

Contrivances

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Poetry by John Wilkinson

Oort's Cloud: Earlier Poems

Barque Press, Cambridge and subpress, Honolulu 1999

Clinical Notes

Délires, Liverpool 1980

Proud Flesh

Equofinality, Lodz and Délires, Liverpool 1986

Flung Clear: Poems in Six Books

Parataxis Editions, Brighton 1994

Effigies Against the Light

Salt Publishing 2001

Contrivances

JOHN WILKINSON



PUBLISHED BY SALT PUBLISHING
PO Box 202, Applecross, Western Australia 6153
PO Box 937, Great Wilbraham, Cambridge PDO CB1 5JX United Kingdom

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First published 2003

Printed and bound in the United Kingdom by Lightning Source

Typeset in Swift 9.5 / 13

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ISBN 1 876857 60 9 paperback

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Acknowledgments

Signs of an Intruder was first published by Parataxis Editions, Cambridge, in 2001.

Earlier versions of some poems were published in *big allis*, *The Gig*, *Jacket*, *Parataxis*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, and *QUID*.

Saccades

First Run

Sunlight seeps component hours therefore forbear to set.

One only accompanist, it twanged
the white fingers will embraid then shake their tally open
like tap sticks; & the fob of the guardians
kicks in to chatter, balance wheel spin, escapement clutch,
but are not what they angled for,
attraction/repulsion reaped the light these would uphold.

Gaps narrow, fingers sweep their sensory weft according
to what shade jumps hyperactive,
like a loom clanks silently they oil the nodding kiss grove.
Waive the near approach of
silk slip, hessian scour, velvet might hold back but slopes
damaged for the thought of it.
Behind, a lozenge licks out the sun. Light no more seeps

its automatic crop. By shortfall only though it cottons on
egg-ridden like a moist pad
chewed following precedent, in double twist wound tight:
what could be more hurtful
than this event foreshortened? Mechanisms start to whirr,
the heliograph to jerk & sputter,
lengthening at verticals but flits down treads & banisters.

Collateral fire pins down but they wobble loose, the recoil
knocks them back. To listen out
swells up like the backflow is consistent with listening in
springs which are double-leaf
or breach, for stretched ahead of reason or at time's diktat
pinged into its anacoustic case,
the required fistful is impending through a shaft of light.

Compiled inside the sheets where a fire-belt discouraged
pain from crossing, little shits
manage & rehearse that their sheared pivots rock against,
then mesh together guard-like.
Face it if my scarf was doubled over, the sheaf it proffers
stood, just held its lining
flapping like the fires nearby its belt consummately shirk,

once again forgetting & oblivious birds sing out of cover.
Part to heal all parting I lapse.
Rejoice to find the break which suppurates in ugly burns.
A last enticement coming up
to take breath demurs against the guard rail & overhears
what living shadows shadow,
stacked, loaded, saturated, stoves in the inter-entity brief.

Empty envelopes shake drowsily, wrinkle as on deflating,
never mind that they balloon
at any thinking twinge, a method of least squares prevails;
they scope by such false modesty
even as they are lost to view will prick through their folds
The magnet turf is charged,
lets no sprig of forget-me-not or pennyroyal underpierce.

Eyes wide as saucers asking more, ears splayed as dishes
swirl with aggressive birdsong,
no metal nor contact plates are stunning the rubber ticks,
nor a funnel for ants siphons.
Banded muscle peaks the tent should headroom fluctuate
in mimicry of the sky
reports a thunder-clap, concussed into being repetitively.

Intact though its underside will stay, inflating to the high
mission of its nervous barrage,
twittering receptors switching all for output torch in eyes
peeled from their treads, background
pins & nipples staunch this lampblack sighs to riddance.
Succumb, be drawn
two-timing, two-faced, flash in its synapses sensationally.

This is a fast train, no stopping
at Farningham Road; the paper mills'
castellated stack is edgily withdrawn
to where I hung about, no key
on a bare concrete landing,
prepared to be measured up.
Slogans at the nearside bring forward

lank neglected grass, pierce instantly
the stare of indifference,
How shall their rustling fliers pin?
Attention spoils attentiveness, & pains
taken little relieve pain,
the categorical is like an undiagnosed
pain in the chest

which like a stovepipe, a cross-section
metaphor with its gap closed
There's only a sheet of
Paper's width in it
threaded with sharps.
That's black paper, sugar paper,
how needles always came

to be opened out on a dressing-table,
buttoned within the slice
they were charged. Interruptedly
they learn sticking.
Behind the flats is scrub ground,
boys kicking about as usual
treading the uncut
down to a winter's-long mire, & frost

compels a certain decorum, so I feel,
but the near side is snatched
& let leave.
Ghosts slot between the floorboards
dreadfully traced.

They have been filed there
by my heart's despondence

sinks towards the floor, won't be fixed
Though fluttering with pinned-on
half-moon collars,
is ribboned with ghost sleeves.
There is a price-
tag knotted into the double shielding.

Stubbed with poker-work a fret line has for business end
a Jacob's anvil, fold-together fist
retains a hook connects with negative blur, so will redden.
Was that masked by the gouged-
away event which up till now had been its spoiler, a ruse
found out in its dazzle halo
overcomes in overcoming to be incised onto brutal space?

Though jarred by its scaffolding a forearm pestle grinds,
clenched round a furled helix
hardly glimpsed before intelligence slows output, a scam
to put the brakes on productively,
throwing tendrils or roots but no pathway it might grip.
The ascenders were broken off,
rib shears, pain's locks, its cast of mind for dilucid burial.

Eyes fill with stone. Presently the sediment lingers down,
smoothes away the pits &
pores disfigure this block of mourning glints covariantly.
What shimmered above was no less
great to feel, despite the controvertibles of touch & trust
thicken in fat soot below;
every take calcified by hand which on every count scored.

Dragged half-conscious through its slats, sent reminders
heard as cries off dropped water,
scuff in a finger-bundle knotted to keep what is assessed
incorrigible; come in the skimpy ones
who gave heart for derivatives, spotlit at stipendiary bay.
Cuckoo-pain or such froth
demonstrate what cried empire out of their translucence.

But every soft forgotten feigns indifference to that finger
looks upon it. The scallop
may be prised open, letting the astral fragment fly above;
pick up what flutters back
sliced as if for a barbecue, in defeated pads gobstopping.
To be a pilgrim
means open & shut will lie snapping in its starry harness.

Immanence leaps its own wand mentally it hops & scoffs
unsatisfied its foam hinterland –
that's where the playground signage went, some existent
partner carries a torch
whose pollen trespasses the chalked no-go. The half-face
affronts half a face.
Then to sleep together calmly & impassively were shingle.

Shall thundersheets baffle their tents be they fly or furled,
conditional between the shit-faces
cantilever winds; shall this portent strip the sour washing
Human Capital Programme
flaking or disjointed, grip childishly throughout the night?
Think were going to step-
fail, penduline on air which strips them rigidly distraught –

that was their stuff, insects. When triangulated, set down
for a caution, for a mercy
bedded in their fold entitles show-through to its fools cap,
they shall mark edge, exiguous.
Undertow of shadow was to be what swung for weighing.
Slots within the false fruit
bolstered & guyed like a tent dissembling to full capacity.

Their mount of folly mounts yet further with a false peak
bears the table rock-silent, on
the altar lies a conventional knife. Rend the tautened cloth,
cut its guy ropes so to think a hill
downrightly, plumed in thunder will it nursed in thought
free of the shame in folds –
bring off a bolder stroke, deposit the winged ants instead?

The house of cards then falls
the opposite way, to circadian order.
Curtains slump on shagged mattresses,

rerun

lost to view, jolting automatically
the way they fold,
the way they stack beside sleep

& after entertaining daylight
crease on the runnels ants patrol.
Shall they smother their disturber
moaning after who'd forgive,
blowing his ring
blowing his eye-stalls by episode,

jiggles his bunch of fingers
splits his keys:
How shall he render odds, get even
& give nothing out?
but spew a trail of infected fat
will soften drains & lay
prairie plumbing. On their trigger
legionaries of Mara shall drop

owl-like with their stone-age
machine-guns
prominent from their ruffs, firing
tumble-weed, the termite
columns picked off in spats of dust
untether & reorganise.

What does he need to act right?
their moving wick
his tallow will then sheathe,
some thread like a vicarious nerve
inside its tubular bed?
At a pinch the illusionists monkey with

his lump by brilliant tremor
Reciprocal when an arch

oubliette each eye
is shuttered inside, the cherry-petal
pads of trapped alacrity
leaking what I had lent & want myself
however they fall, fall
aporetic on what pillow.

At heart the light slows down,
kick-starts his fluttering organs
throb
Wrapped in a coherent aura.