

FOR SEAMUS HEANEY



Elizabeth Jennings

I love you for the feel of things you have,
The nub and texture, rub and block and blow.
I love the way you tell the touch, the heave,
The roll, the plait, the smooth, the working glow.

Nothing is alien that is of the earth,
The sky and water too. You are a kind
Of Adam who can bring new things to birth
And give emotion empire over mind.

You're not like Yeats. His Irishness was why
Causes are just and golden cities built.
He could polish jewels and paint the sky,
But you care how a child, a bird has felt.

You hoard but also let us look at things
Like an old, rubbed satchel or the bite
Of saw on wood. You made your children swings,
Cherished old cribs, made a newspaper kite.

Yes, maybe that is it, the rush, the sheer
Marvel of air goes riding by your power.
What's used and tough is always to you dear.
The hedgerow for you, never one picked flower.

"The music of what happens" are your words
And happenings, not craft too judged, are yours,
You find much pleasure watching playing-cards.
You are all male yet not afraid of tears.

TWO POEMS



Iain Sinclair

NEARLY A MOON

no lounge to challenge the sea's reality
nice portion framed in the sellotaped porthole
bridal knots unpicked by sapient moonlight
light frolics on impotent wavecrests
an ounce shy of the chair on the balcony

not *The Prisoner of Zenda* nor (most especially)
The Prisoner, air-conditioning blown in Hotel Albion
3 fluorescent stars twinkle in an otherwise deserted
lobster tank, chalk blisters; "successful" snaps are
the ones that go a tad out of focus
circumventing precision, here sharp here
betrayed by unpredictable human terrors, the old
poet stamps in off the cliffs, shaking rust from his beard
by wicket gate to encounter Charlton Heston Koo
Stark David Bailey & (inevitably) Dr Brian Hinton

Lear's daughters afloat in the salon
with Burmese princelings who won't
accept that spare ribs are off the menu
(& who's been generous enough to spare them?)
we sprawl & watch & weigh the next kick of
salt spray spicing the corset-coloured curtains
wondering what we've done to deserve
this delightful absence of phonecalls

ICHOR IS THE TRUE INK

faces confiscated from elsewhere

—THEODOR ADORNO

heaven fell on the glorious fourth
stars like sand cutting your web
cornplaster in the bidet, cinema-
scope, a blue too rich to taste; make
tracks, barefoot bride, contessa
contestant, matador pants
without a trace of pantyline, whatever
became of Stephen Boyd or the brusque
German with the schnapps habit & a liking
for lace under his oiled chaps, honorary
submariner, the agents of Marina;
Warner Brothers snowpake hoodlum cash
informers manhandling pups & baby grands;
salt-shore with mandatory lemon groves, a fist
sweetened with lavender drives into the belly
of memory; it couldn't shouldn't happen
south of the line, how broad & swift
the river runs to a nameless sea