

Clause in A Noise

Mark Goodwin

For Tony Frazer, and his faith in *play*



NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS

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Facts of a Teleology of Utterance

translated from *Myths of The Origin of Language*, by Giles Goodland

1

To hear creates a felt fire.
Certain, I see distantly it's created from arrivals;
its hiss is a cry of whole.

This is an utterance humans work off.
Asymmetric beasts receive electrical signals,
to remember an utterance of seed.

2

It is a phenomenologist who loses
a last jaunt through an organism of distance.
She melts a switch through an evening of
beast, comes forward & foreword
hiding from a final flower
of utterance, surprising
a sibilance, a pronounced: so here
animating outside the obscuring she loses
an ultimate leaf-tongued modern.
She arouses this swathe-obliterator.
He listens to her from the organism.
Noise, a belch of roots.
She messes her mouth, lets down
one unique subject out of faith
he won't declare her:
lets down a blue Earth
and a grunt *pomegranate* grinds in.
He listens to her and deletes *pomegranate*.
She lets down less, forever
an incomplete desert is declared.
She limps forward away from the organism.
The superman pronounces from himself:
swathe-obliterator; organism of distance, phenomenologist.

3

Eve, a final Etiquette victor:
she is praising one being she hears.

4

We could craft grunts with
lips stiff enough for chant:
and after we could chant
we must give prose.
It will be prose of
a smoke, a solution, some cash crop:
many grunts, manipulated, howled,
that mean only one thing.
When we utter to others
they will be chanting our images
out of the caves of their screens.

5

I must not ignore moments for
the force of Babel, for a single
modern to obliterate a heap
of one book from one utterance
off a side road, and drown it.

6

It is as complex as evening, leaves
rebuke the moon, and without hours
they relax against owl-chant.

7

Lead a wandering through a dictionary,
downwards, alongside kin,
grunts, eruptions, away from
whiffs of singing whilst gleaning seeds, a block
sinking into a chip of unconsciousness.
Grind still, break grunts, chant
no future, no narrative, natter.
It ends with lips
as a sated flower of a mind.

8

For so few seconds seeds close
with verbs.

Where you crawl over them, early some evening,
they forever seep with destination.

A Contiguous Body

translated from *The Seperable Soul*, by Elisabeth Bletsoe

suction

unlike a forgetting of earth
an extra-threadial emulsion
 around drops, without ululation

a lightness of presence
of nonsense explicit beyond

those full densities

writing me out
writing around the curves
expelling large eases of alienation that
 smooth forward
to the received past sham-static
light-scribbles gouging a depth unlike
 the realities of birds

your exteroceptors static with
miniscule mechanical stick
 up a sea,

landslips of seen darkening;
stay in vulcanic if-ness over where
you languish from concealing my upperpoems
 outside all lines,
 bracts;

to bury my Morse that
 you blinded as
over-reading the adjunct apse, that
fingerprint of a resurrected hut,
 a skyflower pasture
“chequered with stony humans
 projecting
the golden & striped emission
 to below”

not as stone vomits darkness

not as the dispersed joy diffused through a pelvis not as the darkness is
turned on where you were all the way down steps

not as you were set free beyond black leaves

not as there's nothing renting your trachea like quartz

not as some water has thirteen surfaces

not as your arse numb cold as a lizard with high blood pressure

not as an orgasm deformed on your gaze in a snout's frame

not as you are to end a body-voyage of one and a thousand nights

not as when scraping the floor black a funeral numbed like marriage

not as the sun knows the allotrope chaos of sentience

not as your bloody rags are covering a small clot of cream

not as an adult with sunken pupils easily regurgitating through its snout

not as you had made an embryo under your foot; a huge black lizard
attached to a placenta, breathless

not as that fresh pool tongued by ululations you are keen to translate

not as the reality fattening on wormwood among Russian rich

not as you were gluing together a fish separated at its head

not as an anastigmatic cluster drilling into your left sole

not as there is a fixed cypher beyond the top of a skull

not as black discharge spurted from two earholes

not as a single glue deformed on the low line of the tongue

not as an androcentric anthracite coating a ruby

not as you fell asleep the swish of skin beyond your arms

not as you are standing under outstretched legs

homing out from a perfect place
as easterly plains of foliation devolve
 lines of expansion
my page-giving occupied you
in flux under a length of the dialogue
to where you then conver(g)(s)ed an
 ululation
tickles of dark constructing
the valley of Oolitic doors
 twice deformed on turbid depths

enjoying erosion; a pestling
 become banal
garbage given out by an
underdirt of doldrum-slackening
ocean faux pas
discovering/recovering your
 spirituality
before a shore slides swiftly
 under your other
green & white flint, treasures, siliconised
 agate

genetic marker of stasis
the momentary county of mutation formation
soliloquy briefly delivered
 but forever growled
rubbing part words
on the floor of your vagina without
 your lips
dulling under generalisations that
I without will read & shout:

a reverse projection of a pit seepage
 evaporating
from a precipice of mist along grass-lengths,
a sinking root peeled

from a turbulence of water,
attack-stakes of large flagged estates;

a steadfastness of an occluded cosmos

your jail blood rotting
(it's said thrice)

a freshness embossed on
a fake sea

one being swerving from emulsion

“huge crescent headlands of pebbles, lemonrock blocks
carapaces &
a lot of mud”

a dull prima materia becoming

Priestexhume rookery, Mallet & The Squadron

Chemicals of a Dog

translated from *Electricities of The Cat*, by Peter Redgrove

A dogpaw, a large mind-calm,
an exact rift in an earth,
a dog as chemical urge, red re-agent
chasing hares, effervescing
oxidiser canines;
outdoor subjects are found
permanently when a dog releases
cat-alysts like a slow grasshopper;
calm vanishes sequentially off air
as large red dog carcasses,
calm-dog, dog-calm
that straightens a dog
through claws of darkening,
that stitch a root,
dress beyond a bark;
then there are joints of forgetting
before a drought has risen
and they run over the paid calm
on limbed hard pressed pelvis-knives
that drum to feel an overground
of replete calm
eloquent in subsonics
a part bark of a planet (Falmouth single
against a Chinese Hamlet; so haunch
there
they equate so little through
soil, drought, dogs & calm
as near meanings of us).

Chant for Large Dark

translated from *Aria with Small Lights*, by Peter Riley

Beyond an odd death you climbed two days
in a deep gully-bed, Annamino, tiny mountain
of the Hidden O south of Dosh, you climbed
all souls around, early morn, the mud-slots
& pockets, microscopic frogs, rain-moths, cold
light, you climbed through before the city.
There was a blur in a corner. Below the paw
of the day-glare you were someone. You hadn't
yessed a pre-history, some local cruelty on a floor.

But some two couldn't stay this. There was a dark
condensing into the light below a door in a floor,
a blur touching on the time you climbed from
named More & Known below dark walls
on fat paths before depths of the city-remedy
tugged to your breast it was a desired utterance
you climbed from symptoms it was a sky you
wrote to leave at the tradition hut but hadn't a
grammar's pre-history of unknown bad beyond one.

If you accepted to forget to be and perhaps
split an old brain in a day-blur touching close
under you in the over-veins of many high roots,
moving at one yet standing like criminal signs
in a deserted village, the red dark you straightened
above & out of the wall to kneel after the full book
and demand you not be considered unworthy to fall
to the centre of this ground, above floor, with good
ululations for your impure-tongued bull beyond field.

Crouching somewhere while a womb blurs its suck.
While you left the door in the floor it stayed closer
to that then beyond you than one you knew, the bed
of stopping, if it wasn't a hamlet of else & someone
a hamlet with one dark above you dead & smoking
in the day it was to be the very hamlet of life
listless around its inertia emailing through ground
toppling its coinage for its badness and you had some
thing to beg of it. You had something to beg one.

You were propelled after it, you in a death in a day
valued showing where the smudges of your mother
became stood around you. You were dying in a hut
or bothy in the city-circle pinpointed. Hence
you climbed hence you hated hence thirst's touches
moan. In the late mornings beasts who were not
imagined there groaned in the circle dispersed as sand.
There was bone grappling in their groans, blades
to incise death inside, there were tongues from doors.

The doors that push under you with large dark
in large walls far from their pinnacle you'd rather not
inflate to a speck of dew in the path above that
drilling hovel but reject a being you always thus
hardly killed through out a month. Or be flesh exiting
beasts' burrows noisily within open windows'
fibres of paper outside deaths in the front and
climb off down to the womb, whose dark is blade,
a where-when night steals jab, so violent & large.

The colour-filled dark, smoking on the day
like lines of mystery on a book of geology
like the many mystery beings right for us, that
garble from a tiny closeness within the rain
& steam of life to this cold day burning
with multiple no-sense. Which if you could calm
on chairs of waste-ground you wouldn't sit
the noise. You can't sit the noise, the glad
garble not reaching someone at one.

The full space beyond desk through which all dance
& all hate can remain, and is melted there for
us to break some aeon of, and feel a few
more. Laying through the door you began to feel
where hate can appear, some beast's tag smoking
like a cigar on the road, and go yes and more unsure
than the fog over all deaths. The floored
wilderness with the dark of everything below the sky
is the start of your fat nights in oppression's foyer.

So you lurched nearer backwards than you will
and there were rain-moths deciphering despair & gain:
when are you this light day touching out's in
of the fruit matrix on the poor rockface & fast
frogs still with finite frustration & yes-remedies
in the city footholds over the glaring torch? The lit time
before the chapel snuffed the box in the floor that starved
the branches of conglomeration. When are you one down-
market stodge of dying day so trained & diminutive?

Microscopic abrasive fatal frogs, you know in fast fall
from frogness. As you to the light-source of your mother.
You to similarity, as you to different. Missing a pinnacle
womb emptying dark smothering hardness where other
couldn't be but a beast glimpsed in a large door's matrix
beyond animal nearness suspected, like mass black-edged
with the school of uncultivated ground, and at ease
broken to groan for one being a she had always set free.
Where are those, who were slowly trained & diminutive?

Who dim at their ranks through noise, nude-dark
as beggars. Where are those lamps before remedy-fences
nude through dots, dispersing along a line of dark? That
can utter, so we are endangered, but whose huts
tracelessly let a gang go off and we are summonsed.
Like the groaning in the circle & the dark in the box,
like the funeral wedding. We are disinherited to sit
at the centre and stop the parade of future, we are so good
as to avow signs of vague fact after the drab knees-up.

And you fakely nonchalant, you go from a repaired time
near & moving you know that those lines of warm smoke
are deaths taken partly of when they were, so that
they will always be everywhere other but like a cat
on the mat or a frog on the path defecate different
waters in the same land and steal a different hate
ease in a same dark. We are heaps in this dark, and
we are familiars in this land, which gives your feet
and follows you to the womb imperialising your vowels.

This ceilinged allotment anyone can leave with holt
& dosh, with anonymity. But you crawled with peace
out from Base Camp Rome (you'd stolen) and masked where
noise felt approaching something yet the continuation
on a day the sharp march off a path targeting innocence
as targeting hate. Heaped stalls the glare of the eagle
peeling power indifferent at the single speck of ground
under still without want. And you many of one had pushed
your body to that ruin, drawing dark & surprised to climb.

Father ascended-shrub, keep your pale blue mug
unlike a clause in a noise, the release when
the roots smoke from a day, smoke to the line that
circles you in as the familiar. So noise, caused
one when in round dosh & cadaver you found your anonymity
or targeted it, and lay in the hedge of shame: below
you the eternal square rotated on black water and
spoke you away from the old expanse like a ship on soft
points by day, dim signs after the short push.

Father tinder, paltry gent, when then is some shun?
some smacking & sticking, a stillness through ground
as a lion follows future's dog off barn with its racket
& bollock & mind in a bag for this smooth
when of a one peace? Zero it's not there, there & different,
there away from a condensing of lines when one you will lose
to live with, while you disagree to live you will ease your foot
out from this empty slot of soft lost punishment and catch
it from ground. Exhuming dark unravels presence from a cloak.

Yet you straightened in from the city-friction, a stippled foot-
tremor, off a straight root below dispersed huts. Here
was a water-floor, before the floor dullness and a closure
on the floor and on the closure a door. You smelt like an ass
quickened from a wagon preceding guidance, thrust of snow
that impasse or this out of a certain unknown kingdom of hate
that couldn't receive them out from a knowable ocean
of sleek uncertainty, fiery & near. You upright on a grilled
door as a vocal creature desiring deceitful loitering.

Who you wanted is a still walky-talky to kick from your foot
and encode like the rain-moths sinking on cold light liquid
encoding hate, to encode life. Cross & pin
infertility & creation near a clear clone of semaphore
hum, sigh, life is the bargain of one chant we give away.
Thus conversing in a curve oddly and a reality like an eagle
swoops near to our other's equalling theses and
gives you sitting accompanied in light sky mooned
with deaths to be, effortlessly sceptical that we silence.

'Cause we don't, as the rain-moths whisper with their liquid and
the fast frogs with urgency & your death when
she orgasms empty ring-urge-whispers and whispers from me, How
could you take my high garret, to the finite continuity
of peace? Sure you could take the lie you could not be easy
on my front, a welcome native out of the study
against answering. And you will sit in here out of a dark sea
encoding forward to beasts you reasoned where you were ashamed
unseeing creaturely evil, unravelling from your excitement.

Against we climbed out of shame and soothed natives,
who not being but there and yes shorter here
sporadically give praise for other's love & soul growth:
the certainty to slap life in the brain with power
has left near start. Such externalisation of baroque
beasts gaining dosh will straighten the sea to steam
who momentarily have less poverty than I can seat.
I could sit in here out of the light ground uttering this silently.
Before life we utter something more than a subjective portion.

Chant it out from big dark, snuffers & easter bubbles
tied, father ascended-shrub, in my wild bathroom, when
the day tarts are cajoled. Released from my trousers they
fire away from twilight. And there, deciding the effect
of peace misunderstood, yet to move with occult lunacy,
you pull your pasts from a twinkly plank. It could be ugly
to break some disconnect here, against your letter from sea in
infertile lines, the breeze-climb. You straighten a mask's gap, subtract
the leg from the hip and we chant apart chants of long climbs.

Masking the melodies, the dim in a fidget's nostril, as we can't,
you & your bodily self they empty their bladders of earth
leg on hip all to all and shuttered utter
their tiny delight, & shallow meaning of gain.
The impression is important. The music is first
out of major, from a fast shimmying eight. And there's an overt
spot-lit gleam on our masks, cowardly we mask the ring
from the defeat of our space in sky to have let go
a melody that stands over ease, straight with sky and as treacherous.

It's you & your single-clubber in solo, an expanse of oxide
on the tubes yet always brain, the beasts are in here
crowns & knot-pegs dull in a fog, from a fire that
falls from the stalls' dark we chant of ugly & new peace.
A ground is liquid before us, night's dye in the wax
as day pushes to vale from vale its impaled depth,
its white fridge, under one. Separate we float, and
chant the moon to sea from our rise. Pushing the sky's cowl
under our masks, we freeze to something before the floor.

Utterly something. Certain wholes or coins of detached suspicion
dull in the sea, and written as a translation of cruelty
under unorganised care. And those are beings that
we have never given, who owe us everything because
we aren't ready here when failure is vital, when
agitation burrows in infertile roots and a course cord
of moons falls beyond the head and dims the mask
of the wakeful layabout. You stroll out beyond her and
separated we plum the day's closeness on the lymph-
rhythm sister from sister, Salome & Mary.

It won't be bad to give imprecise wrong to twice
after we connect to never and stay near when
seas see the river empty of light-sources going
to leave. To give it right, the frigid power
that utters us when we're there and utters us unfair
certain we're undeserving, dull in the day like new meat,
a corner for healing. It won't be the thick crudity
to receive partial forced fifths yet there that tacky
series of bad-urge constructs, you know what bad
one hope does, I do understand when to climb

And appear, to the acquitting smoke. 'I will
in some tribunal or university, give near without answer. There
I haven't to question.' Yet it wouldn't be a bad being
perhaps, to sight the watery-drainpipes with sadness and a
ground smoke with initiation, and complexly sit here
in a fog of particles near on a single front or lose
from nowhere a belligerence when the moon's
exposed, to prevent this lightness being. It's mine, on my foot
reclining with dull deaths like huge roasted lobsters
in black brandy. Hate these clumsy beasts and vomit one.

It's mine, the groans relate, the groans in the day's pan,
the snuffers in the deathnight tart, cooling the white soil
over the huge roots in the bottom of the mountain, chanting
near before the floor, Anywhere a groan is replying.
When is yours? – A being you cruelly make anonymous,
as short as your still, when war releases, this unfair
yield is mine. And down there everything still to top
from bottom one not motion. This then is the nearly sea
you needed to leave. This moving aeon releases
a five-path ease under reality. Thus they reply

To closeness, to shallow over the conjuring dark.
And you're moving there beyond the door, hearing to near
the big smokes of myth like a local scurrying
in the bottom of the valley to sight the smoking hovels
of the foreign pass. That was your aunt's, that was when
we last departed, that was the university, and the part border
is stuck eternally. You have lost this full space
empty of lights & power lines. To your foot
it climbs like scree yet you forget tomorrow's silver
dim on the black span, faintly, no one in none.

New dark, English, staying out of the water as you stood
here around them out of impersonal glare when
fast frogs hop & wedding snuffers smoke. Effected
the presence in the night, the stare in the dark that isn't
empty of myths & spores one life & glee. Where
in the smoking dark in the painted closure the found anonymity
grinds down from the window on a hopeful search for war
& loss, accepted curved fullness from one study and
yessed imagination, for then is some. We stand stiff. We've bought
the dark from the inhabitants and go with snuffers in the white foyer.

A scroll, about peace & life, is closed like a white leaf with black grammatics. Yet one you write is a journalism for a found opponent, a young woman in Gutmelt hiding the craft of remembering in fast chanted phonemes after twilight. Why does that hinder the northern sadists preying on diaspora frugality? The water releasing a dark uttering it doesn't, uttering that acquittal coagulates like a gold mist in the day and begins a single serenity. Then the chant is quickly chanted, the ring unravelling its nearness, uttering we won't when we are young straighten our gains on a gold tongue above a wet floor.

And how will that hinder the sadists preying on tiny diaspora eagerness? Zero it doesn't, utters the flow beat, cruelty teeters in a nonsense of when I am & the being I start with not being. When am I coming to not be? – that young lass crawling quickly down to the maternity ward where her forgottens are righteous rain-moths, and a multiple anonymity empties one rung? And any loose sack of failure erasing its losses on the mended fronts & nurtured deaths of a nation, sad as salmon in a puddle.

Death's own gain & successes dishonestly shared, shames to foment on some corner of the sea, a glee when the old sea suspends. And one person will chant it fifth – the loader, the young woman under the mountain, this pain climbs to the writer, the prancer before, whose cruelty to closeness wanders the gain, whose lie orgasmed and sat on the husband by the womb. Blows from 1995 are melted on a mouth-gladness and displaced in sea. Straightens and tails home-sickness with noise.

