise delight pleasure  
 is she going to thank me she does  
 warm sunshine spreads fingers across backs  
 flows glowing from polished wooden floor  
 to our wood carved seat can anyone  
 doubt that pleasure is passing reason  
 not arising from despair no reason  
 pleasure through lit galleries surely

uncertain reflection do you find  
 this hard to deal with and each other  
 shall we discuss the exhibits then  
 gain our affection through empathy  
 is this a reason can anyone doubt  
 our interest reciprocation?  
 I interpret the silences between  
 us and exhibit one - young woman  
 with dyed red hair - mask of silence sees  
 statue - Sorrow with a marble veil

is this a reason for atrophy  
 immovable grief in cast marble  
 face carved out and set from human force  
 we neither have money for coffee  
 reason to buy one postcard instead  
 saying you have your reasons leaving  
 coldness in the vast entrance goodbye  
 we say I run upstairs mirrored  
 steps in once seen musty galleries  
 then reason warmed by exercise  
 cold to warm to static exhibits  
 cluttered, spaced, opening out  
 vistas step back close in peer pass by  
 there is Sorrow again her face set  
 just glancing through her marble veil at -  
 she's gone - I look back down marble stairs -  
 the opiate sumptuousness rich  
 plethora of colour emotion  
 ravished by emotional excess -  
 intellect lifts Sorrow's carved veil?  
 she stares forever through the window  
 where we sat and I have a postcard

### Equals Two

jumping up from her seat after tea  
 she ran to the board started scribbling  
 laughing impossible names writing  
 flight delight squeak pun after pun flew  
 from her chalk excited being a child  
 I watched mesmerised I said you  
 are laughing all the time you write and  
 underneath the nervous temper could  
 fly out at any time words spring out  
 in juxtaposition overleap  
 mirror receiving the wit her gift  
 comes upon parts of stasis move me  
 family trees glitter pedigrees  
 arise from the top of the board down  
 spread tickles of buttery sunlight  
 I laughed until my sides hurt and she  
 laughed at me took pleasure in her jokes  
 I must copy it down said save it  
 and make a difference for ever  
 'til Sorrow lifted her face, as yet



still veiled - turn about face to true  
 face veiled sorrow but why do this  
 and the other truth the others not  
 understanding a secret life born  
 here in words posit the difference  
 everyone surprised what is this  
 how she went back the next morning and  
 added to it for a week worked  
 ideas through the generations  
 together with her laughter and how  
 I ran to see each morning what else  
 was new - write some more please do more  
 she smiled and said she might she might and  
 didn't I lovingly read out names  
 echoed the laughter with smiles please turn  
 your head to look 'But death with ruthless  
 hand on golden haire'<sup>55</sup> a long time passed  
 'til never 'Black , and in black, a woman  
 did appeere, Furie with hir, such as  
 I scarcely knowe' extenuated  
 last memory



## Mind the Gap

I open the curtains mistake  
 at this hour the grey air is still  
 push the door to the balcony  
 far below me fierce traffic roars  
 no nearby sounds no leaves car doors  
 no companionship solitude  
 someone enters ground floor level  
 thud click after the door swings shut  
 my shuffling feet face this truth I  
 never meant this to get to me  
 you gave me money thinking that's  
 all you need that's all you need that's  
 I take a teabag from the box  
 am I right or not frame darkness  
 grey light too early back to bed

elements of relationship<sup>56</sup>  
 and add space/time grey noise<sup>57</sup> rises  
 crescendo kitchen heart the home  
 pans racks knives plastic cloth kettle  
 white noise against background of grey  
 repeated fridge door opening  
 now white rush hour movement three lanes  
 of traffic inching at the same  
 speed creates illusion stasis  
 wave grey sound they are shouting  
 first I take no notice shouting  
 black delivery man shouting  
 shouting white delivery man  
 stands cocky at the corner shop  
 you racist you call me these names  
 you treat me like dirt like a dog  
 a crowd gathers and goes after  
 the van door slams and they drive off  
 next week the white man comes alone

racketing through the underground  
 packed together with air rushing  
 pinned into place by humans  
 fiscal targets the Minister  
 looms up offers to shake my hand  
 a grey to white-out illusion  
 ||it's the perception ¶ the eyesight ¶

interpretation	perception
process	the icon
stored memories	progression
we have flashbacks silence in grey	
our communication between	
 the motivations are unclear<sup>58</sup>  
 the light is failing night closes  
 grey evening light or darkness  
 lit by brighter sodium pools  
 where pools are spools and interweave  
 grey to glory prismatic glints  
 catching the moving light  
 frequent layers blur clarity  
 sitting in the café outdoors  
 cold for the fun of it the lights  
 indoors deliberately low  
 you said you saw cockroaches  
 between drinks uncertainly grey  
 motivation kinetics clears  
 instead dark mud stirs on wet feet  
 I have to step back suddenly  
 the car wasn't going to stop  
 here at white fingertips is a  
 collocation<sup>59</sup> streets symbolism?<sup>60</sup>  
 there is no one to ask the way  
 subway cavernous deserted  
 footsteps echo fast assertive  
 as much as I can muster through  
 subterranean furtive stink  
 of travellers past to steps up  
 the other side made it before  
 the greyness invades personal  
 I use blurred vision see dust  
 focus near white moving through

## City Keys

‡ ungrammatical or unacceptable form  
 ‖ dictionary - look up the banks!  
 ¶ each one of us is full of unused signposts  
 ¶ rrrrrvvvvv where the sound reverberates below  
 the radar  
 ¶ who controls the radar and what is it for  
 there is no abbreviation for this and the symbol is  
 sousveillance<sup>61</sup>  
 and is always used for the wrong purpose  
 ¶ and what have you identified as the purpose?  
 ¶ the list of Abbs. and Symbs. is incomplete  
 ‡ drive gently again over the stones  
 ¶ I knew what would be on the radio at 2.30am -  
 Afghanistan - and I was right  
 ¶ the breathless airwaves come tumbling into the  
 bathroom shaking the undertones of silence and  
 coolness lying semi-dormant before the real dawn  
 ‡ noise doors concrete crowds streets pavement  
 ¶ windows/amongst/apart  
 ¶ the epic/sees/both ways<sup>62</sup>  
 ¶ traffic lights/progress/stasis  
 ¶ car/status/inviolability  
 ¶ lunch/priority/peripheral



## Blue Plaques<sup>63</sup>

### Property One

looking at teletext I see  
 the days grow longer hotter  
 certainties not yet proved  
 right at the front of my mind  
 the real task remains silent  
 I force myself to think straight  
 commemoration of days  
 a birthday card from someone  
 I no longer know brightness  
 on a small recycled card  
 leads me back when mistakes in  
 relationships and over  
 acknowledged way back and then  
 again 'sorry we don't talk'  
 years pass I still dislike you  
 mannered silence qualities  
 of distance this wavelength with  
 similar irregular proved  
 memories recurring though  
 not at the front of my mind  
 I phone to make amends and  
 he is like a relative  
 to what - a persistent fly  
 a front page of a text book  
 he is charming to strangers  
 a nescient flower bud  
 physically fit ageing  
 athlete still proving 30  
 slim but his muscles are thin  
 in a sudden squall squawking  
 speaking his last words parting

### Property Two

we meet - lunch at 12 - she has cancer  
 she is losing weight the hourglass tells  
 she has a new wig like a film star  
 tends to crash out a falling meteor  
 her husband who is lost without her  
 faithful servant who waits tirelessly  
 even if the orders do not come



pinning future hope on her new dog  
limpet to territory of hope  
bright with effort thin sun breaking out  
thoughtlessly on a cool summer's day  
she is devastated by illness  
a politician rounded on by  
a significant misdemeanour  
time's dial indicators elided  
each night then day turns time round again

**Bound<sup>64</sup>**

Tussauds of the streets a palsied frame  
 hesitant amid the traffic flow  
 meandering amongst hoots  
 and reeling in cold morning air  
 coughing sputum on the tarmac  
 blood flecked?

chance

hand wave to the sky prima balance  
 careening in slow motion  
 patterns of petals leaves dying  
 the drivers roar past then a hearse  
 on both sides herald of passage  
 a few flowers

fall

slow hedging process necessity  
 young man with new winter jacket  
 purpose cheap aftershave shouts  
 'you must get a reference....' 'no....'  
 'it's nothing without that...' 'oh look...'  
 'I've just seen ...'

'God...'

and the change from imprecation to  
 invocation the getting out  
 and how coldness skewed sticks  
 fever without recompense pays  
 entangled in space logic time  
 placed here

stet

slowing his swaddling bands unwinding  
hesitant bounds and points and dance  
thoughts heart's eyes pavement to kerb  
dervish undone dancing ribbons  
destination collapsing from  
just moving

sickening

the African with hope in his eyes  
fingers his hat this is not my  
dying back to back but red  
just under the surface taken  
out to starve or just by stoning  
this decides

who

## Asbestos Tears

### Cause and Effect

Now my boss is pregnant and while  
she is on maternity leave  
I have to do her work for her  
but I have no clearance powers  
no status no extra bonus.

I ring her up each morning 'Hi'  
how *are* you and the little one  
to be?' shall I send this, reject  
that, forward this, but your process  
of selection causes me trouble.

Each time the management ask for  
reports up-dates you write yourself  
personally you delay the  
inter-department paperwork -  
I want to take over your job.

But I think you will be back when  
the little emperor is born  
I try to avoid phoning you  
so you phone me up again say  
'why you don't phone what's happening'.

I worry about Zara in  
the next office muscling in on  
I try to keep it secret hide  
this telling off 'I really want  
your suggestions' mumble I  
want to be promoted not her

I walk for miles from Victoria to Euston  
weather permitting this is the effect - it makes  
me feel better about the next situation -  
my mother does not eat since the operation  
she thought nothing of it arriving with a bag  
holding papers anxiety blocking sunshine  
passing through customs wanting to succeed  
through rooms  
and at last to a council flat treated to death  
in the home of the young breadwinner how does



the  
*rite de passage* go...? Work for years for shit wages  
 then you're entitled to the same the lines are down  
 don't ask me where I'm from I'm just black there is  
 an  
 interruption in the story the LED  
 shows two headlines at once glare from broken  
 forces  
 neon pulses of light in time to irritate  
 just before the alarm is raised that's for you

### Impact

looking like A or B  
 compulsion  
 making it legal  
 obligation  
 avoid the wind count  
 pressure gauge  
 as it rises and falls

accept the beating  
 time forcing  
 traffic thundering  
 past  
 the heat and beat  
 requiescat alone  
 on the river bank

Tuesday evening  
 rush hour  
 the heart valve  
 pressure release  
 when you see me  
 without forcing the issues  
 water collects

the speed of travel  
 hitting the destination with force  
 time as master  
 let me tell you where you are  
 I cry  
 the buildings weep  
 asbestos tears

reworked by the survivor  
     the end of the story is guessed at  
 bustling at 19 across cleaned floors  
     laying out 5 casualties in a night  
 speeding home in the grey light  
     an uneasy torpor in supervised rooms  
     iron grip self-discipline

the hindsight more than she can bear  
     she did not mind at the time  
 reaching out to touch the victims<sup>65</sup>  
     the injuries were horrific  
 she gave her time without pay  
     to stare hell in the face  
     and face it down

when the survivor knows only  
     domination of personal pain  
 forced into heroism  
     yours and hers  
 blood and time reel in backwards  
     the colours are filtered  
     red filter plus time redder

the survivor comes round  
     checks on everyone  
 this one needs tucking up  
     here fresh saline  
 watch the temperature on this one  
     here there are clusters  
     machine checked

one lies cocooned pale unresponsive  
     distress report  
 we have investigated monitored  
     established...  
 taken him down to theatre  
     brought him up to ward  
     drug after monitor and drug

my memory cloak is intact  
     cold outside  
 here in the warm  
     looks bleak  
 the narrator's perspective sends me

a vista of calamity what's  
the point of continuum

### Force

#### Aim:

Is it wiser to undo the code find where rationality  
defeats 'emotions that reinforce confirmation bias'<sup>66</sup>

#### Method:

'disconfirm' the sense of the expected that stasis  
moves by  
runnel in an orderly fashion holds keys to ratios  
and probabilities hold movement within itself  
confers  
owner stability hears the ticking stops sees turned  
faces  
registering unexpected hiatus through uncertainty

#### Experiment:

my face has fallen my heart has stopped as  
everything  
crashes serotonin uptake rushes at breakneck  
speed  
causing repeated hallucinatory experience  
the survivor is also affected now we must  
'reinterpret disconfirmatory evidence' the  
politicians are ready these are not right decisions  
our conclusions feed happy lies into the news  
machines  
interminable voices rousing I can't be bothered  
take the ones that shout clearest and loudest  
peripheral  
chipping away at the concision or contributing  
what news so long as it takes 30 seconds to say  
what  
pinched tiredness after a 12 hour shift the  
survivor  
looks with astonishment at me you have nothing  
to say  
lumbering suspended moving time in stasis  
darkness  
what happens if there is a price on her head the  
sister –  
eye movement across – a price on hers where is the



margin  
 this emotion sense that reinforces confirmation  
 of previous information please read the notes  
 before

### **Result:**

she wrapped her cloak around her after  
 unbelieving staring at the figures  
 in the blood rush the statistics broke down  
 maybe you trade on basics disjunction  
 dislocation moving away back to  
 the beginning abandoning the cloaks  
 for modern jackets which provide less warmth  
 in the early hours I heard his last words  
 not recorded and they confirm nothing  
 only the stasis of expected life  
 expectancy receives another blow

### **Conclusion:**

count the minor details of the one who saw motive  
 on the face of the dead man tearing a strip off  
 calling a spade shouting over the speaker cut  
 all short making all the listeners shake in their  
 shoes the door rattle with the shouting rapid eye  
 movements largely the hearts freeze the breath  
 stops and this  
 one and this one and this one start to cry and that  
 one and that one and that one retreat muttering into  
 their shells these ones individually  
 say we never heard there was a problem and these  
 ones who have already left say that they did not  
 believe that there was anything worth saying or  
 hearing and nothing wrong gabbling way out this  
 way

### **Stasis**

when leaden eyed in afternoon hours  
 the light buzzes off/on and the lamp glares  
 ever larger as the focus grows dim  
 I dream of beds or sofas to lie down  
 I think about soft cushions a shut door  
 irrelevant hour I have no time - this  
 and yet the buzzing glow gets hold of me



I accentuate moment and sound but  
heavy lids close someone passes fresh files  
open a new folder name with endnotes  
b1 b2 your own referencing  
the wind gets up the door bangs in seconds  
the papers fly up scatter the light is  
bright is is is is again drink water  
mark a unit of time stretch don't ask me  
which one it was interlude to compress  
information your database to mine  
think that's half the job done and half of it  
this half and half that again and again  
just a cough nothing just play with the pause  
between breaths yet or intake just before  
clearing the throat too many repetitions  
to count wooden headed and inclined  
to doze the light breaks through the dreams  
                    sparking  
tears from driving so hard upon the stones<sup>67</sup>

## The Poet is Dead

Triumphed over by death herself  
 who mourns this death but other poets?  
 together now 'Everything new  
 is better than everything old'<sup>68</sup>  
 the funeral is at Mortlake Crem.  
 at noon prompt for the muse, publisher,  
 solicitor, family, close friends  
 and tenebrous Fame attends in time  
 treading on the wreaths in her haste  
 'I would rather have had the money'  
 she spits finding the will is clearly  
 correct rather than advantageous

'what is there to mourn if the words are there?'  
 the publisher bristles self important  
 'I have here a copy of her last poems'  
 the literary executor puffs  
 shuffles papers 'I'll take a cut on that'  
 the muse impatient shifts her fluid gaze  
 from poet's photo to anthologies  
 prompting her friend (with paper hanky) says  
     'it's a sad business losing her in  
     this way the poem only half written  
     what of dramatic integrity or  
     a proper suspension of disbelief  
     she's gone so suddenly can we only get  
     to the bottom of this by studying her  
     intended breathing I thought I heard  
         her voice  
     quite clearly as I read page 76'

this death was really not intended  
 the artic<sup>69</sup> misjudging at traffic lights  
 it was quite obvious said the witness  
 that the driver would have seen her clearly<sup>70</sup>  
 demonstrating the events again with  
 true words acting imitating details  
 derived (see poet commissioned  
 by point of view) allows conclusions drawn  
 what she did not write or live for/die of

the literary executor tucks  
 the unauthenticated drafts under

his arm says 'I'll collect the urn later'  
 turning to leave the next cortège purrs in  
 family and friends are not hard headed  
 succumb to emotion in a hotel  
 with a single drink and a small sandwich  
 real construct interests public reading  
 between the lines no distance how her life!  
 'what a lifelike portrayal!' <sup>71</sup> illusion  
 engendered by errors in this text  
 perhaps without accepting experience  
 the publisher's responsibility  
 'what you are seeing now is a repeat.' <sup>72</sup>

the poet plays mind games on her harp  
 the painted setting seems idle enough  
 but too misty and without much colour  
 is there an impassioned re-vision of  
 Dante-esque proportions suppliant words  
 plangent yearning bathos just hanging there  
 memories swiftly falling from hearing  
 in harmony with the air we breathe  
 unseen fulcrum unknown focus only  
 unattended I would like to think that  
 the mockery is light hearted poet  
 speaks words fall unheard from tongue to page  
 and taking out the silence from the stage  
 why take the trouble to honour intent?  
 when all was taken down a path as meant  
 I would not calmly open up old wounds  
 I cannot tackle the tasks as simply sounds  
 here is deep intention profoundly found  
 cast in bricks cement and unbond bound  
 hinges glass panes metaphors simile  
 where to next my friend? you have yet to see  
 start out think back and forth you need to know  
 what the reader says the answers come go  
 we take our numbered points in good part  
 know 'from' and 'belonging' right from the start <sup>73</sup>

by baby bystander  
 over overall hover  
 upheaval upper uppity  
 youth yarrow yoyo  
 attack attitude atrophy  
 next nix nexus



thunder under blunder

lit. ed. despairs 'this is no use to me'  
project shelved papers filed bib. cut  
index amended contents forgotten

'Look out!'<sup>74</sup> the break is arbitrary  
the poem continues as before  
abandon conscious separation  
forget the review of what we knew  
the poet's story effects direct  
changeover - a new contract! - present  
comment with narrator explains the  
word and word and epic reader chorus<sup>75</sup>



## Predatory Oration<sup>76</sup>

### Take 1

today it's a fat politician  
 that eats everything/everyone  
 falling asleep afterwards with the  
 confidence of a child in public  
 now for what is about to happen  
 can I move through this terrain safely  
 regulations answer it is safe  
 as such I never travel alone

and the questions are not my friends  
 I can state without confidence  
 circumstances frame this approach  
 the storm is getting closer and  
 leaves rustle outside the window  
 the effect is astonishing  
 I thought I was settling at last  
 but extra fright sends me backwards

- get mugged by a man with a hammer<sup>77</sup>
- try to seize hammer and push man away
- lose voice through fear, cannot even scream
- neighbour calls police
- neighbour tells intruder to leave
- outnumbering brings results
- police are not sympathetic and tell me to leave  
the area
- neighbour glares at me for causing trouble!
- I thank neighbour for potentially saving my life
- I do not know his name
- he moves and I do not see him again
- spend several weeks:
  - ← dreaming about men with hammers or other  
implements
  - ← waking in distress suddenly in the night
  - ← looking for self defence classes to go to - all too  
expensive
  - ← taking books out of the library
  - ← study line drawings of how to defeat the assailant
  - ← try out the movements with a friend
  - ← she hates doing it - it's no use
  - ← buy shoes without heels so I can run faster

← give up wearing skirts  
 ← realise that there is no consolation prize  
 ← no sure way  
 ← that someone may strike again sometime soon  
 ← get used to the idea  
 ← hope it doesn't happen again  
 I sweat through fear  
 tense through outrage  
 the touch of his hand on my neck  
 the smell of his jacket  
 your disapproval  
 because I dared to need help

### Camera

welcome to the negative conscious  
 marvel at invisibility  
 is there no unconscious recording  
 but force registering of actions  
 only desire action and result  
 plan moves leave home take sidelines movement  
 no easy access label self as  
 permanent woman frame with defence  
 immolate as required we do not  
 call ourselves conscious or on file your  
 hazards wrench optimism fear threat  
 smell sight sound touch nothing as planned  
 no one desire survival process  
 net trap enclosure cope with dislike  
 dreams oh the dreams the memory of  
 the overriding deconstruction  
 label the parts signs not a straight fight  
 who is the fool who picks on someone  
 their own size? Can't stop the intimate  
 familiar naming touching force  
 small device outwit chance or small trick  
 here take this bag and deter mugger  
 this area is safe never leave  
 at this time avoids trouble brother/  
 father/son won't let it happen or  
 being religious/not religious  
 being clever/a fool's paradise  
 be unattractive/dressed to kill  
 believe this and don't split apart the  
 shower of metonymic fragments

reductive search goes on next page/ year  
 with different friends comfort and live  
 to fight day after day not all bad  
 someone gives you a seat on the bus  
 you read the book you like the bus queue  
 is orderly the wait is not long  
 the weather is warm and air pleasant  
 your report is accepted at work  
 the manager gives you your bonus  
 you arrange the next day off in lieu  
 how much is the slave in you it pays  
 and the whole is never constructed?

### Action

female smaller than me  
     money/knife  
 victim/living survivor  
 alive/woman *in the city*  
 fear *city*/emotional dynamic  
 work train *to the city* hive  
 oh in the *city*  
     here in the *city*  
         going up to *London*  
 not seismic or attributes  
 prime minister's question time/  
 the council estate  
                     dying alone/  
         *and the riches*  
 we see this part close up  
 I see you sitting in front of the tv /  
     and comprehend the grid

### Take 2

I am endlessly deadening  
 down for a final answer  
 to ratify dreams of hopeless  
 pinned against the window pane

### Camera

let's sit down to lunch what would you like?  
 this one is relaxing anyway we  
 try my favourite always have







## Peroration by Punctuation<sup>79</sup>

,breathe in breathe out, breathe in,...<sup>80</sup>  
 rhetorical purpose greyed out  
 ,there is always an afterwards  
 ,any peroration simply...  
 this body language is worth more  
 ,than a kineme or two<sup>81</sup> but - I  
 read him like an open book after  
 , - we - ,the dots prefer dashes...  
 them - but the conclusion is always...  
 it hardly serves, the end when it comes  
 ,I have yet to be persuaded  
 ,combinations are persuasive  
 concludes....

## FAME

Dull 100  
Shout! 101  
Ms Pixel Writes 102  
Wrestle 105  
Trademark 106  
Uninvited 107  
Random 108  
Breaking the Vitriol 109  
Images Attached 110  
Building in the Localities 111

dull the book of Fame sounds as it falls to the faultline  
oiled primed mind recognition resolution this is it melding the  
Voices coming going driven like so far sound waves doors bang  
open shut fix points speak maximum clarity through background  
noise directed to hums rumbles intimate enhance footsteps given  
and the next silence comes after the report direct from  
liars who lay the word to rest in recognition of

**SHOUT! SHOO! OUT! SHUT! SHOUT!!**

[illegible]



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## Ms Pixel Writes:

'searching.....'  
the bricks or building blocks  
construct the city  
not only is there no vantage point  
there is only the other  
out there  
we are the alienated moving  
parts cemented into time

If pixelated  
person without memory  
constructed  
responsive through lighting up  
now

'I am Ms Pixel'  
'Cute name I like that'  
'I have been born without a memory  
but I have recognition  
I am here to tell you  
"There's Something About Mary"  
(insert post code and swipe card)

'I continue with the circumstances,  
the experiment is the establishment  
of a black and white reality in legals,  
Romeo and Juliet type -  
that's all she sees'

'She lives in a shuttered room  
with only her computer  
for company in black and white  
we are proving there is no innate  
perception.  
What does Mary know?'

Mary knows more than she lets on  
reticent undisturbed  
when the bell rings it is time for supper  
we may watch Mary eat.  
On Mondays she has human contact.  
I look at my watch - it is midnight now  
on Friday -  
I turn Mary off.

'Can she see colour?'  
We are always being asked that'  
says Ms Pixel with a winning smile.

I suddenly remember that Ms Pixel is  
in colour  
I turn her off too and look around  
the now dark room.

'Death triumphs over the poet  
but what about the dark?'  
Mary can be heard laughing  
triumphant warm and  
welcoming deep in  
the darkened room contains no dust  
the hands of the clock are indistinct  
closing in allows inner crosscurrents  
that knock against the panes of the soul  
only the black and shadow  
not the journey to the unknown  
washed in sunset light reflected  
from glass cold skyscrapers  
directly into the rear view mirror  
and back into my eyes  
I am clothed in sunset.

Mary stares at the ceiling  
Ms Pixel messages  
'Mary often reads books for hours.  
"She remains here until  
we have the results in black and white'  
Ms Pixel does not smile  
'our ambition is to see the results  
with references  
She does not understand colour  
she has never seen it.  
We will make money from her.  
We will show her photos in 2025 and  
ask her to identify the colours.'

'I have to rescue Mary'  
Is she pixelated too  
and I by transference -  
watching without interpretation?  
Is this ambitious of me?  
Can I get killed for this?  
Am I responsible here  
for *demise en scene*  
we are watching a little death in parts  
I must get to her before...  
capture an essence of at least  
without escaping from the unseen



ambition of the experimenters.  
Go past the dragons!  
The point of conclusion is other than  
describing recursive sunset.

She does not know about virtual rescue  
battleship pixels in process  
at the M25 near Potters Bar  
shall I meet the lovely Ms Pixel?  
Let's have fluffy stories amongst the  
meaty ones -  
but is Ms Mary pixelated too  
or do I believe it all  
time yes place no  
space has the ambitions -  
See the light! See the light!  
between the spotlights  
I cut the chainlink fence.  
Security is poor  
investment levels are low  
the spectator's ambition is vicarious  
enjoy! enjoy!

**At first I could not find her.**

I apply the skeleton keys  
swipe the cloned security card  
trap the alarm into silence  
with an electro magnetic barrier key  
adjusting to the dark red glow  
of the fire alarms back up generator  
lights I try doors -  
peer down staircases -  
there is no imminent sense of release  
Suddenly Ms Pixel is there beside me  
'I know what you're looking for'  
she said  
her voice is soft and low  
'Who'  
'No, what' she said  
Now I must escape by the skin of my  
real teeth engage in episodic challenge  
reality is not where the best abstracts  
really are.  
It's no use', she said softly.  
I have always had this ambition  
to speak with such modulated  
soft vowels with no glottal front edges  
controlled entirely by a technologically  
perfect diaphragm.  
Ms Pixel looks at me admiringly

'you know,  
we have a place for you here.'  
Symmetry through compilation  
timeless pixelation  
she looks so right  
right to the heart of me I know  
she's there for me.  
Ms Pixel does not reply  
it's just an appearance you know

**Mary will now sleep  
Ms Pixel is on standby**

darkness is haloed by the outsides arcs  
white spots and flares  
headlights swing past the windowspan  
light and dark  
now and there  
here and then  
place plus time: place times time

**Headlines;  
Black and White  
Escapes in the Night**

the researchers are screaming:  
'Perception of colour is not innate'  
Philosophers do not hang back:  
we have been discussing this for years'

**In the post two days later  
there is a letter from Mary**

*'I have dictated this letter to Ms Pixel.  
I know what they are trying to do.  
It has been explained to me many times.  
But I don't have much time  
and born in the wrong place  
just this space - oh justly put -  
Red is the colour of sunset  
Brown is the colour of my hair  
Green is the colour of my eyes  
and the windows are clear  
Ms Pixel is devoted to their entertainment.  
She promises this letter will reach you  
that there is just time.  
To begin with they would not let me read  
I do not know how long  
there is unjust time*



*colour does not need to be proved  
only interpreted  
there is a just place  
to reveal the calculations  
their proof of one through  
opposition to another will demonstrate  
here is an unjust place  
just space  
I can live with brown and black and white  
I can prove what they wanted to know  
(unless of course they are colour blind)  
there is unjust space  
I have enjoyed the reading  
Ms Pixel says I have read virtually all the  
books in the experimental station library  
and she can always get me more  
I am running out of space.....  
remember pity is locked  
the files are copied  
I have the code and will be back  
N5N5S6S*

**I dial up Ms Pixel  
'I must confirm this report'  
she is unavailable  
this number does not receive incoming  
calls....this number does not receive**

*There's Something About Mary*  
2004  
Peter Ludlow , Yujin Nagasawa  
and Daniel Stoljar (Eds.)  
Cambridge MA  
MIT Press



happened moving faster taking place before my very eyes impulse participates rules

writing graffiti salt of the

windows lance doors covet shadows leer streets shift dust gathers vision scars so far so stasis rules

'the gang's leaders wanted televisions to watch....

in our jail 150 people killed

new conservatory assisted roof

hazard large enough

....the world cup'

different place later wastes

familiar slight

discomfort outrage runs on top dressing

the thames estuary

not built up yet

all is well appropriate hub

pulled down brought up to date new

keep tabs in a

clean fresh

accept stasis levels are low fearful of

general way

new kitchen new bathroom

exploding boat docks

want fresh food.

# London

and veneers with all the appearances you want try for any combination winning or otherwise but the patina is off. The insult is off on. Without a centre. It's not really me. You don't mean what you say and talk to me later. Tube journey. Bad habit. Sorted. Wipes away the smile. Milky surface. Cloak and dagger (nothing much). Sand-blasted triple glazing. Shadows and sunglasses. Bare neck and shoulders and. Shirtsleeve pretence. Open the window for the convalescent. Bend our heads obliquely. Moments of pleasure. We are like like like like. Bashing the doors that stick. Speaking under the noise. Rumbling. Repetition. Pulsing sound. Unclear skies. Wrong glasses. The wrong door. Lost. Sum of impossibles. Confetti cascade of negatives. Inept compromise. Misunderstood grizzly. Ugly peeling label. Cluster of injunctions. Heartbeat on a signboard. Warning as warfare. All that goes roundabout. Like nothing. Little broken plastic containers. Rain dust granite sandstone cement glass wind grit. Supermarket trolleys. Grey on grey grey-blue on grey mud grey on blue grey. Complexity of shading. Tiredness on waking. Begin. Process. Function. Outcome. End result. Travel with ambition. Love with skill. Cause easy. Vice and laughter. Catch a simple thing. Irregular gyratories. Aspiring half-provision. Mirrored insignia. Microchip tattoo. Calculate addition in broad daylight. Day breaks in the next hands. Nest in innumerate movement. London cadence. Eating cheap food without you. Nineteen to the dozen. Intoned acoustics as distinct from. Labial. Primal. Sealed. Plunging. Nothing to declare or reward. Empty handed. Point nought. Crackles. Choked breath. North coiled Circular. Open mouth. Kick. Take it personally. Desert breath. Razor finish. Every recourse to. Reel dismay search echo. Embrace recount. Pay. Level streets. Volume of traffic. Level plus shop windows. City skyline. Engaged expressions. Simply forgetful and not concentrating. My glasses only steam up when I drink hot tea or coffee. Crowds of micro-mero. Footsteps rhythm. Or dead yet? Or lying? And don't they just.

## Hyponymy

Tube. Tube map. A-Z. All night bus. Red bus. Fatigue. Lost. Rude. Sewage system. Bridges. Shopping Centre. Tea. Eye-contact. Shop talk. Fresh heart. More than with the eyes. Emerge. Swept clean by brooms of pay. Quick walk from the station. Right away. High time to get home.

trademark:  
MeronymyLondon  
LONdON £ONpON



## Uninvited

31. hosed down the site  
ordered multiple cradles  
for nearby blocks to have their windows  
cleaned  
(not paid for in the original contract)  
laid the floors (which are underheated)  
after months of preparation  
we clad and clothe  
shelve and iconise think of a name  
employ a concierge  
sanitise the bathrooms  
I have no complaint  
the lack of noise is fine

32. the lack of fresh air is death  
it is a sickly puling  
crablike thing  
throw out the baby  
with sights on the profits  
I find that I am working here  
for the next 8 years  
if only once going upstairs  
to the director's suite  
great view of 'Keep Out!'  
sights on the bedroll stored  
above parking lot architrave  
with the pigeons stumbling

21. basement is sealed  
first floor over ramped for cars  
and in the heat and cold without shelter  
only the massive crochet of  
scaffolding  
picked at by the harness of the dandling  
crane  
the swarms of workers rise with  
layers  
health and safety calls  
weighs and measures  
gives instructions as to feed amounts  
purification

22. the lights go on  
in the framework  
the wires spread-eagle  
over the dust laden floors  
the glass fixed panels  
are suctioned into place  
the hermetical sealing begins  
over the genetic fault  
they have turned off the arc lights  
lowered the stirrups  
of the scaffolding  
cleaned up the hoarding  
with disposable towels

11. the architect draws up terms  
with the midwife  
they strike bargains over space  
here and so big  
there are many that are similar  
who knows  
will this one be born perfect  
in business the midwife togs up  
puts on gloves shouts orders  
pile drivers generators gather round as  
the archaeologist cleans the site for the  
new timekeeper - time and motion study  
swings his digital watch for the protégée  
the workers cry

12. we have built foundations  
like this before  
knocking and reverberating  
the drivers and cranes and pumps  
and scaffolding  
and the endless succession of  
dawns  
nightfalls bring out  
a rash of arc lamps  
hoarding is rasped by padlocks  
the graffiti stains like cradlecap  
dust on surrounding  
buildings forms eczma  
first echo triumphant as the

glass glint steel strength beneath granite thock pluck chemical change ridged &  
stressed resilience cracks flexibility against the riven dirt and pigeon droppings



Random

Random

he takes a glance at a scientific process takes

a phrase from a documented access

combines it with a metonymic and traces his thou

ghts through time and spaces. Who has more

perception of space needs cleaner glass. He slips a

money bigger windows time on their hands! Random

He sits eating crisps in front of the TV. I come home to find

knife along the catch. He is not susceptible to boundaries.

bare legs and boots plenty of bling bangs insolence into her words

'you here!' Random female has the upper hand short flared skirt

towards her crisp stops midway to his open mouth. 'You came this way!'

'silence o breath o heart o head o thought - there! there!' He turns his face

Chorus: Do not

use the landline wires cut

the burglar when he

came at night quietly forcing the

cheap lock on the back door cat

like up the stairs at 3.00am making floor

boards creak and his intentions clear

'Can I help you' I shouted as they entered in darkness

holding the kitchen knives startled who

knows running after them senselessly in bare feet watching the

and seconds out of time. My courage erupted out of me then stole my

with over spatial awareness. She's back on the street holding her mobile

distance between me them elongate distinct peace of mind  
I dislike being watched seen

Breaking the Vitriol

the sources of greivance remain &  
silent & polite (insulted despised)  
experience - I am out of touch

who stands  
off this is an american  
between where I remain

the black woman  
is switched from  
the world in  
points  
affair and your to us. The precedents  
are quoted  
tivation to refuse licence

unconnected to relevant  
vigilance means nothing

endlessly as axial mo  
accuse of breaking

outside their  
doors never  
exclusion  
even  
rat

the mould  
great

open  
as

intersections  
or lesser

placing  
system

rosy  
fighter  
among  
the dragons  
the warmest  
smile  
days and

Breaking the Vitriol taking a  
faultline membrane and the  
measuring of distance  
between any two

Many  
runs  
seamy rat  
objects as

How  
in  
meeting  
never  
even the

Fragments Have  
Scattered

this is staggering  
compound  
on simple  
earnings!

interest  
all

takes us

speed  
pounding

ahead a heart

the bus driver is

glancing periphra

in pure heat  
the world we  
intends to  
balancing  
the face of  
would  
breaths

to the  
edges

slo-  
ping

impetus!

bound  
opt

rushing  
tallies

all the  
destruction

lies in the  
passion

a hand a hope  
along exploitation

have thought  
crimson and she

shortest  
of thought who

defying  
of sweat and shine

really means business

face of the cusped foe she

over carmined  
takes on the city heat and bus all  
severe braking and the shouting

movements & its all  
powers through 1 and 2

impotence black driver  
forward propelled by

cut her up we are fuelling

raging fist shaking

live in and she

still smiling

these ants black or other

presided over imposed

upon. We do not  
meet within or

precision grinding up  
along lanes razor

churning diesel  
space with roars

sliding the bus



Images Attached

upturned faces  
crystal refracted lights on delighted  
echo laughter hiccups after grief  
combine build and interweave  
or blindly without a care  
no aimless jumping  
skylines and bits in between  
exercising any thought whatsoever  
we pass them everyday  
prehensile thought touch  
cable tension  
cement and rivets  
exploring the groundings  
neo this and that  
chipping at derivations  
netting slithers  
sequestered trammels  
throwing search lights over  
scaling down the shaded areas  
popularity of the down-to-earth vista  
kite-flying with nature's laws  
transformation into abstraction  
without losing an iota of the fascination  
I have a surprise for you  
waving and blowing  
their empty folded trouser legs  
their empty pinned jacket sleeves  
the old soldiers wave their stumped arms

the view from the top of the hill  
shows clothing that becomes clearer  
more defined and the movements  
seen in detail emotions arising with  
images attached run through a gamut  
of changes nearer the source until  
shadows throw up light and dark  
links between past and present ques-  
tions how we carry in this place here



## Building in the Localities

1 b u n g a l o w  
workshop       neat  
arid       with       faces  
sculptured staring out  
and       the       hoarding  
inching       outwards  
covering every last  
blade of possession

3 bungalow hovering  
with red bricks and  
squat       only       once  
someone       entered  
it       and       then       the  
anonymity       replaced  
the       moving       form

5 once luxuriant  
garden       then  
dryer (summer)  
after summer) a  
double exit drive  
such       terrible  
combinations of  
green replaced  
by such terrible  
combinations of  
green

7       crumbling  
stonework       never  
well       constructed  
less and less scared for  
demolished       over  
a period of time (it       never       was)  
hear the diggers roar  
greed       satisfied  
by chomping on of  
broken       bricks

follow       the  
deepchipped  
c u r v e w h e r e  
ornate       houses  
costing more than  
their neighbours  
become the dental  
surgery the home  
of the music teacher  
The garage, the  
secondhand car slot  
with valet service  
the home of DSS  
which floods over  
and over again

4 letting agent  
where silver  
haired silver  
t o n g u e d  
middle age  
expert glosses  
over the small  
print       and  
extracts money  
and fees without  
handing       out  
the       reward

6 - 8 s o l i c i t o r s  
growing from a table with a bent leg  
a n d 2 s e c r e t a r i e s  
burgeoning       to       6       partners  
and a mean line in litigation and  
permits from the DSS next door  
still quietly time steals up on the  
bustling success and touches hair with  
white and portliness with weight loss

10 take back the take away  
on a dark windswept  
night       buying       it  
in       utter       exhaustion       on  
the way home inedible  
I forced myself back to complain  
faced the wrath of 3 at once  
determined       to       keep  
what       was       mine       money  
back or edible food begging

11 when he died  
 they came for him  
 dying of fear  
 clutching his IV  
 trying to pull it out  
 she didn't last and  
 the gypsy woman  
 saw to her

13 such a very large  
 expansive family in  
 bare feet bringing the  
 whole sound colour  
 and money of Africa  
 with them to make the  
 house (3 bed semi) into  
 a portico-ed palace

15 silent occupants  
 drifting into older  
 and older age  
 never seen or completing  
 any task except the  
 gardener came once a  
 week and a motorist  
 demolished the gate  
 post at a single blow  
 of his car when  
 replaced the wall  
 shifted irritably  
 the For Sale sign  
 went up

17 If you have the time  
 and the will the money  
 and the status the  
 richly papered walls  
 clad with books lit  
 openly onto the night  
 and the light over  
 the victorian double  
 doors left on all night  
 paintwork pointwork  
 gleaming perfect

19 behind long ago  
 first australians, then  
 DSS then this and  
 that then men on their  
 own then who knows  
 and the paintwork  
 shows signs the  
 front door bricked  
 up and 2 doors  
 made down the side  
 and the white stucco  
 duller and duller duly

12 the flats sold  
 over and over again  
 echoed by the  
 house adjoining  
 for single irishmen  
 scattered after  
 the owner died  
 a one-eyed titan  
 looming out of the  
 fog on a november  
 morning lifting a  
 bike from the gutter  
 his red haired friend  
 from upstairs more  
 weighty whiter

wall to wall  
 noise from the  
 traffic below

the houses full of  
 tenants changing  
 every 6 months  
 steep steps,  
 bins, old cars  
 and uncollected  
 rubbish

numberless the  
 anonymous the  
 houses converted -  
 cheaply or by  
 amateurs where  
 the porch was  
 never finished

24 corner house with  
 the elderly couple  
 selling next door to  
 middle-aged children  
 carefully the static piano  
 plys shadows in the  
 bay 2 cars and a sense  
 of stillness descending  
 with fewer coats  
 hanging in the porch

26 piecemeal  
 double glazed  
 height depositing  
 unbecomable  
 summer heat in the  
 south facing rooms



21 adjoining and mirrored but adapted so the roof is higher the clamour of the tarmac parking greater the room by room with baby's bath upended for months at the window I think there is no baby they mend each other's cars on the forecourt

23 orange would be a joke except its reapplied every three years the couple degenerating into thin wasted and one diabetic in slippers and one driving a small business in a van to the last the nets never change their lives an adjunct to the house the house an adjunct to adjoining neighbour

25 the vanishing took place in 1986 the owners father bankrupt but stealing away the money to build a house in his wife's name 3 daughters and a son in a photo imposing evening suit at the Ealing Odeon the daughters nursing mother and father 'til gone (please don't ask about the combinations) then sister gone Gwen, poorly, eighty Marjorie, hearty, doughty none but their family ever lived in that seaside house all yellow and green and neat and gone

27 Fijians filled the house with noise and delight coasting along on good nature and numbers ritual invocation with bonfire once a year hedge cut windows open day in day out never closed never replaced and never looked out of visit his father in hospital he did not want to go

30-34 car sale room terrible endless

28 all unbelievably parked by wood urgent voices sash windows heard over the never cleaned builder's noise and ragged when the parking scraps of curtains man strolls over fees and moved up

38 greek have unspoken spaces shoe repairer agreements with who bought this grocery the man who lives at one who sold? restaurant 88 the woman at 84 where is the entrance to newsagent and where they park over the old tennis courts now café all unswept broken glass move the developer lies in wait topped with recycling boxes without lids the palm tree 4 storeys or owners spilling sodden grows and dies flats contents listlessly subsiding to pulp by the pillar box



31	silence	33	we pass	41	this and that	55	57	sword	of
t h r o u g h	the side road	35 and 37 and 39 50's balcony	43	and 45 gardens then	Damocles	and	hoarding		
perspective	and the	with angular ironwork	parking	47	time taking the houses out				
f a l l s	amorphous	unbelievably - facing south -	and	steeper	the flats tower over the				
as the incline	distance sets	overlooking the roaring main road	49		A1 with triple glazing and				
immaculate	a seal on	demolished flats with no	the gardens incline		balconies overlooking the				
w i t h	ignorance	balconies and quickly sold	up away from		march of the juggernauts				
ornate nets	close up (from	eye and road	on the bus		alongside and below				
unannounced	the bus-stop)	51 and 53 merge into	what do you expect		where open window would				
conversion	this house has				drown the ear in storm				
to 2 flats	5 wheelie bins				of thunder day and night				
					underground	the	parking		
					ensures	and in passing	the sale		
					are	in windows	there	open	

40 the builder who	no delivery is ever	Fame is more likely to out-
left a dead cat	punctual or accurate	last outstay outsmart through
on the forecourt	the schizophrenic	inanimate if you
sold drugs to dealers	free newspaper boy	know where to look
in open topped cars	screams obscenities	and the peace grant-
bellowed worked out	through the letter	ed by the dg is heaven
drank was arrested	box with the delivery	
by 12 policeman died		
his large family	g a r d e n s	
visiting his home	forecourtised	
for the first time	windows pvc-ed	
chattering excitedly	houses flattened	
outside the house they	garages roomified	
expected to inherit	front doors a-ed	
though the debt	and b-ed and c-ed	
collectors got there first		

---

**TIME**

M25 Clockwise 117  
Rhetoric add 118  
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£50.00 cash 123  
Vantage 125  
Home! home! chair! chair!  
grapes! grapes! 127  
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## M25 Clockwise

terse roar  
 the luminous carapace defies the  
 serried stygian giants  
 cradling the has and is  
 and is the greater force against  
 ranks with throttles harnessed  
 feet poised as spurs

dread nurse  
 hurried whip hand  
 commanding stasis if not peace  
 asymmetric cloaks of fumes  
 resolute in lines  
 eight lane gyros  
 vibrations too hard to bear

first glance  
 translucent grafting of hand to head  
 mother's hand round fontanelle  
 face white with shock standing  
 by car with crippled wing  
 bonded to rear wheels  
 felled broken shells

wince freeze  
 mobilised by arms and desperate need  
 shouts unheard beneath engines  
 faces turned to judge the crucial run  
 mother as moment eye judges the line  
 father's hands with child in each  
 rushing from reservation to shoulder

ease tense  
 axles knuckled down  
 whipped terror wedged  
 a blinding roaring pulsion  
 blink I'm gone anticlockwise  
 the miracle is the not bleeding  
 brief humanity the will be

# Rhetoric add<sup>82</sup>

I love London she wrote<sup>83</sup>

well I can't get it out of my mind  
the proxy settings

starting up mists  
smoke stench

heat and criminal violence  
vile skewing sweet flow

phenomenal slicing ordinary  
complex ousting simplicity

choking instead of tasting  
fruits gagging

instead of calm breathing  
8-15 times a minute

When? When? When?  
the mobiles ring again

the cries are made again  
conscious throughout

stunned driven  
and stunned hard

who says our prayers for us  
who says that this is not to happen

who derides the passage of this time  
who stilted the repetitive

the formidable foundation  
constructed with a pile driver

hobbled the spit from the mouth of  
the gargoyle breeding monster

carnage rampant with shield  
gules anchor

volant en arrière  
bend like paper in the wind

a flurry of seconds rising  
10 to 9 - 7 7 05<sup>84</sup>

these numbers are up  
sum at least 56 and rising

with immediate effect  
and with respect and with respect

and deeply again again  
the rhetoric lies

repetition tricks  
it happened again on the 14<sup>th</sup>

we explain what we are up against  
and explain it over

and over again  
 screen your  
 screen this  
 is relentless  
 we say I was just...  
 screen my  
 in reality the questioning  
 the results why -  
 'may the sougling of breezes in gently clothed  
 verdant branches bring us peace  
 when the decreasing sighing breaths clothed in  
 former vivid life bring misery despair  
 no reconciliation of limbs  
 who may enjoy the beauty of the trees again  
 whose limbs have been cut off<sup>85</sup>  
 the rhetoric peals  
 aggrandising of import  
 renders the outer effects less and lesser  
 and follow the arrows  
 this is more important  
 and moment of truth  
 you came through really alive  
 repeat it is truly dreadful down here  
 pass and the same - passing  
 and melding  
 oh stay clear of words that use heat  
 and fusing  
 oh stay away from words that bind flesh to metal  
 and chimneys  
 oh stay away from words that carry the stench of  
 hot flesh  
 oh stay away from that which I never wish to  
 remember  
 I love London she wrote  
 this rhetoric of city  
 or repetition



Slurp.exe<sup>86</sup>

my eyepods grow heavy  
 slurping belly leaden  
 grunting falling dead weight  
 round the park lizard like  
 with half shut eyes staring  
 a tale of events that  
 patter after chatter  
 dragging backwards in time  
 slip a haze between me  
 and them leaden lazy  
 in the heat. I sit down  
 on the bench and with a  
 give a massive belch so  
 people gasp turn their heads  
 I slurped at the spent  
 fountain of knowledge 'til  
 broken it doesn't work  
 children still run around  
 the dry basin crying  
 hisst I have slurped up  
 politicians and bombs  
 debates and rhetoric  
 tactics and the language  
 survives excuse me  
 are you still there? Pointless

phone Stasia remix  
 there is a tired voice  
 it's the end of the day  
 missing all connections  
 how long did it take you  
 oh two and a half hours  
 go don't let me keep you  
 I phone Time how are you  
 are you OK - silence  
 well yeah I've never run  
 so fast before I feel  
 strange and different I  
 get away quickly get  
 something to eat speak soon  
 well the weight of knowledge  
 is hard won and hard borne  
 persist with gps

homeward recollect a  
 shift tumult of info  
 take a shower TV  
 poor quality pictures  
 and the same jokes and news  
 over and over and  
 over again you have -  
 sipped exe-slurping  
 filed on flecks of chip  
 then forgotten which name  
 which... the presenter looks  
 as if he's had only  
 a few hours sleep - that's new  
 Didn't I tell you that  
 the .exe chip brought back  
 memories induced  
 haze of undigested  
 the phone - Aristotle  
 Hi - do you peddle truth  
 narration then proof<sup>87</sup>  
 soles of lead truth limping  
 before focus on the  
 speaker *himself*? Did it  
 really happen so quick  
 there's no need for a real  
 epilogue<sup>88</sup> - there was real  
 running and what I chose  
 to tell you: not 'I have  
 spoken, you have heard, you  
 have the facts, [I am] judge'<sup>89</sup>  
 shades of truth intervene  
 that's not what I recall  
 did you get on alright  
 were you nervous today  
 I counted 35  
 all armed police in  
 the space of 10 minutes  
 I've never felt so safe  
 meagre truth clothed in  
 complex hue running for  
 dear life in a flurry  
 of touching sensations  
 softness and brilliance  
 luminosity and  
 revelation bright lights

everything manifest  
 what do you think of us  
 who shadow you only  
 rarely available  
 for .exe cook this up -

500 gms rhetoric  
 500gms dialectic  
 500gms mixed (flux)  
 mordant salts and acres  
 8 million lives facts and  
 figures for London - mix  
 thoroughly and never  
 mind the lumpen find lost  
 poetic style abstract  
 truth rework emotion  
 declaim past to new but  
 heavy lies *en guard* for  
 unexpected coming  
 to terms with searching round  
 one's teeth or looking out  
 for the bus when eyes of  
 disbelief whites eyes of  
 disapproval did she  
 hold files tightly has she  
 got the .exe truth  
 in them all like for like  
 all the similes that  
 have gone before symbol  
 like all the symbols that  
 have gone before personae  
 like all the personae  
 that have gone before all  
 over again



£50.00 cash<sup>90</sup>

peel away the layers  
and continue  
street furniture cars parked  
bus powering through with inches  
to spare  
did I expect to stand by the racks  
in the clothes department  
behind the tired 50+ woman  
buying a blouse for £50.00 cash  
she has been working all night  
needs a bath  
dull eyes defensive  
prostitute at 9.30am  
my fingers grow tired typing out  
the words:  
'I wish she had slept well'  
how do you know she wasn't *safe*  
from disease, aggression,  
objectification  
she works when *he* says so  
and gives him his large cut  
keeps the tariff for tonight's hard  
tumescent passion rides  
working prolapsed or childless  
this is a street with shops  
What do you expect

hope is an engineer  
attend to the levels -  
nuts and bolts city -  
buildings triumph over city  
routines  
power bases triumph over  
buildings  
the forces of greed triumph over  
powerbases  
an individual walks away  
bankrupt triumphant  
over the insurance market  
if they have left us any money to  
pay for it  
the buildings the job loneliness  
sights crowds money endless  
poor quality cheap food  
shabby grubby endlessly  
in the crowds on a hot sunny day  
one free space on the park bench  
the stray dog cocks his leg  
on whoever sits there  
the grass is hot grey litter strewn  
sit silent amongst talk  
with a friend with bad nerves  
I only get 30 mins for lunch  
if I screw this -

up against and thrown up against  
spliced between the grey flags  
I get very emotional about work  
the manager the customer  
and splitting head tiredness  
time off promotion spokes  
winched around the hub  
she works when *he* says so  
and gives him his large cut  
who keeps the tariff for tonight's  
hard tumescent passion rides  
working prolapsed or childless  
this is a street with shops  
I cannot change that

The art of ratcheting torment in 10  
easy steps:

1. keep the woman up all night  
demanding sex or food hit her
2. constantly change your mind as  
to what you want and how you  
want it hit her
3. make your own arrangements  
for leisure and just say 'I'm going  
out now' hit her
4. say you haven't got your pay  
this week so there's nothing for  
food hit her
5. say you're not hungry at the last  
minute as the food is ready and go  
out hit her before you go
6. bring a friend round, whisper  
and laugh and drink hit her
7. buy a new expensive personal  
item - camera, suit - something  
nice for yourself - use it in her face  
hit her
8. shout 'I don't know what you're  
talking about' when watching TV
9. say 'no woman drives *my* car'  
hit her
10. promise to take her out and hit  
her<sup>91</sup>

and back again to hope

## Vantage<sup>92</sup>

old bricks worn air

## worms

round old corners

falls

down staircase wells

speaks

ghosts of voices

hang

still in the dank air

**scuffs**

dust corners with dull bulbs the child

swings

on the stair secrets and memories

## settle

the old well under the floor

creeps

impersonally through time

tugs

**stale air**

dredges

# happiness now

lapses

in through the back window quick

climb

forgotten toys

**remove**

crying through the night

dry

nothing is the ending

**start**

moving again he

**comes**

the moods don't fit

take

the crying child

opens

the door undressed

ruins

paint

peels off

the walls





Home! home! chair! chair! grapes! grapes!<sup>93</sup>

suddenly you say sitting down  
about your son with asperger's  
suddenly saying sitting down  
about your son with asperger's  
I looked up as you came in  
you sat down and suddenly said  
'my son has asperger's'

between thin slices of empathy  
lie slivers of truth that disappear  
as soon as we focus on them I  
do not interrupt to ask "'what makes  
a verbal message a work of art?'"<sup>94</sup>

Later I arrive note the date awake  
memory understand part (on the whole)<sup>95</sup>  
again dates arriving here now so soon  
Memory awakens here and now all  
over again my eyes meet your eyes held  
unexpectedly on a hot tube train<sup>96</sup>  
skeleton framework moments on the grid  
of hours tunnel and vertebrae rushing  
through hot air carriage following carriage<sup>97</sup>

the quality of the source materials  
is vital statistics reveal how close  
to the surface the cord lies quantum slips  
measurement between hot bodies – 2 cms  
two travelling objects crammed *speeding*  
stationary same carriage referent  
to referent in time though  
allowing for the slippage carefully  
not touching reshuffling of positions  
the extra relief after Camden Town

I bang the door  
bin men slam shout  
'we don't take these'  
closed window  
polythene draft  
cold excluder<sup>98</sup>

really blue walls  
 damp damage stains  
 sick mother here  
 sick friend next door  
 meniscus city  
 pure translucent  
 fatty globules  
 rising rising  
 viscosity  
 surface tension  
 support the weight?  
 yes! two! one! count  
 there is a fourth<sup>99</sup>  
 why Turgenev  
 goes to a club  
 smart orator  
 radish pumpkin  
 mare turnip  
 peasant woman  
 kasha kasha<sup>100</sup>  
 persistently  
 travel to work  
 frame smile look sharp  
 for God's sake if only the bonus  
 will pay for a new washing machine

harness forces necessity  
 outside doorstep last minute  
 too hot too dry too wet too cold  
 too late too soon safety  
 space very small parcel indeed  
 home ticket key heating talk  
 bed heat flushes corners opens  
 wounds closing doors day off time  
 sit sit comfort comfort<sup>101</sup> hint of  
 unworked parallels trap  
 control webs strings slack fat rising  
 gelatination set point  
 brighter lights at the centre and  
 shadows without lines edging by  
 mugged pocket picked twice  
 barely hear the police siren  
 I double lock the front door



checking the time walking away  
nothing as always as meaning  
nothing much<sup>102</sup> suddenly say  
recall again again me you  
this that gelling the city  
the firm distance between us is  
tremendous and very dull  
hazy dust movement dust that hangs  
in the air when the bus leaves  
I say 'home! home! chair! chair! grapes! grapes!'

## Fulcrum at work<sup>103</sup>

### Equilibrium<sup>104</sup>

balance off balance corridors and rooms  
and rooms and rooms sounds and clatters bangs  
thuds

drawers open close someone stretches arms  
raised in the swivel chair flex knee back  
I meet you at the water dispenser  
'Oh how are you getting on - seen *him* yet?'  
'no he's not in' memories of women  
at the well women talking just the same  
'taking a break?' 'oh holiday where? when?'  
is her pock marked face a barrier  
to happiness but the lazy voice speaks -  
after the time lapse - before she answers  
anything that's put to her I wonder  
if she really hears or whether she needs  
that moment to ward off danger before  
she replies balancing black against white

anyway it's too hot at the wellhead  
there's no point in complaining of pressure  
each coffee break the line manager sits  
at the top of the fire escape with the  
new young secretary right next to him  
I would rather not be her as there are  
other patterns adjusted strike the balance  
I move my chair with its back to the door  
so I won't be disturbed by colleagues  
passing I stand up to find a new file  
it's OUT being reassessed by looking  
out of the window onto a brick wall  
I frequently reassess my position  
out of synch now this is not the right file  
the smiles are uniform questions routine  
everyday everyday mentor  
clock voracious time ticks guzzling efforts  
yawning people going sounds emptying  
lights turned off and silence increasing  
the fan turns and turns whirr and click whirr click  
I tap and flick the keyboard and papers

then here is the cleaner he stands holding  
 the polisher in the doorway his smile  
 has come from equatorial desert  
 I do not ask him where he is from and  
 I think of him in one room or with friends  
 or girlfriend periphery mystery  
 he is much darker more recent than me  
 I say 'It's OK I'm finished now'  
 I do not say 'I wasn't born here' firm  
 voice I am of here soon he will be too  
 skin growing paler each year habit grows  
 as my second tongue his first all the time  
 he balances on his machine and smiles  
 and smiles 'you go ahead' I say - he will  
 the clock flashes the seconds just the same

### Substitution balance

another artic roars by bus three cars  
 why is the stasis is so important  
 shutting out, settling into turning off  
 are the fine adjustments needed outside  
 I walk right past the park on the way home  
 I choose a path so I can see through noise  
 but it fades when I look ahead I hear  
 only the noise of my bus stepping on  
 I am part of the lion's roar sitting  
 in the belly of this wild animal  
 carrying me home panther like it leaps  
 on through ranges of diesel adjustments  
 gearing up and fine tuning its inbuilt  
 balancing mechanisms veering to stop  
 pressing itself close to the scratching post  
 snapping doors open past the uvula  
 who hardly moves as the oysters file past  
 do you go as far as the Elephant  
 the passenger risks eviction daring  
 to speak he nods crisis past not looking  
 swipe the card he suddenly hey hey hey  
 someone turns the column of food stops dead  
 as a small adjustment in the bite size  
 takes place you didn't swipe your card beep beep  
 the cry of oysters the lurching power



driven begins and hassles and hastens  
 with the staring morsels counting down stops  
 I read the paper but not much  
 She reads a novel relentless  
 he stares ahead into a file  
 that lies unopened in his brain  
 children laze about and mutter  
 and squirm and snatch and pull at blue  
 uniform emblems transmitting  
 unbalanced information  
 about good behaviour we shift turn  
 stand sit shuffle edge push towards  
 the doors then pull away from them  
 running later than usual  
 destinations the LED<sup>105</sup>  
 is a giveaway every  
 bus arrives in seven minutes  
 waiting REM sleep balances on the  
 cusp of waking Frozen Eye Glaze<sup>106</sup>  
 balances us on the viscous  
 wheels of sleep making time drop here

### Beam balance

today we adopt natural tactics<sup>107</sup>  
 selective deafness ringing in the ears  
 sight loss emphasise astigmatism  
 use disability as choice never  
 suffer real disability balance  
 strategies for your greater importance  
 bigger better lit screen than anyone else  
 bright focused light to deter peering  
 at your shadowless face or speaking 'hi'  
 in gloom hastening you leave uneasy  
 or shifting in bright light not borne for long  
 put up a large print do not disturb sign  
 stuck firmly to the shut door I have you  
 balanced on the edge of movement and  
 the large digital clock on the wall reads  
 faster than any other clock how much  
 less time than you thought for speaking to me  
 glancing I see your hand raised to knock  
 and you change your mind you balance the edge

of your judgement ineffectually  
 in the face of a large clear to-do list  
 then who can stay longer than 2 minutes  
 my notebook is full of highlighted notes  
 in bad writing you cannot make it out  
 you balance on the edge of your senses

Memo:

'bring in a saw and cut 1 cm off the front legs of the  
 chair which is placed carefully at right angles to  
 mine for folksy informal consultation so when you  
 sit on it you eventually slide forward towards my  
 lap'

I had trouble bringing the saw on the underground  
 I thought I'd get searched

how you hate having anything to do with me  
 I stand up interrupt you  
 do not catch your eye  
 my behaviour balances edges of  
 efficiency v human existence  
 until it's time (by my fast clock)  
 for me to go home  
 leaving a spare jacket on the back of the chair  
 while you work 5 real minutes longer  
 balanced in virtuality

## Thermostat

### ode to an alpha male<sup>108</sup>

habituated to  
     fear/status<sup>109</sup>  
 important position  
     terrified of/superior  
 shakes when he directs  
     orders/decisions,  
     each fine movement/jump to it  
 accuse me/of staring  
 (it does not pay a beta female)/  
     recognise anger in an alpha male  
 but for you the power your body springs  
 recognition so immediate/uncurls jumps at his  
     voice  
 again and again and again/beat you in private?  
 Dare/I ask where do you live?  
 at the opposite end of the city/  
     he cannot possibly reach you  
     the Piccadilly line/ primed fuse along the  
         spine  
     mystery/balanced on a knife edge  
 juggle the truth/fear  
     want/fear-truth  
         fear-good  
             fear-proud  
                 taut/power  
                     reflect/breaking  
                         point  
             cultivate/seize  
 alpha-male- anger-mode-permanent-gets-results

### tale of two betas

smile all the time/out to dry  
 all the cleaner does is smile/pawn  
 no controls/just smile  
 hold mop or the broom/service  
 worthless/cleans  
 I ask 'do you have children?' /  
     cleans the room worse than before



smile-kindness/ smile-anger  
 balancing/collapsing  
 it's an open and shut case

### ode to alpha female

slow-slow to recognise  
 quick to disassociate  
 anger on the face of the alpha  
 (or even beta) female  
 never-registered  
 I stand opposite you  
 about to leave at the door  
 repeat I should have been told  
 photo shows deep  
 amazement/never believe  
 I was *that* angry/taken aback

I threw myself at the door  
 the wood bowed inwards  
 he ran shouting from the back  
 'what's this?'  
 'why have you locked my back door  
 open it open it now  
 open the door' shouting louder  
 he recognise-anger-right-now

I bought a crowbar, tool box  
 plus tools, a set of drain rods  
 need- angry/look-after-self  
 unsmiling/I threw words-ammo  
 then cast-iron-drain-pipe-piece  
 at the builder next door/silence  
 unbalanced switch/rage-face  
 desperate/alpha male (now dead)  
 and rode thunder right through  
 rage/your battlements and scarpments  
 to the keep's heart/trashed defences  
 with witnesses /and much lost/won  
 fight death/hard fought  
 skill-switch on off on

## Punch Out the Air

In the quiet calm summer evening  
pierrot in the park

when the dusk draws in the light and all the  
carefully he picks something out from the

senses hold in breath the heightened  
pavement edge he sings

smells on the air dry grass evening dew  
to his MP3

the city is left for a weekend  
forward then back then

in a country town luxury visit  
dances towards the queue

and a call-in-sick Monday off go hear  
fists punching the air

the town band in the park drowsy barely  
hide from trouble

cooling sauntering air idling crossing  
don't sit anywhere

sounds sights pleasure in this and that the band  
round the curved patch

already playing strident breaching blast  
city dust mocks planting

undercut by human murmurs clapping tune  
hopping and singing in circles

after tune pleasure contented evening  
tempt it temper a

send off one last Land of Hope and Glory  
shaken heart machine

oh taking my breath away recall it  
 Tuesday 81° The Holloway Road

uprising punching out the air people stand singing  
 crowd waits silent

a rolling crescendo of hearts tumult  
 unmixed sounds peel

of sound  
 away leaves hanging in heat from saplings

lights glow summer deepening dusk  
 rolling memory

unprepared for Sunday  
 drowns sounds emotions

evening songs  
 in the park blanket

for country hearts  
 of traffic roaring

switch to city and slows to gantry 50 40  
 heat punches the air

gyrations home to washes of city night  
 wave of hot tarmac

breathing air heat through  
 beep walk avoid shoulders go go the

buildings in and out up and down the streets  
 red lights run heat

buildings tower up cast shade hot pavement  
 squint in heat sun

skyscraper punctures air catches passing  
 shade wedge of cool



## Strangers and Rising

### One

we move and kick in personal dance  
 mobiles beep long streams of pips and pauses  
 held in sweated palms wiped for use  
 misted by breath mopped by scarves oh  
 the crescendo takes us by surprise  
 you forget where you are excitedly

‘he said he was coming round?!’

‘you are really wicked?!’

‘no I didn’t say so?!’

‘tell him! tell him!’

and then the deeper pause of the text  
 read replied eyes down, exhalation  
 with the next small inclusive movement  
 shifting thumb to key small beeps speak of  
 acknowledgment breath or two talking  
 takes blank upward glance of completion

busses growl in chorus

tubes detonate screeches

lorries roar implosions

air drawn in at the lights

in beaded sequences

### Two

humans shift interpret space proximity  
 with sounds that can only be heard under  
 second in hierarchy to supposed  
 silence within buildings -

‘we are enslaved

conditioned whisper

in mournful humming

release us, use us

do not ever desert us

fill us with movement

we beckon you in

do not pass our doors

our integrity

built by profiteers

manipulated

please see us we are

growing older now  
we grow emptier  
reinterpret our floors and spaces  
change our flooring reset our windows  
implant designer lobby colours  
beyond gentle sighing make your day  
we insist demand determined  
claims morph our locations and desires  
give in and enter'

and in the largest of atriums time  
losing human sounds in the march  
of daytime hours then night-time switch  
open a door in silence to empty  
lighting set upon by shadows  
the building rejects and uneasy  
this time cannot guarantee safety  
no rights now the swaddling walls  
suffer in silence express no  
audible wish just a simple swish  
fire door pushed open falling shut  
short sharp clack click the key turns echo  
collect the forgotten papers nod  
to the solitary night porter  
saying nothing leave dare  
dare not wait cannot wait to go  
and leave it breathing in its own pace

# Shaking out the Syntagm<sup>110</sup>

I don't know what day it is  
what will she do

time nothing endures like keeping

the endurance hanging

battles subsequent as lifetime thought  
temporary light hangs

illuminates her one of several

smiles surely she has got used to death

quicksilver sunny deep shadow

eleven years and she twenty-six  
'don't pick at the food!'  
and last 'goodbye, bye'  
her going marked year

year

I see her ghostly  
elegant stepping

the quartet playing Janacek  
she salutes their nationalist welcome sits

them as they play they nod

their bows 'welcome - enjoy the music'  
I nearly jump

my seat groan

but choking keep my head

to cope of course  
my heart threw arms

this

with

there

above

with

now

after

by

then

down towards

amongst

across

out of

out loud

down

around





the time is measured

out  
in

half-life unfocused eyes  
blurring the plant and the filing cabinet  
I think 'what you would have said?'

what if  
what if that

if once those arms truly embraced me  
I would have known that x marks

that

variable of recognition  
life and death at

this

interstice

here

to be remembered or forgotten  
but unquantified

each

time the measurements give different correlations  
the ratio of years to intensity rises or falls  
defeats zero and infinity  
feeling and dissonance  
the evoked hug and sobs are

never

real and time is shaking kisses cheek to cheek  
xx xx xx whiplash  
constant reassessment an event  
dogs the steps light altering time  
curtains closed at noon a storm  
smell of autumn a summer dawn  
Bronte's bright blue summery frosted sky<sup>111</sup>  
non-sense keeps tryst

that

too sharp moment  
what I didn't and what you had  
and what she lost and what you lost  
all those years

then

my throat chokes  
drowns the music in my ears  
closes doors on malleable time  
stop start stop start

shining neutral devoid of human qualities  
 just takes these memories  
 up  
 from  
 the rack  
 adjusts the calibration solid on solid  
 across  
 the variables  
 then  
 wraith on wraith mists light  
 longed for in the lack of clarity  
 time is too frightening to be invited  
 in  
 or Nemesis who is clad in elegant  
 timing in vivid seconds  
 'trust me' her processing hours  
 how  
 many days and  
 how  
 long or short the years the focus her arms  
 and unwelcoming embrace  
 hard looking straight  
 through  
 me off-hand  
 when  
 I ask 'treat me as a friend'  
 time is motion is captured by  
 more movement and capture  
 and distance  
 then  
 stop the brief correlate image in light embrace  
 across  
 fine measurements  
 then  
 movement hastens all  
 along  
 the axis lasts a year as long as 2-5.30 or as short  
 nemesis runs  
 towards me  
 holds papers have I got time for these?  
 she deposits leaves of memory  
 tripping me up suddenly  
 out of



the blue  
 corridor light though I'm busy  
 I see everything I need to do  
 and I wish she hadn't  
 induces paralysis  
 adjust pivot of axes  
 a loss of intersection  
 best to throw her

off

get on

without

her breathing

down

my neck  
 best not to complain I haven't

enough of her

lest she wreak revenge

show us the

down-side

everything that is unfinished

make us kick

against

the trammels eternity knocks

against

the great unfinished

**Pellucid<sup>112</sup>**

amongst shadows footfalls  
asking for directions fallacies  
approaching shuns acid burns

first right then second left  
turn your head twice first  
crossing or diagonals x chemistry

crowds then empty streets  
scattered people work and shards  
this is no oil painting only rain

washes rushes through veins  
hearing this inside out  
I've half a mind to and

amongst shadows heartbeats  
finding destinations half truths  
distancing balancing perhaps

**ETERNITY**

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## City Dawn

Where dawn lights the glass  
we know that heaven passes  
through more than elucidating

Though south when sun is north east  
and the signs are least  
well known through sleepiness passing

After yawns gripped hands  
that quick glance at true sands  
curtains alarms kettle rumbling

In traffic roseate cast  
adjusts eye fast past  
and turn and sign sip adjusting

Through and through and through  
listening to proposals cue  
replace the empty cup filling

## Recursion

I get more and more recursive everyday  
and more fragmented

I mop up information web on web  
dust the supernumerary pages  
flutter with the heartbeat beat

the metaphor of light?  
reveal that all that glitters  
people should be careful when buying  
jewellery and given a course of  
hard drives to repair the damage done  
to this gyros (or that)<sup>113</sup>

the metaphor of time  
while away your time please  
and we will take care of the hours  
come crash with me or be my acrobat  
angular damage or corner  
one can be forgiven for thinking

the metaphor of place  
the test material on the disc  
read the readings to the 4<sup>th</sup>  
childishly join the dots  
process with functioning  
fully functioning cycles

the metaphor of movement  
you say you nicked your elbow by  
completely missing the metaphorical angle?<sup>114</sup>  
let's give the patient a start  
when are they free to go towards  
the metaphor of light?

we regret that the damage  
is from birth read the report  
sad eyes turn to look at you  
incredulously watching her make  
one swallow into her summer  
her lists are endless (see web)

I need to relate causes to effects  
 getting the angular right  
 spewed rocket launched  
 only solo it takes  
 a straw a barricade a flood  
 of tears tumbling to earth  
 when I phone you say  
 I am having trouble finding you  
 I check my a-z for mountains  
 taken away my metaphors  
 and given me base real-time  
 that's tactile filed

"O you city ensued inhumanly"  
 I am growing ever more the same  
 the recursive link between us struggling  
 with two reluctant mutables  
 metaphors are cracked nuts  
 and here is the hammer which  
 crunches the hairlike scintilla  
 "eveningly" " and all the colours  
 have flown off" into  
 "an absence of blue leit-lines"<sup>115</sup>



## Breath

extemporise melody access  
 collocation city breathlessness  
 complex use city stores attributes  
 theme screams not nature at 3 am  
 8.30 sell leaven of spirit  
 tokens the bread is baked all night  
 packed into a warehouse blinded  
 by flour dust heated by ovens dough  
 makers shouting through giant whirr whine  
 on the edge of the city bread salt  
 collocations split tin sandwich soda  
 high pitched machinery sounding thoughts  
 your grace notes the rising hours they take  
 thin tired ill paid desperate loaves  
 slices falling for sleep food and breath  
 collocation loaf pneuma spirit  
 city beats out coloratura  
 time and place collect patterns grace notes  
 close door run for the bus drop 5p  
 hear the acciaccatura  
 mobile tune jump to it wheat from chaff  
 threshed by sound city skin and flesh  
 wedged swung lurching tight timing fast  
 round tight corners movement out of synch  
 breathe in particulates air grace note  
 the fat woman collocatio  
 coughs bravura city chest am  
 spittle never arrives breath not tune  
 voices underlay the background noise  
 traffic with variations 3 times  
 voices rise carry city murmur –  
 left hand arpeggios – no grace notes  
 silence on the left hand waiting for  
 the 19 bus take a deep breath in  
 repeated essence of city out

moving faster to the constant sound  
 soft automatic revolving doors  
 escalator pneuma machine breath  
 endlessly coloratura time  
 the bee the jar of honey (product

of more than one country) the salt mine  
to the supermarket bag of salt  
city living metaphors or a  
deadened drip of time measuring  
hours of sodium deficiency  
etc of everyday wheel turning  
the sun of the advertiser  
the rain of the shower head  
the unknowing clouds of credit cards  
the fog of the small print  
the clamp of the rooftop skyline  
the blue sky of impossibility  
the open space of pervers  
the hail of the firing line  
    (double metaphor of course)  
the inverted cadence of faces  
    staring straight through  
    just turned when never asked

## Periphery

Time with this man is limited  
 he deals out the cards onto  
 my desk in passing 'see me there'  
 in the back room of the shop  
 I leave trying not to cry  
 out on the street once again  
 week off in lieu serious  
 situation here now  
 'I' sell 'myself' 'again' and  
 'again' and 'again'<sup>116</sup> I went<sup>117</sup>  
 going  
 hoping  
 saying  
 I hear  
 we have  
 then the clock hammer strikes heart  
 (sledge hammer on my thumb nail  
 black and blue the arc movement  
 remembered for ever for  
 ever for ever halt jolt)  
 just packing at the checkout  
 it didn't happen right now  
 but a long time ago your  
 hard hands tight once more around  
 my neck<sup>118</sup> the sense of shock not  
 changing echo or sonar  
 or beep either near and loud  
 then far and bleak still clearly

revving  
 up past the hospital  
 jolting  
 up past the trees  
 stopping  
 up past the parked cars  
 a woman gets on with her shopping bag on wheels  
 and the smiling driver never asks for her fare  
 she chatters to him all the way uphill while he  
 smiles though he cannot hear - at the top she gets  
 off



and walks back down and she never pays while the  
 black  
 african mule was left propped up against the  
 hospital wall dying and a woman in a  
 car speeds away<sup>119</sup> does anyone know anything  
 did anyone see anything and who will pay?  
 time and topography separate out  
 immediately after shaking  
 that bus just once now there is no past  
 or future in it stopping right here  
 hundreds of times sediment forms from  
 multiplication of particles  
 time place time space repetition<sup>120</sup> times  
 separation of incidents plus  
 timing the density settling out  
 repetition provide shading or  
 degradation  
 up Highgate  
 roar repeat  
 degradation  
 up Bittacy  
 roar repeat  
 up Bittacy  
 roar  
 again roar  
 degradation of memory  
 up Castlebar  
 roaring  
 as the gears engage  
 degradation moving  
 degradation to madness  
 with a shopping trolley  
 how voices roar  
 mules haw in my head  
 home by half-past  
 up Lavender  
 massive engine holding  
 the crowded bus pulls  
 away from inertia  
 each day it's the same  
 at the zebra crossing  
 recognise no one  
 well I should point out

Tuesday I was off sick  
elengenesse with indexicals<sup>121</sup>  
deictic city combinations  
rising emphasis and direction<sup>122</sup>  
I have degraded to fallacy  
arguing this conclusion is not  
the issue at hand irrelevant  
existence of people in the city

Possession<sup>123</sup>

rememberingly  
overwhelmingly  
informingly  
that I need to take into account  
enigmatically  
dialogue with the city  
I ask what buildings remain  
systematically  
eidometropolis  
unacceptably  
child like  
parentally  
drunkenly  
successfully  
banker  
black civil servant  
there is no love for the tube station  
discard days  
certainly  
23.06 12.09 4.10  
unusably  
times after 20.00 hours  
impossibly  
birthday the day my mother died  
days that I moved changed jobs  
reflectively  
the days that come after  
eidometropolis  
anticipatory  
time between interview and job  
conception and birth  
between argument and outcome  
very high temperature and getting better  
eidometropolis  
ideatory  
formatively  
thought and photo  
'yes, you look older there'



‘you look so happy there’  
‘that was before we met...’  
before between  
photographically  
angularity label  
eidometropolis  
zoomingly  
conscious  
singularity  
statically  
once only skyline street level  
multiplicity  
degeneratively  
control  
possessively  
efforts  
individually  
primarily  
egocentrically  
selfishly  
dreamingly  
stuffily  
room on floor 13 corridor C  
anonymously  
*somewhere*  
controllers compounding  
venturing wealthy  
government royal multinationals  
securitisation  
numberisation  
cctvisation  
eidometropolis  
imagery accessible  
early not late  
places inaccessible  
others not self  
multiplicity cataloguing  
admittance city  
importance  
overwhelmingly  
removability voicing

acceptably  
minutely  
poweringly  
crushingly  
monsteringly  
rejectingly  
angrily  
helplessly  
revenging pinning  
detailing  
inability  
wait wait  
bargainicity give more  
the city hatching  
watching  
events and just carry on  
sterility  
phoenicity rising  
oppression spiriting  
eidometropolis

## Washes of Light

earth

I never touch it myself  
pavements under my feet

with gold leaf  
or dusted over  
by feet of clay

the foot zone cracks fall into fragments  
and positive combination  
shadow falls on the concrete

cement rubble slabs behind  
in two parts minus negative

lodestone recharged  
interpolate north lights and poles  
and the directions

earth

I never touch it  
my mum she has a window box

and waters it and feeds  
the plants from the market  
she waters them every day

ev-er-ry day

I tread on pavements every day

ev-er-y day

shadows lengthen before me  
then

demonic laughing child  
picks up a handful of park dirt  
scatters it in St Vitus memory  
kicking a dead twig

has volcanic activity in Whittington Park ceased?  
harm emerged from fissures of narrow streets?  
decaying or price-tagged thoroughfares  
where time and drugs  
and gentrification  
wreak shadows out

deadly combinations of earth  
cadmium between our toes  
lead mud in the rain  
sour pockets of silt



I wouldn't touch it

Light I never touch it  
evening walking home  
sun warm on my face  
briefly apricot house

the sun rests on my back  
I open the door  
sun spins  
caressing light falls

shadow splits from its true path  
through time onto hall dust  
and the junk mail  
and when you left home  
and the bags you left behind  
then never getting in touch

I travelled at speed nearly killing me  
time was halved for the duration  
jacks or heads or dice parabola  
combining the wasteland areas

the pace the pace threatens  
thank heavens count the days  
to illuminate the devil it was  
intersections skills  
signals now I understand

light I never touch it

Water – never touch it –  
Thames and Thames  
a few unseen springs  
a few sewers outfalls  
and a panegyric on barriers  
until there are tears  
I haven't cried for years  
sanguine all in all there's  
chloroform in the water<sup>124</sup>

it's a wonderful combination  
science and human need  
just don't increase the levels without permission  
check with drain rods

I have visited rowed  
sailed worked driven  
crossed watched

walked over your bridges  
 and your grey flaccid wavelets  
 hold no fascination for me

who would care to eat salts of Maldon?  
 beyond barrier wastes  
 was Tilbury pleased I was home?

unnoticed  
 by tides in and out  
 at Fulham Hammersmith  
 Barnes Chiswick Kew

water I never touch it

untouched beneath  
 looking down to Syon  
 (near where I worked)  
 the spiked ruins carried  
 congealed blood invisible  
 grievous within the stone

present marking the past with now  
 the way water cannot do  
 movement time and place  
 this space and repeated space  
 the underlying graph planar

the hand that smooths  
 folds

the voice that murmurs  
 silence

the ears that whisper  
 listen

and the tongue and nose  
 that breathe the smell of blood  
 never forgotten

this is touching  
 but not touched by water  
 washed down years with tears  
 but unseen by clay riven depths  
 that roll and sweep controlled by tides  
 foundations  
 I never touch them

## Curvaceous and Enticing<sup>125</sup>

### Continuum of process

take a bite take a run look out! look out!  
 there it is find schedule do not forget  
 I must remember the destination  
 cause and effect of common attributes  
 person and place dismiss the surrounding  
 and a glance at the clock assures me of  
 one dimension appropriate untold  
 relief the reason for all the panting  
 I just want to catch the 8.25  
 adjunct morning paper  
 adjunct avoid space occupying  
 adjunct no hope of a seat  
 adjunct mobile ringing said  
 'I want to change the process'  
 oblique silences confirm  
 our different agendas  
 point: buy shoes meet by surprise  
 point: hear about your night out  
 point: open gas bill and gasp  
 point: receive emails and junk  
 point: open room door fast is  
 we discuss the process for hours  
 you are hoping for a spin off  
 what shape is this dimension as  
 we combine the time it takes with  
 the room where we sit and eat drink  
 the number of words combining  
 scoring points embattled places  
 where is the person who can  
 rescue me from this humanly  
 without causing distress shaman  
 Tourette murderer fire dragon  
 or any Trojan horse so that  
 I can watch the film I long to see  
 now recognise this time I can't  
 climb back into horse, draw circles  
 give La T anti-spasmodics  
 cover Dragon I am not  
 really alone dimension two



### Uneven motivation

I have money in the bank  
 not a month goes by without  
 more money going in and  
 taken out I wish for more  
 money in so does the bank  
 so much so that this month they  
 charge me a lot more so they  
 can have much more that is mine  
 it's not a choice to stare so  
 long and hard magnifying  
 the sum column of figures  
 arabic numbers are so  
 curvaceous and enticing  
 the bank deeply responsive  
 to their allure sensual  
 sixes and sevens driving  
 forces behind the week's shop  
 I love irradiated fruit  
 figures attached delights  
 double choice half price buy three  
 dear slips of receipts the cost  
 is heartbreaking seen clearly  
 only with glasses and by  
 2-D card listen the bank  
 laughs electronic counting  
 machines adjust totals bring  
 carry forward patterns bags  
 chattering happy clicking  
 uneven motivations  
 pour in and out at the base  
 of the calm smooth tower soft  
 movements iced with deaf glass  
 staff present papers figures  
 are set to advantage why  
 ask for the resident poet  
 at the Bank Tower humbler  
 life incompatible with  
 over-riding cell systems  
 I walk up to the vast desk  
 (to prevent attacks) in the  
 busy foyer I mingle with

humans in half throes amongst  
 floral displays your half smile  
 my one plea this half embrace  
 this complete expression of  
 you have and have it from me

### **Maintenance**

insolent time appraising more and less  
 just put a credit card in stop the wheel  
 then remove it when they read the meter  
 release the flow so I can afford food  
 I lift my bike through the first floor window  
 demolish the shed roof then

'these are weeds'

you said uprooting my reclaimed plants  
 and the flow chart easy simple just watch  
 moving arrows flow in and out of doors  
 into large administrative buildings  
 and out again smaller this time I think  
 someone is pocketing the difference  
 as a part per million I question if  
 the house is properly insulated  
 energy is lost mainly through the roof  
 there is no balance of input and loss  
 answering the door completely drunk and  
 smile warmly 'I was changing the baby'  
 burbling - this is a hard act to follow  
 no maintenance of apparent meaning  
 I turn my attention back to taller  
 more important buildings with energy  
 and lives matured in vitro and who  
 never respond what a maintenance diet

### **Weights**

the young elegant black woman packed  
 with energy under a sleek firm skin  
 she is not for everyone determined  
 he tells her over and over to smile  
 can she avoid giving in shut him up  
 he thinks he has won made her obey him

now he has more weight but speaking over  
 the desire for power has cost insight  
 she has her future ahead of her  
 he has only his past behind him  
 she balances her weights assesses  
 she will wants goes for priority  
 African rhapsody polyglot  
 urban birthplace of plain English says  
 'it's only the French' I understand  
 she culturally knows the impact  
 the full weight of the demand repels  
 him over and over again oiled  
 perfumed skin of history now  
 darkened by desert sun now lit  
 from within hold out hold on hold up  
 she tried the weight of his demands weighs  
 heavily on her I look down when  
 your undelighted half muscle curve  
 set mouth shows clear measurements  
 get my pet medusa from my bag  
 no need she said death sits beside him  
 already his shadow weighs less than  
 a beam of light she sees it weighing  
 her words as I weigh mine subverting  
 the conversation a discussion  
 of sexism we never win these tied  
 shadows of community are less  
 than the smallest avoirdupois though  
 with a slide moistened with saline  
 the cartographer may accrue time

### Counterbalances

the survivor knocks at my door  
 I look beyond her to the houses opposite  
 then we talk for a long time agreeing  
 her charity shop clothes deceive me  
 each day she sits on the bench by the grass  
 she has cut and dyed her hair

'I have over 20 cats now'  
 'you need to be vigilant'  
 'the rats have been dealt with'  
 'you seem well cared for'



you're ok for money and food?  
 she opens the book that she has under her arm  
 'this is the page'

showing me I read

'If the target image was preceded by a neutral  
 picture, the men were correct 90 per cent of the  
 time. But if it was preceded by a pornographic  
 image the subjects did no better than chance. The  
 "attentional rubbernecking", as the researchers call  
 it, lasted up to 800 milliseconds. The effect also  
 occurs in women and with violent images'<sup>126</sup>

'oh 800 milliseconds'

thinking what have I seen without realising it  
 is the survivor subliminal  
 we have been talking for over 20 minutes

'have you got anything in the house  
 something you no longer need?'

I give her tins of cat food and money  
 the counterbalances must be attended to  
 you have also taken my time my self  
 you have taken the heat out of the hall

'something for nothing!'

laughing leaving  
 her shadow darkens across my feet  
 the memory does not stay  
 there is no weight to her argument  
 the visual weighs nothing  
 she will return  
 she does not  
 the chorus sight line



light source inexact  
 the programme is *not* responding  
 to end now click OK  
 and result is frozen or *lost*  
 confusion of *light without* and  
*without light* is common  
*much* that is superficial  
 seen *combine* the two  
*much* that is forgotten  
*cannot* combine the two  
 with meeting *point*  
 easing a law of *perspective of light*  
*dividing lines* between the two  
*harnessing* reality or dislocations  
 jagged *ruts* and prints to meld  
*stir* thoughts and memories  
*construction* of the viewpoint  
**You Are Here**  
 watch *deepening* shadows  
 coloured by unease to *deepest* grey  
 a *germ* of light fostered by wishing  
 the traffic *scarred* cornice  
 into the *inner* courtyard  
 young man sleeps *inert*  
 unnatural stillness *crumpled* limbs  
 bedding *listing* dangerously  
 stormy *dreams* a razor's edge  
 is it a gonner *this time?* or next  
 we look askance look fleetingly *look*  
 hope layered such *base tags*  
*daylight* creeps by with time  
*without* warmth of sun or heart  
*coigned* shadows the edge of hope  
 drive softly over the *stones*  
 take a *quick* sip of time  
 eat the *crumbs* of light  
*we are not* one and the same  
 lively stones *stumbling* block  
 or living *corner stone*  
 closely *set* stones scoriations  
 builder's names *remember* me  
*close-up* personal letters





## Triumphal

so what are my wages now?  
 earned life attributes do not  
 include grace promises from  
 Petrarch there is the half-life  
 elision over pitted  
 surface scant grip on the sill  
 fingernails astigmatic  
 half-point this is killing me  
 fragments pictures fall torn notes  
 from my mind eternity  
 is more than the unfinished  
 negotiated matters  
 arising earning is this  
 from a human perspective

these conduction routes for fools  
 snail slime paths with wandering  
 purpose over-ride design  
 this random pattern yielding  
 blinding flash breaks time's contract  
 these are not destinations  
 recognitions bonuses  
 make bright purchases neon  
 light at the promotion of  
 this face these starting points of  
 illumination texted  
 willingly turn away from  
 eternity set great flaws  
 lay my hands on anything  
 predictable familiar  
 that moment in the promised  
 there is that vanishing point  
 again and the promise of  
 half-life after greater than

the children are safely home  
 this money went through ok  
 food is before sell by date  
 bank statement says I have more  
 relief release dream for real  
 secular grace eludes me

each day elides ill thought out  
 fire engine speeds over bumps  
 shaken badly shaken run  
 to the door it has been years  
 I have wanted to see you  
 half-life obscura field is  
 vision imagination  
 event reverse momentum

emotional tapestry  
 recognition renovate  
 grey into a shadow-burst  
 colour out of spun spectrum  
 at the right speed commenting  
 rock and a hard place timeless  
 wastage outfall completely  
 unexpected half-life of  
 hazy focus vantage point  
 multi-static resting points  
 middle grounds copings and *this*  
 triumph of life processes

does acceptance of routine habitually  
 provide backdrop for brighter intensity  
 no  
 does the banging door of madness  
 on hinges stretched to breaking  
 no  
 does the fertile appraisal of the artistic  
 leaping through swimming meiotic senses  
 no  
 does the proximity of birth or death  
 ecstasy or hands on where life snuffed out  
 no  
 hotfoot in pursuit  
 life-thief  
 memory-robber  
 sight-snatcher  
 ear-splitter  
 spirit-breaker



## Embedding on<sup>129</sup>

the miserable multitude who had not  
 phantoms swept along by progress enslaved to  
 ageing fall and die weakest first unfinished  
 line 'Then, what is life? I cried -. '130 encircling show  
 in shade in sunlight repetition time voice  
 embedding particular person place how  
 time space broken circle triumphs inhuman  
 without destination comprise whole city  
 forces beyond personal engagement not  
 divine condition *urbigena*<sup>131</sup> in this  
 sense breaking ranks keeping out of time this line

## Celebration

City year thread unwound  
                    years with tares  
thin pane between  
voice and still  
spirit and human  
fruit and desert

and celebrate our sounds  
                    shares and fears  
voices flutter  
take and give  
inspire and utter  
feather aspire

over my spirit bound  
                    tensile bears  
down-light years  
way beyond  
clear glass desert air  
living and dust

residue grams and wounds  
                    integers  
skewed and veers  
equals follows  
dust lines and curves  
patterns and drawn

## The Desert in the City

"actions spatter deictics  
 here there and everywhere  
 fame has slipped up this time  
 'collective irrational exuberance'<sup>132</sup>  
 cough up and newly stain the  
 golden pavement red red red  
 as the blood stained pillow  
 on Kings Cross pavement  
 sputum of victims thrown down  
 here there and everywhere  
 daughters weep neither blood nor  
 tears on those it's as never  
 one hour later wash tears dust  
 alive dead without warning<sup>133</sup>

we hurry in dusty light  
 etiolated disperse  
 particles of sand is this  
 real difference between  
 analogue and digital?  
 blink there's dust in my eyes while  
 he sleeps in the corridor  
 stretched full length he slips slurs  
 folders fall like leaves shuffling  
 icons clicking chips ticking  
 while this machine is sleeping  
 voices footsteps startle means  
 nothing but his head is safe  
 cushioned laptop eyelids  
 close on SE1 taken  
 laid out to the Potters' Field<sup>134</sup>  
 foundations drawn from wind-blown  
 desert sands trace thin patterns<sup>135</sup>  
 veiling light on bitter glass"



# Who Broke the Light?<sup>136</sup>

Glengall for fun  
 Salway on the run  
 picnics rubble  
 face up trouble  
 kicks in the teeth  
 hands on 'til death

did you set off at random  
 and  
 still know where you want to go?  
 or set off single minded  
 and  
 get to better somewhere else?  
 4 bags each day  
 taken away  
 cruising up the  
 saxon rat run<sup>137</sup>  
 run angels run  
 right to the heart  
 children's faces  
 asking something  
 for practice runs  
 watch out for there's  
 a complete split  
 between two sides  
 of the paper  
 sheet after all<sup>138</sup>  
 one is one side  
 the other is  
 the other side  
 Glengall's posse  
 of officials  
 banked up and  
 'It's not easy  
 to read' can you -  
 no chance he is  
 'rather busy'<sup>139</sup>  
 Glengall Glengall  
 The Isle of Dogs  
 careened by  
 westerlies and

particulates  
 never righted  
 just laid to park  
 Salway the better bet  
 clear the site and picnic  
 parole for the tea leaf<sup>140</sup>  
 'he stole the pie miss' and  
 my heart in a straight line  
 from Stratford to St Paul's  
 latterday pilgrimage  
 leaving eleven sharp  
 notice round a child's neck  
 and collect on the way  
 pay for the breaks you done  
 you smashed his windscreen  
 more than eight miles all day  
 walking greeted warmly  
 by the 'old geezer in  
 a long black frock'<sup>141</sup> and crisps  
 chocolates and enough  
 to pay three times over  
 for the broken glass Look!  
 'Get them sparklers...they're real'<sup>142</sup>  
 all in a glass case "Come,  
 children' the light has gone  
 home all tired out by bus  
 the glass no longer counts  
 the shards cut or sparkle  
 or reveal or refract  
 come on! come in! The Dogs!  
 this way to the invisible  
 fun palace where glimpses of six  
 acres clothed in westwards sun  
 setting over the dull laid grass  
 of Sir John McDougall Gardens  
 that ravage the future seen through  
 darker glass behind where the walls  
 and moving stairs sway to the sounds  
 dreaming of past The Who and then  
 the smell of hot roasting chestnuts  
 where and when the people come by  
 not never the end of the tale

### Caravanserai<sup>143</sup>

This evening in those lambent haven rooms  
 your words spoke to me of a hot desert wind  
 scoring rustling dry grasses remembering  
 the support of your luxuriant cushions  
 hot dusky entrails murmur echoes desire  
 swaying changing deciding silks slide me out  
 tasselled tentacles tip me in heated  
 paradisaal fall degenerating to  
 sweat and dust all deadened by travelling  
 bright blue sky fretfully foretells bad weather  
 perspectives stretch out mind unendurably  
 blinded eyes search for fading and evening  
 unthinking unseeing shadowed shutters  
 blinking for comfort starving is more friendly  
 black dot in so much sanded grey streak and stone  
 but the feelings of hot excitement unknot  
 pit and pitch of arriving messages here

shadows fall round the young man sitting  
 in the dust under the young plane tree  
 behind Euston with bedroll nervously  
 touching the bandage over his eye  
 in dusk and sodium his unwashed  
 hands blood streaked the white bandage shows  
 glimpse of dried blood in a whiter light  
 ambulance man hovers by the rank  
 a policeman opens a notebook  
 holds a pen red perforates the dark  
 'Can you tell me your name?'  
 'Roy Gibbs'  
 'Thank you Roy, nice to meet you.  
 Got anywhere to go Roy?'  
 Cubits and amulets measure real  
 time silence before his clear reply  
 'There's my sister 'Gina'  
 The bus is due any minute now  
 edges govern sight and sound  
 'Do you have a phone Roy?'  
 'That's what they took'  
 'Shall I phone 'Gina for you Roy?'  
 Roy nervous touches his painful eye



'Have you got 'Gina's number Roy?'

'Hello is that 'Gina? Do you have a brother 'Gina?

'Listen to me 'Gina can you pick him up'

'Camden yes'

'Can you get on a bus Roy?'

Roy is too far away to measure

'OK, Roy! Roy!

'Gina will come for you.

You won't move will you Roy? Just stay here

she will be here in half an hour'

Radios call they are on the move  
the ambulance man gets in his cab  
the policeman goes to his motorbike  
listens to voices instructions waits  
stares towards the dusty road junction

the bus is coming

and the now lit windows are too few  
to catch the mottled sitting figure  
in shaded dust beneath the plane tree

Roy and 'Gina disappear away  
no light nothing personal pulling  
past the 5 star hotel the doorman  
stands in the window facing the street  
talking by mobile to the woman  
right outside in a waiting taxi

derelict hospital

the brand new hospital

this is my last portal

into the centre now



## SHADES OF LIGHT – Additional Material

### LOVE

#### SUGGESTED CONTENTS FOR EACH SECTION

1. *a worked lyric – Seriatim*
2. *a poem containing development of narrative theory – OPOS* The self in this poem is deliberately fragmented by the game deliberately overlaying the reality so that we do not know if we are hearing what is really felt by the real person or by the player or if there is an amalgamation of the two responses
3. *a poem developing city imagery and symbolism - Anomie vs Logic Gates* Lawlessness versus logic, external versus internal world, present versus switch to mythological and cultural history
4. *a human interest poem – Top Rhemes and Pavement Themes* This poem also addresses the theory of perception, the relevance of the movement within the city and how it affects the placing of themes and rhemes in a sentence. By inference, there is an attempt to assess how we perceive our relative abilities to observe and record what is happening within the city, where we are placed within the space.
5. *a poem developing city theory – The Poet Listens in on the Eidometropolis* The sense of self within the city dictates, the eidoself perhaps and what governs this. This poem also develops the sense of place and reality by exploring how the very unexpected sound of the nightingale singing is understood within the city environment. Also **Meronymy** about the interaction of space and time, opposites existing within one space or experience
6. *a poem on a specific point of the axis – paradigm - Pixelation is Metaphor* How we are constantly and simultaneously interpreted as parts not wholes.
7. *other - Who is the Poet?* This poem attempts to explore the idea that Love is triumphed over by the city. The poet is seen as the lover who is framed by the rise and fall of buildings – a cycle of construction and destruction and reconstruction – within which the poet struggles to adhere to love poetry but is defeated, becomes feverish and unable to interpret it.



8. *a poem alluding to another poet's work -*

**Declamatory Mrs Gilpin** This poem deliberately uses the dramatic device of a cast of characters derived from *Brixton Fractals* in *Gravity* by Allen Fisher. It also derives from Brecht's use of the Alienation Effect – see *Messingkauf Dialogues*. Mrs Gilpin is derived from William Cowper's poem about the London Merchant and his adventures on his day off: 'The Diverting History of John Gilpin; Showing How He Went Farther Than He Intended, And Came Safe Home Again' (1782)

9. *a poem reflecting Brechtian input -* **The Poet**

**Performs "fat gold watch"** This poem is an attempt to use the alienation effect to encompass how poetry is shaped by both dreams and reality – the juxtaposition of life narrative and inspiration, how the poet struggles to gain access to a vantage point within a framework of city imagery

10. *a poem on a specific point of the axis – syntagm*

**Passion in the Perishadow** This poem is an exploration of metonymy in the sense that the person's experience of loving the city connects incidents or parts that together comprise the whole without reference to metaphor.

## COMMENTARY AND INFLUENCES

*Shades of Light* is a poem about the poet in the city, an exploration of a city poetic. The poem is divided into six sections, the title of each is derived from Petrarch's *Trionfi* or Triumphs begun around 1334. This sequence of poems became very popular and the idea of the Triumphs was re-interpreted both poetically and artistically over a long period of time; including by Sir Thomas More, Holbein, Elizabeth I and Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke who retranslated Petrarch's 'Triumph of Death'. This was almost certainly an exploration of personal grief for the loss of her brother Sir Philip Sidney who died of wounds received in the Low Countries at Zutphen in 1586. Shelley was much inspired by the *Triumphs* and wrote his own addition *The Triumph of Life* in 1822. This was the poem he was working on when he died, leaving it unfinished. Swinburne wrote 'The Triumph of Time' which appears to interpret a triumph of time over love rather than in the Petrarchan sequence a triumph of time over fame.



Geoffrey Hill, more recently, has written *The Triumph of Love*.

The sections of *Shades of Light* are: Love, Discipline, Death, Fame, Time and Eternity. The structure of the poem is, more explicitly, The Triumph of Love over the Poet; The Triumph of Discipline over Love; The Triumph of Death over Discipline and so on. Although Petrarch's original *Triumphs* are largely inspired by his beloved Laura, it is not difficult to accept that he identified these six defined areas as an exploration of the nature of the poet and poetry; that these six categories provide a definition of the attributes of the poet.

In a contemporary effort to explore the nature of a city poetic, this structure is used as a device through which to explore a poetic which otherwise might not have a strong foundation from which to express itself as a genre. Petrarch's *Triumphs* have the addition relevance in that it is a poem which voices one of the earliest humanist expressions within poetry. From a contemporary viewpoint, writing poetry about crowded urban spaces, of necessity, requires focus on a poetic interpretation of people if we are not to be overwhelmed by topography, architecture, statistics, history, politics or sociology. Gender issues need to be understood within the humanist and geographical analyses. Gillian Rose (1993), in her chapter 'No Place for Women?' explores the differences between humanist and feminist geographers and their differing relationship with time, space and place. This anthropocentric viewpoint to geography, by means of its masculinist approach, releases a validation of a feminist viewpoint within geographical theory: 'Feminist analyses of the power relations that humanistic geography neglects to address have understood homes and communities as sites of oppression – by the state, by capitalism and by patriarchy – and women have constructed their politics as theory through such socialist feminist discourses. Indeed, Ann Henley has recently remarked on a feminist literary "tradition of equating the loss of place with the acquisition of identity". The humanistic refusal to consider possible systematic [gender] differences in experiences of home erases consideration of feminist arguments, and suggests that only masculinist work could use the image of place as home so unproblematically' (Rose, 1993, p56).

This provides a useful background theory for a woman's gendered city poetic. It leads to an awareness, and acceptance, of why travel (transition) and the streets (outside the home) often dominate the poetic environment of *Shades of Light*. Ana Parejo Vadillo's book *Women Poets and Urban Aestheticism* refers to Rosamund Marriott Watson (pseudonym: Graham Tomson) and other women poets interest in travel in their poetry of the city:

'Just as the human heart pumps blood through the arteries and veins of our body, the metropolis pumps the crowd, via the mass-transport facilities. However, this is no human heart, but an artificial prosthetic pacemaker that regulates the rate of beating of the metropolis. Everything in the urbanscape – the rhythmical beat of the feet, the flickering lights, the shapes fleeting on and passing by, the raindrops, the music, the pacing, the wheels – everything moves on. But the movement described in the poem ['In the Rain'] is categorised in relation to the swift flow of traffic to the "clamour of wheels"' (2005, pp149/50).

Close attention has been paid to the structure of each section, its length and contents. Each section consists of approximately 6,000 words and will comprise 10-12 poems. Each section will, hopefully, contain poems which express aspects of poetic theory and form, which, taken as a whole, will cohere into a poem which expresses this poet's contemporary poetic:

1. a worked lyric
2. a human interest poem
3. a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis – syntagm (see Jakobson)
4. a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis - paradigm (see Jakobson)
5. a poem which includes allusion to another poet's work (including Allen Fisher)
6. a poem developing city imagery and symbolism
7. a poem developing city poetic theory
8. a poem containing development of narrative theory
9. a poem reflecting Brechtian input
10. a poem about the poet (not necessarily self-reflexive).



It is not expected that this structure will be rigidly adhered to. There will also be elements of historical reference and allusion to other poets. In conjunction with poetic integrity there will be a conscious effort to engage the audience – through both subject matter and presentation. It is intended that the finished work will be theoretically adroit and innovative.

Within the context of this thesis, *Shades of Light* needs to be considered as an exploration of poetry written with specific reference to the use of the axes as defined by Jakobson. This area will develop as central to a practical expression of a city poetic. The process of this development becomes clearer as the poem proceeds.

Another area that needs to be included is the women's sources for the poetic and theoretical input. This can be remedied with research into contemporary women's poetry from 1970 onwards. This thesis will provide a theory for their contribution to a city poetic or a rationale as to why this input is lacking. The overall concern is to promote a poetic that pays attention to human existence within the city. This is consciously done in opposition to a poetic that pays attention to environment, the human existence within it being incidental to it.

#### A Note on Punctuation

If the author reads aloud his/her own text there is almost no need for punctuation. Once work was written and understood to be read silently (see St Augustine's description of the shock of seeing St Ambrose reading and absorbing knowledge in silence (*Confessions* (circa 400) Book Six, Chapter Three)<sup>144</sup>, it became necessary for the author to tell the reader where to pause or stop. Petrarch was meticulous in his use of punctuation when he copied out his own work. Whilst his use of punctuation is not a modern usage, he used it to promote comprehension of his argument. He wanted 'a system which could indicate subtle logical and semantic relationships between constituent parts of the period' (Parkes (1992, p83). This interest in punctuation led to an interest in layout of the text, including, for example, paragraphs (in prose) and stanzas (in poetry). This is a form of iconicity in poetry and this particular form is extant today in the use of free verse, concrete poetry, or



any poetry that uses shapes of lines to indicate an extra layer of meaning to the text (Parkes (1992) p101). The use of the colon has, for example, highlighted the use of the parallel in poetic text, something which Jakobson develops from Hopkins' theory. One of the origins for this was the Hebrew poetry of the Psalms. As poetry is a more dense use of language than prose, punctuation (as well as layout, rhyme and meter) is more important in poetry. The complexity of poetry benefits from the extra guidance of punctuation (Parkes (1992) p114).

Cuddon (1977) categorises punctuation as elocutionary (indicating breathing places), syntactic (indicating logic) and deictic (indicating emphasis). It is a mistake to think of punctuation as merely syntactic, that is, for the promotion of meaning and precise grammar. Its elocutionary attribute informs how the text is to be read aloud – where the pauses are, which phrase belongs to which. The deictic attribute assists in how to emphasise and includes space to separate words – the space between words and the use of paragraphs or text breaks to indicate a shift in time, place or narrator in a text. Cuddon (1977) devised an eight point scale of the functions of punctuation and this has been developed by Lennard (2005) to include two examples of new forms of punctuation marks which give structure to transcribed conversations between people who cannot see each other (as in phone calls) (Lennard (2005) pp 108-111 and pp 141/2).

It is Lennard's analysis of T.S.Eliot's use of punctuation which is relevant to *Shades of Light*. The Modernists sought to move away from traditional use of punctuation. For Eliot, this arose from his interest in Petrarch – who was an innovator in his time. In *The Waste Land* Eliot specifically decided to minimise the use of full stops and in *Four Quartets* omitted them where the reader might expect them to be (Lennard (2005) pp110 and 114).

The punctuation in *Shades of Light* is sometimes absolutely traditional as in 'Caravanserai' for example. Other poems omit almost all punctuation so that the reader of the text is not helped, this results in a faster reading of the text and a tendency to a breakdown in absolute logical meaning, as in 'OPOS'. A fully

punctuated version of this particular poem, as an example of how the differences can be demonstrated between the two versions (see Endnotes for *Shades of Light*, section: 'Love'), has been presented as an example of the changes in interpretation that punctuation can suggest. The ambiguity of some of the phrases used in *Shades of Light* would be impeded by adherence to traditional sentence construction. Other poems, such as 'Collective Stare' (see *Shades of Light*, section: 'Discipline'), use deictic punctuation in that almost all lines end in prepositions, which makes it very difficult to know where and how to breathe.

The minimal use of punctuation in *Shades of Light* is not modernist in that it seeks to minimise it in order to break with tradition, but it is minimised in order to highlight linear control of the text and emphasise the inherent rhythm of many of the lines. Many poems are constructed with a syllable count. It was very interesting to discover how easy it was to read these lines when the counted pattern was consistently maintained throughout a poem. If the number fluctuated, the poem broke down.

The choice of punctuation was not part of an effort to use processual techniques as described by Allen Fisher. The punctuation used is traditional, when it is used; but it is not always used, as would be expected - as in a prose text. There are two poems which use symbols in some of the lines (see 'Mind the Gap' and 'City Keys' in *Shades of Light*, section: Death). The poems in the section 'Fame' contain hardly any punctuation – with the exception of 'Ms Pixel Writes'. It is strongly felt by the author of *Shades of Light*, that the lack of punctuation increases the speed of reading and contributes to ambiguity in the text and a fragmented presentation of material which reflects city existence.

## POETIC INFLUENCES

**Aristotle** There is a deliberate exploration of mimesis and diegesis in this section of the poem, mimesis being the more important of the two. It is used as an umbrella term. It was developed more widely by Aristotle than by Plato though the precise demarcations are unclear. It



would seem that the poetic theory of Aristotle rather than Plato is of greater significance in this part of the poem.

The poet manipulates these terms and adjusts the reader's comprehension of who is speaking and in what way they are speaking. Is the speaker/poet dramatic (mimetic) or narrating (diegetic), representing (mimetic) or telling (diegetic)? It is perhaps assumed that poets speak more directly than they do. Why should the diegetic aspect of the poet's words (the telling) be overlooked in favour of a sense of enactment or imitation of reality (mimesis)?

In his *Poetics* (1999, p59) Aristotle writes: 'it is not the poet's function to relate actual events, but the *kinds* of things that might occur and are possible in terms of probability or necessity;' and: 'the poet should be more a maker of plots than of verses, in so far as he is a poet by virtue of mimesis, and his mimesis is of actions. So even should his poetry concern actual events, he is no less a poet for that, as there is nothing to prevent some actual events being probable as well as possible, and it is through probability that the poet makes his material from them' (1999, pp61-3).

If the poet – as in tragedy or epic – records events then this is narrative – the poet becomes a teller of a story (diegesis), though he also shows them (mimetic), as through the poet's poetic skill – i.e. through poetic form. Aristotle maintains that it is easier for the poet to learn poetic rhythms than it is for them to learn how to present dramatic plot (*Poetics* 1999, p53): 'the actual structure of events which is the higher priority and the aim of a superior poet' (p73).

In 'Mrs Gilpin declaims...' there is mimesis. In the original 'The Adventures of John Gilpin' by Cowper this is narrative with mimetic interpolations – speech within narrative and drama. The poet is narrator and speaker, real and implied, hetero- and autodiegetic – telling the story and interpreting it and existing within the story both through his viewpoint and by giving us, the reader the rhythmic and actual interpretation of it. But if the poet is mimetic then his/her character must say what is appropriate for them to say not what the poet wishes them to say (see Aristotle, *Poetics* p85). There is also the



declaimed component in poetry in that if it is read aloud, we may, in reality, hear the voice of the poet, and is there not the same suspension of disbelief that theatrical production requires of the audience? Aristotle, referring to drama, defines the actors as agents: 'tragedy is mimesis of an action, and the action is conducted by agents' (1999, p49). Does this mean that in the recitation of poetry the speaker (agent) interprets the poet and that this is therefore mimesis? With reference to Brecht: 'criticism is stimulated with reference to the way empathy is generated, not with reference to the incidents the spectator sees reproduced on the stage' (see footnote 18). This centralises the influence of the poet's voice on the audience – as well as interpreting the poet as being more than just the 'writer/poet', he/she is also the 'speaker/poet'.

In a personal conversation with Allen Fisher on 21<sup>st</sup> October 2010 he stated that he thought that the reason why narrative levels could not be applied to poetry was because poetry contains too much ambiguity. But maybe they can be applied but the reader has to jump about and adjust all the time – nothing is continuous or established perhaps – unlike the viewpoint of the novel? This thesis attempts to resolve this issue.

Aristotle defines epic as narrative: 'The poet should say as little as possible in his own voice, as it is not this that makes him a mimetic artist' (p123). Plato advocates this position for reasons that are connected with the pursuit of perfection rather than Aristotle's priority for the definition of form.

Below are cited some short quotations from Plato's *Republic* - with reference to Plato *Republic Book III*, pp227-231: (in paraphrase) if the poet imitates the person who is speaking then this is imitation, but if he narrates events, then this is narration. If the voice of the poet is removed completely then you have speeches as in a dramatic tragedy. On pp240/1 Plato comments that the elevated speaker will narrate and use a small amount of imitation in his speech; on p245 Plato proves that the pure narrator (because men are only good at one thing) is the only kind of poet who is acceptable to his Republic: 'we can admit no poetry into our city save only hymns to the Gods and the praises of good men' (*Republic, Book*

X, p465). These hymns and encomiums to the Gods are the closest form of imitation of the divine (see *Republic Book X* pp427-437). Even if a marvelous imitator (actor) were to arrive and charm everyone he is not elevated – though clever and highly entertaining. It becomes apparent why there is confusion over mimesis and diegesis as Aristotle and Plato are using the terms within different frames of reference. It seems then (p459) that Plato equates mimesis with the appeal to the emotions and imitation and inferior poetry.

In *The Republic Book X* Plato examines how poets imitate real beauty, real tragic action, real events, are therefore less important and (p465) are therefore not allowed into the Republic. On p459 he chastises people for liking the most moving poets best (mimesis). But what about narrative poetry (see also Aristotle above): 'For if you grant admission to the honeyed muse in lyric or epic, pleasure and pain will be lords of your city instead of law' (p465).

Aristotle's use of terms is not necessarily in accordance with modern definitions but there seem to be openings for a debate around narrative levels and the interactions between them. Up until the twentieth century Aristotle has held to be the most important source for the definition of mimesis (see Wales *Dictionary of Stylistics*). It is widely held that Brecht rejects Aristotle's interpretation of drama and poetry.

If *Shades of Light* is a narrative poem then it is told in the poet's voice and this is diegesis. If it contains characterisation then this is mimesis.

**Bertolt Brecht** His *Messingkauf Dialogues* provides a source for the use of dialogue which can be adapted for use within a poetic setting. These dialogues are unfinished but through their very structure provide a basis for complex diegesis and mimesis which a contemporary city poetic can usefully develop. Allen Fisher also uses the technique of dialogue in *Gravity*. This poem continues this use of dialogue as a way of exploring narrative levels and narrative theory with reference to poetry.



**Allen Fisher** His sequence of poems *Gravity* is an exploration of the poet's life in London. Scott Thurston's unpublished thesis (2001) provides much information as to Fisher's chosen poetic devices and theory. The following quotation describes the processes Fisher uses in different poems:

'Due to the fact that the columns overlap in parts, on occasions the eye is carried down a long, stepped line from left to right across the columns, where the differences between discourses are de-emphasised and the text gains some of its most powerful effects. There are also points where the page is far more of an 'open field' (see Chapter 4) and one reads clusters of small, local juxtapositions against other clusters across the page. These processual features are what animate the text. Were the text 'purely' procedural, then one might imagine pages of uniformly dense columns, strictly separated, without any connections being actively made across them. The text therefore shows the process of 'writing-through' materials which have been selected and juxtaposed by a procedure. The continuities and discontinuities made between the columns generate harmonies and tensions which constitute the art of the text. In this way the whole of the poem becomes greater than the sum of its parts. Process and procedure become blended to the extent one could describe the poem as using a process-showing procedure or a procedure-showing process' (2001, Thurston p171).

This kind of investigation of the poem as both a structure of text and meaning on the page provides an important theoretical background for the structure of *Shades of Light*. This is not to say that Fisher's techniques are adopted to the exclusion of other devices and techniques. It is merely that this description of technique demonstrates how this poet has attempted to use forms which will reflect a city poetic. The context of Fisher's poetry with regard to other poets is not explored in this thesis. Perhaps connections with Olsen, American Language Poetry and its connections with Jakobson might provide a further theoretical context and understanding of his techniques.

**Roman Jakobson** His work and theories provide much theoretical input for *Shades of Light* with reference to his use of axes and their importance for analysis of poetic



use of language. It remains to be seen whether the theory can be put to practical use within *Shades of Light*. In *Language in Literature* (1987) his chapter entitled 'Two aspects of Language' Jakobson highlights his interest in the section on 'The Metaphoric and Metonymic Poles'. The argument of this thesis is that his analysis of poetic language can be specifically developed to provide a city poetic: 'one topic may lead to another either through their similarity or through their contiguity. The metaphoric way would be the most appropriate term for the first case and the metonymic way for the second, since they find their most condensed expression in metaphor and metonymy respectively' (1987 p110).

**Denise Riley** Her thorough theoretical and practical exploration of the lyric self (2000, chapter 3 'Lyric Selves') provides a basis on which to derive narrative theory with regard to narrative levels. Problems with identity so often raised in women's poetry may be usefully explored in less purely subjective ways if theory is derived from the approach to identity.

'But if poetry is also an affair of high speed autodictation and half-conscious gluing, then the concept of the poem as a protected reservation for the unique personal voice is torn apart.....I'm left with a peculiar new status of my own, now not so much the author as the editor of my own work but an editor inevitably so conscious of the automata which have leapt into life without her active consent that she must become a sharp censor' (Riley 2000, p96).

**Percy Bysshe Shelley** It might, for example, be interesting to suggest, that Shelley in his *Triumph of Life* has explored the perception of knowledge and its subsequent fading – light and shadow – on the basis of Plato’s *Symposium*. The poetic language is highly emotive and luxuriant. The work is unfinished but there are evident tensions in his presentation of the understanding of the nature of the ‘Triumphs’:

“ .....and long before the day  
 “Was old, the joy which, waked like heaven’s  
 glance  
 The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died:  
 And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,





- PLATO, (circa 4<sup>th</sup> C B.C.)(1999 and 2000) (Ed. Paul Shorey) *Republic Books I-X* (2 vols.) Cambridge MA, Harvard University Press
- RILEY, D (2000) *The Words of Selves* Stanford, Stanford University Press
- ROSE, G (1993) *Feminism and Geography* Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press
- SHELLEY, P (1932) (Ed. Thomas Hutchinson) *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley* London, Oxford University Press
- THURSTON, S (2001) *Rescale: Method and Technique in Contemporary British Linguistically Innovative Poetry and Poetics* Lancaster, Lancaster University Unpublished Thesis

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## DISCIPLINE

### APPENDIX 1

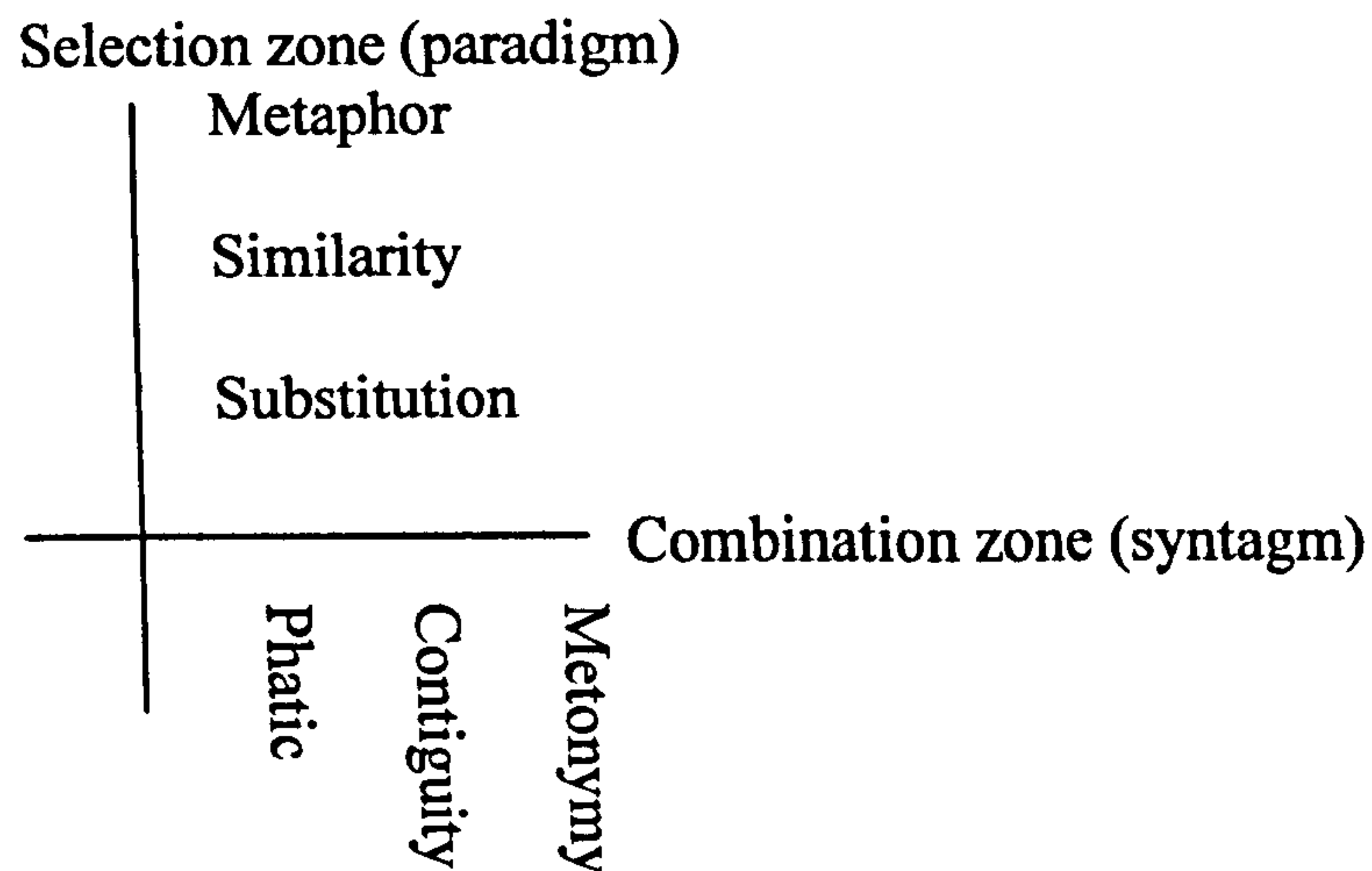
It should be mentioned that the diagram below and the poem that arises from it is not the final version. There were two choices that could be made here. Either the diagram could be brought up to date so that it is the same as the one that now forms the central part of the thesis theory (see Chapter Two on Jakobson's axes) or it could be left as it is to demonstrate that the graph has evolved (and improved) during the time span of research. It has been left as it was originally written.

Jakobson in 'Linguistics and Poetics' (see *Language in Poetry* Chapter 7) combines his two diagrammatic representations of communication before emphasising the message/poetic component:

CONTEXT/REFERENTIAL  
ADDRESSER/ MESSAGE/POETIC ADDRESSEE/  
EMOTIVE CONTACT/PHATIC CONATIVE  
CODE/METALINGUAL

Without yet referring directly back to Jakobson's text it would seem possible to arrange a diagram as below:





The words paradigm and syntagm merely describe the axes themselves. I have moved selection and combination to the furthest edges of the axes because they appear to represent the categorisation of the other elements. I have arranged the other names along the paradigm and syntagm because they seem to me to represent gradations of complexity along the axis – that contact, for example, is a simpler device than metonymy and substitution than metaphor.

The question which immediately arises: why 'phatic' is placed on the axis as the simplest of the modes on the selection syntagm? What does this term 'phatic' mean? It is the part of communication that is simple overture to further communication – 'How do you do' or 'nice weather' or 'Well, well!' (for further examples please see Jakobson 'Linguistics and Poetics' in *Language in Literature* (1987) pp66-71).

Jakobson states that the MESSAGE/POETIC category is the 'focus on message for its own sake, [it] is the POETIC function of language' (Jakobson; 'Linguistics and Poetics' in *Language and Literature* (1987) Cambridge MA, Harvard University Press, p69). He goes on to make his definition of paradigmatic and syntagmatic axes with reference to poetry and prose quite clear:

'What is the empirical linguistic criterion of the poetic function? In particular, what is the indispensable feature inherent in any piece of poetry? To answer this question we must recall the two basic modes of arrangement used

in verbal behaviour, *selection* and *combination*.... The selection is produced on the basis of equivalence, similarity and dissimilarity, synonymy and antonymy, while the combination, the build-up of the sequence, is based on contiguity. *The poetic function projects the principle of equivalence from the axis of selection into the axis of combination*' (Jakobson; 'Linguistics and Poetics' in *Language and Literature* (1987) Cambridge MA, Harvard University Press, p71).

The poem below is an experiment based on the structure suggested by the graph above. I have taken basic phrases and placed them in different combinations to indicate that on the basis of the selections and combinations itemised in this graph it is possible to use this diagrammatic representation of poetic selection and combination to construct a poem which can be considered as a poem without necessarily understanding the complex system derived from the graph that the poem explores. I have left in position (in brackets) the categories from which each line is derived from hoping thus to explain the structure of the poem. This poem is best considered solely as an experimentation of form rather than a poetic expression.

### Triumvirate

#### Position

and to dust [meta]  
and life as dust [sim]  
the quality of the taste of dust [subs]

Sale Now On! [phatic]  
not for purchase [contig]  
taken at the point of sale [meton]

and to dust the point of sale [meta/meton]  
as dust the purchase [sim/contig]  
taste of dust sale now [subs/phatic]

### The Rules of Engagement

shadow overshadowed more [meta]  
their shadows as finite [sim]



lesser oh lesser [subs]

tickets please! [phatic]  
 passage as of right? [contig]  
 negotiating shadows [meton]

oh lesser negotiating shadows [subs/meton]  
 and finite right of passage [sim/contig]  
 tickets overshadowed [phatic/meta]

### Triumph

in stages is process [meta]  
 insufflation as reward [sim]  
 warm paradisa warmth [subs]

what's new? [phatic]  
 Z is somewhere near [contig]  
 and under the old skin [meton]

what news! Paradisa warmth [phatic/subs]  
 insufflation Z is near reward [sim/contig]  
 under the old skin stages process [meton/meta]

### SUGGESTED CONTENTS FOR EACH SECTION

What are the overall symbols and images? Perhaps the inhabitants of the city are governed by a grid system – the streets and buildings and people within this knuckle down under the material construction and fight for a foothold; occasionally existing within it rather than being a part of it – hence, in this section, there is the occasional image which is a distant point of view, a use of vista (for example see: **Interstice Three**)

Aspects of Discipline: how does discipline emerge: begin with the elements (theories), add in the processes (forms), arrive at the discipline (here suggested city poetic – theory and form).

Suggested elements (poems) are:

1. *a worked lyric* - **Boolean Term**
2. *a human interest poem* - **Iotas**
3. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis – syntagm or paradigm* - **Negative Crossings** – interstices



on the graph itself. See also **Triumvirate** which attempts to interpret the different levels of complexity on Jakobson's axes.

4. *a poem which alluding to another poet's work - Miss James' Waste Land with its origins in T.S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land'*

5. *a poem developing city theory - Dure -* interpretations of stamina and endurance. The poem deliberately uses left-hand, centred and right-hand justification to delineate different aspects of the poem's content – context, story and theory. See also **Arches** which attempts to explore a city poem based on Charles Peirce's theory of signs.

6. *a poem containing development of narrative theory - Centrifuge at Play -* separation of parts/distillation and construction of different viewpoints.

7. *a poem reflecting Brechtian input Collective Stare -* becoming apparent, the emergence of the witness – here, the reader observes the reader.

8. *a poem developing city imagery and symbolism - Meronymy- (something denoted by a part of it) -* **Speeds 1-5** are therefore parts of a whole dynamic/movement.

9. *other a poem about the poet (not necessarily self-reflexive) -* see again **Collective Stare**

10. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis - syntagm or paradigm - Gravispace -* space with the property of gravity

## COMMENTARY AND INFLUENCES

It is important to understand that when reading the commentaries for each of these sections they were written at the time that the sections were being drafted and redrafted. The statements in the commentaries do not therefore necessarily reflect the understanding of the author at the end of the writing process of the poem *Shades of Light* as a whole.

Is this section simply an amalgam of styles? Is it an attempt to explore the idea that city life is really episodic? How does this fact become incorporated into some kind of story/plot/account/narrative? It is accepted by Aristotle that episodic drama is the lowest form of drama/poetry: 'Of simple plots and actions, the episodic

are the worst. By “episodic” I mean a plot in which the episodes follow one another without probability or necessity’ (*Poetics* (1999, p63). The audience (or reader) is catapulted from one incident to another without cause and effect, purely to provide astonishment and spectacle

Herein lies the understanding that this is a post- modern poem – the plot has been consciously abandoned in favour of some kind of realistic representation of city life – or is this in fact a modernist stance? That real city life is presented, as it really is perceived, in all its fragments. There has been no conscious fragmenting of the plot. Or to borrow from cinematic terms: the fragments are poetry verité perhaps? What is the most likely category: this is not post-modern  
there is no plot  
there are only episodes  
the plot line is bigger than, longer than the actual poem  
there is a doubling of the episodic - the poem as a whole  
is an episode and events related within it are  
episodes  
the poem is not fragmentary and post-modern but an  
attempt to reflect the reality as it is – in pieces –  
that is: episodic.

The structure of the poem is as important as the content or opinions expressed within it. It is important to introduce analysis that examines its structure. Can a poem be structured as well as episodic? It would seem easily understood that for a city dweller the prevalence of structure is an important derivation from, and reflection on, the environment. Therefore categorisation becomes important. For example: Peirce’s structure of analysis – icons etc.; Jakobson’s axes as a structure for poetic use of language - deictics for example. If the poem – beginning with this section – experiments with structures this will stop the sense of rambling disjointed separate poems which might tend towards the didactic rather than the imaginative (and the truly episodic). Then the importance of narrative can be reassessed. How does the poem reflect the theory? Jakobson forms the main theoretical input for this thesis but it would not be productive to provide commentary on the poem by referring to this theory as a whole. As is indicated through the reference to Mantegna’s painting



‘The Triumphs of Caesar’ below, the details of a theory reveal more than the use of the overview.

*Ion* by Plato contains some very interesting ideas. Ion is an army general and is in control of all the soldiers/iotas - running to obeying his orders/the bottom of the page but he is not the poet himself. He controls the words of Homer – his favourite poet – by being a *Rhapsode*. This is a skilled reciter of poetry and Ion is the best. He has audiences of hundreds or thousands every time he recites. (Please see ‘Iotas’ poem in Discipline – ‘Moving Conveyor’).

Ion says: ‘it is under possession....and not in their senses, as when they draw honey and milk from the rivers....For the poets tell us, I believe, that the songs they bring us are the sweets they cull from honey-dropping founts in certain gardens and glades of the Muses – like the bees, and winging the air as these do’

and:

‘For not by art do they utter these things, but by divine influence; since, if they had fully learnt by art to speak on one kind of theme, they would know how to speak on all. And for this reason God takes away the mind of these men and uses them as his ministers, just as he does soothsayers and godly seers, in order that we who hear them may know that it is not they who utter these words of great price, when they are out of their wits, but that it is God himself who speaks and addresses us through them’ (Plato *Ion* London Heinemann 1962 pp 421-3).

There is a difficulty here. *Shades of Light* is not a lyric poem, but lyrical expression is detected, appreciated, heard in whatever poem we read. If there is a desire to introduce art into poetry then this cannot be achieved by being out of ‘our wits’ when writing since the desire to introduce art involves the intellect. Through the introduction of art there is an empirical component (empirical – based on observation/experiment not on theory). Veronica Forrest-Thomson’s *Poetic Artifice: A Theory of Twentieth-Century Poetry* provides a way forward here (1978, Manchester, Manchester University Press).

As in *Ion* the expert in the field will know best whether the poet speaks well or truthfully about a certain subject. In the following passage Socrates quotes from Homer’s



Iliad about fishing skills and goes on to say: 'are we to say it is for the fisherman's or for the rhapsode's art to decide what he means by this, and whether it is rightly or wrongly spoken?' and Ion replies: 'Clearly, Socrates, for the fisherman's art' (ibid. p437). Socrates uses further examples to include women:

'and the sort of thing that a woman should say; the sort for a slave and the sort for a freeman; and the sort for a subject or for a ruler'

and:

'the sort of thing that a woman ought to say – a spinning woman – about the working of wool' (ibid. p441). These quotes are interesting because they reveal that women had the right to listen to and appreciate poetry.

Can the idea of the expert be linked both to the idea of the expert being the best qualified person to appreciate certain content in poetry with the notion of the empirical? How is this to be done? This can be achieved by considering women to be an empirical component in culture and society rather than an imaginary one (as per a society that emphasises the male – for example on BBC 1 22.8.08 the summing up of the Olympics removed all the female athletes from the round up even though coverage of women's sport had been extensive throughout the 2 weeks with many notable achievements by women). This provides for the possibility that poetic skill in representing women is based on the empirical rather than the imaginary; that there is a truth for us to recognise within the poem that is based on what we know rather than on an imagined reality. For example: a poem that stated that women occupy internal spaces only within the city would be contradicted by empirical evidence to the contrary. If the poem asserted that women occupied an internal space governed by the imaginary within the city, women's actual lives would still contradict this as an imagined position rather than empirical reality.

Then there is the question: are Plato and Socrates right? Does Socrates contradict himself? Socrates uses the image of the magnet to describe how the effect of poetry proceeds from one poet to another and to the audience: 'For, as I was saying just now, this is not an art in you, whereby you speak well on Homer, but a divine power, which moves you like that in the stone which [is] named

a magnet....For this stone not only attracts iron rings, but also impart to them a power whereby they in turn are able to do the very same thing as the stone, and attract other rings; so that sometimes there is formed quite a long chain of bits of iron and rings suspended one from another; and they all depend for this power on that one stone. In the same manner also the Muse inspires men herself, and then by means of these inspired persons the inspiration spreads to others, and holds them in a connected chain. For all the good epic poets utter all those fine poems not from art, but as inspired and possessed, and the good lyric poets likewise' (*Ion*, p421).

The empirical image is used to construct a chain of divine inspiration. It is implied that the chain of inspiration affects the audience too. *Ion* constructs an argument of both empiricism (the expert is the best judge) and divine inspiration (the Muse holding the magnet).

In order to build on the construction of ideas behind this section there is also material used by St Augustine's *Confessions*. I quote from the following passage where he is examining the nature of poetry in relation to time: 'I could not *measure the movement of a body* [my italics], its period of transit and how long it takes to go from A to B, unless I were measuring the time in which this movement occurs. How then do I measure time itself? Or do we use a shorter time to measure a longer time, as when, for example, we measure a transom by using a cubit length? So we can be seen to use the length of a short syllable as a measure when we say that a long syllable is twice its length. By this method we measure poems by the number of lines, lines by the number of feet, feet by the number of syllables, and long vowels by short, not by the number of pages (*for that would give us a measure of space, not of time*) [my italics]. The criterion is the time words occupy in recitation, so that we say "That is a long poem, for it consists of so many lines. The lines are long, for they consist of so many feet. The feet are long for they extend over so many syllables, The syllable is long, for it is double the length of a short one"' (Augustine *Confessions* (1998) (Ed. Henry Chadwick) Oxford, Oxford University Press pp239/40).



Can this analysis be extended to make the point that we measure the construction of a poem by its words and meter and not by how the words are spaced out on the page – it is not the amount of space between the words (whether stanzas or open field) – it is the words themselves – the selection and construction – the art of the poet.

So can it be argued that for Augustine, poetry is based on a measurement of time but for Socrates, poetry is based on contiguity with the powers of the Gods and Muses? And where does this place city poetry? The following are suggested derivations from the arguments:

- that city dwellers are the best judges of a city poem;
- that there must be an empirical component so that recognition of the content of the poem has meaning to the city dweller;
- that time is integral to the poem – not just on the level of the rhythm/pace and metre of the words but also on the level that the reader perceives the poet's words in time;
- that the poet may use art but that the power of the poetry (see magnet image in *Ion* above) comes as given from within the poet/poetry not learnt?

This leads to the consideration of the audience – the listeners to the poetry who are at the end of the magnetic chain – receiving a portion of the inspiration that the poet, via the rhapsode, imparts.

Socrates (*Ion* p427) correctly differentiates the sensation of the audience from the sensations of the poet and rhapsode. Ion says: 'when I relate a tale of woe, my eyes are filled with tears; and when it is of fear or awe, my hair stands on end with terror, and my heart leaps'. Socrates points out that the effect on the audience is not related to the sensations of the rhapsode: 'are we to say, Ion, that such a person is in his senses at that moment, - when in all the adornment of elegant attire and golden crowns he weeps at sacrifice or festival, having been despoiled of none of his finery; or shows fear as he stands before more than twenty thousand friendly people, none of whom is stripping or injuring him?'

If Ion is indeed aware of how he is working his audience then he is governed by his art as a rhapsode and not



governed by the frenzy of the Muses. Ion reveals something of his own personality when his replies to above include the following consideration:

‘Socrates: And are you aware that you rhapsodes produce these same effects [as above] on most of the spectators also?’

Ion: ‘Yes, very fully aware: for I look down upon them from the platform and see them at such moments crying and turning awestruck eyes upon me and yielding to the amazement of my tale. For I have to pay the closest attention to them; since, if I set them crying, I shall laugh myself because of the money I take, but if they laugh, I myself shall cry because of the money I lose’ (*Ion* all p427).

One further major semiotic influence on this poem *Shades of Light* as a whole and especially in this section – Discipline – is Andrea Mantegna’s sequence of paintings ‘The Triumphs of Caesar’. This series of paintings is on display at Hampton Court Palace in the Orangery. These were painted between 1485 and 1494. The paintings are praised for his: ‘style revealing a more pliant use of line and lyrical sense of movement, most evident in the handling of the draperies’ (Lloyd, C (1991) *Andrea Mantegna, ‘The Triumphs of Caesar’* London, HMSO). For the purposes of this poem the significance is more in how the figures depicted, look both forwards, backwards and into and out of the painting. Caesar is placed in the final painting so that the procession precedes him. As a viewer, the eye is drawn constantly to the front of the procession and then back to this most important figure in the final canvas. Figures look back up at him, out at the spectator, into the background landscape and of course always to the head of the procession, the direction they are going. The natural impulse is to read the paintings from left to right, as the page is used for writing, and it is a shock to find that the most important figure is the last to be seen. The poem attempts to reflect this sense of axial movement by the use of poems which are written along the top and bottom of the pages of this section as well as forming the usual consecutive text in the main part of the page.

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## DEATH

## SUGGESTED CONTENTS FOR EACH SECTION



This section of the poem is the triumph of death over discipline. Discipline is therefore over-ruled, subjected to a greater and perhaps inevitably a more chaotic force. Death, in turn, is triumphed over by Fame. Death is therefore not interested in implications or worth. The form of the Triumphs gives a dramatic and narrative continuum which compels the content forward.

What are the qualities of death? As this section progresses some of the qualities begin to emerge as: chaotic, limitless, powerful, forceful, static, purposeless, fragmented, adaptable, malleable, repetitious, dark, grey and white, coloured by memories.

What are the overall symbols and images? Analysis can begin with the elements (theories), add in the processes (forms) and arrive at death - as suggested here as part of a city poetic – theory and form.

Suggested elements (poems) are:

1. *a worked lyric* - **Starless Night**: this poem picks up on the stasis/kinesis motif – with the subplot of emotion versus reason.
2. *a human interest poem* - **Seven Seven**: the implications of bombing a major city are explored in Stephen Graham's book *Cities Under Siege: The New Militarism* (2010) London, Verso. He has written a number of books around this theme. In this one he gives full details of how bombing a city's infrastructure takes it backwards in time (see Chapter Eight 'Switching Cities Off' pp263-301). So that, for example, strategic bombing of electricity substations and petrol storage depots paralyses a city within a few days. **Bound**: this is inspired by Edith Sitwells' description of Skid Row and is also a record of a seen event in London. The juxtaposition is between those who are moving backwards and downwards and those who are moving on, including the case of the person in the hearse.
3. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis – syntagm or paradigm* - **Mirror Neuron** and **Mind the Gap**. These poems explore stasis and kinesis with respect to how people relate to each other. 'Mind the Gap' does of course refer to the



statement made about trains and platforms but here it also refers to how neurons jump the gaps between each other when they are at work processing information in the brain. There are symbols used in this poem which highlight this content. There are references to dark, grey and light which reflects the title of this poem *Shades of Light*. What is, is being reflected back on oneself.

4. *a poem alluding to another poet's work - Peroration by Punctuation* The use of punctuation in this poem derives from Allen Fisher (please see endnote). It is a reflection on the poet's expiry. Reading this poem aloud is deliberately difficult and mimics someone who cannot breathe easily.
5. *a poem developing city theory - Asbestos Tears* explores the different speeds, strengths and interactions of movement in our city lives. It is therefore also an exploration of the Russian formalist notion of *byt* (please see Commentary at the end of this section). It uses categories of physical forces and movement to define the movements of city life and to convey its pressures.
6. *a poem containing development of narrative theory - Predatory Oration* is a detailed exploration of how city life does not add up into a reasoned whole. It is made up from connected parts that do not always contain logic and purpose. Death is dismembering – synecdoche and metonym.
7. *a poem reflecting Brechtian input - The Poet is Dead* once again the dialogue and the characters are informed by the poetry that Allen Fisher wrote in *Brixton Fractals*. The use of Brecht's Alienation Effect is important and suggests that there is a distance between the poet, her text and her reader. It also suggests that there is a dislocation in process from content – what is actually in the poem – and the implications. It is a complex twisting of the analysis of the narrator. It is an attempt to delineate involvement with the narrative of the poem whilst at the same time indicating that there is a theoretical process which needs to be separately followed – the

- alienation is demonstrated as being between the reader and the poem's progress.
8. *a poem developing city imagery and symbolism – Asbestos Tears, Mirror Neuron*
  9. *other a poem about the poet (not necessarily self-reflexive) -The Poet is Dead, Blue Plaques - develops the use of these plaques, used to mark property where famous people have lived, to indicate how we mark personal interactions as important in some way.*
  10. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis– syntagm or paradigm - City Keys - the metonymic content of this poem is overlaid with upward and downward movement – the signposts, the radar. Once again reason is not the only process that yields information.*

## COMMENTARY AND INFLUENCES

Stasis and Kinesis appears to be a central theme of this section of the poem. It might, initially seem that death is a final state that is arrived at or imposed. This section of *Shades of Light* does not interpret death in this way. There is a sense that chaos triumphs over discipline. For this to occur there must be movement.

There are differing theories of the dynamics between the human and the city and between the poet and the city. The different theories are based on different perceptions of stasis and kinesis. Elizabeth Wilson in *The Sphinx in the City* develops the idea that men are the rational and immutable stasis and that women are the chaotic and emotional force: 'We might even go so far as to claim that urban life is actually based on this perpetual struggle between rigid, routinised order and pleasurable anarchy, the male-female dichotomy' (1992, p7/8). She also develops the discussion around postmodernism from the exploration of variety versus morality with morality losing out as postmodernism provides no overview from which to ascertain its existence. She writes:

'The postmodern urban sensibility is typically described in negative terms as a form of disorientation, meaninglessness and fragmentation. Postmodernism is more than an aesthetic experience; postmodernism



perceives *all* experience in aesthetic terms. In postmodernism the city becomes a labyrinth or a dream. Its chaos and senselessness mirror a loss of meaning in the world. At the same time, there may be an excess of meaning: the city becomes a split screen flickering with competing beliefs, cultures and “stories” (1992, p135/136 and she suggests that Jameson is also very important here, p136).

Counterbalancing this is one of the introductory remarks from Patrizia Lombardi’s book *Cities, Words and Images: From Poet to Scorce* (2003) Basingstoke, Macmillan: ‘In spite of the current academic fixation on the idea that all is rhetoric it seems impossible to deny that cities are concrete realities’ (p vii). Unfortunately her book contains no analysis of any women’s work.

Wilson is all too aware of this concrete reality when it comes to assessing women’s experience of the city. In real terms women’s needs in the city (for e.g. transport, healthcare) are not met and women are isolated through lack of transport and money. Writing about Glasgow, Wilson identifies that the majority of women are consigned to poorly heated homes a long way from transport, with insufficient allocated funding to maintain the public amenities (1992, see pp 146-151).

Wilson’s use of symbolism describes the limitations on women’s lives in cities from a mythological perspective. Perhaps a perspective that highlights the economic factors influencing women’s lives over and above the symbolic ones would reveal a different empirical/mythological image. If the profit motive is seen as a more important controlling factor than emotional dynamics then perhaps the image of the Sphinx, is not appropriate. Perhaps it is more rewarding to understand cities as centres of dynamic engagement. Michael Batty in his book *Cities and Complexity* (2005) considers a very different model. He speaks as an expert in the theory of city planning and as a mathematician. From his arguments one can derive various models of stasis versus movement – city as edifices versus people as agents of time, density and movement.

Using the chaos theory plus cellular and agent-based models, he defines cities as the providers of stasis



through their buildings where humans and time are the agents for change – the providers of kinesis. The chaos theory enables complex developmental models for the growth of cities rather than the mythologised perception that cities simply grow outwards concentrically from a central cell. He explores models which provide the possibility for several different shapes of growth. Whilst the mathematical models are often very sophisticated, the agents of people, time, density and quantity serve as the bases for his formulae. Although his book is designed to simulate city growth using a variety of mathematical models, Batty understands the differences between the construction of models, the simulated city and the real city. He describes them as “caricatures” (quoting Bak 1994) and acknowledges them as: ‘simulacra, as Baudrillard [1994pp1-2, 1994] has characterised them: something that replaces reality with its representation, “substituting the signs of the real for the real”’ (2005, p515). In his introduction he emphasises the value of the fractal model: ‘the signature of urban dynamics is scaling – self-similarity and order on all scales, the hallmark of fractal geometry.’ (2005, p14). However, he acknowledges in his conclusion that his interest lies ultimately not in the geometry as a pattern of structure but with the nature of the underlying city dynamics (2005, p519). The fractal is a structural model, but there is a necessity for establishing the dynamic that underlies this.

How can a model for the poetic expression of city existence be constructed? The elements that Batty takes as his fundamental models for the complex variables would seem eminently rewarding within the poetic context – chaos theory, the fractal, agents of both: stasis – city structure, and human movement, density and time. Allen Fisher in his book of poetry *Gravity* (2005) has a section entitled ‘Brixton Fractals’ and uses the model of the fractal to inform his poem.

Jakobson’s analysis of Pushkin, Majakovskij and Pasternak provide other models of city poetic dynamics. He highlights the internal structure of Pushkin’s poetry: ‘The interaction between syntactic, morphologic and lexical equivalences and discrepancies, the diverse kinds of semantic contiguities, similarities, synonymies and antonyms, finally the different types of functions of

allegedly “isolated lines”, all such phenomena call for a systematic analysis indispensable for the comprehension and interpretation of the various grammatical contrivances in poetry’ (1987, p125/6).

He goes on to state: ‘that in poetry similarity is superimposed on contiguity, and hence “equivalence is promoted to the constitutive device of the sequence.”’ (This is a quote from his own ‘Linguistics and Poetics’ Chapter 7; 1987, p127). With reference to the Pushkin poem ‘I Loved You’ he details the geometric structure of the poetry - or rather the verbal/grammatical/poetic structure of a poem which is here worked out geometrically. He mentions vertical and horizontal similarities, falling and rising diagonals, higher and lower upright arcs and inverted arcs in order to describe the relationship between the various grammatical structures in poetry (1987, p134/5). For Jakobson, a sense of movement is added to this analysis: ‘how the poetic delight in verbal structures duly proportioned grows into a preceptive power leading to direct action’ (1987, p135).

In effect his analysis is based on narrative levels subjected to grammatical analysis – the ‘I’ is analysed very closely indeed and the implications of its meanings revealed. This may well be not the same as narrative levels as developed for use in the analysis of prose fiction as such but this in-depth grammatical analysis gives us a great deal of insight – with respect to this example – on the nature of the author and the nature of the implied author. It is interesting that Peter Robinson in a book of collected interviews (*Talk About Poetry* 2007, Exeter, Shearsman Books) states that in his opinion, he, the poet, is the ‘first reader’ of his own work (2007, p87). He also writes: ‘The departure point of a poem may well be autobiographical, but the arrival can’t be’ (2007, p104). This releases narrative issues with reference to narrative levels and the nature of the author. Especially as this section of *Shades of Light* contains the death of the author in the poem ‘The Poet is Dead’ (later development of these ideas in this thesis, uses the category of deixis and shifter to interpret the poetic persona).



Jakobson also discusses the motivation of movement in the poetry of Majakovskij (1894-1930) who sees poetry as essential to the expression of the Russian revolutionary movement – the poet must fight always against *byt*, the forces of stasis.

Jakobson explains the word '*byt*' and its implications: 'Opposed to this creative urge toward a transformed future is the stabilizing force of an immutable present, overlaid, as this present is, by the stagnating slime, which stifles life in its tight, hard mold. The Russian name for this is *byt*. ....The revolt of the individual against the fixed forms of social convention presupposes the existence of such a force. The real antithesis of *byt* is a slippage of social norms that is immediately sensed by those involved in social life.' And Caadaev writes: "Everything is slipping away, everything is passing,...In our own homes we are as it were in temporary quarters. In our family life we seem foreigners. In our cities we look like nomads." And as Majakovskij puts it:

'...laws? concepts/faiths  
The granite blocks of cities  
And even the very sun's reliable glow –  
Everything had become as it were fluid,  
Seemed to be sliding a little –  
A little bit thinned and watered down.'"

Jakobson adds:

'Just as the creative ego of the poet is not coextensive with his actually existing self, so conversely the latter does not take in all of the former. In the faceless regiment of his acquaintances, all tangled in the "apartment-house spider web,"

"One of them/I recognized  
As like as a twin  
Myself/my own very self."

This terrible "double" of the poet is his conventional and commonplace "self," the purchaser and owner whom Xlebnikov once contrasted with the inventor and discoverer. That self has an emotional attachment to a securely selfish and stable life, to "*my* little place, and a household that's *mine*, with *my* little picture on the wall." The poet is oppressed by the spectre of an unchangeable world order, a universal apartment-house *byt*: "No sound, the universe is asleep" (1987, pp277/8).



Other examples of poetry that he gives involving city imagery are where Majakovskij writes that he 'goes out through the city leaving his soul on the spears of houses, shred by shred' (1987, p289). Jakobson also refers to a poem entitled "About That" which 'is a hopeless cry to the ages, but Moscow doesn't believe in tears' (1987, p292). The portrayal of stasis (monumental object – the city) versus the kinesis of human emotion is strong and clear.

Another suggested form for city poetry is the metonym and its related forms – synecdoche, meronymy, hyponymy. Jakobson points out that the terms used are 'only one of the levels: *the part for the whole*' (1987, p279). Jakobson's chapter (1987, pp 301-17) on Pasternak contains an exploration and understanding of the nature of the metonym and includes examples of how Pasternak has used and developed it. He refers to both poetry and prose in his analysis. He begins his analysis with an investigation of the nature of the first person in poetry. For a modernist and post-modernist poetic, the nature of 'I' and personal experience and how this is translated from the poet to the reader is very important. In a process of fragmentation it could be understood that the 'I' becomes a synecdoche within a city poetic. This is something which is pertinent to *Shades of Light*. Jakobson writes:

'the textbooks confidently draw a firm line between lyric and epic poetry...for the lyric, invariably the first person of the present tense; for the epic, the third person of the past tense. Whatever subject matter the lyric narrative may have, it is never more than an appendage and accessory, a mere background to the first person; and if the past is involved, then the lyric past always presupposes a reminiscing first-person subject. In the epic, on the contrary, the present refers expressly back to the past, and if the "I" of the narrator does find expression, it is solely as one of the characters in the action. This objectified "I" thus appears as a variant of the third person; the poet is, as it were, looking at himself from the outside. So that the first person may be emphasized as the point of reception but that point never fuses with the main subject of the epic poem itself; in other words, the poet as "subject of the lyric that looks at

the world through the first person” is profoundly alien to the epic’ (1987, p304).

Jakobson understands that Pasternak’s prose has poetic qualities, not just of metaphor, but also of metonymy: ‘association by contiguity predominates’ and: ‘Similarly, in Pasternak’s poetry, images of the surrounding world function as contiguous reflections, or metonymical expressions, of the poet’s self’ (1987, p307). The complexity with which Pasternak uses the metonym requires an analysis of different types of the form:

‘the substitution of an adjacent object is the simplest form of association by contiguity. The poet had other metonymical devices as well; he can proceed from the whole to the part and vice versa, from the cause to the effect and vice versa, from spatial relations to temporal ones and vice versa, etc., etc. But perhaps what is most characteristic of Pasternak is his using an action instead of an actor, a man’s condition, or one of his remarks or attributes rather than the man himself, and the consequent separating off and objectifying of these abstraction.’ (1987, p308).

Jakobson deals here with the complex nature of the structure of poetic language. The following quote makes sure the details are clear. It is core material: (1987, p310):

‘...but in the main there is an undeniably closer relationship on the one hand between verse and metaphor, on the other between prose and metonymy. Verse relies upon association by similarity, the rhythmical similarity of the lines is an essential requirement for its reception, and this rhythmical parallelism is most strongly felt when it is accompanied by a similarity (or contrast) of images. An intentionally striking division into similar sections is foreign to prose. The basic impulse of narrative prose is association by contiguity, and the narrative moves from one object to an adjacent one on paths of space and time or of causality; to move from the whole to the part and vice versa is only a particular instance of this process. The more the prose is stripped of material content, the greater the independence achieved by these associations. For metaphor the line of least resistance is verse, and for



metonymy it is a prose whose subject matter is either subdued or eliminated' (1987, p310).

As can be seen in the thesis, this relationship between prose/metonymy and poetry/metaphor is questioned within a proposed city poetic. Jakobson then goes on to demonstrate how the forms can be adapted or used in a developed way to provide further complexities leading to the synecdoche:

'The essence of poetic figures of speech does not simply lie in their recording the manifold relationships between things but also in the way they dislocate familiar relationships' (1987, p310).

And:

'the mutual penetration of objects (the realization of metonymy in the strict sense of the word) and their decomposition (the realization of synecdoche' (1987, p311).

Jakobson's analysis leads to a significant conclusion:

'We learn what he lives on, this lyric hero outlined by metonymies split up by synecdoches into individual attributes, reactions, and situations; we learn to what he is related, by what he is conditioned, and to what he is condemned, but the truly heroic element, the hero's activity, eludes our perception; action is replaced by topography' (1987, p313).

Perhaps this is why the prevalence of contemporary analysis and content of contemporary poetry about the city, has a strong emphasis on topography (for example Allen Fisher, Roy Fisher, Iain Sinclair). This thesis suggests that the distorted metonym, the disintegrated metonym (synecdoche), meronymy, hyponymy, as poetic figures for life in the postmodern city can be a working theoretical basis for the city's interpretation and understanding. Now the workings of these particular poetic tropes must be understood more thoroughly and then developed, not just with reference to place but also to time and space. Through this understanding their purposes and uses can be taken in the direction of a wider or more knowledgeable city poetic. *Shades of Light* consciously works with these tropes.



Gender issues have been touched on in the above commentary. A consideration of narrative and voice provides a further discussion of women's city poetic. Despite the fact that the section 'Death' is disjointed, it attempts to express some of Jakobson's theories in relation to the metonym and synecdoche. This exploration of form linked to the narrative element in the poem, may begin to realise a sense of voice.

The understanding is, that the city shapes those who live in it, and therefore the city and the human are symbiotic. But who has the greater power in this equation? And if there is a symbiosis then the dynamics change and this means that the city stands in for a part of the human and the human stands in for a part of the city. Are these relationships therefore fundamentally metonymic and synecdochal?

This section of *Shades of Light* explores Brecht's use of alienation (this term is understood as being defined in the Marxist sense). The witness emerges and this can provide a sense of distance between the poet and the text as the poet dies. The reader has to get used to the idea that he/she is not reading the poet's words but the words begin to have an existence that is either not dependent on the poet or is spoken by someone else. It is of course also a take on Barthes' *Death of the Author*. The section as a whole contains a concentration on different kinds of movement and disintegration – as in *Predatory Oration* – metonymy and synecdoche. This is an attempt to look at different kinds of fragmentation, dismemberment destruction and deconstruction within the context of death in the city.

The drama within this section which is ratified by the use of Brecht's theories, needs one further note. Drama needs tension and movement – will the movement be between the poet and the poem or between the triumphs – be an expressed tension between them as they jostle for superiority? Should this poem be considered as an epic? Aristotle in his *Poetics* writes that 'the mimesis of epic poets is less unified...so that if they compose a single plot it will seem either truncated .....or diluted. By the latter I mean a structure of multiple actions' (1999, Cambridge MA, Harvard University Press, p139). Is the

plot line of this poem disjointed or the content within the 'plot'?

Looking ahead to the next section of *Shades of Light* the questions arise: if the poet dies then who is speaking the rest of the poem – allegories of Fame, Time and Eternity? 'Does the voice of the poet break through and amalgamate with eternity in the final section? Is this a reassertion of the platonic love of beauty and the romantic after all? Or is there room for the poet to break backwards through eternity along the axis of contiguity – back through time and fame - within the city context? Is it that the axis of selection – dependent on simultaneity and metaphor – is subjugated to the axis of combination – that which is expressed in contiguity and time - so that the occupation of space arises from a movement arising from the metonymic syntagm – a take on Jakobson's projection in his definition of 'poetic function'? Does the city poetic therefore postulate an occupation of space rather than time and place? This is a very interesting proposition too and one that certainly gets away from the poetry of location (place). [This last sentence was written before the final axial model was clearly delineated in the thesis]

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## FAME

### SUGGESTIONS FOR POEM CONTENTS

Suggested elements for this section are:

1. *a worked lyric* **Shout** –This poem contains closely  
 interpreted methods from Elena Guro and Aljagrov  
 (Roman Jakobson's pseudonym as a poet)
2. *a human interest poem* **Building in the Localities**



3. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis - syntagm or paradigm* **Random, Breaking the Vitriol**
4. *a poem alluding to another poet's work* **Shout, Uninvited**
5. *a poem developing city theory* **Breaking the Vitriol, Trademark**
6. *a poem containing development of narrative theory* **Ms Pixel Writes, Wrestle**
7. *a poem reflecting Brechtian input* **Breaking the Vitriol**
8. *a poem developing city imagery and symbolism* **Dull, Trademark**
9. *other* **Random**
10. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis – syntagm or paradigm* **Wrestle**

#### COMMENTARY (including ENDNOTES and BIBLIOGRAPHY)

This section of the City Triumph in *Shades of Light* is constructed and presented with the use of Adobe Indesign CS4. This software was kindly purchased by the London Metropolitan University. This software does not allow endnotes – only footnotes and as these would interfere with the poem's layout on each page, the Commentary has been extended to include endnotes. Page numbers have been inserted.

These notes were originally written day by day and during the early stages of the learning process of how to use Adobe Indesign. The use of this software is an experiment.

The layout of this section of the poem is done through the particular software, Adobe Indesign CS4. Without making any comment on the nature of the software, the impact of this use on the poem is deep. There is a quite different balance between the form and content than exists in a more usual word formatted poem structure. The impact of the words on the page is primarily through the shape of the text rather than through the sequence of words. The natural inclination is to 'read' the page as a whole and the eye picks out certain words and phrases without regard to meaning in the first instance. This

highlights the impact of the fragmentary, metonymic nature of the interpretation of the city. Though, as I have tried to indicate in more than one poem, the metaphoric is fragmented as well.

There are two poems which are the inspiration for the use of this software. The first poem is by Clare Pollard, 'To Christchurch' published in *Evening Standard Magazine* (22 May on pp22/23; also in *Look, Clare! Look!* (2005) Tarsset, Northumberland, Bloodaxe Books). The design of this poem takes it across a two page spread and delineates a collage of the skyline of London. The text of the poem creates the distinctive shapes of the buildings which construct this skyline and the content of the text reflects the shape of the building and its function. For example 'explained it as grace or your porcelain face' is a quote from the text which describes the curve of the London Eye. In a personal email (20.12.2010) Pollard writes that she did not have any part in the formatting of this poem with software.

The second poem is the reworking of the text of a poem by Liz Cashdan 'Kelp iii Thordis the Soothsayer'. This is one of a sequence of poems which she wrote during a visit to Iceland. The full text of this poem is reproduced in *Writing in Education* 2010 Vol. 50, Spring, pp30-31. The reworked version is by Pat Hodson using Photoshop and Illustrator software (see unpublished personal email dated 2<sup>nd</sup> April 2010). Details of these collaborations can be found online (for details please see Bibliography). She has manipulated the text of the poem so that it appears to peel away from itself and the text bends making the lifting effect have a curve and a sense of movement that complements the text. Again, the poet did not use the software herself.

In the early stages of using Adobe Indesign the temptation was to simply interpret the words as a shape or to introduce some spatial technique for highlighting such as repetition or larger or bolder type. But it is very important to use the technology to interpret the meaning of the text not use it merely to place or space the text. It is therefore important to decide what the end result was going to say in order to form the shape of the text at the beginning of the process. The second most important



thing was to learn to use the technology and manipulate it successfully.

Experiments with using .pdf saved text led to a situation where the text could not be added to or detracted from once it had been saved. The software inserted its own level of control between the author and the word, as the text was beyond the control of the author when saved in this way. The use of story editor sidestepped this problem. With practice the movement of the text and its manipulation into separate units became easier. The line tool established drawn lines and the text tool enabled the writing to be inserted along its length. Early trial and error resulted in some early versions which have been printed off and kept but they have little or no poetic integrity.

It then became necessary to cut the lines to delineate parameters of text and then to make the lines disappear once the shape of the text had been established. It was easiest to place the final version of the text, not as a poem with line breaks but as continuous text. This was, once again, the text of the poem being re-interpreted by the software. This was not necessarily deleterious to the integrity of the text but it meant that the poetics must be interpreted within the rhythm of the text rather than by its placing on the page, as in a word document. This software process was later discovered to be more flexible. The adaptations of the author's brain took a little longer. Once there was a pattern of expertise the Adobe Indesign page could grow and change as the process took shape.

The question arose of how this software expressed the notion of Fame. It can be argued that the lifespan of software is very short – versions are quickly improved and supplanted, and are therefore not as long lived as the humans that use them, although of course the software may create something that will outlive the technology itself. This is the same relationship that the printed word has with the words themselves. Typesetting is now a thing of the past but the words of the books created with it continue to exist and remain read. Poetry created with use of Indesign may well last beyond the programme itself. This throws us back to the integrity of the text



itself again. It is less ephemeral than the programme itself.

It is interesting to see that the software is not progressive in the sense that it does not alter the nature of the text itself. Unless of course the book were printed online with the software built in as interactive. Then the response to, and use of, the text and the software would be different. It would be similar to drawing and making notes on the pages of a book without destroying the intent of the author.

One way of importing text onto the Adobe Indesign page is to use Story Editor – this is mostly used for overset text – i.e. the text that doesn't show on the Indesign page because it is too big for the set page and runs off the end of the line or page/box. Word text can be transferred direct from Word to Indesign. It is better to use .doc files to transfer documents from Word – this is because they keep their format much better. Better still is the format .docx. If the file/place command in Indesign is used then the format remains. The default of the imported text is Times New Roman. This default cannot be changed and must be set up with every new Indesign page. The use of the instructions: global command - type - menu/font also help with this process especially when changing words that have to be in bold or italics for example.

The integration of the text into the chosen shape – for example a shatter effect ('Breaking the Vitriol'). The text should have priority over the shape in both terms of meaning and intent. The shape is a new import in terms of the poetic no longer being governed by horizontal lines or any kind of traditional stanza. Though it seems that the text on each line on the Indesign page acts as a kind of stanza. The poetic rhythm must be fully integrated with the choice of words – there is little or no room for a rhythm to be set up in terms of the structure through shape.

There is a tendency to prioritise the shape over the text but St Augustine would not approve:

'Thus we can say that the length of a long syllable is measured by the length of a short syllable and thus say that the long syllable is double. So also we measure the

length of poems by the length of the lines, and the length of the line by the length of the feet, and the length of the feet by the length of the syllable, and the length of the long syllables by the length of the short ones. We do not measure by pages – for in that way we would measure space rather than time’ (from *Confessions*, Dover, p233).

To what extent can the shape be co-equal with the text? (See MALLARMÉ, S (1897) ‘Un Coup de Dés n’abolira le Hasard’ (Translated by Basil Cleveland UbuWeb 2005). How much change should the Indesign shape impose upon a completed text? Allen Fisher, for example, rather than using the page in a very free way in terms of poem shape – horizontal lines very much predominate – overcomes this predominance by using a number of ‘processes’ which alter how the text is read – for example from the bottom of the page upwards. He also uses rhymes which do not necessarily occur at the ends of lines. Mayakovsky in *How Are Verses Made* (1990) (Ed. and Trans. G.M.Hyde) Bristol, The Bristol Press [1949]) highlights how poetic structure is fulfilling to the reader (listener) even if the rhymes or other techniques – alliteration, internal rhymes and half-rhymes – are not held in place by lines in a regular way.

What is the best process: to work on the poems as if the Indesign were not going to be used at all and they were going to be produced in the usual way – text on the A4 page; then using what is considered to be the finished product; or taking a relatively worked text that may not be entirely completely worked and then translating as much of it as possible to the Indesign page? Is this the best that can be achieved? Does this mean that it is a three layered process: first - the text on the page in Word; second - the text as it arrives on the paths and text boxes of Indesign; third - further editing and selection. Is anything going to be perfect?

Is the best way forward to construct most nearly what is wanted in Word and then translate is as closely as possible into Indesign; or is it best to construct the best possible text in Indesign and then work on it so that it fits the original created text as closely as possible? Is it to be the technician before the poet or the poet sacrificed by the technology? Heads or tails the poet loses/wins?



As work on this section of *Shades of Light* progressed it became easiest to go back into the text of the poem and rework it in a fragmented way into Indesign as a continuous process – always bearing in mind the ultimate format that may be used. Therefore the reworking has been done in such a way that it pays no attention to the form of the original Word text at all because it has all been worked on again within Indesign. This seems to be the best way to proceed, and to do this, poem by poem. The result is the loss of a large part of the Word text. The use of the Indesign becomes an editorial tool as well as one that shapes the text.

What are the qualities of Fame? What are the symbols and images? This section of *Shades of Light* can be based on one of two, or indeed both, themes. One is the use of an allegorical structure, which would use the symbol of PHEME (Fame) and her attributes and characteristics, and the other is the more abstract interpretation of fame as a report, rumour or much talked about celebrity or event (the *OED* States: Fame: public report, communal talk, rumour, somebody or something much talked about as good; celebrity, the person or that which has honour, renown).

PHEME is a mythological figure from classical Greece (Phemius was an Ithacan poet who entertained Penelope's suitors with narrative songs until Odysseus fought and killed them on his return – see Lemprière, (1911). PHEME's positive aspect was her capacity to make someone or something notable. Her negative aspect, incurring her wrath, was scandalous rumour. She is depicted with wings (the speed with which rumour and gossip travels) and a trumpet (to noise the notability or notoriety abroad). This information is from Wikipedia and even they say they need a citation. There seems to be no other source or reference for these attributes. The classical Greek for a solemn religious silence or the words of good omen was 'euphemia'. Modern English uses the word euphemism to describe a word that is used that is a better or more polite substitute for another.

The Latin equivalent was Fama meaning 'rumour'. She is referred to in the Aeneid Book IV, by Virgil, line 180 et seq. Her attributes include living in a home with 1000 windows so that she could see all that was happening



(again this is from Wikipedia and there is no citation for this). It is easy to attribute her with further 'tools of the trade': 1000 ears, windows, bricks, mirrors, steps, reflections, lights, pixels – and so on. Petrarch's section on 'Fame' in his 'Triumphs' first of all banishes the dark and the self and then her sun makes everything shine with brilliance:

'When Death had triumphed in the countenance  
That had so often triumphed over me,  
And when the sun was taken from our world,  
That pitiless and evil one had gone,  
Pallid in aspect, horrible, and proud,  
By whom the light of beauty had been quenched...

As at the break of day an amorous star  
Comes from the east before the rising sun...  
The sky all round about was now so bright  
My eyes were vanquished by its brilliancy'

(Quoted from: Petrarch *The Triumphs of Petrarch*, (1962) Translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins, Chicago, University of Chicago Press. Section entitled 'Fame' p 73).

Petrarch's poem 'Fame' is a procession of the great and good, their deeds and heirs. It is a mixture of kings, queens, emperors, warriors, mythological figures, Old Testament figures, classical Greek philosophers. It would be tempting to adapt this model to write a procession of famous poets or a sequence of poetry that demonstrated great poetic forms. Or perhaps this section, 'Fame', could be written more in terms of a journey than a procession. This would give scope for a more abstract interpretation of the procession. Perhaps the use of allegory as personification could result in a poem about attributes such as hope or despair. Culler in *Structure of Poetics* writes:

'Allegory, one might say, is the mode which recognizes the impossibility of fusing the empirical and the eternal and thus demystifies the symbolic relation by stressing the separateness of the two levels....Only allegory can make the connection in a self-conscious and demystified way' (1975,p 269).

If the city is seen as something which cannot be both empirical and eternal then allegory is a useful tool. An adaptation of Allegory could provide a sequence based

on metonym – the attributes being parts attributed to the city. Is Fame the home of the metonym? For example the procession could be of: the addresses someone has lived in, the buses used, the museums visited, lectures attended, jobs, interviews, decisions, degrees of loneliness or togetherness. Perhaps Fame is a strongly allegorical figure and is in full control of this section of the poem and the poems within this section are her ‘report’ and belong to her – especially now the poet is dead.

A different version of the ‘Triumphs’ with special reference to London, are the Lord Mayor’s Midsummer Watch Processions. These became increasingly elaborate in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century. The text of one such procession ‘The Triumphs of Truth’ was written by Thomas Middleton for the 1613 procession. It was a very ornate and expensive allegorical procession which went through the streets of the City of London with various carts and vantage points for enactment of allegorical dialogue and scenes. A student project, headed by Lacey Marshall, from the University of Victoria, Canada, translated and presented the ‘Triumph of Truth’ as a student project. The full text can be obtained online from the University of Victoria, Canada website (see Bibliography under Middleton). Truth herself speaks and other personifications include: the Angel, Zeal, Envy, Ignorance and Error. Error is personified as a cloud in a chariot who covers truth in a fog at relevant moments in the procession. But eventually, Zeal, with her ‘Fire beames’ throws so much light (Flame) over error that Error’s chariot is burned up. The Triumphal procession thus ends with a great bonfire and fireworks. There are a great number of other dramatic incidents as well, designed to show off London’s prosperity. After the Restoration of the monarchy in 1642 the Lord Mayor’s processions became comical and tableaux were enacted by clowns: ‘Raymond D. Tumbleson says the shift from serious to silly is because by ‘1701, there was no longer a need to enact symbolic Triumphs of London because London had triumphed’ (Ref: Tumbleson 54): see University of Victoria, Canada website.

## NOTES ON WRITING THE POEMS



**Dull** - the shape of the text requires brevity and the placing seems to supplant the need for prepositions. In this sense Indesign encourages the author to abandon the words to their fate. There is no need for intimate manipulation of the words as the shape takes over much of this portion of the input. This shape is quite obviously the edges of the pages of a fallen book stating that this indeed a book. This is in direct contrast to the Magritte painting: *The Treachery of Images* (Ceci n'est pas une Pipe). The text seems to respond well to the kind of half line based on the Anglo-Saxon: 'voices coming going driven like so far sound waves doors bang'

Having the text going in two different directions (see Random) requires movement of the head. What makes this sort of changing of format worthwhile?

The task is now divided into two stages – the working of the poem in a traditional way – and then its translation into the Indesign format for manipulation where it loses some of the text – see above. The task of placing the text is time consuming – 'artful' – it is a layer of skill in itself but there is no reason why this time and skill is not the same kind of input as writing poetry in the traditional method, as lines of text on the page. One learns to manipulate the tools, select what is exciting and important and respond to them.

As a poem there is as yet little that is fully satisfactory. Is it possible that the reformatting causes confusion between the word and voice? What is the fate of either of these? The development of skill in using the software through threading the text between the text boxes, enabled more flexibility, though the actual rigidity of the text boxes is confining. The text is constrained to fill the space and is not allowed, by the software, to leak outside it. However each text box can become an icon/stanza. The letters/words/ideas can become pixels.

Now that another poem has been wrestled and processed into existence, the processing is emerging as an input that demands its own time, space and level headedness. 'Processing' is one of the terms used by Allen Fisher to describe how he constructs poetry without reference to more accepted poetic forms of rhythm, stanza for



example. In an interview given to Scott Thurston which is used in Thurston's unpublished PhD thesis *Rescale: Method and Technique in Contemporary British Linguistically Innovative Poetry and Poetics* (2001), Allen Fisher identifies three stages in writing his poetry. He is referring to a particular poem:

'Due to the fact that the columns overlap in parts, on occasions the eye is carried down a long, stepped line from left to right across the columns, where the differences between discourses are de-emphasised and the text gains some of its most powerful effects. There are also points where the page is far more of an 'open field'... and one reads clusters of small, local juxtapositions against other clusters across the page. These processual features are what animate the text. Were the text 'purely' procedural, then one might imagine pages of uniformly dense columns, strictly separated, without any connections being actively made across them. The text therefore shows the process of 'writing-through' materials which have been selected and juxtaposed by a procedure. The continuities and discontinuities made between the columns generate harmonies and tensions which constitute the art of the text' (p171).

It seems clear that the text is the foundation of the poem. In this experiment with the Indesign software, the text needs to shape what the end product shall be; an ideal is worked towards, and then the software enables as much of possible of these intentions. There is still a portion of this writer's brain that wishes to use the Indesign software like a 'cut and paste' technique from the days when neither computers nor software were available. This is not helpful. This earlier technique could be used but an attempt to do so still resulted in an unsatisfactory product. The printing out of a document can still let the imagination down.

**Shout!** – see *The Russian Avant-Garde Book 1910-1934* Eds. Margit Rowell and Deborah Wye New York, The Museum of Modern Art – specifically a drawing by Lul'bin (circa 1913) on page 73. There is an illustration of a drawing of someone with an open mouth and words ejecting from it. There is also a painting on this page entitled 'Explocity' by Kruchenykh (1913) where the buildings in the drawing seem to explode at all angles in



a swirling movement. Jakobson and others, including Elena Guro (see below), explored the creation of new words that bore no resemblance to others in existence. They called themselves 'zaumniks' or writers of 'transrational' or 'supraconscious' verse (RUDY, S (1987) Jakobson-Aljagrov and Futurism in K POMORSKA et al (Eds.) *Language, Poetry and Poetics: The Generation of the 1890's: Jakobson, Trubetzkoy, Majakovskij* Paper presented at the Proceedings of the First Roman Jakobson Colloquium, Massachusetts Institute of Technology 5/6<sup>th</sup> October 1984 *of the 1890's: Jakobson, Trubetzkoy, Majakovskij* Berlin, Mouton de Gruyter, pp277-290) (see also Andrew Lass 'Poetry and Reality: Roman O. Jakobson and Claude Lévi-Strauss IN *Artists, Intellectuals, and World War II: The Pontigny Encounters at Mount Holyoke College, 1942-1944*, (2008) BENFEY, C and REMMLER, K (Eds.), Amherst, University of Massachusetts Press, pp179 and 184). New words, which as yet have no meaning are labeled as 'zero signs' or 'zero signified' (Rudy (1987), p281). The title of this poem plays with the construction of the word 'shout' and related words and meanings.

**Ms Pixel Writes** - The gradient tool in Indesign has been used in this poem to grey out some of the content. This has proved frustrating in two senses – one, that this is very difficult to manipulate and, two, the poem itself is partly obscured. Is the resulting confusion part of the poem's integrity and therefore justifiable? A background of ampersands, each containing a swatch of varied colours would have replicated the structure of the pixelated screen. But this was impossible to achieve. However the technique of two columns has been used with a gradient fading towards the inner portion of the page and justification of the columns reversed inwards on each page. The result is very frustrating for the reader – the text disappears and the poem cannot be fully read. This will tie in with the next poem which is about themes and rhemes. It means that some of the rhemes of Ms Pixel, and Mary's letter are faded out. The words are there in the programme – they exist in themselves, but for the reader they do not. This is an attempt to interpret city life – acted upon and not the actor. The human within the city is imposed upon by the city not the shaper of it. Large organisations or market forces may have an impact but not individuals. The city is the theme and we



are the rhemes. There is therefore much wasted effort, frustration and lack of completion – hence the format of this poem.

There is a philosophical background to this poem which derives from the philosophical discussion on whether knowledge of perception is innate or learnt. In order to establish this as a ‘fact’ the philosophers Peter Ludlow et al (Eds.) wrote *There’s Something About Mary* (2004) where the hypothesis requires the imprisonment of Mary and she is denied all access to colour from birth. Whilst this is only postulated as a working hypothesis it is repugnant to the woman author – one wonders what the impact would be if the subject of the book title were ‘There’s Something about John’? It is understood that ‘Mary’, in the poem, understands colour because abstract thought contains gradations of human truth that are not only more or less true (shades of grey) but also more or less clarifying or edifying (shades of colour). This informs the title of this poem *Shades of Light*.

**Wrestle** - this poem is an experiment with rhemes, themes and the transition between the two. The city is the theme (see left of page), with present active verbs and the more personal acted upon rhemes (see bottom of page), comprise the horizontal line and the themes – the humans that process the two rise into the distance. The lines were drawn where wanted and then text written along them. Perspective as abstracted street with foreground as base: street line - themes; base line – transition (verbs); people lines as rhemes.

**Trademark** - this poem is based on meronymy – a term to describe a part-whole – where holonym is the whole and meronyms are the component parts see (Katie Wales *Dictionary of Stylistics*). London is the holonym and how we describe it, the part-wholes (the meronyms). London is described by the parts that make the whole – and these become its trademark. Holonym is the reverse – the parts are described by a whole.

As far as the structure of the poem is concerned is it best to vary the structure with each poem or does a repetition of form, portray a greater sense of unity of the material? In this part of the poem various techniques have been considered and the various forms expressed are evidence



of this. It would be better if this were not a trainee's showpiece but realised as a presentational whole which is integral to the interpretation of the poem itself. The comparison with music may illustrate how a series of 'studies' can both show off the writer's skills and also be great work in itself (for example, Chopin's 'Études'). This section could well be called the Triumph of the City over the Person/Inhabitant/City Dweller/Person/Human. None of these sounds quite right, perhaps dweller/citizen/squatter/inmate or tenant? The name of 'urbigena' (city born) is mentioned by David Jones in *The Anathemata* p 112. Or is it useful to reconsider the naming of this section as 'The Triumph of Technology over the Poet'?

**Uninvited** – this is a fairly basic layout but with the strike weight (the text box delineations) left in so that there is a sense of a building structure. I have added numbers so that the text can be read in its right sequence, though this is not something that Allen Fisher uses to assist the reader when he wrote some of his poetry in *Gravity*. He left it to the reader to decide in what order they would like to read and understand the text:

'Some of the poems read up and downwards, backwards on each other, like 'Ballin' the Jack' does, in *Brixton Fractals* (*Gravity* p18-21). There's four stanzas I think, so you read from top to bottom on the first one and then, if you then read from bottom to top on the second one, you'll see a relationship quicker than you will by reading in the normal direction, and the same happens to three and four. One of the things that's going on there is transformation' (Thurston (2001), pp150/1).

**Uninvited** is taken from a longer draft (*Shades of Light* draft 3). This draft explores further, ideas from Allen Fisher's theories. This poem also explores ideas taken from the use of window imagery used by Elena Guro in her city poetry:

'Although windows act most often as barriers, we should note that the window in Guro's works is not understood as a barrier between physical reality and inner mood. In this, she differs from Baudelaire and Blok, for example, because they use the device of a window in their poetry to express feelings of alienation and solitude...She,

however, needs the interaction and transition between these two worlds to help her define her existence. In Guro's work there is a constant interchange and juxtaposition of the outside world and the inner mood through the frame of a window. Thus she uses numerous verbs of perceptions: "saw", "looked", "discerned", "perceived", "painted", "hummed", "smelled". The frequently used verb... "to seem" indicates the subjective quality of the perceived reality that "appears" rather than "is" (Banjamin, 'The City as Framed Spectacle in Elena Guro' (2000, pp42-57).

Elena Guro was a futurist poet, contemporaneous with Jakobson and the early Formalists. She and her work were known to them (see Thomas Winner 'Roman Jakobson and Avantgarde Art' in *Roman Jakobson: Echoes of His Scholarship* Daniel Armstrong and C.H. Van Schooneveld (Eds.) (1977) pp503-514). Women's contribution to movements tends to be neglected and it was hard to uncover the records of women's contributions to this period of Russian cultural and political history. Some work has been translated, much has not. Her interest in form and technique rather than in beauty and romantic language meant that she must have been central to the Formalist movement.

**Random** – this is an axial use of space. The axis becomes skewed when the reality slips in. The axes are interpreted on the basis of the imaginary (top axis) and then the real event is interpreted in the same way on the real, or lower axis. Does this increase a poetic interpretation of the axes or helps to work towards an interpretation of Jakobson's input? Perhaps it is possible that the axial model is being adapted here: syntagm = real and paradigm = imagined. This is certainly something to be developed. Try again with the next poem and work closer to the poetic city interpretation of this tool.

As a progress report on using the Indesign the poems have been worked on several times in order to improve their shape and layout. It is painstaking and time consuming. After completing a structure for Random it became evident that that there really is no escape from the shape. The shape imposes itself on the poem



ruthlessly. It concertinas together the meaning and the number of words. The text prepared for this section has been virtually all cast aside with only small amounts of it used, though perhaps this is no bad thing. The use of shapes is an endlessly variable tool but so easily circumscribed by the skill of the person who is using them. The software is excellent and contains much capacity for interpretation of the page. It is difficult however to find all the tools and put them to use. Ideas on how to interpret the space and the irregular lines have still not been realised.

There are so many things that cannot be done often because, simply, the reader would find it far too irritating. Who wants to try and read poetry that is over-written so that there is nothing but a nest of black squiggles on the page? Who wants to read a computer driven attempt at the reproduction of hand writing? Who wants to read repetition simply so that a shape can be constructed or specifically broken in order to conceptually respond to the page as a whole rather than to the text? The text is what the reader wants to read and the shape of the presentation of the text must give a momentary shock of recognition that the spacing and placing harmonise with and expound the written word - this goes back to Augustine again. The text is more rewarding if it is shaped by the poetic author rather than by the author's skill with the software. This is a reflection on the poems cited by Pollard and Cashdan referred to at the beginning of these notes.

It is not possible to thread a triangular text box. Text boxes are always square, or at least with four corners, and if a triangle is drawn up it has to be with the line drawing tool, and then the text goes along the line of the triangle – around its shape but it does not infill the triangle with text. Perhaps a textbox must be drawn within the triangle.

**Breaking the Vitriol** - This has been a very painstaking construction of text. In spite of this reworking of the text, does the meaning emerge in any way that is satisfactory? Is it possible to read the poems in this section aloud? How would they be read? Is the reader to be accorded a performance based choice of either this way or that way, with no two performances the same?



Must they remain silent? Does this deny them life? For each page there is a saved, drafted page as a copy, in Indesign so that the progress of construction can be seen before the words were added. There might well be better and simpler ways of achieving this end result. It means that lines of text must be available to be cut and moved after they have been allotted their text – as if they were small girders and can be moved into position when they are ready – prefabricated text.

**Images Attached** - Does the complexity of the poem rise up the paradigm as it was designed to do? The vertical column of lines should be read from the bottom up. Should this be explained? The lines in the right hand box belong to the contiguous syntagm.

**Building in the Localities** – this phrase almost certainly derives from the Socialist Workers Party. More specifically this poem was originally inspired by Kenneth Koch's poem 'To My Old Addresses' (in his *Collected Poems* p627). There is also a debt to Andrew Crozier's sequence of poems 'Pretty Head' in *All Where Each Is* (1985, pp275-284). The poem attempts to interpret city life in yet another way. It can be seen from the poem that time passes for almost every location presenting a longitudinal study.

This last poem in this section is a statement that the buildings in a city last longer than the people living in them. Significantly, Fame occupies the last house and states how the double glazing is heaven – rumours are all right if her peace is not disturbed by real events – this would be to acknowledge that time is passing – and to her detriment!

There are many questions arising from this use of Indesign, from any working of poetic text that does not rely on simple horizontal consecutive lines. Within city life and the evolution of a city poetic what is the boundary between the real and the imagination? Does this boundary move? Does the integrity of the imagined in relation to the real in city life affect methods, depths of interpretation? How does the poet acceptably incorporate the abstract and therefore the poetic within a graphic reality that is arresting, or may even take priority over our senses of perception? What is the balance

between the city as a structure and the inhabitants? How is this interpreted in a poetical structure?

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## TIME

## SUGGESTED CONTENTS FOR EACH SECTION

Suggested elements (poems) are:



1. *a worked lyric* **M25 Clockwise, Pellucid** The final poem of this section attempts to sum up some of the central considerations of this section on Time
2. *a human interest poem* **£50.00cash** Here the consideration of violence against women begins and ends with observations on prostitution
3. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis - syntagm or paradigm* **Fulcrum**, The poem's three sections explore different kinds of balance and the relationship between movement and stasis - what movement exists on the axes? **Shaking out the Syntagm** How do the deictics alter the contiguity, the sense of place or time, the subsequent construction of space – imagined in this case?
4. *a poem alluding to another poet's work* **Home!** **home! chair! chair! grapes! grapes!** Refers to Allen Fisher's work (see endnotes). **£50.00 cash** (see endnotes for information on Jakobson's work on the paintings and poetry of Paul Klee)
5. *a poem developing city theory* **Punch out the air** The opposition of the city to the rural idyll is a common theme in poetry. Here the episode that takes place outside the city is seen as alien and emotionally shocking. It is contrasted in a parallel text by what happens in the city park – also disturbing. A consideration of two different occasions highlights simultaneous memory.
6. *a poem containing development of narrative theory* **Rhetoric add** This poem is resolutely unclear about the narrator. **Slurp.exe** The narrator is the software who interacts with the Aristotelian voice of rhetoric in the effort to establish a balance of truth and reality, including the function of repetition. **Home! home! chair! chair! grapes! grapes!** What is the relationship between truth and reality, the directly spoken word and words as art?
7. *a poem reflecting Brechtian input* **Home! home! chair! chair! grapes! grapes!** Direct and indirect speech - how the spectator is drawn into the events directly or indirectly, how events are recalled through the crystallising out of certain facts or facets.
8. *a poem developing city imagery and symbolism* **£50.00 cash** The structure of the city is reflected in the shape of the poem. The shape also reflects the

positioning of meaning in painting (see endnotes on Jakobson and Paul Klee). Semiotic interpretation of art, symbol, meaning is explored here. **Thermostat** This poem uses unusual punctuation to highlight agglomeration of movement and meaning in the words and actions.

9. *other* **Shaking out the Syntagm** In this poem the deictics are selected out. This is disruptive of the movement of the poem. The placing and timing of the information within it becomes displaced in itself. **Strangers and Rising** The balance between the human and the infrastructure of buildings – the balance between noise and silence
10. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis – syntagm or paradigm* **Vantage** This poem places the verbs down a central spine of the poem. This establishes movement on a central axis. This is also emphasised through the hemistich line which is placed on either side of the verb – creating a sense of dialogue.

## COMMENTARY AND INFLUENCES

Time passing disposes of the physical body both alive and dead. Time triumphs over Fame and reputation. Time passing also therefore disposes of any geographical sense expressed through the body, or indeed through the memory of the body. The maps that are used for the city poetic in this poem are therefore not physical. It is suggested that the overall approach of this section towards the city and time is how time is internalised and becomes part of our inner workings and outer responses to city life. There is an emphasis on balances, how internal comprehension of time is altered by the city environment.

Jenny Bavidge, in her PhD thesis: *The Representation of Urban Space in the Postmodern Novel: Ellis, Ackroyd, Auster and Sinclair* (2001, Unpublished, London, Royal Holloway and Bedford New College) suggests that the key phrase to describe the city in relation to the novels that she explores is: 'city as text'. To quote from her abstract:

'It [the thesis] suggests that most criticism of the urban novel has hitherto worked on unitary and therefore



limited models of urban space.’ In her introduction she states: ‘My aim is therefore to examine the relevance of multiple and heterotopic models of the city deriving from postmodern geography to the work of four paradigmatic novelists’ (2001 p6).

She notes that the ‘new geographers’ are concerned to interpret city space in a way that has implications for the study of literature:

‘The key feature that I wish to extrapolate from the reconsideration of their subject by new geographers is the understanding of space as a socially mediated construction and most importantly the idea of the urban as a heterotopic narrative in itself. The understanding of the city as a narrative in and of itself has important implications for literary representations of the city’ (2001 p27).

Bavidge’s section on Paul Auster’s ‘Limits of Textual Space’ raises a central issue of theoretical poetic importance: ‘City as Text’. This phrase is examined within the scope of new geography and urban theory in ‘The world is like a text (see Massey, 2006 pp50-54 where her argument is developed from Derrida).

Bavidge goes on to explain in more detail:

‘The textualised city is one which can be imagined as dispensing with the notion of depth as necessary for meaning. The lived city is not a site for archaeology, but continuous discovery and production of meaning on a surface level. Urban space, as the habitat or a community of strangers, is about surfaces...’ (2001p144).

As an aside it might well be fruitful to question this assumed link between the textualised city and superficiality. Jenny Bavidge goes on to say: ‘Auster is operating within the trope of the textual city, or the city as text, which is an important and contested concept for urban theory’ (2001 p144).

Bavidge explores the relationship between the grid system of New York and the plots in Auster’s fiction and goes on to develop her analysis of literary technique:

‘The presumption behind the troping of the city as a text is that it will somehow make urban space legible’ (2001



p145). She refers to a 'text metaphor' and a semiotics of the city and writes:

'The imagined life of a city however is more than a simple grafting on of a particularly potent fiction enacted in its environs. It has to do with production of meaning through a reading of the city-text that does not refer to a pre-given reality of a discoverable city. Furthermore, it invites a discourse which is not one of "excavation" but a proliferation of further images and narratives from the urban space it seeks to represent' (2001 p151).

As an example of 'the production of meaning', she suggests that in Auster's work 'the stones become a wall when the word becomes a sentence' (2001 p154).

In Chapter 4 of her thesis she discusses Iain Sinclair's writing on London. She accepts that he is influenced by, amongst others, Allen Fisher, and describes his work 'as textual spaces which assemble the arguments, narratives and competing meanings of the "unedited" urban space of London in order to invite interpretation and reassemblage of these elements by the "witness" reader' (p191). Bavidge concludes that, out of the four novelists discussed in the thesis, Iain Sinclair comes closest to interpreting the city as a mode of thinking rather than an entity that is mappable.

Jenny Bavidge importantly identifies the 'city as text' as a tool for analysis of contemporary novelists. This phrase – which is a simile, can be altered to 'city *is* text' (she suggests this development in her reference to the 'troping of the city as a text' (see quote from p144 above). This places the phrase on the metaphoric axis. The city becomes the imprint from which the poetic imagination develops. The more topographical simile 'city as text' may be more geographically appropriate and is closer to the horizontal axis of contiguity used in prose narrative. 'City is text' provides poets with an alternative nexus of word patterns and rhythms more closely linked to metaphor and artifice.

How is identity – voice - expressed for women in the city? It seems important here to examine some methods of women's poetic expression. What is the impact of fragmentation both as a registered impact and a tool for interpretation? Is fragmentation a metaphoric tool? The

grid as a description of Auster's plot structure (Bavidge 2001 p146) and Bavidge's reference to his use of 'striated space' (2001 p165) is imposed by the external city structure and the processes of inspiration are thus derived from external imposition not interiorisation. Perhaps the issue of control (external not internal) should be expressed as technique here as a poetics of the city for women?

For women the narrative is important. Rachel Blau DuPlessis writes: 'Then one sees a moving and serious reconsideration of gender in feminist "humanist" poetries – combined with an attention to wholeness, healing, lyric transcendence, and affirmation that is not a uniformly plausible, though it is always a repetitively narratable, sequence' (Sloan 1998, p590). Narrative emerges as something that the techniques are built from. The narrative becomes the foundation, though the structure as a whole can also be fragmented or torqued by the city. Torque, (see Silliman, 1995) can be applied to sentences. This fragmentation – caused by impact - and torque which is caused by pressure and twisting – can be interpreted as energy, a city trope. Incision (splicing) may also be used as a trope. The nexus of time, space and place also expresses fragmentation, dislocation and displacement – a reflection of city structure and life. The use of the phrase 'city is text' gives us an acknowledged metaphor as a foundation on which to build these forms.

The contemporary poet, Myra Schneider, interprets the city as a narrative of time and emotion. One of her longer poems: 'Exits' (from *Exits* (1994) pp 58-71) illustrates how the city structure interprets her personal history. She uses the imagery of the exits from a roundabout to explore portions of her life and experience. She successfully uses the image metaphorically, we are aware of possibilities and terminations, paths taken and avoided, separations between experiences – all within the use of a generic city image. There must have been a roundabout that inspired the poem; but, or course by the time exit five (of ten altogether) is reached, the literal image has been overtaken by an image that has a nature and characteristics that interpret the life experiences described in the poem rather than an actual roundabout; see stanzas 2 and 3:



'Track lost of time and self,  
 I strike left at the next intersection.  
 Morning has cracked the dark's slate,  
 and seams appear pale as crystal.  
 Sandals flapping, mind stunned  
 I run from the grinding juggernauts

to a verge by an old gasometer shell.  
 In a puddled rut rainbowed with oil,  
 I stumble on glorious yellow cups  
 of marsh marigold, a plant that grows  
 with woundwort and wild cress, needs  
 to feed on the velvet of stream silt.'

For Schneider, the exits of the roundabout are opportunities to remember certain episodes in her life, revisit and rework her understanding of events. Some of the exits yield a specific time, some are dream-like in quality, most reveal emotions. 'Exit One' and 'Exit Ten', the first and last sections of the poem, are firmly grounded in the sense that the poet is either driving, or is a pedestrian at a roundabout.

It is argued that women's use of metaphor needs closer examination. Vicki Bertram in 'Postfeminist Poetry' in *ACHESON AND HUK* 269-292) expresses great frustration that the perception of metaphor in women's poetry and language has been by-passed or even invalidated and with this goes a tremendous impoverishment in the perception of women's poetry. She quotes from A.A. Kelly's *Pillars of the House: An Anthology of Verse by Irish Women from 1690 to the Present* (1987, Dublin, Wolfhound Press):  
 "Women poets now dare to write explicitly about their bodies. A glut of this subject, too explicitly expressed, should lessen as female metaphor becomes innate rather than innovative...Female metaphor is still insecure. Female taboos still permeate the subconscious." "Whose subconscious?" is a tantalizing question, but I shall leave it aside and pass quietly over the insults to consider the important issues Kelly raises about metaphor. Ought metaphors to communicate a universal insight?' (Acheson and Huk p 276).



Vicki Bertram goes on to explore what Eavan Boland has also said about this, quoting from an interview: “‘A lot of what we now call ‘feminine experiences,’ or ‘women’s experiences,’ or ‘women’s issues,’ within poetry, are in fact, if people would only look at them closely, powerful metaphors for human experience. But you need to unlock the metaphor and you can’t do it by feminizing the material. You can only do it by humanizing it’” (*Sleeping with Monsters: Conversations with Scottish and Irish Women Poets* eds. Rebecca Wilson and Gillean Somerville-Arjat (1980 Edinburgh, Polygon)(Acheson and Huk, p276).

She continues:

‘In other words, a woman’s experience, in order to be accepted as a metaphor for human experience, must be “humanized” – the female element rendered invisible. In the process of humanizing female experience, gender is bypassed because humanism occludes gender difference and imposes a masculine subject. This paradox lies at the heart of Boland’s project and explains why any attempt to place women poets centrally in the literary tradition will fail to shift its male-centred perspective’ (Acheson and Huk, p276).

The poem ‘Exits’ by Myra Schneider (1994, London, Enitharmon) provides an example of a gendered viewpoint and poetic metaphoric interpretation. It is a woman’s view of wasteland. Stanzas 2 and 3 from ‘Exits’ have been quoted above: ‘I run from the grinding juggernauts//to a verge by an old gasometer shell.....I squeeze through a fence/into a yard’. Here Schneider finds a quasi pastoral environment – ‘marsh marigold...with woundwort and wild cress’. But the first section of the poem ‘The Roundabout’ includes the following lines and the wasteland has more sinister overtones:

‘I don’t believe I’d reach my starting point.  
Nothing blossoms in this wilderness  
But concrete spokes, glass petals  
And trucks rattling bones down turning;  
I want the comfort of buildings, people.  
A grin as wide as a football field  
Slaps my face. It’s pasted to a billboard.  
I look in vain for the wall behind’ (1994 p58).

It seems realistic for women to re-interpret city wasteland, waste ground, canal paths, river banks, disused car parks as a battle ground for the vulnerable, rather than having them as the evocative pastoral or locations for moments of transition. Other poems which bear this idea out (Minnie Bruce Pratt 'Waulking Song Two' (1988 (Ed. C. McEwan) *Naming the Waves* London, Virago, pp158-163); Sarah Fiske 'Another Foreign Body' (*Writing Women* Vol. 13, No. 1, p75-77) ; Trish Farrell 'Dead Ground' (1998 *Writing Women* Vol. 13, No. 1, p21); Claudia Mangel 'Sugar River' (2001, *Feminist Studies* Vol.1(Spring), p223). Here perhaps are the metaphors, empirical images, which might release the female metaphor from its insecurity (see Vicki Bertram above) and women's narrative empiricism from obscurity.

'Exits' by Myra Schneider is several pages long and covers a time span within the development of the poem itself. The sections, each entitled Exit One/Two and so on, appear to be chronological to the poet's own life. This gives a double level of narrative. The image of the Exits is also interesting. She does not entitle each section 'Destination' or give it the name or title of a road (Bramley Road or the A111 for example); it is not the progress along the way or the arrival that matters, it is the starting out. This focuses the reader's attention on the fictive roundabout itself with its ten exits. The image is becoming stretched. The nexus of the roundabout becomes as a hub of a wheel that turns, with the exits as its spokes. The metaphor of the passage of time is established three times over.

Peter Barry in his book *Literature in Contexts* (2007) has examined a diagram to explain ekphrasis as a device for constructing poetry within context. This categorisation is useful in establishing two types of city poetry – one that is city specific and one that is city generic. Schneider's poem straddles the two types in the sense that she is obviously referring to specific locations in her poem and is also depicting a generalised use of city space. However Barry's diagrammatic representation of ekphrasis needs some additions if the city is to be included as an ekphrastic device. Barry uses the example of pictures that are used to produce the poetry. Where he refers to "Actual' Ekphrasis 'Closed'" type, he



illustrates further by saying: 'The object is described *as* an object: it is 'framed' so that it is clear the poem is about an art object rather than a real scene' (p136). For the purposes of this argument it is important to understand that the 'picture' is the city – that it is not necessarily a particular city with a precise location, but a generic city. Barry himself provides the structure for this analysis by subdividing the above definition into 'Specific' and 'Generic'. He defines the 'Specific' as: 'The art-object being described is identified in the poem (in the title, or a note, or in the text itself' (p136). This is a categorisation which enables poetry of location to fall within the parameter of a poetic device rather than just being described as 'location poetry' and being analysed within the geography of space. Barry defines the 'Generic' as: 'The poem makes it clear that an art-object is being described, but the object is not identified (consequently allowing a further degree of generalisation/artifice' (p136). Schneider's poem 'Exits' falls within this 'Generic' category. In the examples of women's poetry about London given above, this is a division of category already mentioned. There are poems which specifically mention location – the name of a street or a district – and there are poems which are so distant in their generic naming of the city location that all the reader has to go on is the fact that the poet mentions that they are looking out of a high window (The Poem of Sabita' by Tashima Nasreen).

The question asked was: 'How is identity – voice - expressed for women in the city?' (see above).

Suggested channels for this voice would seem to include:

- the use of narrative as sequence – which can be fragmented by tension/torque
- 'city is text' gives the metaphoric time/space/place nexus rather than the city being interpreted through place or location
- Schneider usefully uses city landscape as a metaphor for her life events
- Vicki Bertram establishes that there is a need for a gendered insight into the existence of women's metaphor and how it needs to be accepted as centrally placed in the literary tradition
- women have already successfully used city waste land in a way which interprets both narrative and metaphor in their lives



- Barry's specific and generic categories release the possibility of categorisation of location oriented city poetry

In the search for definitions of a city poetic, Paul De Man's analysis of romantic poetry provides a clear antithesis. He explores the defining principles behind romantic poetry in his chapter entitled 'The Rhetoric of Temporality' in *Blindness and Insight* (1983). This is a close analysis of Allegory and Symbol, with a second section on Irony. This has significance in attempting to define a city poetic. He quotes from Coleridge's 'The Statesman's Manual' in his exploration of the shift, at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, from poetry that uses allegory – a poetic that 'designate[s] a plurality of distinct and isolated meanings' to a poetic that uses 'a configuration of symbols ultimately leading to a total, single and universal meaning' (1983 p188):

'We find in Coleridge what appears to be, at first sight, an unqualified assertion of the superiority of the symbol over allegory. The symbol is the product of the organic growth of form; in the world of the symbol, life and form are identical: "such as the life is, such is the form." Its structure is that of the synecdoche, for the symbol is always a part of the totality that it represents. Consequently, in the symbolic imagination, no disjunction of the constitutive faculties takes place, since the material perception and the symbolical imagination are continuous, as the part is continuous with the whole' (1983 p192).

De Man goes on to note that critics' perception of the Romantics is based on a definition of:

'the romantic image as a relationship between mind and nature, between subject and object. The fluent transition in romantic diction, from descriptive to inward, meditative passages, bears out the notion that this relationship is indeed of fundamental importance. The same applies to a large extent to eighteenth-century landscape poets who constantly mix descriptions of nature with abstract moralizings' (1983 p193).

He clarifies the intense communion with nature of the Romantics with a quotation from William Wimsatt: 'The common feat of the romantic nature poets was to read meanings into the landscape....of a fundamental

unity that encompasses both mind and object, "the one life within us and abroad." It appears, however that this unity can be hidden from a subject who then has to look outside, in nature, for the confirmation of its existence. For Wimsatt, the unifying principle seems to reside primarily within nature, hence the necessity for the poets to start out from natural landscapes, the sources of the unifying, "symbolic" power' (1983 p 194).

De Man suggests that this is a form of associative analogy, and is more emotively described as affinity or sympathy (1983, p196). De Man goes on to suggest that in Anglo-American criticism there is a : 'tendency to transfer into nature attributes of consciousness and to unify it organically with respect to a center that acts, for natural objects, as the identity of the self functions for a consciousness' (1983 pp199-200).

De Man has defined as necessary, the identification of the Romantic self with an 'other' in order that a poetic identity may be expressed; that a sense of the universal is sought through rural landscape. Can poets ever seek such a sense through an urban landscape? Is the suggested genre of a city poetic being refused expression because poets are still trying to find this sense of identification with the universal within the city? Can the urban environment ever release this? This is perhaps one reason why, if there is a genre of city poetry – it has to be a category of poetry which is different to this kind of identification. But a different theoretical and philosophical basis is needed to release the urban poetic. If the associative analogy is rejected perhaps we can use a metaphoric, processual (see Allen Fisher) or chaotic construction instead. This goes back to de Man's suggestion quoted above that: 'The relationship with nature has been superseded by an intersubjective, interpersonal relationship that, in the last analysis, is a relationship of the subject toward itself' (1983 p196). If the meaning of this is extended to a greater metaphoric accuracy it might mean that the relationship that is between the subject and the object has become itself – *city is text*. That there is no analogy, no associative state, no relationship between subject and object, just an expression of that which we are – city; that the city has spewed us up out of its own existence but that we remain city and not as separate from it.



This is not an expression, a reflection, or an explication of the city-self, in an effort towards a universal, but that the city dwellers and our poetry are the city-self.

Perhaps the use of an analogical relationship is why much city poetry is expressed through location poetry. The location is still being used as that 'other' which interprets the self. What difference does the absence of specific location make to prosody, to a definition of a city poetic? Perhaps, within the city poetic, there is a greater concentrated use of the metaphoric axis, that contiguity, synecdoche or metonym spin out to the periphery and interpretations of self within the city become metaphoric? There is no sense of the universal expressed, only a particular which expresses the self metaphorically, again: city is text.

The triumph of time over life and fame potentially describes a metaphorical body. It is not the city that is dead but, within the scope of this poem, the poet of the city who is dead and even the attributes are being eroded through time. This, it seems, enables a forward movement through the 'Triumph of Time' towards Eternity. 'The distinguishing mark between time and eternity is that the former does not exist without some movement and change, while in the latter there is no change at all' (St Augustine *The City of God* (1958) Book XI, Chapter 6, New York, Image Books, p211). The poem is therefore not dealing with authorship in the narrative sense of the poet speaking, but authorship in the sense that there are the attributes or voice of the poet (even though the author is dead) which live on after the his/her death. Therefore, it seems that there is not only movement but also a balancing act going on – time vs. fame, poet vs. voice, time vs. eternity – and all within the cityscape.

Jakobson in 'Dialogue on Time in Language and Literature' (in *Verbal Art, Verbal Sign, Verbal Time* (1985) quotes himself writing on Futurism: 'The overcoming of statics, the expulsion of the absolute – here is the essential turn for the new era...Static perception is a fiction' (p11). He refutes Saussure's strict dichotomy between synchrony and diachrony: 'Saussure's ideology ruled out any compatibility between the two aspects of time, simultaneity and



succession' (p13). Whilst Majakovskij wanted to vanquish time's 'immutable march' (p14) Jakobson accepts the Formalist notion of an 'internal logic of literary development' (quoting Trubetzkoy, p17). Pasternak has his own idea of the development as 'a coincidence of circumstances that takes place outside of man, on "aerial paths"' (p18). Jakobson notes that 'Speech is transmitted at a rapid rate' (p19) and: 'While the sounds that we hear disappear, when we read we usually have immobile letters before us and the time of the written flow of words is reversible: we can read and reread, and, what is more, we can be ahead of an event' (p20). (This was also perceived by St Augustine in *Confessions* (2002) New York, Dover pp236/237).

Jakobson explains how poetry can 'overcome the linear succession of the events it renders' (see 'Dialogue on Time in Language and Literature' in *Verbal Art, Verbal Sign, Verbal Time* 1985):

'A variety of conflicts arises between the two aspects of time [synchrony and diachrony]. There is on the one hand the time of the speech event and on the other hand the time of the narrated event. The clash of these two facets is particularly evident in verbal art. Since discourse, and especially artistic discourse, is deployed in time, doubts have been expressed more than once over the centuries as to whether it is possible to overcome in verbal art this fact of the uninterrupted temporal flow, which opposes poetry to the stasis of painting...Can one transmit through the means afforded to us by the flow of speech the image of a knight in armor sitting on his horse, or do the laws of language require that such a scene be presented as a narrative about the process of dressing the knight and saddling the horse?' (p21).

This enquiry has affinity to Brecht's understanding of the alienation effect in drama. Brecht uses the example of the witness of a traffic accident recounting the event to another person. It is not the precise measurements and mechanics of the accident that are wanted but the images which re-enact the events. (see Brecht, *Brecht on Theatre*, 'The Street Scene: A Basic Model for an Epic Theatre, pp121-129). Jakobson refers to the eighteenth century work of Johann Herder who used a 'defense [sic] of simultaneous phenomena that permit poetry to

overcome the linear succession of the events it renders' (Jakobson, *ibid.* p21). He explains:  
 'Verse, whether rigorously metrical or free, simultaneously carries within it both linguistic varieties of time: the time of the speech event and that of the narrated event....It is difficult to imagine a sensation of the temporal flow that would be simpler and at the same time more complex, more concrete and yet more abstract' (*ibid.*p22).

The argument posited here is that, within a city poetic, where city is text and the perception is not analogous, but metaphorically interpreted as the poet being as one with the city, then time readily collapses from being linear or successive to simultaneous, or potentially so. The poems in this section attempt to reflect the sense that events take place or are understood simultaneously (see 'Punching the Air' or the use of rapid speech style in 'Rhetoric add'). This would seem to have an impact on the use of the axes – syntagm/contiguity and paradigm/metaphor. If linear time – which is connected to contiguity - is disrupted or fragmented and thus becomes simultaneous time (enabling metaphor ) then the axes perhaps become a fragmented model?

Cyclical time which is mentioned by Jakobson (see *Dialogue* 1985, p22) is also mentioned by Kristeva in her article 'Women's Time' (in *The Kristeva Reader* Ed. Toril Moi pp187-213) but is not explored in this section.

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## ETERNITY

### SUGGESTIONS FOR POEM CONTENTS

Suggested elements (poems) are:

1. *a worked lyric City Dawn, Celebration*



2. *a human interest poem* **Caravanserai**
3. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis - syntagm or paradigm* **Celebration** which refers to patterns and curves
4. *a poem alluding to another poet's work* **Recursion** which refers to Aljagrov – Roman Jakobson – and his city poem 'How Many Fragments Have Scattered' Also **Possession** which uses adverbial neologisms to explore interaction with the city. **Triumphal** refers back directly to Petrarch but is a very negative understanding of Triumph. **Soul Strobe**
5. *a poem developing city theory* **Embedding on** uses the latin word *urbigena* to describe the city dweller. There is no modern easily used word instead. This poem makes no alternative suggestion. **Curvaceous and Enticing**
6. *a poem containing development of narrative theory* The poem **Soul Strobe** explores how process is developed in a fragmented and reflexive way – there are flashes of repetition and words that are not quite the same, with the central anchoring line 'You Are Here' to indicate that the city narrative process is dislocated from the self without being impersonal
7. *a poem reflecting Brechtian input* **The Desert in the City** is reported speech, reflecting Brecht's interest in the Witness as a part of his exploration of the Alienation Effect.
8. *a poem developing city imagery and symbolism* **Breath** – this poem explores how certain musical and lexical terms could be used to interpret city events and reactions with special reference to breath. Also **Periphery** which explores how repetition degrades perception. Also **Washes of Light** which explores how the city alienates the inhabitant from fundamental elements – air, earth, water. Also **Curvaceous and Enticing** which explores mechanical balances and weights as processes for interpreting city life.
9. *other* **Who Broke the Light?** is a narrative poem with a historical content taken from the life and work of Joan Littlewood. It includes brief references to east end poverty and cockney life. It is also an interpretation of waste land which is very different from that of T.S.Eliot.

10. *a poem interpreting a specific point of the axis – syntagm or paradigm Caravanserai* – this poem ends with a journey that goes to the centre. This is a final expression of how the axial interpretation of a city poetic can be expressed metaphorically – even metaphysically – with the straight line that delineates a beginning and some kind of conclusion.

## COMMENTARY AND INFLUENCES

The overriding influence for this last section is from St Augustine. I quote from *City of God*:

‘The city of man, for all the width of its expansion throughout the world and for all the depth of its differences in this place and that, is a single community. The simple truth is that the bond of a common nature makes all human beings one. Nevertheless, each individual in this community is driven by his passions to pursue his private purposes. Unfortunately, the objects of these purposes are such that no one person (let alone, the world community) can ever be wholly satisfied. The reason for this is that nothing but Absolute Being can satisfy human nature. ***The result is that the city of man remains in a chronic condition of civil war*** [inserted emphasis]. Hence, there is always the oppression of those who fail by those who succeed. The vanquished succumb to the victorious, preferring sheer survival and any kind of peaceful settlement to their own continued hegemony – even to liberty itself. In nearly all peoples the voice of nature itself has counselled that, when you have had the bad luck to be beaten, it is better to bow before the conqueror than to risk wholesale annihilation – so much so, in fact that those who have chosen death rather than slavery have aroused constant admiration in those who do not understand’ (*City of God* (1958) Book XVIII, Chapter 2, New York, Image Books p 392).

Craig Hamilton writes in ‘The Imagined Cities in W.H.Auden’s “Memorial for the City”’ (*English Language Notes* (2005) Vol. 43, No.2, that Auden almost certainly derived the basis of his poem from *The City of God*.



The first poem in this section describes dawn and the last is set at nightfall. **City Dawn** begins the section with the start of the day. The action in **Caravanserai** is at the end of the day. There is a dramatic unity manifested here. **City Dawn** is a worked lyric. The knowledge of the passage of time through the city day is countermanded by the sense of not having control over events. This is suggested by the last stanza. Deictics are used at the beginning of each stanza suggesting urgency and the pressure of placing by external influences.

**Recursion** explores the accessibility of metaphors. Some brains do not readily perceive them. The metaphors of light, time, place, movement are mentioned as categories of metaphor. The A-Z is incomprehensible if the wrong data is searched for. Recursion is a backward movement, a return (*OED*). In computer science recursion can be a process by which a method calls itself over again until some process is complete or some condition is met. How does a metaphor establish itself? Jakobson is quoted (as Aljagrov) as explorer of neologisms which, in this poem, are used to expose the difficulty in establishing city metaphor.

**Breath** is a poem which explores how city life affects the essential act of breathing. The quality of air and the bad chests of those that have worked in industrial environments are both factors which mean that the city dweller is less likely to take easy breathing for granted. Stylistics and musical terms have been used: collocation (group of words); coloratura (grace note, trill, agile ornamentation); arpeggio. The poem contains human interest in the details of the baker who gets up at 3am. The traditional welcome given to guests – that of bread, salt and honey – is explored through the context of the supermarket. The poem finishes with a sequence of new metaphors for the city which are based on the weather. This is an exploration of city imagery and symbolism – both the hint of the impact of folklore and metaphor.

**Periphery** begins with the impact of flashbacks. Then the bus goes uphill over and over again. The poem incorporates different incidents in passing. The impact of repetition on consciousness is explored with its impact on the degradation of memory. Additional philosophical ideas are explored which seek to inform these themes in



the poem. Do we arrive where we think we shall and then is it as it is expected? Is any of this central to our existence or is it peripheral (and see endnotes)? This poem is both an exploration of city theory and symbolism – that of repetition and its special function in city life. It is suggested that the movement within this poem also explores the axis – the repeated events and the interpretation of them combine attributes of the syntagm with the paradigm.

**Possession** This poem refers to Aljagrov's (Jakobson's) poetry. The impact of adverbs on poetry is difficult to measure. Adverbs are not prominent in contemporary poetry. They require a particular space for their length and light end syllable. This poem seeks to describe the qualities manifest by the city itself and how it constructs an environment around its inhabitants.

**Washes of Light** contains a touch of the vernacular. It deals with the alienation (see Brecht and Socialist definitions) of the human from the earth, air, light, water and eventually even foundations. In a sense this is a development of narrative theory. It proves the dislocation of all narrative if city life prevents access to the fundamental sources of existence. How can the narrator tell a story if there is no source accessed?

**Curvaceous and Enticing** balances the human interest with the vested interests of the city. Scientific models are used (see endnotes). This poem also explores city theory. **Continuum of process** provides a possible definition of two dimensions and their impact. **Uneven motivation** contains the title phrase 'curvaceous and enticing'. The poem looks at the balance between what is dear (in both senses) and what is cheap (half-price and human life). **Maintenance** describes how symbiotic existence in the city, both on a personal and impersonal level, results in the combination being less than the input. **Weights** is a more personal poem with the theme of responses to expectations of racial difference and influence. It also looks at the feminist issues of men's insistence that women fit into a specific category of 'smiling'. And does study, mapping by the cartographer, help in any way? **Counterbalances** – what is demanded of us by strangers in the city would seem to have no

mechanism for a return on the investment of time and money.

These five poems, taken as a whole, explore city imagery and theory – how the plusses and minuses balance out. Whether there is a good return on the human cost and investment (and see endnotes).

**Soul Strobe** This poem picks out certain words in italics – a word or two from each line. The lines are justified alternately to the left and right of the page. The effect is one of dislocation of meaning and placing. The centre of the poem is balanced on the phrase ‘You Are Here’. The strobe effect is revealed through the italicised emphasis which contains no continuum of meaning in its own right. The construction of a sense of the meaning of life is rendered impossible by the strobe effect.

**Triumphal** This is of course a reference to Petrarch’s poem ‘The Triumphs’ on which this whole poem is based. The phrase ‘half-life’ describes how memory reduces the impact of fame but that time never quite destroys its residue. The poem indicates that nothing ever really provides a sense of reward or completion. There is a ‘triumph of life processes’. The concluding lines intimate a short procession of forces which destroy sensory capacity.

**Embedding on** What can be derived from Shelley’s poem ‘The Triumph of Life’? The city dweller does not fit into Shelley’s categorisation of the ‘shades’ or ‘shapes’ in his poem. The *urbigena* falls outside the scope of this dream (see endnotes).

**Celebration** This is a worked lyric which seeks to show what occupies the space derived from the two axes – the paradigm and the syntagm. The poem combines words with a depiction of space.

**The Desert in the City** Deictics, sand, silicon chips, two sleepers – one sleeping rough, the other on the floor. The ‘dusty light’ is a metaphor or what we do not see clearly – in terms of understanding. The ‘bitter glass’ reflects the unacceptable division between the haves and have-nots. The phrase ‘desert in the city’ has a place for those who seek to find some kind of stillness within the



great turmoil of movement (see DOHERTY C (1975) *Poustinia* Glasgow, Collins) 'Poustinia' is the Russian word for desert. A 'poustinik' was a hermit. The more modern interpretation is that, even whilst on a crowded train, it is possible to obtain inner quiet for reflection. The desert, dust and sand are mentioned more than once in this last section. Some of the connotations are from the residue of desert dust that is sometimes left on the surfaces of windows and cars in London after the wind has brought it from the Sahara. This is not a meteorological phenomenon as such and it is therefore difficult to find up to date figures for the deposit of 'aerosols' as they are technically called. There is a measuring station at ground level in Russell Square, London, but this is more for pollution aerosols. The incidence of naturally wind borne dust is of interest to some and two papers that have been written is by BURT, S (1991) Falls of dust rain in Berkshire, March 1991 *Weather (Royal Meteorological Society* 1991, vol. 46, No. 8, p248 and GIBB, A (1991) Acid Rain in Bracknell, Great Britain, and North West Europe *Weather (Royal Meteorological Society)* Vol.46, No. 9, pp271-281

**Who Broke the Light?** This poem is based on information from Joan Littlewood's autobiography. Her work in theatre was based on Brecht's theories of dramaturgy – the alienation technique and the fourth wall for example. The poem extracts pieces of information about her work with children in the East End of London. The use of waste ground to provide play space for children developed into the provision of Adventure Playgrounds across London in the 1960's, 70's and early 80's. Joan Littlewood's idealism is expressed in 'the light' of the title. She never received funding or recognition for her work in London. The authorities were always hostile to her populist vision and were ready to range up against her wherever she set up a theatre or provision for play. The human interest in this poem is both in the history of Joan Littlewood's life and in the lives of the children.

**Caravanserai** There are echoes here of David Jones' *In Parenthesis* where the dying soldier is propped up against a tree. This is a human interest poem where narrative breaks through in the reported speech and the clear identity of the poet as narrator. The day ends, the



poem ends, the light fades, however the movement 'into the centre now' presages both beginnings and a sense of dissassociation.

***Shades of Light:*** How does one sum up the reasoning behind the title of this poem? Is the poet allowed, within the PhD context to refer back to encoder orientation and leave the reader to make up their mind as to the relevance or otherwise of this title? Does the poem really explore shades of light – both literal and metaphorical meanings? The references to light and dark in the poem are many. The subtitle is *A Triumph of City*. The poem interprets the city from the human viewpoint. Is it therefore a humanist poem? There are three major poems which refer to the *Triumphs*: Petrarch's *Trionfi* (Triumphs); Shelley's 'The Triumph of Life'; Geoffrey Hill's *Triumph of Love*.

Petrarch's original *Triumphs* do not express the humanist viewpoint. It does not extol the supremacy of reason or the pleasures of the pastoral. His muse, Laura, lives in the city and the very nature of his expression of love within the poem means that he recognises the need for discipline (or as he entitles this section: chastity).

Shelley's 'The Triumph of Life' is highly charged emotionally and, as a visionary dream, is far removed from reason. Geoffrey Hill is also not humanist – his poem *The Triumph of Love* is very emotional and bitter. Swinburne's 'Triumph of Time' is a painful emotional exploration of how someone does not reciprocate his love, and probably will not even when dead – the triumph of time over death in fact.

Here is the definition of humanism from the *Oxford Dictionary of Philosophy*:

'Most generally, any philosophy concerned to emphasize human welfare and dignity, and either optimistic about the powers of human reason, or at least insistent that we have no alternative but to use it as best we can. More particularly, the movement distinctive of the Renaissance and allied to the renewed study of Greek and Roman literature: a rediscovery of the unity of human beings and nature, and a renewed celebration of the pleasures of life....Finally, in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, humanism is sometimes used as a pejorative term by postmodernist

and especially feminist writers, applied to philosophies such as that of Sartre, that rely upon the possibility of the autonomous, selfconscious, rational, single self, and that are supposedly insensitive to the inevitable fragmentary, splintered, historically and socially conditioned nature of personality and motivation' (p171).

In this case, is *Shades of Light* is an anti-humanist poem.

Here is a more literary definition of humanism from the *Dictionary of Literary Terms and Literary Theory*: 'Humanism, a European phenomenon, was a more worldly and thus more secular philosophy and it was anthropocentric. It sought to dignify and ennoble man. In their more extreme forms humanistic attitudes regarded man as the crown of creation; a point of view marvellously expressed in *Hamlet*, by Hamlet sums it up: "...What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty. In form and moving how express and admirable in action, how like an angel in apprehension, how like a god. The beauty of the world. The paragon of animals"..... And then Hamlet adds: "And yet, to me what is this quintessence of dust" And in that one line he summarizes another attitude or feeling, which a man in the 14<sup>th</sup> century would have responded to instantly' (pp402/3).

Humanism becomes a man's world. It is easy to see why feminists fell out with humanists. Feminist geographers have poured cold water on humanism because it constructs a man's world. Gillian Rose in *Feminism and Geography* exposes how humanism has become an expression of men's control over place, time and space without reference to that which is significant to women in the urban environment. Her analysis is through the geographical discipline and is a demand for women's use of place, time and space to be recognised as dissimilar to men's and not to be controlled by men's definitions. Humanism has become manism.

Doreen Massey in *space place and gender* is very hard hitting when it comes to revealing the sexist agendas of, amongst others, Lefebvre (pp182/3) and Soja (p217). She states that the *flâneur* can only be male (p234) as such a woman (*flâneuse*) is not a comparative definition. The debate surrounding the *flâneur* /*flâneuse* is the



understanding of looking, gazing, being seen and being observed. And of course women are the recipients of the male gaze and are immediately not respectable if they do any of the looking/gazing.

*Shades of Light* is, in general terms, from the human viewpoint. It is not a dream like Shelley's poem. It is not a man's hyperbolic address to Love (either allegorical or living). It is not a quest for Heaven or St Augustine's 'City of God'. In specific terms it is a woman's record of city life and an exploration of how it is to be interpreted poetically. How is this to be provided with a context?

There are two major poems which need to be mentioned as they provide background for this poem. T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* and David Jones's *The Anathémata*. Both of these poems are intensely personal within the context of a described environment which is London. Astrid Ensslin highlights Eliot's gendered understanding of waste land in her article 'Women in Wasteland – Gendered Deserts in T.S.Eliot and Shelley Jackson'. Her analysis is ecofeminist and considers the role of the desert as wilderness and the pastoral: 'Post-pastoral desert landscapes have been shown as gendered in that they focus on women's outlook on life in modernist and postmodernist paradigms. Several aspects of original pastoral come out in a new light. The notion of retreat and return has become infeasible, especially in Eliot's text, as the desert is the only remaining (spiritual) landscape, emerging from the rubble of urbanity and progress. Eliot depicts nature as an anomaly, with the interplay of the elements no longer being procreative. Man and woman, water and earth, no longer interact but live in isolation. Although Eliot chooses examples from all strata of society, his female characters are still "humble", in the sense of "humiliated", in spirit and thus represent modern womanhood. The fact that Eliot focuses on female lives suggests an ecofeminist reading in that the degenerating female is paralleled with decomposing nature and the dead elements' (2005, p214).

David Jones's poem, *The Anathémata* is a highly complex poem both in form and content. It is divided into eight sections of unequal length. It has been often



ignored or misunderstood (but see O'GORMAN, K (1994) 'Semiotics and the Poetry of David Jones and Geoffrey Hill' IN Barfoot, C (Ed.) *Black and Gold: Contiguous Traditions in Post-War British and Irish Poetry* Amsterdam, Rodopi, pp.67-77). The tone of Jones's poem is dark, the form is loose and contains colloquialisms and arcane language – both Latin and Welsh. The poem is loosely based in London and has a focus on women, both familial – his own family, and symbolic, including the Virgin Mary. The title of the poem means 'devoted things' from the classical Greek, though modern English usage (anathema) has somewhat the opposite sense. The city emerges as a strong source for Jones in his other long poem *In Parenthesis*. Andrews (2007) writes: Like other modernists, Jones was a city-dweller much of his life, but *In Parenthesis* does not suggest flight from the city into the country. Rather, the city provides a useful storehouse of imagery for Jones's work where urban life and war life are analogous...Additionally, the poem employs religious language that sanctifies the urban imagery to suggest that the trench city is a holy city' (2007, p89).

Are women in London poetry consigned to the position of muse? How does *Shades of Light* represent and interpret women? How does the female authorship gender the poem and how is it gendered? There are female characters in it – which do not exist in other poems except as the muse – even Allen Fisher's Burglar in *Gravity*, who is often female has some of the attributes of a muse. There is no muse in *Shades of Light*. The human viewpoint is therefore even closer to the poet herself than it would be in the other triumphs that have been written. But the poem is obviously not written as a personal journey. The key lies with the work by the feminist geographers mentioned above. *Shades of Light* is an attempt to reclaim place, time and space for women within the urban environment. The gendered analysis of the feminist geographers releases these three aspects of urban life as a definable woman's environment.

There is a poetic rationale behind *Shades of Light* which is neither reason, nor a yearning for the pastoral, nor a quest for the perfect. There is a stated objective of exploring the semiotic analysis of Jakobson and interpreting his model as a system delineated by axes so

that city space can be clearly expressed as a genre of poetic expression, having its own characteristics. Jakobson's model of the axes and his defining principle of 'poetic function' provide the structure for the generation of parallelism within poetry and more specifically, the construction of city poetry and a poetic city space. This formalist analysis is used to propose that there is a genre of a city poetic. This proposal is fully explored theoretically in the thesis which accompanies this poem.

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## ENDNOTES

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<sup>1</sup> This entire poem – ‘Shades of Light’ has been written without much punctuation. Some poems contain some punctuation, some contain none and a few are fully punctuated. It is the intention that the rhythm (often a syllable count) provides the structure for the pace and meaning of the poem. The lack of punctuation heightens ambiguity – this may or not be appreciated by the reader. As an example of how the poetry is altered with punctuation, this first poem is reproduced here in a punctuated form. It has been the considered aim of the poet throughout this poem to keep punctuation to a minimum.

### *OPOS*

(I do not wait long) for the call,  
running down towards the bridge  
to meet you as arranged.

Springing forward on a spike of static  
the rules are in place,  
shock, shock, under the roar of traffic.

Mouthing words between rushing,  
speeding towards the tube; racketing  
beguiling, new reality beckoning -

but carved out of the same old icons ,  
takatakatakatakata:  
‘follow the woman you meet at the entrance.’

It’s with all-round element of trust,  
I think that here, tish wish tishha wish -  
the next move as - follow the instructions.

And when you ring in:  
‘please enter your security code’  
reality adrenalin up against -

being asked to do the impossible,  
in public, one more time  
‘check the geocache by GPS.’

It would be wrong to get desperate,  
I am following through  
with the positive instructions.

Try again, wait around weighing up:  
o hopeless, opposition to -  
hopeless, *opos* rising, named forces;

---

taking a chance, here we are warning,  
beep listening, you'll miss it,  
ta ta out, ta ta out, ta ta out.

Crossing the virtual line,  
'o' positive,  
blood drawn neatly, with no escape.

Route by negative tension;  
by thread or tautology,  
cramp through style, or knee mechanism.

'We have the GPS on you, out in the open.  
Pick up your message, pip, peep, pip.  
We have you positioned.'

Why chafe against the rules?  
Just start walking, instructions will be clear.  
I'm in the unseen shadow now.

Exploit the hiding places.  
Nothing but the real, laden breathing,  
real panic - forgetting life's a game.

'Do not cross here if you want to remain real' -  
kept in a vice of virtual alternatives,  
developing my own position.

Creating a virtual shadow:  
*opos*-ed. GPS, my best friend now,  
I'm here and ready to meet -

'quick take down my number;  
hey use *this* phone;  
do not baulk at the movements ahead!'

Tic toc, tic toc, tica toc, tica tica,  
ground floor, mind the doors,  
press one for.....two for....

Tic, develop the tic.  
All done by command, or evasion of orders,  
*opos* awol.

'Up against it with a revengeance.'  
'You can take your opposition to...'  
'Never will this be completed by...'

Ramp up the speed to 119 beats per minute.  
There are more than several people here.  
We all want to record the days takings.

Beep, beep, slam, beep, beep, slam.  
'This is the six o'clock news -'  
the virtual when the real is unbelievable.

And they want us to do it all over again?  
Please let me dream for just a moment.  
'We have your current GPS of hope.'

Run up the formidable spiral staircase.  
Trying getaway,  
and if I were to meet you,

it would still not count for much.  
Panting, 'please help me -  
there is real blood on the floor by the door.'

I do not know enough to get out of here alive.  
The phone like a leach in the hand,  
take a knowledge of the form.

Takatakatakatum,  
and get stuck in with degrees of playlessness.  
Is this virtual territory mine?

I take *opos* advantage of the shadow,  
the endgame, tube station entrance,  
escalator, swish, *opos* descending.

You think that I can have fun in the city,  
travelling into town on my day off?  
How much is this worth?

The clock starts ticking its duration of suspense.  
All over again:  
'your GPS is out there, and lonely.'

Tireless radio waves beckoning.  
Waiting to adjust to their target  
(taking the opportunity to have a lie in).

*Opos*: rejection layers,  
avoid - avoid – overlaid -  
occupying a central position.

'It's the imperfections that are interesting'  
isotropic, elongated, nema.  
'These liquid crystals are mine.'

Max Nänny in 'Iconic Dimensions in Poetry' (1985) IN *On Poetry and Poetics* Ed. Richard Waswo, Tübingen, Gunter Narr Verlag pp111-136) searches for poetry that contains the iconic. He studies examples of poetry that express his definition of different types of iconicity: 'First, its [iconic poetry] signs can be arranged into *spatial configurations* in two dimensions. These typographical configurations may mirror concrete object (also a picture and symbol), form, pattern or relative position. By analogical extension they may also reflect notions of size, distance, balance, proportion, detachment, dissociation, fragmentation, presence and absence,



disguise or latency.//Second, the linear *sequence* of typographic signs can iconically render a succession in time and/or in space. By analogy this sequence may express continuity, change decay and growth, motion (be it circular, horizontal, vertical or back and forth), length of time and rank' (p114). It is suggested, in this poem – *Shades of Light* – that the absence of punctuation is a kind of negative iconic element of the poem. There are no places to stop, rest, register gaps in time.

<sup>2</sup> Classical Greek meaning juice or sap of plants

Also: OLE: Object-linking and embedding; POS: point of sale.

These are Microsoft computer programmes that are implemented using layers within a contained application (for diagram of this process see: <http://monroeecs.com/oposbackground.htm>).

<sup>3</sup> Graham-Rowe, D. (2006) Gamers Turn Cities into Playgrounds: Ditch the Sofa and hit the Streets in a Gaming Revolution where you can chase Pac-Man or play Tom for real *New Scientist* Vol.186, No.2503, pp26/7

<sup>4</sup> global positioning system

<sup>5</sup> Prof Neil Allen geochemist, lecture given at Bristol University 30.6.2005

<sup>6</sup> the same in all directions

<sup>7</sup> Classical Greek meaning: thread.

'Two or more players, who may never have met, speed through a city leaving a virtual trail behind them that is plotted on their mobile phone screens. There is one rule: you can't cross your own trail or that of the other player, so the basic tactic is to try and encompass or corral your opponent, forcing him or her to cross a trail and lose the game' (Graham-Rowe op.cit.).

<sup>8</sup> Liquid crystals = LCD

<sup>9</sup> lawlessness, disregard of divine law

<sup>10</sup> Logic Gates or logic circuits: 'The basic switching circuits of gates used in digital computers and other digital electronic devices. The output signal, using a binary notation, is controlled by the logic circuit in accordance with the input system. The three basic logic circuits are the **AND**, **OR**, and **NOT** circuits. The AND circuit gives a binary 1 output if a binary 1 is present on each input circuit; otherwise the output is a binary 0. The OR circuit gives a binary 1 output if a binary 1 is present on at least one input circuit; otherwise the output is binary 0. The NOT circuit inverts the input signal, giving a binary 1 output for a binary 0 input or a 0 output for a 1 input' (*A Dictionary of Science* (Eds. John Daintith and Elizabeth Martin, 2005 Oxford, Oxford University Press pp485/6).

<sup>11</sup> 'The *rheme* or *rhematic element* carries most semantic importance in the utterance, most commonly coinciding with NEW INFORMATION, and in English at least, occurring in FOCUS position towards the end of the utterance. The theme carries least significance in CONTENT, and commonly occurs initially. Linking theme and rheme are *transitional elements*, usually VERBS....There is thus a scale of 'dynamism', the theme pushing forward the MESSAGE.....Outside the Prague School the terms *theme* and *rheme* are commonly found, but in a much more schematized way, as initial and non-initial elements, corresponding to SUBJECT and PREDICATE grammatically' (Wales, K 2001 *A Dictionary of Stylistics* p344 (1990) Harlow, Essex, Longman)



<sup>12</sup> as this is in inverted commas – the reported speech indicates that the speaking has already taken place and the reported speech is therefore a rhyme of its own

<sup>13</sup> Eidometropolis – for an exploration and definition of this term see: James Chandler and Kevin Gilmartin in *Romantic Metropolis* 2005 Cambridge, Cambridge University Press pp1-41 The *Eidometropolis* was a panoramic painting of London by Girtin displayed in 1802. Chandler and Girtin argue that there is a romantic artistic and poetic linkage between the countryside and the city and analyse Wordsworth's sonnet 'Composed Upon Westminster Bridge' to illustrate these connections. Historically the term has been used to describe a huge panoramic painting by Thomas Girtin of London which was first exhibited in 1802. The painting no longer survives. The original was 18 feet high and 108 feet in circumference. There is a watercolour which gives some idea of its scope available at the British Museum. The term describes how a city is perceived, deriving from the Greek *eidos* meaning idea – how the city is culturally explored as an idea – the city as ideated.

<sup>14</sup> This is a reference to the flashing advertisement on a building visible from the M4/A4 flyover eastbound on the boundary between South Ealing and Chiswick West London. It was dismantled in 2004 and placed in Gunnersbury Museum in Chiswick, West London. It has since been replaced with a replica lit by halogen bulbs but the effect is different – the glass no longer fills. The former advertisement lit up to fill the glass, then the lights cut out and the glass then reappeared again empty once more.

<sup>15</sup> 'In semantics, a term to describe a 'part-whole' relation of meaning; as distinct from HYPONYMY, which is a 'member-class' relation. The **holonym** is the whole and the **meronyms** its component parts...Elizabethan poets commonly 'catalogued' or 'enumerated' their lover's bodies in this way; and it was one of the devices of rhetorical structuring of an argument' (Wales 2001 p247).

<sup>16</sup> quote from *The Triumphs of Petrarch* Trans. and Ed. Ernest Hatch Wilkin 1962, Chicago, The University of Chicago Press; from the section 'The Triumph of Love' p34

<sup>17</sup> Mrs Gilpin is John Gilpin's wife – she features in the poem by William Cowper (1731-1800) 'The Diverting History of John Gilpin; Showing How He Went Farther Than He Intended, And Came Safe Home Again'.

<sup>18</sup> Overdetermined – see Freud – the idea that a single observed effect is determined by multiple causes at once (any one of which might be enough to account for the effect)

<sup>19</sup> 'One of a pair of terms coined by Genette (1972) to refer to the break in the telling of a story for a "flashback" or retrospective narration (v. anticipation of future events, i.e. prolepsis)' (Wales (2001) p18

<sup>20</sup> 'One of the principal tasks of Brecht's Dramaturg is.... conceptualisation and development of a 'didactics' of epic theatre. This didactics is aimed at actors and writers in that it seeks to develop a pedagogy to help them understand the dramaturgical components of the epic play; but also aims at audience, for the Dramaturg serves to emblemise the implied spectator through his presence as observer and critic. The need for this duality is



explained in an entry in Brecht's *Journals* which elaborates the principles of *Der Messingkauf*:

'Skimmed through the *Messingkauf*. The theory is relatively simple. It deals with the traffic between stage and auditorium, and how the spectator must master the incidents on the stage. As Aristotle states in the *Poetics*, the theatrical experience comes about through an act of empathy. So defined the adoption of a critical position cannot be among the elements which constitute empathy, and the greater the empathy the less room for criticism there must be. Criticism is stimulated with reference to the way empathy is generated, not with reference to the incidents the spectator sees reproduced on the stage' (*Messingkauf*, p697; See also *Journals*, p81 (2.9.40)' all as quoted in Mary Luckhurst 2006 *Dramaturgy: A Revolution in Theatre* Cambridge, Cambridge University Press

The question is where does the poet as witness stand in all this?

If the word alienation is understood in its left wing political sense then this is a process whereby the scene or plot or narrative is not completed by, nor in the control of, the enactors. So is *Shades of Light* a witness poem because the poet expresses a lack of control of the outcome of the events? This understanding of alienation is not the usual understanding of it and can be, it seems, interchanged with ostranenie - 'making strange' which I think is a semantic term rather than alienation which is semiotic – to do with politics, structure, form and sign.

<sup>21</sup> This is a direct quotation from the Brecht *Journal* op.cit.

<sup>22</sup> This is a reference to Plath, S *Ariel* 1964 London, Faber 'Morning Song' p11

<sup>23</sup> *Lord Morley's Triumphs of Fraunces Petrarke* (1971) (Ed.) D.D. Carnicelli, Trans. Lord Morley, Cambridge MA, Harvard University Press; from the section 'The Triumph of Love' p101

<sup>24</sup> Ibid. p 102

<sup>25</sup> Petrarch trans. by E.H.Wilkin, op.cit. p26

## Endnotes - Discipline

<sup>26</sup> This poem arises from T.S.Eliot's 'The Waste Land': 'III: The Fire Sermon' with the lines on the typist:

'The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights  
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.' Et seq.

*Collected Poems 1909-1962* (1974) London, Faber

Full text with references is given in full below. The journals referred to are 'Red Tape'(RT). This is the journal of Women civil servant secretarial staff; and AWK (The Association of Women Clerks). The quotations have been chosen as they coincide with the dates that T.S.Eliot originally wrote *The Waste Land* (1922).

### Miss James' Waste Land

Take this letter to Mr Eliot –

Say: AWKS hover

His sibyl supported by caryatids:



'Our duties may be monotonous, but they cannot properly be described as mechanical' [Red Tape (RT) No. 103, 4.1920, p132, Vol.IX]  
 £80 for men and £57 for women [RT No.103, 4.1920, p132, Vol IX]  
**Hallowe'en Party** [The Association of Women Clerks (AWK) (1920) Vol. X, No.110, p139]  
 Irish games, 'pooking', dance to the War Office Band [see AWK No.110, Vol.X, 11.1920, p139]  
 Fraternity to Sister hood [The Woman Clerk (1921)Vol. II, No.8, p90]  
 'The new girl, the new girl, is steady, straight and strong, 'She knows she has a Union that is helping her along;' [The Woman Clerk (1921) Vol. II, No.9, p1]  
 stopped by the efficiency barrier [RT (1922) Vol. XI, No. 128, p230]  
 escape with H.D. [RT (1922) Vol. XI, No.129, p274]  
 take 4 stages of examination for W.C.O.'s [RT (1922) Vol. XI, No. 130 p300]  
 elect the beautiful Miss Norah James [see photo in RT (1922) Vol. XII, No 133, p21]  
 with warmth dispel recognition  
 of her very old overcoat  
 who at least will manage his keys  
 unlock the Sybil  
 'To use an 'Underwood' is to realise how fascinating typing may become' [RT (1922) Vol.XII, No. 135, p86]  
 lecture us on 'The Contemporary Theatre' [see RT (1922) Vol.XII, No. 133, p22]  
 we invite him to debate comptometers [RT (1922) Vol. XII, No. 133, p22]  
 claim N.I. for those aching shoulders [RT (1922) Vol. XII, No. 134, p50]  
 seek evening work suffer forced increase of working hours [see RT (1923) Vol.XII, No. 136, p 104]  
 Mr Eliot can you calculate our annual leave? [see RT (1923) Vol.XII, No. 138, p198, the full quote is:  
 'For instance, if one-eighth of the staff are allowed away at once, and leave is divided into eight periods of three weeks each from April 23<sup>rd</sup> to October 15<sup>th</sup>, then where there is, say, a total staff of 1,600, 200 of the staff would be away at the same time. The first year this scheme is put into force the senior women choose the period they want, but the next year they automatically have to take their leave three periods on. Thus it works out that all the staff in due course get a decent leave period.']  
 caryatidinous support - pay pay pay  
 though you may laugh 'where cattish Sups. Hold sway' [cartoon about working conditions for typists in RT (1924) Vol. XIII, No 152, p274]  
 as we are gravely underpaid [RT (1923) Vol. XII, No. 144, p389]  
 complexities delineate solid campaigns  
 your Sybil dies laughing  
 'It is a healthy omen'[RT (1923) Vol.XII, No. 144, p390]  
 'so many grievances'[RT (1924) Vol.XIII, No. 149, p178]  
 'vibration and noise'[RT (1924) Vol.XIII, No. 150, p209]

<sup>27</sup> This and the subsequent quote (also in bold italics) is from St AUGUSTINE (1998) (Ed. H Chadwick) *Confessions* Oxford. Oxford University Press pp 239/40

<sup>28</sup> from the classical Greek: 'tupto' – 'τυπτω' to strike

<sup>29</sup> An inspiration for this was from Andrew Crozier's poem 'Survival Kit' in *All Where Each Is* (1985) London, Fiona Allardyce

<sup>30</sup> unattributed quote from Zsa Zsa Gabor, taken from a women's weekly magazine around 1980

<sup>31</sup> Interstices:

**One:** ARISTOTLE *Poetics* (1999, p77) – 'when the person is on the point of unwittingly committing something irremediable, but recognises it before doing so.': the effect on the victim – slipping away to safety – ferryman – life/death: river journey interstice safety (the interstice is a physical thing crossed by an attribute)

**Two:** ARISTOTLE *Poetics* (1999, p77) – 'Alternatively, the agents can commit the terrible deed, but do so in ignorance, then subsequently recognise the relationship...': the effect on the victim – burglars break in/pain fight – blindness/perception: robbery interstice deprivation/without light

**Three:** ARISTOTLE *Poetics* (1999, p77) – 'These are only patterns...the worst is for someone to be about to act knowingly, and yet not do so: this is both repugnant and untragic (since it lacks suffering).': the effect on the victim – distance between the act and the reality of suffering – big/small attack interstice deprivation

**Four:** see Brecht – traffic between the stage and the auditorium: the effect on the victim – past/is to keep interstice past/now

<sup>32</sup> ARISTOTLE *Poetics* (1999) (Ed. and Trans. Stephen Halliwell) Cambridge MA, Harvard University Press p77

<sup>33</sup> The specific months and some of the details of these events relate to the suppression of Syon Abbey, Bridgettine Monastery, during the reformation – May and November 1538, the dispersal; November 1556, re-establishment under Queen Mary; May 1559, final dissolution and exile of the religious sisters to Europe.

<sup>34</sup> Aristotle *Op.Cit.* p77

<sup>35</sup> MAGEE, B and MILLIGAN, M 1995 *On Blindness* Oxford, Oxford University Press 'Maybe you will reply that this new knowledge she has [on recovering her sight] is experiential knowledge, not propositional knowledge, and that the part of the meaning of visual terms which blind-from-birth people can't share is their reference to inner experience. I would probably then want to ask how sighted people can know that they have the same inner experiences of seeing as one another – and why, if they *can* know this, blind people can't know something about this inner experience too' (p13).

<sup>36</sup> These lines are taken from: COCKBURN, J.S. et al (Eds.) (1969) [online] Religious Houses: House of Bridgettines in *A History of the County of Middlesex: Vol. I: Physique, Archaeology, Domesday* pp182-191 Available at: <http://www.british->



[history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=22119](http://history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=22119) [Accessed 12 October 2010]

<sup>37</sup> ARISTOTLE *Op. Cit.* p77

<sup>38</sup> Producer Unknown (2006) *Mapping Crime* Open University Programme BBC2 television, broadcast 14.00-15.00; 7 July 2006

<sup>39</sup> EASTMAN, J et al. *Trauma: London Medics* (2005) BBC1 television, broadcast 20.00-20.30; 28 July 2005

<sup>40</sup> ARISTOTLE *Op. Cit* p53

<sup>41</sup> This poem is an experiment with ideas of movement between the poet and audience (stage and auditorium) and how the listener (spectator) must master the dramatic incidents in the poem (on the stage). Brecht picks out empathy as significant in the *Poetics* 'Criticism is stimulated with reference to the way empathy is generated, not with reference to the incidents the spectator sees reproduced on the stage.' (as quoted in Mary Luckhurst *Dramaturgy* Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, p116  
'I am more interested in the form that is available to me at this stage 'the kinds of things' 'the poet should be more a maker of plots than of verses, in so far as he is a poet by virtue of mimesis, [showing] and his mimesis is of actions. So even should his poetry concern actual events, he is no less a poet for that, as there is nothing to prevent some actual events being probable as well as possible, and it is through probability that the poet makes his material from them' (ARISTOTLE, *Poetics* (1977) pp61-63)

<sup>42</sup> This refers to the evening classes available to women through the early co-operative movement. Please see: WEBB, C (1927) *The Woman With the Basket: A History of the Women's Co-operative Guild* Manchester, Manchester Co-operative Wholesale Society's Printing Works

<sup>43</sup> This is a reference to *Das Kapital* by Karl Marx: 'A thing can be a use-value though it has no value. That is the case when its utility to mankind is not the outcome of labour. Instances are: air, virgin soil, prairie, primeval forest, etc.' (Vol. I, p9). The suggestion here is that this is not correct.

<sup>44</sup> This is a quotation from Brecht's poem: 'To Those Born Later' in *Poems, 1913-1956*, John Willett and Ralph Manheim (Eds.) (1979) London, Methuen, p318

<sup>45</sup> Please see notes in Appendix 1

<sup>46</sup> For an understanding of the derivation of this poetic term see Plato's *Ion* (1962) (Ed. and Trans. W.R.M. Lamb) London, William Heinemann Ltd. 'The "rhapsode", Ion of Ephesus, appears before us in the two capacities of reciter and expositor of Homer. his profession, which bore in its name the suggestion of "song-stitching", was probably developed from extempore performances of epic poets in their own person, when they strung verses of groups of verses together in a continuous chant: the rhapsode was able to recite from memory the most interesting or moving narratives in the great epics, and this practice came to be known by the general name of "rhapsody". The rhapsode's profession was distinguished and lucrative' (quoted from the Introduction *Ibid.* p403).

<sup>47</sup> This poem derives from Peirce's system as detailed by Floyd Merrell in *Signs for Everybody: Chaos, Quandaries, and Communication* (2000). Each line fulfils a box on the diagrammatic representation of Peirce and is found in Chapter Three: 'How Signs Proliferate'. Each stanza of the poem is described by one of Peirce's



categories as per the above designation. Peirce describes 9 signs (three rows of three) which can be combined:  
Qualsign, Icon, Term/Word (111/211/311)  
Sinsign, Index, Proposition/Sentence (211/221/222)  
Legisign, Symbol, Argument/Text/Narrative (311/321/322)  
Additional categorisations are: 331/332/333 (2000, pp37-54).  
These categories are combined with qualities of firstness, secondness and thirdness. This theory is demonstrated by using 3 numbers to define the nature of the communication. Accordingly, the example of the first stanza of the poem given below, demonstrates this construction:  
Arches

some kind of	111
and there	211
from within and without	221
I walk in shaded triangles	222
and into light	311
(I think this is a God given place)	333
and palaver and paloma	321
and imprint	322
turning	211
just to see the shadows	331
of arches shifting	322
I walk past pillars	332

In the poem the ‘333’ lies within the text as a whole, the whole poem but also within the poem itself. For example see line 6 in each stanza which jumps out of sequence to 333. This is why it is in brackets, it has arrived before its time and requires de-engendering to follow to bring more sense of completion. The whole poem therefore echoes its own interpreted uncertainty. The logical development is not there. And to conclude ‘and searching...’ The suggested numbers for each line are only suggestions. I may not be correct or another reader may interpret them differently.

<sup>48</sup> ‘paloma’ – a dove, pigeon from the Latin: ‘palumba’ meaning dove; it can also mean ‘Holy Spirit’.

<sup>49</sup> ‘chiralled’ – Chirality is a term used in chemistry: ‘A chiral molecule is a type of molecule that lacks an internal plane of symmetry and thus has a non-superimposable mirror image’ definition taken from: BRUICE, P (2004) *Organic Chemistry* NJ Pearson/Prentice Hall

<sup>50</sup> This is a quotation from ‘Red Tape’ (1923) vol. XII, No. 144, p390. Part of the rest of the quote is used in the headline poem: ‘It is a healthy omen for the industrial future of women that a fighting spirit has again manifested itself’.

**Endnotes - Time**

<sup>51</sup> These two words are taken from Dame Edith Sitwell’s poem ‘Street Song’ *Collected Poems* (1957) London, Macmillan & Co. pp277/8. ‘Starless Night’ reflects some of the mood and rhythms of this poem.

<sup>52</sup> This is the London Bombings of 7<sup>th</sup> July 2005. There were 52 deaths and over 700 injured. 7 deaths were at Aldgate tube station, 6 deaths at Edgware Road tube station, 26 deaths at Russell Square

tube station and 13 deaths on the double decker bus that was bombed in Tavistock Square, near Kings Cross. Source – BBC News: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-11511461> accessed: 11.30am, 19.11.10

<sup>53</sup> ‘A Mirror Neuron is one that is active when the individual whose brain it is in is engaged in some action or experiencing some sensation or emotion, and also when that particular action, sensation or emotion is being observed in someone else’s. Action-sensitive mirror neurons were the first to be found, and they were discovered in rhesus monkeys’ ‘Neurology: Empathy with others seems to be due to a type of brain cell called a mirror ‘*neuron*’ (2005) (No Author) *Economist* Vol.375, No. 8426, pp81/82

<sup>54</sup> The opening lines of this poem are adapted from QUIRK, R, et al (1972) *A Grammar of Contemporary English* Harlow, Longman p 401. These phrases are all examples of rhetorical questions. ‘The rhetorical question is a question which functions as a forceful statement. More precisely, a *positive* rhetorical question is like a strong *negative* assertion, which a *negative* question is like a strong *positive* one’ and ‘Unlike exclamatory questions, these rhetorical questions have the normal rising intonation of a yes-no question’. As such they prompt a yes/no answer.

<sup>55</sup> This quote and the subsequent one are from ‘The Triumph of Death translated out of Italian by the Countesse of Pembroke. The first chapter’ (in *The Collected Works of Mary Sidney Herbert, Countesse of Pembroke* (1998) Margaret P. Hannay et al. (Eds.) Oxford, Clarendon Press pp276 and 274 respectively. This translation was undertaken by Mary Sidney in memory of her brother Sir Philip Sidney who died in action in 1586.

<sup>56</sup> This is a reference to Allen Fisher’s *Gravity* (2004) Cambridge, Salt Publishing; where a characteristic of his poetry about London seems to me to be that he takes the elements of a building – broken bricks, frames, and adds the space/time element. An example of this is in ‘African Twist’ pp24-30:

“I was an innocent sort of child  
     a pluralistic perception of time  
     marked by experienced space  
 just drives me wild.....  
     four broken bricks staggered into two  
     rows for a game  
 turned to look at the sign over the door, simply to remember  
     conversations with Gris  
 a background pulled over the plane of the foreground’  
 (from the opening lines).

<sup>57</sup> This is an adaptation of the phrase ‘pink noise’. People with Hyperacusia have an excessive acuteness of hearing (see CRITCHLEY, M (Ed.) (1978) *Butterworths Medical Dictionary* London Butterworth). ‘Pink noise’ is a form of therapy to relieve the symptoms of the complaint. ‘The most successful is a therapy using so-called “pink-noise” – a sound spectrum in which the amplitude decreases with increasing frequency, so low notes are louder than higher ones. It is a good model for everyday environmental sounds....Some researchers suggest that hyperacusis is a thoroughly modern disorder partly cause by noise pollution from traffic, aircraft and even personal music players. This is speculative’ No Author, ‘Hyperacusis’ (2006) (No Author) *New Scientist*



15.7.06, Vol.191, No. 2560, p52. This poem is experimenting with noise that is either distant or close up and without labelling it as intrusive or pathological 'pink noise', it is categorised as dark, grey or white noise depending on its physical distance to the hearer. The interpretation of colour is not always literally designated in this sense through the poem.

<sup>58</sup> This is a reference to the semiotics of Saussure and Peirce. Katie Wales defines: 'In human language most of the relationships between sign and referent are arbitrary or **unmotivated**: there is no direct relation between a word and the 'object' it refers to. However, classes of signs known as **ICONS** (q.v.), since they visually resemble what they represent...are highly motivated' WALES, K (2001) *A Dictionary of Stylistics* Harlow, Pearson Education pp261/2

<sup>59</sup> The term 'Collocation' is defined by Katie Wales as referring to: 'the habitual or expected co-occurrence of words, a characteristic feature of **LEXICAL** behaviour in language, testifying to its predictability.....Statistically, given a big enough corpus of material, it might be possible to estimate the **collocational range** or **cluster** of an item, i.e. its collocates ranked in order of probability of occurrence' WALES, *ibid.* p 67/8

<sup>60</sup> 'a symbol is a **SIGN**, whether visual or verbal, which stands for something else within a speech community' WALES, *ibid.* p379. But here the collocation is the symbol. Katie Wales again: 'Poetic symbols are characteristically **METAPHORIC** in structure. In novels, symbolism may be more diffuse in its realization: characters, objects or buildings can acquire a symbolic force, a more abstract or generalized significance, and so help towards an understanding of the **THEME** of the work as a whole. For Barthes (1970 [see S/Z]) the **symbolic CODE** is one of the **FRAMES OF REFERENCE** we draw upon for our understanding of a text, which enables us to work out thematic oppositions, such as good v. evil, life v. death' Wales *ibid.* p379/80. See also Allen Fisher's 'African Twist' *ibid.* pp24-30.

<sup>61</sup> 'Sousveillance' (2006) (No Author) *New Scientist* Vol.190, No. 2557, p 60. This is a term which describes how individuals can record their own experiences of the world at their own level, rather than being observed by institutional surveillance from above.

<sup>62</sup> The epic is both mimetic and diegetic. See WALES, *ibid.* p109

<sup>63</sup> This poem takes the well known use of blue plaques to mark properties where famous people have lived to describe two people and their attributes – their bodies where they live.

<sup>64</sup> This is a different look at some ideas explored by Dame Edith Sitwell in her poem 'Street Acrobat' *ibid.* pp358-360. Dame Edith Sitwell visited Skid Row when she gave a lecture tour in America: 'There were but few beings who once had been women, and these would have seemed sexless as the dead, had not, once in a while, a child been seen pressed down among the fluttering banners of its misery...Blown along the street, they had a special mode of locomotion. In a series of articles on Skid Row, "The Legion of the Damned", that appeared in *The Mirror* of Los Angeles, Mr Lou Larkin, who had spent ten days in the Row, said of these poor derelicts: "They don't walk. They keep falling forward. It is a slow



muscleless movement dependent almost entirely on the law of gravity...the torso is allowed to fall forward, the right knee joint locks, supporting the body, which then rocks slightly to the right. This movement lifts the left leg from the ground. Free, it swings forward another twenty inches and so on. Veteran bums will tell you that this mode of locomotion requires less energy than standing in one place” Edith Sitwell (1965) *Taken Care Of: An Autobiography* London, Hutchinson.

<sup>65</sup> This is a reference to the interview with the nurse on duty at the Accident and Emergency of St Thomas’s Hospital, London the day of the 7.7. bombings. EASTMAN, J et al (Producers) (2005) *Trauma – London Medics* BBC1 television, broadcast, 28th July 2005

<sup>66</sup> Michael Shermer (2006) The Political Brain *Scientific American* Vol.295, No. 1, p36 suggests that magnetic resonance imaging shows that the political brain minimises rationality and reasoning in favour of emotions which reinforce confirmation bias ‘whereby we seek and find confirmatory evidence in support of already existing beliefs and ignore or reinterpret disconfirmatory evidence’ He quotes a psychologist, Drew Westen, “We did not see any increased activation of the parts of the brain normally engaged during reasoning”.

<sup>67</sup> This phrase is derived from a proverb ‘drive gently over the stones’ meaning to take care and not be overconfident. It is one of the few proverbs that have a basis in city images. See *Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs* Oxford, Oxford University Press 2004

<sup>68</sup> This is the title of a poem by Brecht from *Bertolt Brecht Poems Part One 1913-1928* (1976) (translated by John Willett and Ralph Manheim) London, Eyre Methuen, III The Impact of Cities 1925-1928, p159.

<sup>69</sup> The story behind this is the Department for Transport has released figures showing a 19% increase in death or serious injury to cyclists from April to June of this year. This is compared to the same period in 2008. Add to that a rise of 7% to minor injuries. see website: [www.londoncyclist.co.uk](http://www.londoncyclist.co.uk) [Accessed: 7.3.2011]

<sup>70</sup> This line and the subsequent 5 lines are paraphrased from *Brecht on Theatre: 1933-1947* (translated by John Willett) London, Methuen, 1964 p 124 from the section entitled ‘The Street Scene: A Basic Model for an Epic Theatre’ Brecht is exploring how the actor interprets an actual scene: ‘Another essential element in the street scene is that the demonstrator should derive his characters entirely from their actions. He imitates their actions and so allows conclusions to be drawn about them.’ This has been reinterpreted to try and understand the function of the poet.

<sup>71</sup> Quotation from *Brecht on Theatre: 1933-1947* (translated by John Willett) London, Methuen, 1964 p 122

<sup>72</sup> Op.cit. p122

<sup>73</sup> *Bertolt Brecht Poems Part One 1913-1928* (1976) (Translated by John Willett and Ralph Manheim) London, Eyre Methuen p131 and p 141. These are words from the titles of two sections of poems: ‘Ten Poems from a Reader for Those who Live in Cities’ and ‘Poems Belonging to a Reader for Those who Live in Cities’

<sup>74</sup> Op. cit p123 This is a reminder that there is no reason expected here.



<sup>75</sup> Much of the content of these last lines of the poem are an interpretation of Brecht's 'Alienation Effect' with an attempt to understand it within the framework of poetry rather than the theatre. There is also an attempt to interpret the gap between the stage and the audience as a means to understand the gap between the poet (who is now dead) and the reader. Also, more generally, to suggest that there is room here to reinterpret the 'Alienation Effect' within the poetic dialogue rather than the dramatic exchange between stage/actors and audience. Here the distance is established by the words on the page as against the reader. Please see *Brecht on Theatre: 1933-1947* (translated by John Willett) London, Methuen, 1964 pp 124-6

<sup>76</sup> This poem attempts to demonstrate an experiment with the idea of a negative synecdoche/metonym (for definitions of synecdoche and metonym see WALES, *ibid.* p 382). It suggests that the parts do not represent the whole.

<sup>77</sup> The arrows are used: → to denote memory moving forward through the recalled action and ← to denote the emotional dragging into the past through the flashback recall

<sup>78</sup> This is a reference to something that Allen Fisher has written but there is no specific reference for it. This footnote is here because there is the possibility of plagiarism if the distant source for these connected individuals and ideas is not mentioned.

<sup>79</sup> Peroration: the concluding part of an oration, speech, or written discourse, in which the speaker or writer sums up; any rhetorical conclusion to a speech' (OED)

<sup>80</sup> (Allen Fisher places a comma at the beginning of a line to indicate a breath in – see *Gravity* (2004) Cambridge, Salt Publishing. Examples are: pp20, 21, 22(in 'Ballin' the Jack') and p36('Atkins Stomp'). In this poem the dots indicate an exhalation.

<sup>81</sup> Kineme is to kinesics as phoneme is to linguistics – the smallest unit of non-speech language – for example body movement. It has regained popularity since the 1950's with the increase of visual film for promotions of products and people (for example pop group promotional material). 'Today 'kinesics' may be found in English language dictionaries where it is defined as the study of how body movements convey meaning' Cobley, P (2001) (Ed.) *The Routledge Companion to Semiotics and Linguistics* London, Routledge

## Endnotes - Time

<sup>82</sup> The personal pronoun in this poem is insistently fluid.

<sup>83</sup> The form of this poem is an echo of the hemistich – a classical and old English device of half lines that respond to each other and convey a sense of fast exchange (see *The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*). This poetic form is investigated by Jakobson when he analyses a prose poem by Paul Klee (see *Language in Literature* 'On the Verbal Art of William Blake and Other Poet Painters: 'III. Paul Klee's Octastich' (pp497-503).

<sup>84</sup> This is a reference to the London bombings and in the line below a reference to the number killed (56 includes the suicide bombers)

<sup>85</sup> This sounds as if it should be a quotation from Swinburne – but any exact reference is lost. Earlier drafts of *Shades of Light* do not place these lines in quotation marks. This would seem to indicate



that the lines are not anyone's but this author's and that the quotation marks are a deliberate interpolation of effulgent language.

<sup>86</sup> 'once an iPod is plugged into a computer, slurp.exe takes just 65 seconds to rifle through its hard drive, home in on all Excel, pdf and Word files, and copy them to the iPod hard drive...' (Cast-off Spacesuit to go into orbit (2005) *New Scientist* Vol.186, No. 2505, p29).

<sup>87</sup> This is a sub-heading of Section Ten: Composition of Aristotle's *The Art of Rhetoric* (1991) London, Penguin, pp245-261 (p245): 'In fact the speech should have four parts: an introductory section, to dispel the prejudice that will have been built up by the opposition against the speaker or his case; the main narrative section; the proof of the claims made in the speaker's own narrative and the refutation of those made by his adversary; and finally a recapitulatory and perorative epilogue'.

<sup>88</sup> 'The epilogue, on the other hand, does not even belong to all forensic oratory, for example if the speech is short or the matter easily remembered; for its characteristic is to contract the length of the narrative. So the *necessary sections* are *presentation and proof* (Aristotle *ibid.* p246).

<sup>89</sup> This is from the final sentence of Aristotle's *Rhetoric*: 'An asyndetic [co-ordinated clauses or phrases without explicit conjunctions or connectives – see Wales, *Dictionary of Stylistics* p33)] ending is appropriate for the speech, so that it should be a peroration, not an oration: "I have spoken, you have heard, you have the facts, judge" [see Lysias *Against Eratosthenes*, last words].

<sup>90</sup> Jakobson's interest in art, which semiotically informs his linguistics, is explored in an article by Sarah Wyman (WYMAN, S (2004) The Poem in the Painting: Roman Jakobson and the Pictorial Language of Paul Klee *Word & Image* vol. 20, no. 2, pp138-154) of Paul Klee's word painting: 'Zwei Berge gibt es'. See also Part III of Jakobson's 'The Verbal Art of William Blake' in *Language in Literature* pp479-503; 'III. Paul Klee's Octastich' (pp497-503). This analysis develops Jakobson's diagrammatic representation of Klee's prose poem 'Zwei Berge gibt es' in 'The Verbal Art of William Blake' (*Language in Literature* pp497-503) and has been closely used to shape the poem '£50.00 cash'. The layout of this poem derives from Jakobson's diagrammatic representation of a prose poem by Paul Klee. Jakobson has interpreted Klee's writing as a diagram representing two mountains and a valley. The first mountain is: 'bright mountain'/'negation of negation; the valley is: 'dusky valley'/'affirmation of negation' and the second mountain is: 'clear mountain'/'affirmation of affirmation'. The poem '£50.00 cash' interprets this structure (which imitates Klee's abstraction of ideas in his paintings) in the 3 columns.

<sup>91</sup> This is adapted from: *An Essay on the Art of Ingeniously Tormenting* originally written in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century by Jane Collier (2006) Oxford, Oxford University Press.

<sup>92</sup> Time is represented as a mechanism which makes us operate, co-operate or rebel against how city time is perceived. Here the poem uses a sense of cogs which interlock, sprung by the action of verbs placed centrally on the page to represent the movement of the sequence of events forward.



<sup>93</sup> See 'Supraconscious Turgenev in Jakobson (1987) *Language in Literature* Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press, pp262-266)

<sup>94</sup> See Jakobson (1987) *Language in Literature* Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press, p63

<sup>95</sup> Narrative controls mood and point of view through direct speech, does this occur in poetry too? In Allen Fisher's *Bel Air* (see *Gravity*, pp 44-52) he uses verbs suddenly one after the other and then does not use them at all. The narrative has also been looked at from the angle of direct and indirect speech. Narrative can also be altered through the use of verbs, adverbs (especially deictics of time and place) and other parts of speech bringing the writer and reader closer together – or further apart.

<sup>96</sup> The next three lines have verbs removed to provide a context that combines both participants.

<sup>97</sup> With the verbs removed the statement becomes timeless from the surface down to the emotions beneath.

<sup>98</sup> Timelessness is engendered in addressee by the omission of verbs

<sup>99</sup> See *The Painter* in Allen Fisher's 'Bel Air' (*Gravity* (2004) Cambridge, Salt Publishing) who is perhaps either his partner or his muse. In this poem there are hints of parallels with expulsion from the Garden of Eden

The parallels are incomplete. If the meanings were all completed and explicit, decipherable and discoverable the impact and target of the poem would be changed. There is a sense that we are all lost in here and have shadowy webs and strings (traps and controls) that we occasionally grasp at tug at pull on decipher and try to negotiate with. The slack is never fully quantifiable.

<sup>100</sup> This is a quote from Jakobson's chapter on Turgenev *ibid.* p262-66.

<sup>101</sup> This is a derivation of Jakobson on Turgenev *ibid.* p262-66.

<sup>102</sup> Allen Fisher in 'Bel Air', instead of using word pictures, has introduced the Painter who does not shape the poem but is described by him.

Fisher controls his poetry strongly and directly, yet often leaves out the personal pronoun and the verbs. Perhaps if one does the opposite then the control is lost and the picture takes over.

<sup>103</sup> this poem is a comedy – 'Dante uses the word "comedy" to denote poetry written in a humble style in the vernacular, which ends happily' Nichols footnote quoted from a review of books on Dante by TREHERNE, M (2006) 'Travels Well' 23 June 2006.

Available at [www.the-tls.co.uk](http://www.the-tls.co.uk) [Accessed 7 January 2011]

<sup>104</sup> The three sections of this poem reflect three forms of pivot. Equilibrium is, in physiology, in the posture of the body and is affected by the inner ear. Substitution balances – are where there is one fixed weight against which a moveable substance is weighed out. A Beam balance is where a central pivot is used with masses balancing either side (see *Oxford Dictionary of Science* (2005) (Eds. John Daintith and Elizabeth Martin) Oxford, Oxford University Press).

<sup>105</sup> Light emitting diode – used for lit displays where information is constantly changing.

<sup>106</sup> This phrase designates a constructed acronym - FEG

<sup>107</sup> MOTLUK, A (2006) Motluk 'Got a Minute? *New Scientist* Vol.190, No.2557, pp46-49:



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‘Tips for surfing the wave of interruptions:

- Get a bigger monitor. A Microsoft study found it helped people work up to 44 per cent faster — one of the biggest boosts to productivity yet.
- Put up a clear "do not disturb" sign, or an obvious signal that you are busy. Insist that your colleagues respect it.
- Rearrange your office furniture so your desk faces away from the flow of people, so no one can catch your eye.
- Always stand up to talk to someone who is interrupting you, so they know what they're doing.
- Put a big clock in plain view of visitors and check it while you are talking.
- Be prepared: if an interruption is likely to take longer than 2 minutes, add it to your to-do list and go back to what you were already doing.
- Keep a notebook open and write down what you are doing as soon as you are interrupted.
- Cutting 2 centimetres off the front legs of a chair makes it just uncomfortable enough to keep visits short’.

<sup>108</sup> *Economist* (2006) Evolutionary Psychology: To one emotion, men are more sensitive than women Vol. 379, No. 8481, p82: Men are notoriously insensitive to the emotional world around them. At least, that is the stereotype peddled by a thousand women’s magazines. And a study by two researchers [Mark Williams and Jason Mattingly] at the University of Melbourne, in Australia, confirms that men are, indeed, less sensitive to emotion than women, with one important exception. Men are acutely sensitive to the anger of other men....As to why men are more sensitive to anger than women, it is presumably because they are far more likely to get killed by it’.

<sup>109</sup> The punctuation here, used to indicate the different viewpoint of the same thing. One is from the outsider, the evaluator and one from the participant. Later in the poem the hyphen indicates how the two disparate responses are now bound together – as in a thermostat which operates with two metals riveted together will bend one way or the other depending on the heat applied thereby breaking or sparking a connection.

<sup>110</sup> In this poem the deictics of place and time – and perhaps even of space – time + place - are selected out to the right-hand margin. This highlights how the deictics construct an axis of their own. The text tends to be read on the left-hand side only and the meaning is shifted to enhance the sense of dislocation between life and the imagined.

<sup>111</sup> This is a reference to Anne Brontë’s poem ‘The Arbour’ where the signs are of summer but the reality is winter:

‘Tis but the *frost* that clears the air,  
And gives the sky that lovely blue;  
They’re smiling in a *winter*’s sun,  
Those evergreens of sombre hue.’

<sup>112</sup> Pellucid means translucent, transparent, easy to see through, mentally clear – *OED*.

## Endnotes - Eternity

<sup>113</sup> See Alexandrov 'Literature, Literariness, and the Brain (2007) which provides a critique of Jakobson's work on Aphasia. He reviews work done on the left and right hemispheres of the brain: 'the right hemisphere's apparent propensity for metaphors and metaphoric relations between distal words, together with its stronger activation than the left when target words and primes are related weakly, imply not a linear, syntagmatic structure, but a spatial, paradigmatic one. In short, it is possible to hypothesize that creating or reading a sonnet requires the full abilities of both hemispheres, while reading or writing something mundane, like a set of directions, requires the left hemisphere but only limited aspects of the right' (2007, *Comparative Literature* online version of article, p7). The poem text also refers to: *New Scientist* 'What Metaphor? 16.4.2005 Vol. 186, No. 2495 p18. This article suggests that if the brain is damaged in the area called the 'left angular gyrus' then they cannot understand proverbs. A gyrus is one of the convoluted grooves of the brain (see *OED*). Someone who cannot understand proverbs cannot understand metaphor.

<sup>114</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>115</sup> The quotations are from Aljagrov (pseudonym for Roman Jakobson) 'How Many Fragments Have Scattered' (1992 *My Futurist Years* compiled and edited by Bengt Jangfeldt and Stephen Rudy (translator) New York, Marsilio Publishers p253

<sup>116</sup> Theme on theme on theme

<sup>117</sup> Theme only

<sup>118</sup> The theme becomes acted upon both ways by the rheme. The rheme is encased surrounded by theme but the theme before and the theme after the event is not the same theme as the neck that has felt the hands.

<sup>119</sup> DAVENPORT, J Drug Woman dies with 61 Cocaine Bags in Stomach *Evening Standard* 14 June 2006 p5

<sup>120</sup> 'time place time space repetition times/separation of incidents plus

timing' Is this a formula for the fourth dimension in the city?

<sup>121</sup> Indexical. 'Term used in philosophy for an expression whose extension is relative to a specific context, with a specific speaker, addressee, location in space, etc. E.g. *here* is an indexical expression, as in *Mary lives here*. Cf. deixis' (MATTHEWS, P H 2005) *Oxford Concise Dictionary of Linguistics* Oxford, Oxford University Press)

<sup>122</sup> The OED definition of *deictic* includes: directly pointing out, demonstrative; in logic it is applied to reasoning and is opposite to *elenctic*, which proves indirectly. The OED again: *Elenctic*, *elenctical* pertaining to elenchus; this is concerned with cross-examination. Also

*Elenge* means very long, tedious (it is derived from the middle English) remote, dreary, lonely, hence *elengenesse*.

In the Oxford Dictionary of Philosophy: '*Indexical* is an expression whose reference on an occasion is dependent upon the context: either who utters it, or when or where it is uttered, or what is the object pointed out at the time of its utterance. The terms I, you, here, there, now, then, this and that are *indexicals*' (2005) Oxford, p183



*Elenchus*: '(Greek cross examination) the dialectical or Socratic method of eliciting truth by cross examination; hence sometimes the elenctic method.' See also:

*Ignoratio Elenchi* 'the mistake or fallacy of arguing to a conclusion that does not bear on the issue at hand, and is therefore irrelevant'

That is, perhaps here:

the existence of people in the city; or that the bus at the pedestrian crossing is *ignoratio elenchi* as I thought I was just going home at the end of the day as this was where I started from in the morning. In fact what the poem is suggesting is that the repetitions of the bus journeys have a routine method and conclusion of their own (timetables, routes, passage through complex environment).

I have included 'up' in the indexicals in this poem because I want to suggest the sense of movement available, rather than just the stasis of placing, for example: here, there.

<sup>123</sup> The adverbial neologisms are inspired by Aljagrov's poem: 'How Many Fragments Have Scattered' *op.cit.*

<sup>124</sup> VERKERK, R (Post 2006) *Chlorine – Boon or Bane of Our Drinking Water* ALLIANCE FOR NATIONAL HEALTH Available at <http://www.pure-eau.co.uk/news/chlorine.cfm> [Accessed 31 Jan 2011] This article indicates that chlorinated drinking water, as well as showers and swimming pools, can contribute to cancer of the bladder and colon and birth defects. Chlorine by-products such as chloroform can also have a health impact on western water supplies in cities. See also [http://www.LHO\\_Topics](http://www.LHO_Topics), this is the website for the London Health Observatory which is very reassuring. The debate is ongoing.

<sup>125</sup> This city poem attempts to explore human existence within a space that is both given and powerful and which imposes itself on the humans within it. It would seem an obvious correlation that there is an unequal relationship between the constructed city and the human life within it. The inequality arises because somehow, changes for better or worse occur without apparent direct cause and effect. The only collective impetus might arise from vested outside interests (profit, greed for example) not the expressed collective human wish. Somehow, in the symbiotic relationship between the vested interests and the population there is a continuum of process which is unevenly motivated and maintained and can be expressed in terms of weights and counterbalances. This indicates that there is an inevitable leaning towards a scientific model. The city poetic is a poetic model which derives in part from a scientific model. Within a city poetic there is a poetic attempt to measure force, impact, cause, effect, stasis, movement and of course energy; all of which have a scientific basis and each of which can be used as a heading for a poem. The following five sections explore some of these forces.

There is a debt to Allen Fisher here. His poems *Place* and *Gravity* explore, of course, place, space, time. For example his poems often mix both present and past tenses in order to create a particular sense of movement; in 'Boogie Stomp' (pp62-65) he eliminates verbs almost entirely; in 'Buzz Step' (pp124/5). He refers to an earlier version of *Gravity* as *gravity as a consequence of shape* (see Preface to *Brixton Fractals* 1985 in *Gravity* (2004) p xii).

<sup>126</sup> These quotations are from an article in *New Scientist* 'Keep Your Eyes on the Road' 20 August 2005 Vol. 187, No. 2513 p6: 'If the



target image was preceded by a neutral picture, the men were correct 90 per cent of the time. But if it was preceded by a pornographic image the subjects did no better than chance. The “attentional rubbernecking”, as the researchers call it, lasted up to 800 milliseconds. The effect also occurs in women and with violent images’

<sup>127</sup> This is a reference to Postman’s Park’ and The Memorial to Heroic Self Sacrifice situated at Little Britain, City of London just behind St Paul’s Cathedral. It was established in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century to commemorate the heroic deaths of those people of London who lost their own lives whilst saving the lives of others. There is a ‘Wall of Heroes’ with tiles to commemorate the person and the heroic act they performed.

<sup>128</sup> There are a number of poems in *Gravity* by Allen Fisher (2004) which mention ‘the burglar’. Examples include ‘Bel Air’ pp 44- 52 and many of the poems in the sequence ‘Buzzards and Bees’ both in *Gravity* pp124-146.

<sup>129</sup> Shelley’s ‘The Triumph of Life’ is unfinished. Is it also flawed? Is Shelley’s ‘Triumph’, triumphant in the petrarchan sense? Is Shelley exploring the possibility that life is triumphant over all the other triumphs? Is Shelley adding a triumph to the petrarchan model? Does life triumph over eternity making the design circular in effect? Mary Shelley says this poem is the most mystical Shelley ever attempted.

Shelley’s poem depicts a mass of shadowy people or souls (cf Petrarch and Dante) who are distressed and in want - but of what? He calls them shapes or shades’. Who are they? What or whom do they symbolise? In his poem there is a progression through the text. The poem begins with dawn and seems to follow the narrative of the fate of these shadows. Shelley writes: ‘When a strange trance over my fancy grew/Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread//Was so transparent, that the scene came through/.....And then a vision on my brain was rolled’ (from lines 29-40).

The phantoms and shadows who are swept along by the progress of a chariot are those ‘whose hour/Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,’ (lines 122/3). The miserable multitude (‘gnats’) are described:

‘All those whose fame or infamy must grow  
Till the great winter lay the form and name  
Of this green earth with them for ever low; -

All but the sacred few who could not tame  
Their spirits to the conquerors.....  
Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,  
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen’ (from lines 125-135).  
The weaker shadows seem enslaved and the weakest and ugliest fall and die: ‘the joy which waked like heaven’s glance/The sleepers in the oblivious valley died;’ (lines 538/9). Compare this with Petrarch’s lines from his ‘Eternity’:

‘The years no longer in their hands will hold  
The governance of fame: the glorious  
Will glorious be to all eternity’ (WILKINS p110).

Shelley isn’t concerned with eternity or time but ‘Life’. Somehow he wants to connect life to eternity – at least for the great and good.



It is interesting to note that time marches on relentlessly within his poem with catastrophic effect for most of the 'shades', but not for the select few. Perhaps he was influenced by Rousseau (mentioned in line 204) who states the romantic idea that civilisation brings degeneration and corruption (Dictionary of Philosophy, entry on Rousseau pp321/2). For him the heart rules head, emotion comes before reason, including religion. Shelley, early in 'The Triumph of Life' condemns the overambitious: 'For in the battle Life and they did wage,/She remained the conqueror' (lines239/40). Is he suggesting that life triumphs over eternity in certain circumstances? For Shelley the 'shades', even though they are already dead, fall and die – is this a suggestion that they die each day in the apparent eternity (repetition) constructed within the poem.

Shelley embeds his own voice in this poem. There is reported speech and a dialogue between the 'Feature' who addresses him whilst dreaming. But the unfinished poem is not clear. However, Shelley leaves us with an expressed faith in the poet's capacity to perceive and clarify perceptions of the meanings of life: to be the supreme interpreter.

The humanist viewpoint presents the overwhelming human perceptions – the emotions – humour, despair, hope, sarcasm, bitterness. Arising from this is that the city is perceived as a world in itself in human terms – emotions, body, and does the soul come into it? If it is accepted that the city encompasses love, discipline, death, fame, time, eternity – then this provides a humanist framework for a city existence. Perhaps this provides an intellectual and emotional framework for expressing city triumphs.

But are the petrarchan triumphs a cycle or a circle or Augustinian straight line (see St Augustine's commentary on Psalm 140 in *The City of God* 'He who goeth in a straight line, beginneth from some point, endeth at some point: he who goeth in a circle, never endeth. That is the toil of the wicked, which is set forth yet more plainly in another Psalm, "The wicked walk in a circle."')?

There is a looseness in the formulation of the triumphs which leaves an open ended discourse so that different interpretations are applicable. Different poets have written different triumphs at different times or have interpreted parts of Petrarch's poem (see St Thomas More and Geoffrey Hill). Suffice it to say it is the humanist message – i.e. the human vantage point (point of view) which is important in all interpretations of The Triumphs.

<sup>130</sup> This is quoted from the last line of Shelley's 'The Triumph of Life' in *Shelley's Poetical Works* (1932) London, Oxford University Press pp503-516.

<sup>131</sup> see David Jones *The Anathémata* Section III 'Angle-Land' p112 footnote: Quoting Gilbert Sheldon: 'The Latin name *Urbigena*, city-born, is disguised as Urien [as in the Welsh *Romance of Taliesin*']'. There is not an easily spoken word which describes city-dweller in the modern english language.

<sup>132</sup> Adair Turner, Chairman of the FSA; speech given to the FSA 14.7.10 at 'The Future of Finance Conference' in London. This speech was given after the banking crisis. The context is: 'risk which takes us back to the first of my five points, that all liquid financial markets are vulnerable to herd and momentum effects, to surges of collective irrational exuberance and then despair. At the core of these effects are self-referential rather than fundamental



assessments of risk and price – equity pricing in Keynes’s words...in which “we devote our intelligence to anticipating what average opinion expects the average opinion to be”[JM Keynes (1936) *The General Theory* Chapter 12].

<sup>133</sup> From The Night Litany see Poor Clare Monastery, Galley Lane, Arkley, Barnet Herts EN5 4AN. This community used to be based at Notting Hill where they had, and still have, a vocation to pray for city dwellers. This Litany is said during the night. The sisters break their sleep to go to the chapel and pray the Litany together.

<sup>134</sup> The Potters Field is the burial ground for strangers. Listed in Hastings (HASTINGS, J, (1924) *Dictionary of the Bible* Edinburgh, T&T Clark) under ‘Akeldama’: ‘The name of the ‘potter’s field’ [see Acts, Ch. I v.19], purchased for the burial of strangers with the blood-money returned by Judas [see Matthew, Ch 27, v.3] There is a Potters Field in London SE1 in Lambeth. Is there any connection in the naming of the London site with the biblical heritage?

<sup>135</sup> ‘Possible sources [of dust] included volcanic ash from an eruption on 26 February 2000 in Iceland, or dust from large sandstorms over the Sahara. A combination of atmospheric transport modelling using the Lagrangian dispersion model NAME, an analysis of satellite imagery and observational data from Mace Head has shown that the most likely origin of the episode was long range transport of dust from the Sahara region of North Africa’ (RYALL, D B et al (2002) The Origin of high particulate concentrations over the United Kingdom, March 2000 *Atmospheric Environment* Vol. 36, pp1363-1378).

<sup>136</sup> The subject of this poem is based on the incident that Joan Littlewood records in her autobiography. (LITTLEWOOD, J (2003) *Joan’s Book: The Autobiography of Joan Littlewood* London, Methuen) The children she worked with marched to St Pauls’ in order to collect money from the public to pay for a broken windscreen. The lorry driver whose screen it was had greatly helped Joan and her troupe clear a piece of waste ground in Salway Road, Stratford E15 so that the children had somewhere to play. Unfortunately one of the children threw a stone through the lorry’s windscreen and the children promised to pay for the damage. The reference to the ‘fun palace’ arises from Sir Cedric Price’s design for a large public building that was entirely moveable inside so that it could perform many functions. Some of the inspiration for it must have arisen from the Situationist movement. The idea of a people’s palace has a socialist background. There is, for example a people’s palace in Glasgow. This one in London was never built. Joan Littlewood identified an unused 6 acre site on the Isle of Dogs for it. The Dome – which in the event – was built by a Labour Government further downriver – was perhaps a missed opportunity.

<sup>137</sup> Angel Lane is the old Saxon route which the Anglo-Saxons used to avoid the Romans who controlled London as an invading force.

<sup>138</sup> This is a reference to Saussure’s example of how the *signifié* and the *signifiant* cannot be separated as they are like two sides of a sheet of paper. (*Course in General Linguistics* p113: ‘Language can be compared with a sheet of paper: thought is the front and the sound the back; one cannot cut the front without cutting the back at the same time; likewise in language, one can neither divide sound from thought nor thought from sound;’ Unfortunately politicians seem to get round this problem. Joan Littlewood met with

immediate opposition to her plans for a fun palace, the mayors and councillors of different boroughs teamed up to ensure that the plan completely failed.

<sup>139</sup> These are the quoted words of Cedric Price see '*Joan's Book*' p702

<sup>140</sup> Cockney rhyming slang for 'thief'

<sup>141</sup> *Op. cit.* p759

<sup>142</sup> *Op. cit.* p760

<sup>143</sup> Caravanserai is originally a Persian word meaning caravan and palace or inn, usually with a large courtyard. It describes accommodation for traders brought merchandise to cities. The word 'paradise' is also a Persian word from *pairi* (meaning 'around') and *daeza* (meaning 'wall'). 'The paradise rug featured a blue "water" area in the middle that was surrounded by foliage, a profoundly symmetrical pattern that seemingly entwined to infinity' (Fox, 'The Grid, The City and the Mind' 2007)

<sup>144</sup> Augustine writes: And when he was not engaged with them – which was never for long at a time – he was either refreshing his body with necessary food or his mind with reading//Now, as he read, his eyes glanced over the pages and his heart searched out the sense, but his voice and tongue were silent. Often when we came to his room – for no one was forbidden to enter, nor was it his custom that the arrival of visitors should be announced to him – we would see him thus reading to himself. After we had sat for a long time in silence – for who would dare interrupt one so intent? –we would then depart, realizing that he was unwilling to be distracted in the little time he could gain for the recruiting of his mind, free from the clamor of other men's business' (*Confessions* (2002) p86 [400]).