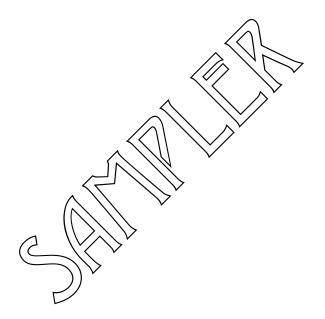
Face It



By the same author

Enchant / Extinguish



M. Stasiak



First published in the United Kingdom in 2026 by Shearsman Books P.O. Box 4239 Swindon SN3 9FN

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office 30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB (this address not for correspondence)

EU authorised representative: Lightning Source France I Av. Johannes Gutenberg, 78310 Maurepas, France Email: compliance@lightningsource.fr

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-83738-018-3

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SLIP INTO HACKNEY





Slip into Hackney



Slip into Hackney, over your head. Pass under, between, beside, beyond and through.

You've made a choice to trust your weight to Hackney's streets and surfaces

so let the place take you.

Part the people crowding the thoroughfare. There's been an infinity,

Ease apart the assemblage of the city. Set it aside.

The clay gouged out and shuttered into moulds, and baked and stacked and turned to rooms for people can be returned to earth.

The earth dug out for wires and lines and drains, restrained and changed and mixed with other substances, can be restored and simplified, undone.



The roads can be unmade again.
The fields can be undug again.
The people lie unmarked and unrecalled.



Wander the woodland far before a place you know the name for.

Wander the woodland somewhere near a marsh, a stream, the sound of geese.

Become another, other, any living thing.

There's time for you.

Allow yourself those long uncounted conturns of rest.

This is the physical world that built you and birthed you, wrapped you in substance, set you in life.

It's with you to the end.

But be aware.



The air is full of energy.

The planet's full of energy.

You can't escape – there's heat inside the centre of your bones, and somewhere out in time there's movement agile and alive.

It calls for you.

Come back now.

Come back to now.

Hackney is urgent, needling you here.

This is the truth

There really was a weary pair of guards, who may have been in wines and beers or may have been in household goods, and also Mr Crouch who with a friend or on his own said simply or simply didn't say I bet those twats won't see, who did or didn't go there through the wind because he thought he recognised a mate. The lights of evening Kwikshop shone through glass, on rain and coats and cars and chasing through the gloom our man here certainly got jumped (whether Dilan showed the right ID or not, whoever had him by whichever arms and legs). It's true they dragged him in by Aisle 1, after the bottle fell or didn't from his coat, after his flailing fist hit Duncan in the mouth, which may have bled or may have merely bruised, and the police carne after someone (Kenny?) called. I can confirm that things were said, that fighting could have finished with a kicking in the balls, or maybe when he figured out the odds, and cameras caught it all although the tape - before it disappeared at least was clearly blank. And it's gospel: after everyone was gone a wearx cleaner swept up broken glass, or it was kicked along by several strangers feet, into the dark.

Made and made over

every surface

made and made over

Victorians

dragging whole neighbourhoods out of fields

philanthropists

heaping poverty in dense blocks

no homes for heroes in these caustic streets

cemeteries of addresses

shaded on black maps

a raw wind billowing concret

down staircases, into yards

and suddenly you at 8, pausing skinny as a whippet

compass point scretching your name

fleet-footing

through 60s towers and 70s blank walls

through decades of pvc and chrome

slipping

into a mirrored millennium

every surface

made and made over

your scuffs and scratches

veiled now

under deeper cuts and darker crimes

your feet

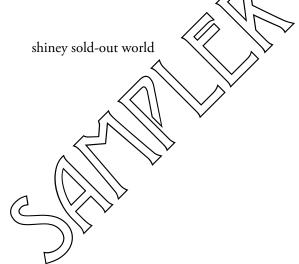
that kept the pavements turning, kept

gravity in place

now trod and trod away noiseless

into a brave new

reckless



Hackney Brook

What did they do with our Hackney Brook? Tidied it away.

They cased it in concrete and made it serve sewers. They filled in the hoofprints of cattle in mud.

What will they do with our wisdom? Chase it all away.

To fit us for working glib and quiescent, neat inside certainties, perjured and priced:

Marshall the cowshir and gather your inarticulate soul.

They are pulling the leaves off the trees in Parliament rather than let them fall.