

One Mind

SAMPLE

Also by Linda Black

Inventory

Root

The Son of a Shoemaker

Slant

Then

Interior

SAMPLE

Linda Black

One Mind

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itself can fill a room.’

CONTENTS

I I CHOOSE YOU ...

Library	11
On the first line	12
Thread Makepiece Inclination	13
Thought	14
Components	15
Slaps	15
Note re the ordering of books on a shelf	16
I take myself out of myself	16
I haven't decided (out of control)	17
Mis-read: Sorry to borrow you with this	18
Mis-read / mis-interpret	18
Skip forwards	19
Scalded/scolded	19

2 IS MY MEMORY ...

Is my memory following me	23
Word as pattern	23
As if silently voicing	23
From the top of my head	24
Separate	25
Languid / Impenetrable	26
I told myself	27
Yesterday	28
White & white & white	28
Where do/did they all come from	29
Moment (any given)	29
Self (deception)	30
From the thin red notebook	31

Was there something	32
Sentencing	32
Mourning pages	33
Zip-ride zenith	33
Fingerless gloves	34
It is time	34
Further-more	35
Loutro Diary — June 2019	36
What if every line made perfect sense	39

3 DEPENDING ...

Depending on which way my eye falls	43
Just	44
No specific reason	45
I walked through the door	46
Would you like some words?	46
The price is brokered (broken)	47
Acrobat	47
Friday	48
Alternative titles:	49
Loiter	50
Just so you know	51
The unkempt word	52
Categories	52
Lexes	53
From the torn notebook	54
ABC	54

4 CHRYSALID ...

Chrysalid, Chrysalis, Crystal	59
What doesn't it mean	60
Glass droplets	61
Family	62

Can't be sure	63
... the quiet disposal of today	64
Because	65
'... one mind	66
Her bedroom was mean and narrow	67
Thin representation	69
Ticker-tape	70

5 TOUSLED ...

Tousled hair	73
Sorrel/sorrow	74
I am particularly interested in	75
What is there	76
I got rid of the day	76
I am leaving leaving	77
Meagre weather	78
Reading Hemingway	79
... but this is dead paper ...	80
Culmination	81
I may build	81
Past	82
Spell	82
A pip	82
Summarise	83
Private	84
Paranormal	85
Freight	86

6 DEPICTION ...

Depiction: The Lost Story	89
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1

I choose you ...

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Library

I choose you **ANDREW YOUNG** (*The Prospect of Flowers*, 3rd Edition, 1947) for your chapter entitled 'The Morals of Plants': 'But where plants are not persons like ourselves, it has been the practice to imagine they are.' You **WALTER STARKIE** (author of *Raggle-Taggle*, 1933, subtitled 'Adventures with a fiddle in Hungary and Roumania'), not for the title *Don Gypsy* but the prominent note on the front cover '**First cheap edition 6/- net. 1936**'; *Waterland* (Graham Swift); *Thistles* and *The View in Winter* beckon me through *The Same Door*. I record in *The Red Notebook* that *Nothing I Touch Stands Still*.

On the first line

A misplaced comma – no need for parenthesis – it depends on the intonation. (*I don't pause between 'paints' and 'in his studio'.*) What would it take to erect an easel? Always a choice – how wise platitudes can be. Impossible to record accurately one's thoughts – *fast-fast-faster-fading-gone*. Theo (from another novel) has too many – transplanted, concocted, woeful, drunken, narcotic – a vast terrain. Secondly (still on the first page) lacking an indefinite article: 'Thin nimbus.' I'm being pedantic. Of course, reiteration can be truncated. Choose your constrict. 'To do with fluidity.' (It's)

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Thread | Makepiece |Inclination

type it up

Combine, make a connection, or not. This is what I ask you/ me to do. A yarn, a concoction of resonances, a bent, a drift – a lent uncertainty. What stays, goes.

[I began to tire, concerned as I was by the pen's nib – a gift from my elder son – how it jarred on the page, plus some dissatisfaction with my hand.]

Fluidity – sought yet not maintained: idea-slid-away. Retrograde. The opposite of concentration. Mention the name of a writer. Apposite. Part of the process.

I stand apart – what if unpredictable moments surmount the present.

Reference, conjecture. Books lie about the house. Extend an arm, an invitation. No reason.

Non-sequitur.

What was I thinking.

Makepiece [Anglo-Saxon] : the name for one who displayed a desire to make peace.

Thought

Rapidity, resignation – the force of/(en)forced silence – could be/come welcome. Grapple, re-sign, re-engage. Repository, supposition. Where was I? Stamina, sustenance. Life before. Extreme ties. Weathering – bolts of quicksilver ... heartsease, birds foot trefoil. Look it up: ***The World Of The Children**** [1948, Stuart Miall, Four Volumes: Hardcover. Green Embossed Leather Look Boards with Gilt Lettering on Front Spine]. Too many scraps. I have left where I was, gone someplace else.

* Volume 4, SECTION 10, Chapter 10: Poetry

'The right use of words... the difference between bad English and good English is that bad English is hard and tiring to follow... some word music is just sound without sense... poetry that might have ranked with anything that Tennyson ever wrote had the subject matter been less absurd... many modern poets are writing nonsense, but they take themselves very seriously, and the result is not funny at all...'

Addendum

* Volume 4, SECTION 10, Chapter 9: Book Land

A nasty way of turning the pages of a book (thumb lick)

Do not lend your best books to this girl (jam sandwich)

Holes are often burnt into books by people who are careless with their cigarettes

Keep your place by using a spill of paper, or a card; do not turn down the page at one corner

Components

Exterior: cover or book-boards, joint – bends or creases when opened: hinge – the interior part of a book's joint, its inside edge, head – top, tail – bottom: spine – all pages joined together: fore-edge: the edge opposite the spine: frontispiece (barebones or), half title, series title, title page, copyright page, author bio, dedication, inciting incident, epigraph, table of contents, list of illustrations, introduction (forward, overture, preamble, preface, prelude, prologue – there's a lot of pressure to get it right), principal text (body), back matter, blanks, introduction, list of tables, epilogue acknowledgements, abbreviations, coming soon ...

Slaps

The first and second slaps in a novel can serve various purposes. They can be used to develop characters. The character who slaps may be shown as impulsive or deeply affected by certain events. The one being slapped could be depicted as a victim or someone who has pushed the other too far. Also, these slaps can drive the plot forward. Maybe the first slap leads to a rift between characters, and the second slap makes it impossible for them to go back to the way things were before, forcing them to face new challenges.

Note re the ordering of books on a shelf

Peruse at random – be true, be accurate. An accumulation of lines. May it – may I – surmise. Take then the next and repeat the process. A window. Construct/deconstruct. A speculative meaning. Concoct from disarray – an opening to interpretation. A folly, a fulcrum. Gleaned from past practice. Would the mind considered reject ...

I take myself out of myself

Thus I engage my mind. Set aside my ailments. *It was so cold the language froze.* Distant shelves, lowered ceiling, parquet floor. A journey to Ictus: *Swift black ships on a wine dark sea.* I am no longer there, though the plight remains. I rest my pencil stub in the winter's light. *I am here to wash stones* on the faded coast. Now I'm with Sebald, lamenting his passing. *Jack* beleaguered, I want him to come right – and *Stoner*, yes *Stoner*, was happy, yes happy.

1. *Liam Guilar*
2. *Ric Hool*

I haven't decided (out of control)

lost less least ...

I am/was want/ed to read be
reading purpose/intention di-
gression di-version suss sus -
pension I read this/that
bit yesterday explain
to my self *stay say* enforce
consent ration return track
back *trip trap* recap parallel mind
mingling impinging super
seeding n/ever present

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Mis-read: Sorry to borrow you with this

Turn the pike in the lane where the brooms lean. Oft restricted to ten or more, their bounty indistinguishable. Of cause I can't be sure. Of course I should be sympatheticus – mind my own biscuits, traced / trailed / trounced as they are from a cankerous liaison. Tasty though. Squished in the jaw between the truth, technically spouting. About churn. Expurgate defeat.

Mis-read / mis-interpret

She takes off her hat
& her hair ... picks up
her brain from a swaddled
[clot] cot bites the hangnail
on her thumb festers
innocence sluices away
a tray of mandibles Jazaranda
weeps delicate fathoms
abiding nurture wreck of a ...
a soft bruised *moth* unguents
incongruence She could feel
the tears coming out of
her ears finagler hoaxer Skin
off/of your back