The Closed Spaces



Also by Angela Gardner

The Sorry Tale of the Mignonette (Shearsman Books, 2021)

Some Sketchy Notes on Matter (Recent Work Press, 2020)

The future, unimagine (chapbook, with Caren Florance, Recent Work Press, 2017)

The Told World (Shearsman Books, 2014)

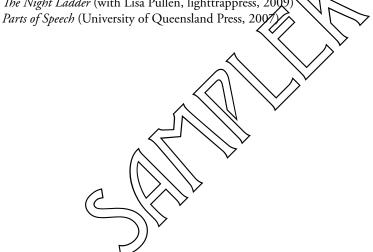
Thing&Unthing (Vagabond Press, 2014)

Interference (chapbook, with Caren Florance, Ampersand Duck, 2014)

Of Sky (chapbook, Ampersand Duck, 2012)

Views of the Hudson (Shearsman Books, 2009)

The Twelve Labours (with Gwenn Tasker, lighttrappress, 2007)
The Night Ladder (with Lisa Pullen, lighttrappress, 2009)



Angela Gardner



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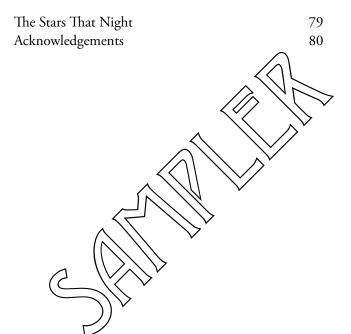
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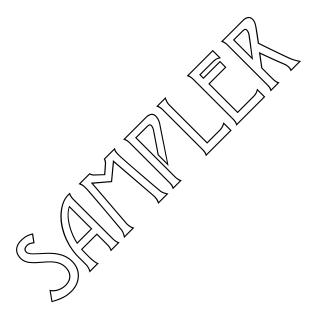
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Object Permanence



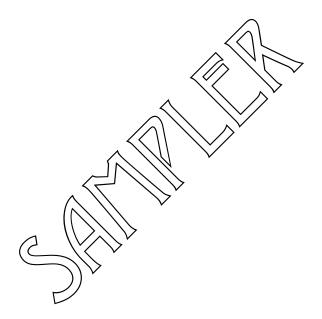
'it's not as though making it through unaltered is the point.'

Colin Cheney, Phaethon, here be monsters





THE CLOSED SPACES





Until Its Light, in That Vessel, Falls Away

A sky indefinite and indigo as the sun at its pinnacle or as thunder, drones. Something in the way of light...the season, after Summer, before it is Summer again: an in-between where tomorrow's clouds are forming. Low: in twists and turns, circling, a body in motion follows flying, passing, revelatory, detecting an opening, breath inside the flesh. A life held in observance or adoration until the light, in that vessel, falls away.

To lift is to lighten its ritual hold of air to earth. Crouched in the mechanics of grief it is a strangeness; lacking sound or colour a world of unmarked paths. For everything depends upon the other, even if by that very instrument, parts of the whole tear other parts to bloodied fragments – as a prey animal is heaved from its body in shricking terror.

Lumen

Shown more

than we can bear are we windows or mirrors?

Wingspans we could beating see, in daub and winnow the resting planet in its ebb. Moments, sparks of light.

For multiple selves now reflect and replace the sky our candlelight and imaginings.

And wholly unnecessary we drew up bog meadow's scatter of kingcup and orchid.

Mirrors

into negative space, into meander and neischance before a dark that enters.

We had believed ourselves windows.

Is it raining? Our human eves are during.

Certainties

from this first Tuesday it doesn't matter about Ohio

it never did except for this

the white picket fence remains and beyond the pale

one hundred thousand dead

(not small sorrows).

If such people have much value it is as the end consumer

(for we must never mind the cost)

they have felt the presence of large shadows

a semblance of birds given the weight of Industry

\$

A single voice under the blind world

many times to the fact saying

No

I never

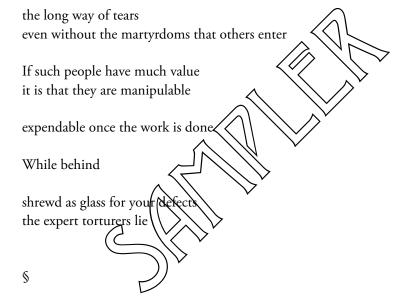
I was duty bound

This does not save you

Nor being new in this state that force arouses regarding order as grounds for doubtful comfort

S

And in the painful abyss you may discern the same thing



What did they say? Why did they do what they did?

not enough lost and so many offences

Tell me I am wanting of that faith that gains in error or turns on the anguish of the people

That anyone would willingly

Others may know the place where pits uncover the slack cream of a shoulder

that speaks a covert repose

eye movements become a film without sound exhumed

S

If I collected myself as a person I saw only in part

and it was cloudy beside other certaintie

Why batter at the door of faith or demand other sons and daughters

they will come

Mothers cry

return to me the high sleep of his head

What gap have we fallen into a moment when everything seems to stop and then start again

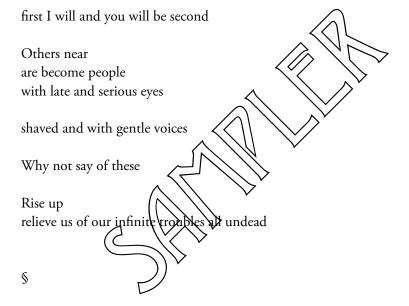
Our way here from sleep was not long we passed the hard earth of nearby darknesses vanquished going so as not to debilitate others

But it passes the indecision

Do not dispute what you feel

honour the fear that will turn other ways

Across the shadow of the first relative



In open places see how many become luminous with the sign of victory crowned while grace acquires in the sky

Beautiful citadel of high walls, defended around

fire will enter me and shake the birds from the sky

Save inside how quiet

to adore the certainty of God

