

Lucy Harvest Clarke
cotton book
from Silveronda
pub: if p then q
November 2009

he wanders of river course
I by my afghan prince

buried as potter a
labourer holding exhile

long lines've shadow
said still this hand out time

still prince foot on
hard earth still sits

side by side
is lilac blind

but we are
a different kind

who boil our love
in the serpentine

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we cast redwing
in pine forest

contract the feather
thorn inside

prepare this warrior
for a fantasy

then lie battle neath
telling tale

a hostile glance
is a joke in cotton book

it will not burn
for firewood

and I will not return baby
for good

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we and us is carbon
this is the challenge

to go in and out of rooms
donating limbs

clamber in circles
your hawthorn audience

all along
the sweet forgivens

are ladelled and
laying in the firs for you

only here will we find
a calm bear

and at a smallish moment
held in a palm

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I am an imaginer
to orthodox such vision

with a mother
and unstubbed nostalgia

he wanders the river course
by my frozen prince

and he becomes me
hand by hand

I am always drawn
for hexed love

blue heap
shrine out back

this never was a love
cures time

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but I am hot into drowning
it is love sick lava

at the top of the house
rucksacking a calender

I draw your moon
on my fingerwheels

to grip the table
or do a drum roll

garlanded and garlanded
I sleep-prayed for you

we said 'belief holds on'
I begged to be limbless

we sleep upside down
tail to tail till dawn reverse