

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Alec Newman

Agoraphobia

A Bauhaus bone house or banhus. No,
no elegant, clean, white lines,
but the Brutalist beauty of bare concrete
and glass and rusting red steel.
High and mighty, but alone in its own
inelegance, among the intimate crowd
of red brick Victorians gathered
socially along the coal black canal.

Silk Street, Salford, at 8.00am

A spectral bell is pealing,
A shadow of echoes heard,
unanswered and ignored. Save
for a lone carrion dog
returning to its vomit
in the ruins of the mill.

BILL GRIFFITHS

Noising out the three centuries
(of) a transit long-base cattle gridding slow
sounds like

x / x / x / x / x /

that unskeltoning of beowulfness

Music, music, return intuitive tunefulness.
Amongst moontorched mistletoe and oak's
snug, sleeping buds.

Sea's own spring season's tide,
swell coastal, bloat rivulets
and flood fertile the alluvial plains
of willow. Old name: welig.
Lie Avalon, Bill Griffiths, amongst
(the) hawk moth's withy beds,
(and) blue tip / red tip
butterflies.

Meditate in a tobacco trance
of widow-wise curls of smoke [...]
In vigorous youth, you,
the pretty, petty thief of poetry's museum.
[...] and swell Saxon craft
and recede Renaissance style,
weave wicker baskets, joy in making.
Sound like

x (xxx) / x (x) x
/ \ x x /

and sound like

oily lined.