

I feel red.

Stamp my feet stamp my feet
Cant you feel the boiling angers
heat?

Red and hot red and hot
Like a red hot boiling pot.

Red for anger

You feel like a coat on a hanger.
Red and hot red and hot red and hot.
Dont you really hate the lot?

I dont really care.

Im feeling like a grizzly bear.

Im red now Im red now

Im feeling like a horse and plough

Red for long red for long

I dont think its really on.

Oh no no no no

I dont like it.

By Sam.

Joey Frances

à l'instar de



So no one steals if there's no property?
I shook my head. And as their hands just touched
I saw a blush suffuse the woman's cheeks.

He saw it too and cried, She hasn't once
Shown so much since the day she was seduced!
And murmuring, Then there's no abstinence?

From 'When I'd Reported to
the Couple, Thus...' by Bertolt Brecht

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ried to tell you how lonely or I feel scared of my cata self coming strophe
how I said where pain is I haven't general got time for don't unscrupulous
fun say how beautiful is the twilit grove or I didn't a life mean protestant
austerity but propose that not ignoring drink away when not actively fighting
is a festal destruction round fires dancing to find succour still hate among
selves brute finity and

I -

Coconut Shells //

Bare Rock

The King's England/Arthur Mee's Herefordshire, 1938

“ To those who tire of the
spoiling of our countryside,
who would see it as it has been
for generation after generation
before the twentieth century came
with its charabancs and bungalows,
here is a county of their choice,
green fields and quiet places,
rivers and valleys and hills,
time moving slowly,
and beauty
and tranquility ”

*“the octopuses could keep track of two geographies
concurrently”*

Three sketches

'SUMMIT...' '...TRYST...'

Cat dustbaths in summer heat
corner of vegetable patch
bare earth, lies death
sprawled at angles
an hour, still and awkward -
your relaxation unthinking
unmoving bask, how
correlate to mine?

-

'...PEAK...' '...CONFLUENCE...'

Tickling grass on fingerbacks
stickle and gloss run against
hung hand, cool like dipping
in a river, or sea
running by the side of a low boat
arms hanging.

'...CROWN...' '...PARLEY'

Shadow puppet dust spider falls
dangling before light behind me
invert aurora flickers and dances
splayed, darkness in wheezy motes
thrown over my shoulder, sprinkle on
pages, scattered, and to bed

Winter in Hereford/Coming Home

Glistening on dead flowers
Origami rose frozen chip wrappers
And rock hard alleyway dogshit.
A shoddy photograph
Of snow weighing down on
Ranks of dead beanstalks, and drooping.

Livingstone

*"Scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels
in their flight"*

Zambezi on three sides
Foaming at a finger of rock
 Sitting like an old baboon

The same spray that feeds a
Year-long rainforest column
Dug into the dry grass

(I don't think it's
 for
 angels and missionaries)

Cools my sunburnt shoulders

*The veined octopus collects coconut shells to
 build shelters on the sea floor*

Sketches on Pen y Fan [and Blaen-bwch]

Cloud leaks over ridge
to cwm top
pool to pool below in
sequence spring to

Better than view is dislocation where I stand.

- at what height risen into

risen into, panoramics is fog cloud? -

close down to a tight dome
our path at foot follows out
of sight a receding perimeter
enfolding us light but no
shelter shifting dew on fringe
beads bright.

Better than dislocate
view is view half
hidden by clouds rising as
we descend view smoking
through screen over
ground only sometimes
smudges on
half scene: a lake

A detour: appears as we drop
open slope again shuts down to close and become
Scots pine, shade to almost solid.

full dark, soft needles on the earth floor
and the smell, forests like stories to children.

A ravine opens a
brook drips emerging sky light
grass and moss ground between trees
deep lilac mushrooms hide
on the dim dirt we pick them
but hungry home don't eat, they're poison.

Unfound

The last Great Auk in Britain
(Welsh pen gwyn, white head,
White Chief) now dead,
St Kilda eighteenforty
Three men caught a great garefowl
For its pretty little wings and bound it
Three days, then for nothing
Beat it to death – being a
Witch – with sticks
Because it had brought a storm.

Third of July eighteenfortyfour
Fled from the Geirfuglasker
Their Atlantis volcano sunk
Great Auk Rock, to Eldey, jut
Cut block up straight from sea,
Just off the Icelandic coast:
 The very last Geirfugle
Laying one egg on bare rock
Ambushed as a collector's specimen
To be quietly stuffed and stored,
But first erupts a comic violent chase
Her and mate strangled on a cliff edge
Their egg shattered by a seaman's boot.

Extinct the name casually transmigrated
No bother no loss

(Which is why, if we are to save a species
We must abandon our superstitions
And our meat, be gentle, and eat cabbage
In the dark and die the empty deaths
 We'll die anyway,
No gods no witches)
