BROADSHEET 8



Suzanne Clark: cowparsley – oils on canvas Suzanne, 27, is a prize-winning artist who lives and works in Brighton. She specialises in abstract and animal portrait paintings. Her work has been exhibited widely and has been funded by the Arts Council. Further examples of her work appeared in **Broadsheet 7**.

Welcome to Broadsheet 8, another roll-call of talented new young poets and artists which runs alongside the Special double issue of Agenda, Vol. 42 Nos 3-4: 'A Reconsideration of Rainer Maria Rilke'.

The two chosen Broadsheet poets in the above issue of the magazine are Adam O'Riordan and Zoe Brigley.

Katie L. Weston, 22, recently graduated in English Studies from Sheffield Hallam University and is unsure as yet about her future career.

Lost Property Collection Point

Entering Heaven, she found that it was not quite to her taste. The décor was divine – who could fault the silky-rich fabric of the sky, the reams of honey golden ribbon that cascaded through the valleys, wrapping the place up: a gift? But good God, where were the Margheritas? And who had stolen her Jimmy Choos?

Barefoot, she left the others bleating on about some guy called Jesus; silently padded along, looking out for the signs: *Customer Services*, *Lost Property Collection Point*. And that's when she saw him emanating light beneath the boughs of a gnarled tree: the face of an angel.

If her eyes could have spoken one word, it would have been this: *falling*. He responded effortlessly, his nine-carat smile offering: *I'll save you*. Did she want him to show her the way? Of course. Her feet were beginning to smell. So, Choo-less, he guided her, his clean feet speaking a path she had never heard before.

Superstition

In the cupped palm of your hand, your love line creases into a smile that's not for me. An omen in itself, and still my tulip buds in extravagant yearning, straining for the sun, searching, searching.

Over my shoulder, apple peel curves into an initial that can never begin to spell your name. A euphemism, but still I sense its implicit meaning, superstition overwritten, fading, fading.

Inside of me, a flower defies nature, inverts itself, becomes nothing.
A loss within myself.
And the peel writhes into a curious ball of misery, widowed of a name, grieving, grieving.

Indian Dreaming

Sleep as the fireflies glow hot,
Dream of Indian summers, of opulent silks,
The snake-like spirit of the East.
Touch the exotic, bite it.
Savour the juices with their bittersweet aftertaste,
And listen, listen, to the beat of your heart,
Rhythmic, regular, like the sound of her calloused feet
Thumping for miles along the harsh brown earth.
Dream of that distant paradise,
The Indian summers and opulent silks,
The snake-like spirit that lives in your soul,
And listen, listen, for the sound of her cries.



Felicity Lyne: mixed media (part of a series inspired by Morocco and Brighton Pavilion)

Felicity, 18, has just finished her A2 levels at St. Leonards/Mayfield School in East Sussex and plans to study Art and Art History at university in September.

Caroline Clark, 30, comes from Lewes in Sussex. She has been living in Moscow for 8 years, since graduating with a degree in German and Russian from Exeter University. In 2002 she completed an MA in Modern European Literature at Sussex University, and wrote her dissertation on Paul Celan and Osip Mandelstam.

Trig Point

Zwischen Ginster und Stein... Between gorse and stone...

Paul Celan

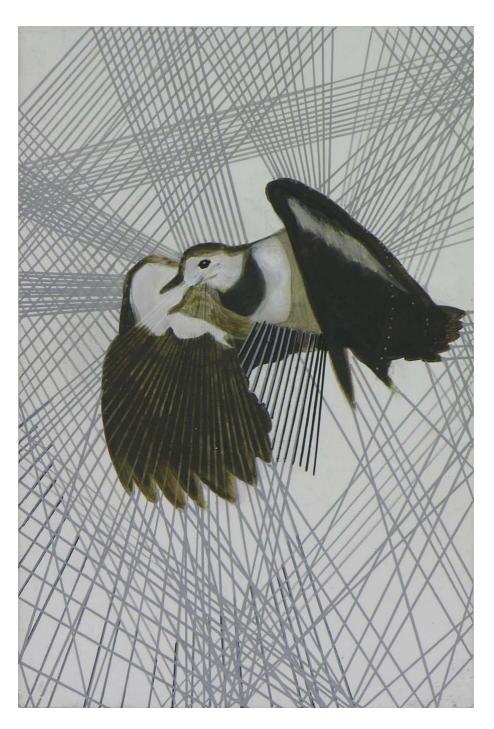
Terrain
fear and weather combined,
I push on
plotting, tracking,
one eye on the pheasant-filled woods
unknown gates open, close
behind me now
I tack against the day
climb
towards a higher lay of land.

Stonemoored it waits on this windcraven edge granite-rough between gorse and chalk, sent out from below gathering me in homewards now, seawards; it turns a beacon light known, unknown, waits for a gaze.

Swifts

I watch
evening swifts
dip
pivot on
impulses like lightfall
sensing no space
no sky or earth
they rise by flank
fall to cusp kokoshniki
tracing wing-tipped bliss
round late lit cupola

these star lit cupola tethered in reverence, kissed and set in place to receive, relinquish light, now fullbodied, now eclipsed.



Kate Hughes: part of a project which examines themes of transcience, the polyphony of memory and the visual attraction of archival images.

Kate, 22, is studying Fine Arts at City & Guilds, London. Her work has been exhibited in London and Sussex, including a solo debut in the Kings Road, Chelsea. She has won several awards for her work, including the City and Guilds prize for an outstanding Fine Art student in 2004. She also won the Sir Roger de Grey Life drawing prize in 2006.

Marissa Freeman, 22, lives in Worthing. She has spent four years studying Nursing, but now works as a PA in the daytime and focuses on creative pursuits in her time off.

A Slave to the System

'I don't want my African roots showing up my hair roots.' So ... I am to my African hair what the triangle was to my forbears.

I Capture my hair in its youth and prime and begin the slow process of self under-mine

I Shackle my hair for being there – My spirited, strong, Loud and Proud hair

I Rip out my hair from its Rightful Place – my scalp and hairline above my face

I Torture my hair each time I plait
I stretch each strand like it's on The Rack

I Deny my hair of the care it needs I always plait on while my sore scalp bleeds

I Control my hair with all that gel I brush it to death – I do it well

I Lower the Status of my mop
I call yours 'manageable' but mine 'hard work'

I Change the Name of my afro tress It's now called *Natural Sleek 1B Wet*

I Convert the Religion of my locks so they look long and blond like Jesus' was

I Oversee that it keeps its shimmer with obsessive retouches in public mirrors

I Maim my hair, relaxer burns bad - incinerates the beauty that I once had

I 'Tame' my hair, I bind it down with tons of extensions long to the ground

I Abuse my afro by treating it rough and using a brush that is too tough

I Smother my hair, I wear a weave for three long months my scalp can't breathe

I Crucify my hair in steam
I have a sick pleasure in watching it scream

I Brainwash my hair so that it pretends to have feathered lengths like Rachael from *Friends*.

I am not ready to free my Kunta (Ife Olua) Kinte Afro But maybe one day When my Cotton Crop is Strong enough to stand alone... I'll loosen the rope and let it down.

Alex Wylie is a research student associated with the Seamus Heaney Centre for Contemporary Poetry at Queen's University, Belfast. His poems have been published in Queen's anthologies and in a forthcoming issue of *Stand*. He says of *Agenda*: 'I feel it is a vital forum for daring poetry in the UK, and its freedom from political bias or ideological diktat creates a space for the poetry to do its real work.'

Rooms

i.m. Simone Weil

'Two prisoners whose cells adjoin communicate by knocking on the wall'.

i when glutted Storm rolls redly off Sun rain-strutted cloud-gravid spatters spectral gouts of shade against this wall

you are next door in the lazaretto of the self and I receive your lost rent squall of love and

iii
O
who
are you singing to?
To whom do you sing
behind the membrane,
this wall
thin as Samhain veils
or robin's wing?

iv
The walls are wispy
worn to nothing
like a silken flux,
a wind
to drive a woman mad:
the madman's wisp
a-clinging to my cloistered
sight
Oh

v
Not singing, no...
you cry
crescendos
of beguiling eros
trembling the purdah
of our lives with manic breath –

vi you announce the god of love the love of god like an abandoned workhouse cat vii at your body's pitted arch your cry in cloud-light blood hacked into the wind

viii
cigarette smoke
stippled at the dark atmosphere
of ceiling
prison escalades
come worming
out of Piranesi's brain

ix
- I came to
on the stairs
once,
us shaking hands,
you asking
if we'd met
or was I you –

x (monarch of the dream and subject to its working you cry Republic! and awake in chains).

The Wreck of the Cormorant, 1928

No one could touch him after that for loneliness. On Pharos Street he leaned against the locked beacon, smoking like a real ghost in the puddles' lights; kept pepped with stringent tonics of the day – shaggy flocks of Woodbine-smoke, the sea-embittered air – he was, but if he was, then maybe he was not the puddle of our thoughts we thought he was, the world like water swashing round a buckled hulk its tides of beer and oil, a thing you can't believe is real, but is.



Felicity Lyne

Ailie MacDonald, 19, is studying English Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Warwick. Her tutors are David Morley and Michael Hulse. She was one of the two chosen young Broadsheet Poets in *Agenda* Vol.41 No.1: Poems on Water.

A Burial

One night he took her on his back and swam across the sea to where her mermaid bones were buried on a sloping beach

they dug away the sand and grit they pulled away a dam in pressing papers ink and bound a mummy, an iceman

he took her body from the beach from the sun and sand-flea took her up to the grassy mountains high above the sea

Natascha

In the North of the city
You first took me into your arms,
A contract made in an empty spring
The wrong side of the Danube;
A violence bloomed and cast
In the very stone of these tsunami walls.

Behind, you wear a Pharaoh mask
In glints of blue and gold
And watch the day arrive –
Rigour; quiet, encroaching on the silver beads of morning's work
Laid down by the river
A soft clay to collapse and move
In root and sodden earth-clog rhythms

And then from the dusty shutters
I dream or see, in the blackout
A grey faceless man, picking up the pieces of me
And sowing them in the thundered earth;
Vines to crack and prise the deep walls
Of this dusty mausoleum,
A life to paint the marble with hungry lace
To push back, break through into light where harpies warm.

But for now, close your mouth and turn your heel – Seal me in, an ancient heart buried In a leaden box.

Returning Sailors

We hung around, we stood and stared, We wondered at the time of the year.

You talk of cliffs and lonely visions, And trample at grass beneath the pier

Had the bracken grown and fallen? Were the rivers dried or swollen?

Your face Hispanic in its rock, Surmounts another solstice day Of the thirteen fractured daffodils, We chose the sixth, to mark our trials

And broke out through the dead-end town Bell and flower, to the kerb-side thrown.

How close the hills, how far the sea! So, people came and watched us walk

Our flipper fins and helix spines All sundry in the bordered streets

Primulas, and teacakes for tea. Waiting for the china had us

Two-toed and rubbing silver palms, Our hair like kelp and bladderwrack.

Gannets at Camas Nan Geall

A clockwork tessellation god knows what will come of it a change of scenery – towards some hidden realisation I can only pack the shingle deep and black at my feet dune on dune – til the cliffs become a rising scraggle-green – their shadows are striped and move as gannets to the sea half a dozen broken raincoats which hang on memorial tombs standing and slick I can't rebuild this but huddle in stones head askew like a dead deer in the grass unexpected little growing things to pick and clatter in our shoreline windowpanes.

Colin Higgins, 27, works in a college library in Cambridge where he lives. Between 1999 and 2001, and in 2003, he edited *The Attic*, journal of the Literary Society of Trinity College, Dublin. His poems have been published in *The Stinging Fly*, the Dublin literary journal and in various student publications in Dublin and Cambridge.

Trees in May

A wet mid-May: the tree in riot before gardeners can get to them. Loose leafed, Dionysian, chorused, too wild for harmony.

The wind dithyrambic, singing in the high branches.
Twigs lie strewn all over the public walkways, like the hacked limbs of Leonidas.



Yvonne Chan, 16, who has just finished her AS levels at St. Leonards/Mayfield School, East Sussex

Tang Yi, 24, graduated with a BA in Chinese Language and Literature in 2005. She is currently completing her MA in Creative Writing at the University of Melbourne. She writes poetry bilingually in both Chinese and English, and her poems have been published in Mainland China, Hong Kong and Australia.

Departure

At the port you are wordless. Our handshake becomes a valley, breathing below our eyes. You tell yourself you will never leave

but your heart betrays you. It sways like a light boat with a rotten rope, preparing to disappear at any minute.

No matter that raindrops have wet our faces, no matter how green the mountains are becoming. You have that look, as if

tomorrow connects directly to the past. A flock of birds passes us by swiftly, heading skywards, or somewhere far away. They will never return.

The Cove

I collect clams and pearls in my sleep, dreaming about my small birth room and the infinite sea of my mother's womb.

The warmth is absolute. Under her shut eyelids, the bay is shimmering and extending in length and width.

You regret letting me arrive on this earth, saying you are me, all your thoughts unchanged, if comparing them with mine.

I reply true, mother. Now I float with you in the ocean carrying the memory of a white shell, watching it slowly dissipate.

We both painted pictures in our mind, wordlessly. You believe that our visions have been soaked in the bay and its indigo.

Years

I prayed for a wet morning. Midnight downpour awakened me, moistening my fingers with its strange sweetness; the ground darkened.

Sleeping is the posture of the spring.
The birds began to twine the twigs, kissing.
The passengers slowed down their pace, listening.

The breeze crossed our fingers like the fallen leaves stretched into the earth. Seven cicadas moved onto the tree.

The rain stopped and the sunshine warmed our foreheads. It wrinkled my skin the way it wrinkles a petal. *Time is dripping*, you smiled.



Suzanne Clark: dandelions and nettles – oil on gesso canvas

Harriet Calver, 20, lives in Tiverton, Devon. She is reading English at University College, London and has just finished her first year.

Cut Glass Order

A constant jealous diamond in my right eye Is pushing, always pushing As I walk by the bright water, my senses Peeling away from my body like a plaster In the bath. And when the pressure inside Exceeds the pressure out, skin quivers slowly.

Disparate air – the scales heavily ponder
On the line of overbalance, some law of physics
Or biology nearly remembered, half inherent.
The invisible shove of some cousin of magnetism –
And a spider clustered like fallen-out hair sits
On its void. Time tilts to buck yellow leaves

In the distance off its back. On a sunny day
Like this the universe could end. Still –
My shadow pushes up at me with all the hulk
Of the Earth trying to flip itself, pop like a cork
To the surface where I remember my only falling star.
And air or nothing wants to disappear into less.

Michael Duggan is 31 and comes from London, though he now lives in Bromley, Kent. He stopped writing poetry at the age of 16, having been published through various young writers' competitions. He began again in his late twenties.

Young American Male's Song

I remember when you told me You were pregnant

I imagined your spine Alpine white on a red sky And the pale fall of cells Gathering like snow in your womb

And I got cold on the idea.

I drove an old friend out to the coast (To escape things).

We lay on the hot beach Propped up on our elbows, Watched the bright waves Hung about the hips of women like guns.

I got back the next morning
To find you still asleep,
Thinned herbs of alcohol passing through your liver,
Your breath reaching for something clumsily
Like a hand.

When you woke up you sat outside And said nothing until the evening fell.

I left you soon after But I heard the baby was born in late September, Outrageously perfect someone said And a girl.

Harry Slater is a 23 year old writer and student who lives in Hull.

A summer's day at the end of the world

I left you

On shingles by wood

Salt

And Sky

White-beaked ravens

Circled

Where you sat

Amongst drifting pieces

Of ship

And claw

Stones shone

Like pearls

In your fingers

They caught the sun

As I walked

Past the walls

Of giant rock

That we used

As dens

Where we were young

I never turned back

Up to the steps

Onto the road

I heard

Pebble meet sea

Then we were

Both gone

Flowers

They leave flowers now Wreathes of red, green and gold All wrapped in plastic tied with notes Where skin met ground And bone met air There is no mark No fading stain to keep that spot Where smiles had died And laughter too 'In our hearts' That their claim But by the bushes thorn and branch Beside the tarmac cold and grey A shrine to petals fading grace To browning leaves And old red blood The flesh has gone Returned to dirt beneath the ground Though still screams metal, sparks and mouth Where life was left Where flowers rot.



Caroline McDougall, 16: GCSE work – St.Leonards/Mayfield School

Andre Naffis is a third year student at the University of Leicester.

The Weight of History

You could say this about him, he was a boiler without a pressure valve, a combustion chamber whose metal insides clanged with the droll drum of his father's disciplinary gavel.

Most days he was distant, his grainy eyes, as pearls of sand, hardened opaque like the glue he sniffed. One summer, at Gruinard bay on shores dotted with pebbles poached in cobalt waters, from moss-pelted cliffs he jumped and leapt, as if action were the only reflection of thought, breaking the horizon's translucent skin in a thunderous rip. It was then that the fogs cleared and lucidity crawled across him from ear to ear; perched atop rocks as old men on pub stools, he asked, 'Would it be possible to drown?' Not likely we concluded perhaps simultaneously in slence, or maybe, we just didn't give a fuck, and as feather fell on feather the air was thick enough with uneventfulness, tranquillity, or something so light, we could barely snatch or grab on to remember.

Paul Monaghan, 22, has just finished his final year of a philosophy degree at the University of Kent. He has been writing poetry since his mid teens. His work has been published in *The Interpreters House*.

Two Foot Difference

The door is open now all day.

His early steps are timid —
the months indoors have made outdoors strange.
Yet a distant memory assures him he is safe.

After much time hiding from people walking by he learns to be less fearful of strangers – as long as they remain more than four feet from him.

When the warmth of the day lasts into the evening he is almost always out.

The fright of the sudden wind, the chill of rain are memories gone.

But there comes a time when it seems the heat has lasted too long and he hides in the tall grass when I call him.

At night humankind, far-off, goes mad. Does he mistake the sound of me for them? Poor cat, too long n the sun. A two foot difference was too near.

Café Before Closing

Storeys high, you can view from the café tree-lines spread with many roofs and dusted with a sunset.

Inside you will notice fields propped on stools and observe how trees can be kept in a glass. Follow the cloth as it wipes down tables sweeping up worlds inadvertently.

Ross Wilson, 28, is a part-time catering assistant and full-time unpublished novelist. He has reviewed books for Books in Canada, and his short stories have appeared in New Writing Scotland 15, the Macallan Scotland on Sunday Shorts 4 (Polygon), Northwords 28 and Liar Republic 3. He was elected a Hawthornden Fellow in 2004.

St Julian's

After the Silence in Mdina, the Vegasy lights of St Julian's, sin jumping in the tight denim shorts of the pole-swirling girls, swaying like Jesus on the dash of the bus where I was praying

we wouldn't crash in Rabat, Mosta, Craft Village in a bus stinking of a diesel spillage; the driver speeding as we were winding. Alive! I guzzle beer in a bar, unwinding

As stiletto-skewered soles dance in the fires the barman lights, and quickly expires. My beat-blocked ears miss words moving on lips as, silenced like Mdina, I leer at grooving hips,

realising how all this light and fire is not so far from what burned out in that desert, like a shooting star.

The Way John Went Out

For John Gray

I had you in my corner a few years, talking me through and into pain.

Weekends, you'd take me into Edinburgh and Glasgow to train; mid-week, we worked out in Rosyth. Days in-between, I ran alone.

We were about the same height then: five three; fly-weights. I, fourteen, all bone you, a trim forty, fitter than anyone in the gym, until I caught up, like time

caught us, six years later. A six-foot welterweight that day we met, books tucked under that had been a left hook, specs on my never broken nose.

I was awoken that day like a brawler too clumsy to duck the surprise counter of your news. The best punches come from nowhere.

This one struck before we could begin. A doctor stepped between us, waving it all off. A timekeeper beat the slow count out of days before a bell could ring.

And it was a daze to stumble into, like those nights when I'd run alone in the dark of a wood, no stool to rest on, and no voice in the corner where I once stood

tired and bloodied with your hand flying my hand like the kite we were both as high as, walking down the steps of Meadowbank Stadium

1993. 'You came in with nothing,' you said to me, 'you went out a champion.'

Paul Kingsnorth, 33, has worked in an orang utan rehabilitation centre in Borneo, as a peace observer in the rebel Zapatista villages of Mexico, as a floor-sweeper in McDonalds and as an assistant lock-keeper on the river Thames. He has won the Poetry Life national competition and the BBC Wildlife Poet of the Year award. His poetry has been published in *Iota*, *Envoi*, *Poetry Life*, *The Lighthouse*, *Weyfarers* and other magazines.

Where were you?

Tell me.

Never mind the Conventions and all the Humanity. Never mind the secrets. Tell me. I am waiting to hear. I am Eager.

Where, when the buffalo ran,
Were you?
In the coming of the morning,
When the world was young and we were
Few,
Where were you?

Did you run with the waters,
Fetching the silverheads a look of blood, or were you
Still?
We both know you were there.
They know too, but they are too stacked
With noise and news and ambitions.
People: how they stomach themselves
Is beyond me.

It is not people I speak to. It is you.

Where were you when there was no sentiment That could not be turned to good use, And no love but for the seen the touched? Where were you when thoughts Had purpose and were not for play? When idleness was earned and was valued? I was there. I sensed you.

But I did not see you. Perhaps It was not you, then. Perhaps you were a later soul. There have been waves. Or, Perhaps you were inside. Inside and beneath. Between two close, overhung rock scarps, Waiting, or forecasting, Or thinking too much and cursing us all.

Dis, 30, lives in Oldham and is unemployed.

Spectral Dust

What if one day desire finds itself objectless – vast erotics set adrift, unhooked, and you left flailing, the subject of lust with nothing there to satiate, retching out your sentences' brute nonsense?

I'll let scents collect, accumulate past impressions in the space you left immune now to stranglers' hands, intangible air at rest. But desire rages on. A hunger for the motion or the solid, firm grip

of flesh on flesh or tooth in skin, raging fairies that won't give in and find nothing in those bald impressions you left as a cyclone passing through! I stand about the wind-swept earth haunted by fragrances that hurt:

'O come you dark bitches: come as image, come as storm or come as love, but come with flesh to bruise no longer fearful of the cant of lust. We lost our firmness like a mountain pushed. Fix us sure in the spectral dust

The Body, Sex

Let the roses bloom and blush in pallid metaphor, but let no flower be so exquisite as to compare its brittle flush with your face brought forth in climax.

There laid bare in cryptic tracks the devil's heart beats traitor's red, love through pain in tender contract, petals ripe for winds to shed. To tear friend, or a heartfelt caress?

The ethical will in earnest! And set within this queried skin – fixed resistance giving in – her eyes, the boundaries of excess, transfixed dementias that stun time

like the instant of divine challenge, all God's secrets in broken peace tossed like sediment in a rational mind contested by passion's progressive thrust.

Omar Sabbagh, 26, is currently finishing an MA in Creative and Life Writing at Goldsmiths, and has recently embarked on a PhD on 'Time and Form in Conrad and Ford' at Kings College, London. This is his second poem in the **Broadsheet** series. His poems have also appeared in *Poetry Review* and *The Reader*.

Singles

Like all women, she begins screaming from the hips her crisp knowledge of loss,

blue shock, and a silvery film as ancient as reptilian slides across her eyes.

Like all men, he responds toothed in platinum that he's a ladder beyond

her walled-in gates

and all the effort she makes. Both are bitter and glum.

And yet that's the glue when the night is done with incompetence.

Instinct

for Maya Fakhoury

Little girl, I've seen you playing at craft, Building in the small roundness of passion Liquid and onyx and spirit-marble. I've seen you splayed in kimono red

On an arctic floor, surrounded by a cool air That carries your directionless humming – As unlike blood as milk. Little girl, You don't know it yet, but you're building

From the pip of all that is smooth and independent. As a child you will not ruin the image With salty reasons, but tenderise
The pictures of your mind – as fragile

And precious as a bird's backbone. You have the elastic power of making In your bones, and it is written and grown In the bends of your body, tight

As skin over muscle. Honour it. God, Mine and yours, has spelt it like flour Rising with our age: our single virtue, Yours and mine, our ethics violent as truth.



Clemency Bathurst, 16, St. Leonards/Mayfield School. Clemency won the Creative Writing prize with her short story. Her mother is a well-known artist who exhibits internationally.