Tell Me No More and Tell Me
Also by Ralph Hawkins from Shearsman Books

The MOON, The Chief Hairdresser (highlights)
Gone to Marzipan
It Looks Like an Island But Sails Away
Tell me no more
and tell me

Ralph Hawkins

Shearsman Library
CONTENTS

Tell me no more and tell me / 7

Half of Goodbye / 33

Green / 61

But it may be so / 73
Tell me no more and tell me
Small lights
come into the day
along the road
where morning shines

a band of music
is rejected and retuned
to talk
too long winded

feathers attract me
and are gone on the beaufort scale
birds flitter against it
lapwings

and rise to your kiss
where a truck goes through
or so it seems
red brick

something yellow in the field
the lane bends
birds again
December sixth
at other times
it is night with only
the wind the hundred watt
bulb and the frosty abyss

alight O monochrome
and take a positive attitude
towards life not one so
self sick though

given to isolation
or walks into the rain
all for the glimpse
of a fox

such strange forms
before me in Italian
but not holding
the bells now ring

in winter
at night
where is that owl
or tomorrow as another day
birds through the glass
I know a row of trees through
the mist and a room of
feathered bed

cars pull up in the lane
quiet faces move towards
a house of wood wherein
if it were not me

and if it did not press
in upon me the gabble of news
the always isolated events
here today and gone tomorrow

I still think of you
as though that helps
all this muddle bathed by time
your letters still on the mantle

I dwell on these moments of
stillness yes I am quiet here

your card came today
and with it too all the things
of habit one day spins
and I make mention of it
snow piles up on the large
window-pane
muddy brown water
bent by the wind trees

where wires spread to extremes
like winter winds across
this marsh
later the above is only

will be seen as the beginning
it is of no import
these taps into the dark
for why

or the pleasures or
the sad removes for balance
of his life and times
reading, reading

and you out to work
being
charmed to boredom
others have energy

right now
water darkens black continues
wind blows
with nothing like no one comes
O little life
where is the way forward
The book on the desk open
the nymph Calypso

when the back aches
the salt sea glitters
and true comfort appears
supplanted in the guise of others

ah the colour of clarification
and the smell thereof
neither can I walk or swim
as geese beckon across the sky

such grey and purple
alas, again, the thought of
in particular someone going away
and returning O the parasitic day
watching through winter the
plain house freezes how easily
comes nothing to be done or
button up the coat this tank

of dreaming water the bubbled
white chemical case with the
birds racing for warmth I cannot
conclude my life here all these

pages and the looks of my friends
one day will glisten out of
January and fasten onto another
you are another and so we huddle
all of us swamp through this
cameo of evening
but that’s not this
sight travelling

even social disarray
calling yourself forward
into inter-personal
confusion

ah noise
your beams are light
when I think
if I think

I am radio active
on all airwaves
the march of time
o Ariel swift

you to you I talk
trying to get it straight
for the poem within the poem
also it goes on
only in this
the glint on ice
move a little move
always towards the sun

dreaming the poem
of what
these moments of movement
relaxing into the hour

what vision
abandon vision
or form
or form of action

struggling in days
though it’s not a struggle
your friends
in what places

reading the words one
speaks looking into the eyes
lips or is taken on wing
to posters via

a dark drink (poison?)
or the fields now
or what prompted such promotion
without sun’s flash