

Fugue State

ALSO BY JOHN WILKINSON:

POETRY

The Central Line

Proud Flesh

Flung Clear

Effigies Against the Light

Contrivances

Lake Shore Drive

Down to Earth

Reckitt's Blue

Ghost Nets

My Reef My Manifest Array

Wood Circle

PROSE

The Following

Colours Nailed to the Mast

CRITICISM

The Lyric Touch

Lyric in Its Times

Fugue State

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Shearsman Books

First published in the United Kingdom in 2023 by
Shearsman Books Ltd
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*)

ISBN 978-1-84861-898-5

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Acknowledgments

Some poems in *White Sand* were published first in *Lana Turner*.

‘At Celaenae’ was first published in *Chicago Review*, ‘Marsyas Back in
the Day’ in *Poetry*, ‘Fire Breaks’ in *Long Poem Magazine* (here much
revised), ‘Actaeon’ in *Volume*, ‘East Lake’ and ‘Xipe Totec’ in *Lana
Turner*.

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White Sand

Anchor Points

Weighing as a global anchor was so stamped
white sand, white sand, white sand
where now do such chains drag?
Is a narrative burns its glaze
sun's track hobbles sun explosively repeats, re-
stamps white sand, white sand.

Take issue with, take width, take its measure
globe stopper, is
castanet rattles in the elongated throat/
rattlesnake devouring coda –
Where does an echo blemish the white sand,
fibre optic relay whither does it stamp Send.

Take one vertebra, take one quadrant, beam
whether thigh bone or guiding star
tether
bracken fault, chains of racing water
tumble to the white sand, sink
quill, sink midline catheter
down the abstract concrete channel, basis

for communication. A super-dawn segment
swills the naked leat.
Switch and global anchor summarises
lucidly, every lip connects
Chain of bones, rattling vertebrae
send fractious bursts interred in ice up ahead –

cold rays to be snapped savagely.
The solidarity of flesh's suffering abjured.
Groans leak from fissures
gas creeps from as dawn strikes
sea crammed with squid and jellyfish.

Is closeless narrative folded into beaten hearts

cf. cf-

I stood my sand. No sensitive re-zoning
offers shelter from white sand white sand.

His Own Cuckoo Sings

Attenuated syntax throws out nestlings like a cuckoo.
Conscripted from the start to its faint waves
How break them as a gleam
 feathers heavy laden
 pinwheel spike interrupt
Then connect to what sub-routine parcels out,
insect on a rock discovered in its rock face itself rock.

Adaptive in one generation high load hardens veins.
Honey dipper twist the heart clear so divide
into rosettes, frieze of rosettes –
Icing bag touch effective sweet solder
make live histories, deepening as fruit
 fruits out of seed,
tyke ejected at the get-go by a violent two-note unison.

Intensity implodes and transcriptase doubled-up bolts.
Drop rosy spoor as to trace over pine needles,
 passion flower vine
 winks along the trellis
Faces are mathematical and anguish in the output
mirror strip
breaks ranks most reject with a raven raucous outcry.

What does any wave consist in, radiant with its syntax,
energy that widens from the stored seed's
impermeable sperm –
dumps and dribbles pinpricks of citrine
stars, rosy cataract, a metal droplet
 spilling from ascendant curve,
such progeny as sprays round and in turn reproduces.

Starting out from here a skiff sets sail, grips the notch.
But below its glass keel
 shoal steers for cooler waters
 starling murmuration
 mimic skein, air and
ocean raid cerulean boxed by investigators
seeking debris, transmigrate inside out will unfunnel

making landing where a boulder flags a receptor site,
tar-black stuff resisting activation, one is
gulped into intricacy, are these
thought to be inert whose hard matter
packs all that had so vehemently
chipped at the brainstem, no lizard he
whose diphthong lords over doorstep rough sleeping.

Red alert shifts plastic crates and hoists the daybreak
dense and beating fast, accompanist where lifeguards
settle at high-water mark their curious perches, now
a causeway is exposed between long-scuttled islands,
mica flashes from a granite rockface as an affluence of
ladybirds highlights moss and lichen, will be cuckoo
outshone: spangling on waves its isolation is refracted.
 cuckoo. cuckoo.

Egged On Always

Tugged taut across sharp points is flawless
Heart on the threshold interfere
The wedge, the I-beam
memorial of a lake whose serenity collects
denizens who have a story

held against them.

Ivory reveille will it split at last into layers
unroll the microfilm
Ivory gone off like sour milk kept its shape
blew its horn
flapping on white sand, so drag your hook

rattling teeth

held against them

will contort into the agony of toothmarks
locked on a bleached stump
The eggs of multiplication hatch
Swing a cable, hear the wind throb billow
wild skin unfolding.

Self-Drive Vehicle

Is a drop, pin drop or stopped globe focus
pinpoint of troubled light, moving out on
space. Alert machines count out portions'
hard balk, wonderment in trickle charge
forays under shingle guise as an as-though.

Gasp tulips

dolloped out in cornets, strung from prairie
soil and concrete parking lot, spiral guided
gasholders, fracking pumps crowd lakeside
in as much. Is a tree welt or limestone scar

CO₂ sink –

Drop a pin go ahead from that place.

Down in the icy crumple

Down between layers of schist
a saurian world awakens to conditions
drones and robots conspire to keep down.

A pin drops, a penny drops, a tulip flare
shoots up devoid of stem. Along the strip,
down the beach sinkholes widening in turn
pinpoint deposits, gape as a self-drive
swerves into obstacles packing here-&-now.

Inasmuch as one has. Much as at quayside

stacked pallets

lift up on the flatbeds, hard shells
shield fragile ears and eyes to be inserted
in machined sockets, into guidance systems
built robotically.

Coat of Many Colours

Tulip field polarises landmass across its grid.
Break into another streak, thought of
tulipping its fistula.

 Took a test as if locked and glossy
glossy crawl cups itself, that feels so good

 Yellow tongue intruder
 so bethought
a dew cup, a splash, unlocking.

Swank resentment chews support love for
any row of bloom

 chews it out.

The unity restores its scope like a shot
white sand, white sand, white sand

 berm as in the enclaves
 factions get formulaic
count their beads and circulate

as mapped, a private beach, no trespassing,
unincorporated lots the early mist
hovers over.

 Soon small fires touch
canes set in dry earth, string taut
between them, thrumming

 music that allures
 idea of a particular
 one encysted in the
podded this or that of flame
coaxes from a flame quill its streaked petals.

Let's Go Crazy

Refresh links between polar verticals:
out in front before need bites,
 that sinking feeling will be
history, sent to the underworld. Float
down nerve paths of pain. No ceiling
high enough, no floor below;
a measured dose sustains output,
teflon and titanium joints and hips,
 keep it on the level,
 stay in the horizontal,
 till elevators drop us.

Behind pillars, inconsistencies fade.
Well-matched blooms switch moths
 without fuss or flutter,
pipelines roll a smooth path
viruses progress down in waves.
Lining and wheelhouse, shaft
open for appraisal, run the eyes
over housings voted best slots. And
if the elevator tries to bring you down
 open-mouthed with shock,
 purple-flushed,
 stomach leaving head behind:

cholera belt wrenching at the mouth,
 anus plugged,
while plunging spewing past filters,
might if one little bit stacked up
 exit from futures now
 scoop all returns then split.
But horizontals link a millisecond
 in advance,