

A THING MADE



Annunciation

his name depends
on the smooth
 scratch & burn
 in our hands
his reputation's end
we pick at the
blinking sheet of wax
 each outline
 etched to
 birth
 some new
 immaculate form
asleep beneath white
an angel thrusts
 his gift of lilies
blessed virgin
our patron's palace
brocading the window
 all yet buried
 from view
exposure
 dipping & so
 to ink
 impressions
prints upon prints
 disseminated
 black & white
across the globe for
judgement
we
 within these walls
 audience to his original
 the sole work –
 strokes & colour-floods
 the ache of paint
 on cloth – of scant
 worth
 heirs
of our labour's hours
the copies will proclaim
him
 the acid bites

The Painting of the Queen

Time touches ev'ry Mortal, be it morpew and wrinkles
or signs of the small Poxe
 The work suffers from abrasion and craquelure
 with a surface of aged fly specks
But with care and by Art
we can make for ourselves another Face
 Evidence of various
 restorative skills and techniques
For cleansing the Skin, anoint with
the oyl of sweet Almonds
 Applied varnish
 and a thermoplastic resin
The Venetian Ceruse whitens
with shine like a Pearl
 Characteristic blanching
 and thick chalking across all
But for stubbournest Markes
employ black patches cut in Starres or half Moons
 The most damaged parts
 are coated in opaque over-paint
Make rubies of the Cheeks with Vermilion
Hair burning yellow with Celandine
 Alongside spreading bloom
 and fugitive pigments
The juice of Belladonna drop'd into the Eyes
gifts a most excellent Sparkle
 Optically, a high specular gloss
And thus the most excellent and glorious Person
a Goulden Phenix reborn
 From this loaded painting
 the original can only be imagined

Spar Box

fluorspar, n.
– OED

classical Latin *fluor* wooden box a unique part of our mining heritage
exhibition medical context morbid discharge flux tribute to the
craftsmanship peepshow fronted glass (2nd cent. ad) witherite
a firmament of stars also alstonite goethite menstruation
5th national collection crack Augustine pick + shovel
galena shells resembling ornate gems (1546 in Agricola
pyrite siderite sandstone see spectacular below
chalcedony sphalerite containing crystal grotto fluorine
1741) unrivalled splendour or smithsonite German
barytocalcite earlier source multiplying
spathosus genuine folk art limonite
admitting of easy cleavage after candlelit glows
Flussspat silver mirrors studded aragonite
(see zinc ore cerussite -or *suffix* middle
fantastical scene low ornament heavy as
lead *spær* also Victorian combs. baryte quartz
sparglas -*kalk* high ravine related to Old English
diamond moors cruel stone astonishingly ornate
gypsum *spærstán* fissure and sparstone
faceted fluorite obscure glittering origins ankerite
siderite remote prize apart dart dispute steel calcite mine
hematite vein of rock bandy words arte povera blooded woodwork

Waxworks

human likeness
cast of Adonis
unspotted, golden
so we may mould
according to pleasure
here saved
what else would
be lost, hollowed
feast for the eyes
the sweetest lies
within the strong
– look upon, ye!
brazen celebrity
hot sugar

the rays soften
feathers on waves
impressionistic
a kind of light
writing, real
as a photograph
you may touch
sirens blanked
on the street
O ambition
flaunts this vault
– arrested fame
something
decomposes

the wax, its shape
these candles
wick time
ideal portraits
turned effigies
masks to seal
the faces of the dead
receive, retain
forms of forms
work their way
counterfeit change
– incredible, still
to crave
a clean slate

Cave

is
no thing
but light
play
articulating stone
the strike & pick
strung
between
no thing
but air
pressed in each rift
lift & drop
handling
as the world
tilts

[tide turn]

surfaces
shiver
in conversation
& masses
dissolve to
no thing
but water
clear
bled from the
bay's arm

driftwood
adds to
the vocabulary
of forms
for what else
does
the soundless
base speak
in the dark
dark

White Line Fever, or Highway Hypnosis

The sun sets at the end of the road.
Temperature barely shifts, though—
pitch-hot, warmth in the ears,
and eyes smart wet and salt.

A white line marks the middle of the road
lying—winding shoelace—along
150 miles of continual road.
The hours follow, passing slow.

Roadside shadows play puppetry,
hunkered bushes and skittering rocks.
Surface printed scale-like—
what do you hear? The road is soft.

Head torch bores light into the road
and I'm stepping it, just—
when the sky

keels
its giant lung
grey
juddering
slides—
till it's melting itself
no time
to swim
this salt road
feet steering
shoe boats
the white
curls—

peeling tentacle
bares
lone and binding
so
the road
splits—

I can't shake it
knowing that if
I fell
were to lie cool
upon this broad line of line—
I would after all be held.