

SAMPLER

*Then*

ALSO BY LINDA BLACK

Inventory

Root

The Son of a Shoemaker

Slant

SAMPLER

Linda Black

SAMPLER *Then*

Shearsman Books

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Time...

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## Time is of the effervescence

Then it's popped. Likewise a pillar of well-being – too much taboo contravenes the notion all's well. Many are non-believers confounding the desire to know. An expansive watch tells it all.

It isn't over yet. The addition of qualifiers proves it. Print more than one copy; copy more than one print, then you have an edition, each an original so to speak. Signature consumes time. The stress she is wearing does not come off in the wash nor fall discarded to the bathroom floor.

Tolerate the unknown, the intimation. In turn are the hours. Parameters reach outward. The twang of elastic nullifies the outcome. Come out and play pity. A visit to the cinema can be a panacea.

The rule comes free inside the cracker. Coils in hand. Trifle is lighter on the stomach. This is the wider palate, though succinct. A dichotomy requires lunch like any other – the menu only guessed at. Press the space bar. Separate meat and milk as did some forefathers (hers anyway).

Measure/s for safe keeping. A hand's spic and span, a table's spoon. Tawdry by definition, a second hands back what cannot be divvied up. Stay still why don't you! Epic!

On the dot. Safety behind the door. Larger than the frame it purports to fit. Come winter down it goes – contradicted and back to size. A swell beginning for a venture.

# There were bolts

on the floor splinters  
struck in spite & then  
I began bordered to  
inattention doused  
in jelly sweet & clear  
wrapped in a dish cloth *ikle trickle monkey*  
albumen ring of worms bites  
to the ear pickled  
egg bit  
of a tear

*And then I began*

on the floor from the floor  
through the hatch  
preserve & persevere bits  
of hair fuzzy  
veneer finger wax  
pea plea  
piddle- de-dee

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## Referencing the house

Constant

declarations of intent posthumous

gatherings seeking

tension a foot-stool

to reach the latch trap-

door bereft of sentry

regularities charities the birth

of a cinder salt malt

cellular activity

nipples undergarments

smatter of fat stock

supply / supplies a lick *splat chip spit chap*

something needs

moving *proving chewing screwing*

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## Into the haystack

A large pile built up. The launderette lay around the corner. In the window a surfeit of powder. A welcome of sorts.

Before (she) was longed for that was the way it went. An appointment was made to last. Left hand tied behind the back.

Chalk and taupe. The colour of mole. Ringworm, scabies, dermatitis, pox. Layette. Various combinations. Long John ran six feet. Was that where the treasure was?

Got the bone needle? An eye for a hook? Objects resemble. Look afield. Look again. Fodder in the loft. Conical, ridged on top, built for preservation.

*The needle was carefully hidden by museum director Jean de Loisy, at the Palais de Tokyo contemporary art gallery in the French capital. Sven Sachs alber spent the next two days trying to find it.*

Ouch!

# Missing the route

Seconded

to another family gate

secured *latch . . . clutch*

bloodletting improper play *ping . . . dismay*

collude / allude right

old racket ring

fenced unsightly frisked slightly

sick drabs / pacts / defecation

infestation – something

beginning with ... *m / s / pe*

cul-de-sac an extra tray

of victuals virals vitals (overfed)

for commiseration gratification / subjugation

Denial worm-holes defects

genitalia (in a practical way)

diffidence delay a ray (x-ray -rating)

of escape confrontation dis-

combobulation

Sniff the daisies often

overblown

# Plosive

Routines make the way clearer. Follow the one in uniform. Spit into this. Put your feet up. At 36 weeks he bursts out.

Personalised disorder in private, not some flimsy curtain unfit for purpose. You should see the insides!

Long kitchens can be useful for folding sheets. Plenty other palaver.

Family implodes. Occludes the vocal tract, stopping the airflow. Were we ghosts or surrogates roaming the streets eyes cut out?

Pangs. Spasms. Lucozade. *Pop!* the weasel goes (a scornful riposte \* *see note* ). From the glottis to the lips. A sudden release. Not quiet like this.

The soft palette reconvenes, articulate, velar. Consonants raised towards the velum – *rat-pat, tit-tat, bit-kin, pith-bin, bad-pin*. Save the misery tin. Stoke it up.

\* ‘...Sergeant Smith apprehended Huxtable at Williams’s house, and told him what he was charged with, namely, stealing the plate ... to which he only replied, “Pop goes the weasel.” *The Times* (London, England), 5 July 1853, p. 7: Middlesex Sessions, July 4’