

A Fancy Breeze Gets Up

Tell Me No More and Tell Me (2nd edition)<br>The MOON, The Chief Hairdresser (bighlights)<br>Gone to Marzipan<br>It Looks Like an Island But Sails Away



# Ralph Hawkins 

A Fancy
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## Contents

Toledo / ..... 11
Cadiz ..... 12
home / 13
La Ventana / ..... 14
Offerta al Sole / ..... 15
Swat Team / ..... 16
Bats ..... 17
The Shape of Water / ..... 18
Transformations \#2 / ..... 19
Transformations \#3. Mankind will finally meet its Doom / ..... 20
Transformations \#4 Version 2 / ..... 21
Place Names / ..... 22
On the Tale of a Donkey / ..... 23
Corn from Delft is Goodfor Elves / ..... 24Max Jacol/ 15MemlingJean-Fraros N:tlet $/ 28$
From Jean-François Millet, Angelus \& Robert Grenier / ..... 29
from Giovanni dipadoy \& she of the poor ladies / ..... 30
Beogrehical Poem, Ovid / ..... 32
Doig $1 / 33$
Doig 2 Young Bean Farmer / ..... 34
Cashew / ..... 36
sunbathing naked / ..... 37
Been \& Gone / ..... 38
Turkish Delight / ..... 39
Cherry Bakewell Sponge $/$ ..... 40
Poem 2 vi.xi. 17 / ..... 41
Swirl / ..... 42
I'll Never Get / ..... 43
Poem / ..... 44
Entertainment / ..... 45
Modern Times: A Very Bad Person / ..... 46
Cosmic Interlude / ..... 46
poe em / ..... 46

Overwhelming Thoughts / 46
Ovid's Widow / 47
Poem 31/05/19 / 49
Out of focus / 51
poem July 2019 / 52
poem August 2019 / 54
Saint Alicia / 57
pneuma / 58
First Meditation / 59
A Rent of Cruel Division / 60
Abstract Painting / 61

## Deceit Disguise Deception

The True Story of Bim and Bom or Bim Bom or A Handle on The Truth / 65
Luxury, Indulgence, Ignorars 66
Deceit Disguise Deceptin 68
Maria Alexandrovina Spiridgnote (1884-1941) / 70
Paulina Zhemchuzpin - Loyalty / 72
Parts of Wheka / 74
75
Bolsheriti Menzhinsky / 78
Bolsheviki, Kaganovich / 80
A Corrupt / 81
The Rose Wylie Poems
Rose Wylie Afternoon+ / 87
I Tonya or Skating, the Facts / 88
Ray's Yellow Plane / 89
Talbot Road / 90
Recycled Poem / 91
Historical Document / 92
Wallpaper / 94
Elizabeth Bishop / 95
Dick had a Lambretta / ..... 96
Move it, she said. She said she knew his sort. / ..... 98
A look at the Weather / ..... 99
Anima / ..... 100
At the end of the Day / ..... 101
One Single Ingredient / ..... 103
Darwin / 104
Through the glass / ..... 105
Gravy Granules / ..... 106
Lion / ..... 107
Cambridge ..... 108
Showing / ..... 109
Bunter Goes Way Back / ..... 110
Huge Spider Assumed Dead in England / ..... 111Rescue / 112Thus Sing a Song 113CodingThe Growth of Me rory I115Tie $1 \times 6$I though honest / 117Fine / 118Bping on You / 119A stoc) of Natural delights / 120Waves / 121
Such stars I counted / ..... 122
And Withered in my Hand / ..... 123
Fractionalisation ..... 124
Palm over Taper / ..... 125
From This I Did Conclude / ..... 126
Gertrude Stein / ..... 127
only six remain / ..... 128
she sent a snake across the floor's I ..... 129
A Little Nook / 130
Joy, Cosmetics, Service Stations ..... 131
The Unity of Self (a fiction) / ..... 132
High Noon Soon / ..... 134
Poem / ..... 135
Quartini / ..... 136
A Natural Break / ..... 137
he tooted his horn / ..... 138
he came home wet from his girlfriend's I ..... 139
I guess what he learned from others I ..... 140
our cloud sleety I ..... 141
I looked over his latest work I ..... 142
I walked out / ..... 143
with her hair pulled back after washing I ..... 144
so good news arrives at last I ..... 145
February Paris 2000 ..... 146




## Toledo

arrhythmic<br>breathing<br>the snipe's<br>tiny heartbeat<br>in your hand<br>first buttercups<br>then poppies<br>leading the<br>way up a<br>beaten track


a little box
filled with almond
candies, breathe
in in Spanish
and sigh in Italian
passa 'l sospiro ch'esce
del mio core
their hair and
fingernails
dyed red

## Cadiz

in the early morning
before the tourists are awake
I look at the blue of
the jacarandas in the Plaza de Mina
the municipal workers
are already watering the ground
and walkways, sweeping
away the night
throughout the day
only the Liberia
will remain peaceful
Whitman in Spanish
and plenty of Lorca
el corazón se siente isla en the infinit

I am sure the heat here suited hin
and not the streets of Ney Yor
and the flowers
I am certain
he would have missed the flowers

## home

the morning air sparked with song,
goldfinches in twos
numbed by heat
and the smell of strange places
sweet with bee pollen
there are a few more at the crossing the rice black from squid ink

## La Ventana

there is beauty here
struggling against
cloying uniformity
even the seemingly
random is orchestrated
the olive tree on the
waste ground once part
of a garden,
plants tendered
nipped at and
watered by their carers
planned and potted
to show off
their daily best advantage


## Offerta al Sole

the square is long with shadow a moon, a star, a rock
they cast a little boat it won't be far but long
time is baffled under the umber basilica of the sun
the workers return sweaty tin after tin of tuna,
balls of dough and not a tree anywhere the mineral water worker is fed up the caged bird chep at the tag, franpex
times' voices travel across far water way back to the beginning
one after another
dusted with fine crumb
at the soles of their feet

## Swat Team

the fly
finds a hole in the soul
and off it goes
but would you rather be a fly
the soul is another matter, if matter?
poetry, at times, finds itself transported to such heartfelt places
pure thought itself, for example
whilst the fly will never know (who knows) its place in the ecological system
or that commas are really nascent tadexes that begin as full stops.


## Bats

## "the young girls wished for stars instead of husbands" Bernadette Meyer

the bees from Rhodes of rose
the bear loves its honey
both medlar and burst pomegranate
offering almond ground to a paste
the Greeks sprung from here

until as though a door of cedar opens
the bats as one return
sewn to the sea and seen, a seed steers

## The Shape of Water

cycle of
in a field
rain drops
a drip
from a grey
tank
across an ocean
cuttlefish
accompanied by
the pink moons
of octopods
the th
ink of which
bubbled
on the window
glass rain
hammers
pianoforte


## Transformations \#2

Without love there would be no water - eau de vie Without the above, no below, no splendid fountain splash Without Miss Fortune, no fortune cookie
Without colons, no semi-colons, no arseholes
Without conductors, no semi-conductors neither love of them Only driverless buses


## Transformations \#3. Mankind will finally meet its Doom.

in the future animals will continue to develop - Toy Story 5, Toy Story 6 ? horses, cows, sheep and insects will change (transhumance?) I don't believe man alone is capable of having only two hands cows, horses, monkeys and sheep (Bo Peep) will evolve
eggs can transform into chickens
but nothing can transform a stone into a chicken
a dead stone will replace the living stone of the blue earth its sky, its seas, its fish and its chickens
why is it then that human beings give birth onty to human beings and not anything else?
wait for a moment, hold on to your Res


## Transformations \#4 Version 2

why can an egg but not a stone transform into a chicken the night sky full of dippers one thing eating another thing (predation) leaf o little leaf the big fish and the little fish in the future years to come will the little fish be a big fish there is already a dog star and without the heavens abowe thefould be no below only nothing will make thart a stone


