

**UNDER THE CLIFF LIKE**

**(sample)**



**TIM ALLEN**

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~ V ≡ D

***if p then q classics***

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Like a bird that trails a broken wing under a  
bridge of stone the river shuddered by.

Under a budding hedge I hid like a black  
enamoured king whispered low the thunder.

Like a blind spinner in the sun under a daisied  
bank.



Under a grey October sky like a bread without  
the spreaden.

Like a bulwark against fate under a Lady's  
picture.

Under a laurel like a butterfly my nostalgia.

Like a chained brute beast howling in the  
heat under a lonely sky a lonely tree.

Under a sky of azure like a clamorous flock  
of startled birds.

Like a cloud like a mist under a southern  
wind.

Under a spell like a coy maiden ease when  
courted most.

Like a crescent of Autumn shines the moon  
of Omei under a splintered mast.



Under a spreading chestnut tree like a  
damask rose you see.

Like a dog with a bottle tied fast to his tail  
under a spreading gooseberry bush the  
village burglar lies.

Under a stagnant sky like a donkey's back.

Like a dream it comes all over me as I hear  
the Christmas bells under a sultry yellow  
sky.

Under a telephone pole like a drop of water  
in my heart.

Like a drowsy rain-browned saint under a  
throne I saw a virgin sit.

Under a toadstool crept a wee elf like a fairy  
spirit I leave the gate of the city.

Like a faun my head uplifted under a tree I  
read a Latin book.



Under a tree in sporting me like a flight of  
arrows the wind.

Like a forsaken theatre art thou under a  
tree in the shade sits a toad.

Under a wall of bronze like a gaunt scraggly  
pine.

Like a glacier man advances under a  
Wiltshire apple tree.

Under all this slate like a gondola of green  
scented fruits.

Like a great burst of singing came the day  
under an aged oak tree was Willie laid.

Under an eastern sky like a great rock far  
out at sea.

Like a great wheel under an elm tree where  
the river reaches.



Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall  
like a hidden spring.

Like a hound with nose to the trail under  
and over forever.

Under Arcturus like a huge python winding  
round and round.

Like a jewel gold rimmed under Ben Bulben.

Under cool trees the city tombs like a king  
from a sunrise land.

Like a laverock in the lift under der Linden.

Under dusky laurel leaf like a lizard in the  
sun though not scuttling.

Like a lone Arab old and blind under  
enormous and cemented cliffs.



Under glass like a loose island on the wide  
expanse.

Like a loud booming bell shaking its tower  
under great yellow flags and banners of the  
ancient cold.

Under green I have seen like a midsummer  
rose.

Like a mist of the sea at morn it comes  
under green apple boughs.

Under her gentle seeing like a Mourninglass  
child.

Like a musician with that flying finger under  
his helmet up against his pack.

Under Milk Wood like a regiment flying  
across the sky.

Like a ship that through the ocean wide  
under Mr. Milton's picture.



Under a monadnock like a shower of rain.

Like a skein of loose silk blown against the  
wall under my feet the moon.

### **A note on the text**

'Under The Cliff Like' is constructed from the 'Title And First Line Index' in the 1962 edition of 'Granger's Index To Poetry' (Columbia University Press. U.S.A.) which I found in a junk shop. It was written in 1996. In alphabetical order all entries beginning with 'Like' are juxtaposed with the equivalent number of entries beginning with 'Under'. There are no alterations other than elimination of commas and the capital letter of the juxtaposed line plus the insertion of full stops at the end of each pairing. Thanks to James Davies for suggesting this spacey version. A full list of the lines' original authors is unavailable on request. T.A.

### **Acknowledgment**

'Under The Cliff Like' was first published in an ordinary linear form with the title 'Analogous And Beholden' on the Stride website in 1998.

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