SAMPLER

Not There – Here

Also by Andrew Taylor

Silo (The Red Ceilings Press, 2021)

Adrian Henri: A Critical Reading (Greenwich Exchange, 2019)

Lowdeine Chronicles (with Nick Power, erbacce-press, 2019)

at first it felt like flying (with Charlie Baylis, Indigo Dreams, 2019)

Aire (The Red Ceilings Press, 2018)

15.11.13. – 5.2.14 (Stranger Press, 2018)

The 140's (Leafe Press, 2018)

March (Shearsman Books, 2017)

Liverpool Warehousing Co. Ltd. (zimZalla, 2016)

Airvault (Oystercatcher, 2016)

Future Dust (Original Plus, 2015)

Radio Mast Horizon (Shearsman Books, 201)

Comfort and Joy (Ten Pages Press, 2 11)

The Lights Will Inspire You (Full of Grow Press, 2011)

The Sound of Light Aircraft (Knics Forks and Spoons Press, 2010)

The Metaphysics of a Vegetarian Supper (Differentia Press, 2009)

And the Weary Will Rest (Suprivoutside Press, 2008)

Poetry and Skin Cream (erbacce-press, 2004 and 2007)

Temporary Residence (erbacce-press, 2007)

Cathedral Poems (Paula Brown Publishing, 2005)

Andrew Taylor

Not Théré – Here

First published in the United Kingdom in 2021 by
Shearsman Books
PO Box 4239
Swindon
SN3 9FN

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office 30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB (this address not for correspondence)

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-787-2

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Acknowledgements

Silence per se is of course, non-existent.

—Peter Gidal

40 years ago, we were living (and dreaming) of the future. 40 years later, we're living and dreaming of the past. We were living our best days and didn't even know it.

—globalturfwar

THERE

Twelve

Last night you had the strangest dream you sailed in a little rowing boat to China

to look for me & I said 'I have to get my laundry washed & nothing is going

to stop me nothing's going to break my stride I've got to keep moving'

So I do I keep moving walking the hill delivering bread & poetry the basket

is empty clothes washed & noodles are simmering in the pan

September Fields

Through hedgerow gaps between trees an undulation perhaps it's to do with

colour a golden calm sets in at summer's end spiders come in from cooling night air

heating is entertained flowers last through though the evenings don't gather wood

like windfalls essential in preparation warming like a playing angel

in candlelight shadows alter with draughts that rise through polished floorboands

kicking fallen leaves in tyre tracks those who have gone before somehow remain

as gouges in earth and remaining leaves on trees evergreens that battle winter

Gravy

The jeans are soaked in gravy arranging the towels

on their rail there is that smell not of laundry but of gravy

the dust from the drill settles in the most awkward of places

under the window resembles a hardware store

the treacle porter tastes of reack and darkens the glass

at night there is the realing of being at set even though

the bed is anchored firmly to the first floor

Yard Work

for Peter Hughes

Bang the tin out repair photograph with a pedal

Log cabin in the woods every country has coffee

Pull the can get in the fields every patch a memory

Every camp needs a good fire chopper and bossman

MRIFE

Bits of dust smudges of slip start the eggshell seeds

Wood shovel salt repeat this is a process

Tempelhof

the quiet days between Christmas and New Year

Not working not celebrating

Liner notes an excerpt London Records (556 113-2) 1999

...all Ma's and Da's the fella who sorted out Mile's PRS on Christmas Eve, Eddie and the boys at Cash Converters, Dr Detox from Stapleford, Hugo, Youthman

The fact that to get dark so early

feels like jet lag

Snowcave melting in Tempelhof

There is an increased patience for cooking and making the apartment cosy

The sheen of a new shirt wear for days remove before eating coloured paper chain plant drape

ensure to draw yourself out of the sadness

[Acknowledgements to Ronnie Hughes; a sense of place blog, MIDIgrrrl, Roary Yum/ClintonLevy]

Above there are three helicopters

As we sit among riverside sculpture,

barges shift containers. Inside

a gallery space, the M53 appears

quiet in the dark, traffic-less.

A jib shifts silently above the station.

Let's not live in fragments, the

too much connectivity let's learn to tango.

Polaroid

Thirty years an instant

like a developing Polaroid you eventually appear

as though in disguise

hunt through dates seek evidence

so come on climb in

It is now a shift a recognition