

S I M O N C A R N E L L

A Creature

It's a creature that's struggling, you'd reckon,
just to come into being—all eyes on stalks,
but warm-blooded and rufous,
with it doesn't know how many legs.
It has a nest den or lair, which is preposterous.
And is brilliantly dappled or plain.
Its like's not been seen, and won't be again.

Out of Season

Old Hunstanton's boarded
beach-huts hunker
like outsize abandoned
bee-hives, the remains
of small night fires
in their lee, with the odd
needle and burnt bean can
as evidence of improvised
barbecues. Out of season,
and you could call the arcade
a lit-up liner stranded
in the foreground,
and think of another shore;
where back from India
three fat stones lighter
having just not died
pieces of purple knitting
wool tied to a knife,

fork and spoon
signified infection—
a gunmetal false ceiling
of late autumn English
sky screwed down—
the washed out spectrum
like TV malfunctioning
on the ghosted border
of black and white.
Simmering feverish
beneath a fifteen tog duvet
and waiting for your visit,
dreaming of it can't have been
a balsa driftwood coracle,
breasting to fish
in a treacherous sea—
where even to stand
knee-deep was to be rooted
in a back-swell;
an entire village playing out
the craft on a leash
woven from strands of coir.
You came dressed down
out of stunning saris,
nothing we knew
would be the same again
as light, some “Cornish
painter’s light” brimmed
around a cloudstorm;
the B&B’s radio sermoning
the shipping forecast
amongst pot-plants
frumpish in brass *cache-pots*;
teak sideboards, sofas
you could lose yourself in,
or trampoline on
up to the plaster rosed
sitting-room ceiling.