

Interiors  
&  
Other Poems

SAMPLER

ALSO BY DAVID CADDY

POETRY

The Balance (1981)

Anger (1982)

The Beating on the Door (1987)

Honesty (1990)

Continuity (1995)

Desire (1997)

The Willy Poems (2004)

Man in Black (2007)

The Bunny Poems (2011)

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SAMPLE

# Interiors & Other Poems

David Caddy

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## Outlander, outlier, outsider and lover

Words seem to hide as much as cover.  
Beastly conditions aggravate our haunt.  
Outlander, outlier, outsider and lover.

Wise cracks swim brother to another,  
Cast aside, allowed, in barstool taunt.  
Words seem to hide as much as cover.

Long legged bottles twist and turn  
Their labels so wanton and gaunt.  
Outlander, outlier, outsider and lover.

Wild jocks with oozes of drooling saliva  
Seek solace in more than one jaunt.  
Words seem to hide as much as cover.

Beatniks, barflies, bend their ears  
With addresses of excessive vaunt.  
Outlander, outlier, outsider and lover.

Prise apart and flatten each other.  
Lies not confidences to every confidant.  
Words seem to hide as much as cover.  
Outlander, outlier, outsider and lover.

*For Louise Buchler,  
my poetry group at the White Horse and on Zoom,  
my students, past and present, at Bryanston School*

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I

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## Through Bryanston Woods

the point of a path  
the pitch of a path  
the particulars of a path  
the peter

the patter of a path  
the pit of a path  
the pinch of a path  
the pith

the pitter of a path  
the plasticity of a path  
the pathos of a path  
the counterpoint

the dynamic  
and play of a path  
each action  
adds to the way

## Six consecutive walks to the sluices

This is January and light slants and dies  
fungi damp capped and cropped up,  
hips and crab apples still hang high,  
discarded hubs, boxes and spillage spells  
of clamour and rooks swag in fives and sixes.

Cock pheasants skitter into hurried flight.  
Tizzard has all three favoured runners:  
Thistlecrack, Cue Card and Native River,  
such local progeny scarce since  
Stalbridge Colonist wavered and fell.

Grazed grasses bereft of colour,  
the verge verdant close to the Stour.  
This path, wider in winter, compacted  
leaves dark and slippery. By the sluice  
swans eat and set to couple and nurture.

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Grey skies and light thins and peters  
sideways and ice sheets shoot underfoot.  
Stones compacted, glazed and blunt.  
Redstart displace rooks absented,  
scarce to oak, alert to chainsaw.

Solitary pheasant in bound to floor.  
A flight absolved from chit chat.  
A crone among thorns. A blister  
and wildness to be shooed,  
sequestered into mutton hut.

Shot awake and alive to presence  
of numbers and algorithms redolent  
with possibilities and ways aft,  
scant to touch. By the sluice,  
the stray duck remains resolutely lost.

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This tepid whiteness of the twin world  
impinges and irritates beneath the surface,  
bodies deprived of minerals and sunlight.  
Disrupted stones, upright and abrupt,  
now ready to turn and let the water in.

Six pheasants, russet breasts tight  
to the hedge, splay and spread in panic,  
raising blood pressure and frantic calls.  
Celandine unravels as bright as sparks  
spinning a wheel of marvel and larks.

Keepers askance and at odds with foragers  
edge the horizon with digger and saw  
undermine the hillside for such little gain.  
Those myopic magicians of the sluice  
lie a-bed again, aloof to ceaseless rain.

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Light breaks with faded whiteness  
and surfeit vapour and pain, to wit  
what may startle next in arched mist.  
Shrivelled berries, lost woods,  
could not further dim this strange hit.

Driven to the road's edge by salt  
rooks scavenge in grit and gravel  
far from their field and nesting spot.  
Darkest tarmac like a bruise  
Council tipped at the track's start.

Well hidden pigeons, breasts pulled out,  
face westward in cold sufferance,  
their paleness, dove-like, eerie.  
At the sluice, spray fleeces innocence  
No sign of swans, duck, heron, or egret.

This morning light more subtle and clear  
prismatic frost sets a blue sky.  
Evergreens dominate fore and aft,  
rooks back in numbers peck at tufts,  
crystalline and roof high.

A clumsy wood pigeon skirts  
ivy clad yew, moss on fallen oak,  
slowly takes flight, risks landing  
on the broken fence, iced stones  
no longer loose and perilous.

Lesser known shriek reverberates  
rooks change tack, Vivienne's  
horses nonchalantly eat frozen grass.  
At the sluice, the second gate risen  
ushers froth, dark branches like monsters.

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High pressure and dense fog hit the throat.  
Sessile ivy, black fruit, redeems some light,  
issue less melodious comfort and thought  
than the Mill pond willow or distant oak,  
speaks a crisp gospel of stoic folk.

Hawthorn, old man's beard, bramble  
rearranged stones, incessant diesel,  
urine, oil, potholes mark the track.  
Wrens huddle seen and out of sight.  
Spiders web sublet by dormant hosts.

What is invisible and unknown drives  
the force onwards through essential links  
in and out of focus, coiled as selves.  
Across from the sluice, a blue heron  
startled takes flight, circles and dives.

## Through Light

Down water paths to eroded bank,  
tree clad thirty, forty degrees over  
slow July river otter rippled  
transparent shallow with width  
and new creek.

Such tangle and twisted forms.  
Lose your line and you lose  
your light and might  
and mystery of yelping hound  
pack heard yet never seen.

Into vast depths of shade  
and woods very deep.

Intense spot of light  
Infinite going in-it.  
Glow out of deepening  
slow, thickened decorative  
flit some of wing some  
and clouded butter lime  
to lemon outer.

Slant invasion sprawl  
chalk silver sprinkle  
twinkle darker moss  
variant tilt  
remains of smugglers halt  
more lime to lemon skyward  
such height to mottle  
corbel up close  
grotesque and scary  
MYSTERIOUS PARANORMAL  
sighting aplenty including  
yours truly, or  
just eyes wide open.  
It is an old wood.

## And Added Sunlight Bursts

This day the mind hardens  
adding Brimstone to earlier flutters,  
sees no other than here  
draws vitamins, still water rippled  
by ducks and placid lies.  
Chalk and sandstone marls  
eroded, sunken, not yet dry.  
The high nettled path narrows  
downwards, as if going back in time,  
in moist footfall to the river's edge  
then suddenly widens and gives scope  
and view to light and flight  
and energy lifted walking north  
by north west to the earth,  
and sounds matter so much more  
and there is need to pause  
and hear the music soar,

until the hush of things  
and added sunlight bursts  
forcing the eye, downcast  
on solid beech arches  
and tangle, to look ahead  
and upwards in wide-armed  
glaze as one's feet wobble on  
more sprouted root.

## Trouble

The Stur current exceeds its brief.  
Water covers meadows flattens  
perspective to green grey light.  
Disobedient walkers, warp and prone,  
speak of delta blues, wanton dogs  
struggle and get carried away.  
Fish inscribed with maps  
swerve this way and that.  
This light resembles a modernism  
without referent, smudge or fray.  
Invasive interlopers, overhead flights,  
unexpected glimmers, oak and rowan,  
echo with distant and divergent voices,  
deliberate refusals, neglected sluice,  
squawks, probes, fumes. The giant  
comes alive, speaks to those who listen.  
Sheep, swan, heron, otter temporarily  
absented, the place at odds slanted  
vertically, sprayed and grasped tidally  
in Wagnerian screech of song.