

List of writings for my 'One and Another' event
Nov 13th 2011

But what about the The Kiddies? 1998

Anything is Legitimate 2011

Song through, song through 2007

One sided phone call (the deer) Oct 2011

The Snake Story (first page) 2011

that light Nov 15 2009

Sunspots notwithstanding April 2017

For Katrina

sunspots notwithstanding (
and he says that he never
uses 'beforehand') those
leaf green vermiculations
are the (what?) the water
not the hot god.

if a rider and his charge
were taken for a single being
(going off on one, Picasso) then
they cannot be blamed
for getting it wrong and fleeing
instantaneously. blimey!

those lionized scrawlers keep
doing it, keep tearing off
my milky cataracts.
from their smug shores of rectitude
they raise the green dragon.

but I can be the gull, given
the blue, clear air unnetted.
I can stumble upon pathways
to the laughing sea, a
cantilevered forest or hold
a match to waxed beret wicks.

when I am a boulder,
the gull will show me
how to breathe.

f.peake 10th.april 2011

that light, the light of five
the light between dark and light
when autumn wrinkles to winter
when clocks are forgotten –
some just octagonal fancies
for an artist's glance
when red turns to green –
that light clothes all things
in the wet birth of dawn.
books, the walls, painted treasures,
all from the same needle.
a man's raised hand
loose and languid, is just
as chocolate as the hangered jacket,
just as mongrel as plato
or enid blyton. everything
is absent. everything is present.
look at the beard
on the big oak table.
in that light there's no beard,
no diary, no vinegar,
no slash in the torso's side.
and colour? what colour?
scarlet breeches are merely
grey soup, like the wardrobe
in the corner – scotch broth,
brown windsor, mulligatawny.
dawn vaults over the mirror.
blankets and walls
mumble in french.

fabian peake 15 nov 2009

The Snake Story.

Beyond time, a figure struck out for a new life. It was not a numerical figure, or even one who would be named as the hourglass of inevitability, but just an ordinary figure in an ordinary landscape. This figure was probably male as we know it in this particular world, but he had female characteristics which could be construed as a vital part of half past three. I think I see this figure as a silhouette, lacking a light source of the right kind to provide anchors for a satisfactory description.

And therefore, after many minutes a manhole appeared in the long grass. The figure stepped over it, whistling a hornpipe self-consciously and pinging his tuning fork to be sure of the key. "Marvellous", he intoned, "probably my best rendition yet". While he strained up the hill – he was not that fit or healthy, even if you think that because he could whistle he would have lungs capable of mellifluous uncertainty Alas! You are the opposite of wrong.

Song, treacle, porcupine, paste,

Sausages, mallets and millet to waste,

Impetuous trowels dig deep ditches for spoons

Forgetting to document star-clinging moons.

Walking is always a good way to start. One can see people from miles on. One's eyes shift from left to left as we approach each other. We are dogs. We reach each no one. My snout is calling to my soul to inhale deeply of the bottom of the garden travelling along this sunny pavement. I am a dog. The other figure is a dog. It dropped a piece of paper. I picked it up with my blunted teeth. Unfolding the creased piece of paper a privet hedge held it up for nobody to see. There was a word, only one, mind you, typed, no, scrawled, on the paper.

IGNORANCE it said.

It was a bright moonlit afternoon well aware of its being an awkward idea. As the figure pranced up the mock York paving slab pavement, he followed his shadow into a doorway. There, there was a pancake practising scales on a gudgeon. In a bucket, rusty from many years of being new as a baby's bottom, there were more measured messages. The figure, by now in a fine artificial light, could be reliably described. But you catch me trying, dimple boy. Don't alter any of this, one of the voices from below threatened. I won't, replied a truncated dodecahedron. His ideas were pausing half way between his brain valves and his tongue, so they never really became housebound and regrets were kept to a minimum.

One sided telephone call (The deer) Oct. 24 2011.

Hello

(Hello, where are you?)

I'm in the phone box in the village

(What time is it?)

About 6.30, I got up early

(What are you doing; why are you ringing?)

I'll be back soon, but I had to tell you something

(What? Couldn't it wait?)

No, it couldn't wait. I'm sorry if I've woken you

(Well, what's up? What's the story?)

I came out here

(Where?)

Well, you know, the marshes. Early in the morning is a great time to see birds. Nobody's about and the waders and reed birds are beginning to call.

(Is it light?)

Yes, light enough to see the teardrops on a spider's web

Teardrops?)

Sorry, I meant dewdrops!

(You still haven't told me what you're ringing about)

I know I haven't, but I'll tell you now.

(Go on then!)

I got up round 6 and followed the Coast Road to Cley Marshes. I parked in the muddy car park and, slinging my binoculars round my neck, I set off up the dyke towards the sea. You can't see the sea from the dyke. I could hear bearded tits in the reed beds on the left. I listened for a bittern but none boomed.

(What are you telling me this for? You've done it often before)

What? Yes, I know I have, but this was different. I was about half way along the dyke when I saw a large animal emerging from the reeds. It climbed up on to the dyke.

(What on earth was it?)

You may well ask; I'm coming to that – it was a large deer!

(A deer? I don't believe you?)

Well, it was! I didn't believe it either.

(Well, you were there)

It was what I took to be a red deer, because of its size. I felt pretty scared.

(Was there anybody about?)

No, absolutely nobody. I'd not seen a soul; you know how the marshes can be, at this time of the morning. Anyway, for a moment, the animal stood on the dyke and looked at me. I didn't know if it would come in my direction.

(What did you do?)

I didn't know what to do. If it had come towards me I'd have had to run, but being stuck on the dyke, the animal would've caught me up quickly.

(What happened! Tell me!)

I'm telling you! Thank God, it must've been more frightened of me than I was of it, and it turned and cantered toward the shingle bank. From my position on the dyke I still couldn't see the sea.

[In my mind now, so many years later, I see the deer rising up the slope from the dyke, standing on the top of the bank and looking back at me in a pose that would've inspired Landseer himself. But in reality the animal trotted over the brow of that shingle bank and disappeared.]

(What then? Don't you want some breakfast?)

Breakfast? I'll have it when I get home. As I said, I couldn't see the sea from the dyke, but as I gingerly approached the top of the shingle bank I was in time to see the deer enter the water and begin swimming out to sea. The sea was not particularly rough.

(No! How incredible!)

I know! That's exactly what I thought. I couldn't believe my eyes. Now that I was safe from the possibility of attack, I was able to observe this peculiar and unexpected behaviour in a more concentrated way.

(Did it drown?)

Well, that's what I was worried about; but I don't know, because the animal just swam and swam, straight out to sea until it disappeared from view in the soft sea mist.

Fabian Peake. Oct. 2011.

song thrush
song thrush

all I can say is that I want

(to make them)
(your cat has the meissen sign)

all I can say

all I can say is that I (to make them)

he stands on the bobble (a page, you know, of stylized shadows)
stands on the bobble. he stands

he stood, to change tense

I want to make them. I

(he no longer grasps the palette)

thrips is singular (that's what it says)

he swallows a library

smoke. he swallows (hirundine)

is that I want to make

(dropped, by chance, the digit fell akimbo)

to make them. to

make them. to make (other traffic)

they've cleared the table; not a scrap (left)

they've cleared the formica table

the blue formica (it's always been there)

they've cleared the table; (not a scrap)

not a scrap left; a scrap

not (they shiver) (their wings)

they shiver. not a scrap

to make them

to make them (distance)

to make (others, putting their oars in)

but I'm waiting for a red nape

for a red nape. red. nape.

(head bobbed on the mesh)

there's one back from the dead

seen it in the swamps

seen it. seen it in the swamps.

there's one

(back from the dead)

there's the square type

the square type, square type

square type, the square type

(just look, that's all, at the pocket)

f.p. june 2007.

Anything is legitimate

In a moist place somewhere to be sampled, a pagan vehicle mollified girandoles without knowing how stressed the metal stays were on their birthday. Tango mine. Being as it were situated in a circular, well-maintained master tent, they conjecture photon, blob and basking shots. Solentitious soliloquy T46 sab sab. There, it is done. I will continue in this artery and forge the document, when an escalation of emotional tropics sunders even the smallest dragster for tomorrow's manifest breakfast meeting. Parvenue obliging, a sordid marsh plant will laugh its heart in puse mixed with a kind of coloured dough and might lift many times its own weight in accordance with the regulations in practice this afternoon. The order of words in a sentence sentences the sentence to a lifelong sentence of sentence interpretation. Portent and ambition couple in a truss how complete in sense is a world of beautiful and surreptitious meaning. Perhaps so, perhaps not. Please don't copy this if you want a new fridge. Right? Right!

He woke with a sneeze and a manacled fright. Someone had ordered beef pudding for the second time of answering in the flooded plain where usualmente a frog gets mistaken for a bath plug laughing senselessly. Lesslessly. Daintily does it. 640TQ. Personally, I don't agree with many of the decisions that pertain to bubbling coffee machines quite near knitted baubles of scene-stealing lassitudinous 2 inch bolts. These of course, pulling their feelings of petit four equivocate for three years before masterminding their garden design. Poison is in the earth. Red as rage. Unassailable wealth constitutes a barrier to marine defences when triviality is the focus of conversation and deflux merges with pretentious quizzicality. For in the experience of a ragtag army of schoolchildren, each vying with his neighbour to blow the heads off circumstances not complying with a decree agreed on in advance, there is in the market place pile upon pile of ornate pilfered mascots. M602.

Satellite dishes abound in Canvey Island. Parquil sonorities steal the scenic advertisements round about (alrededor, if you like) let's say four o'clock in the afternoon. They wash, they scrub, they clean, they laugh, they call, they assist, they pace, they sont, they tarken, they moy, they blip, they stew, they wear, they comb, they flip, they drive, they swimp, they finish. Northwards in the equatorial season of netpost an assemblage of parlous samphire plants, one at a time you understand, feels a potent urge to complain westwards. Howitzer tell. I can't say. You can't say. He, she, it can't say. You (plural) can't say. I've forgotten We can't say. They can't say (male and female). William Pitt went thataway in search of a poltroon.

Fabian Peake. 2011.

But What About The Kiddies?

The day Mickey Mouse died
they shed crocodile tears,
flung off animal suits
peeled off pasted-on smiles,
piled woolly balls into corners
for burning. Eaters drifted
into Nando's diner, cheered on
by the waving rooster.
The day Mickey Mouse died,
the moon's unmasked face
cocked an ear to a wind
of baffling origin. Black
daylight stood up behind
the ridge and famous footprints
blew away as if awkward
people had never been there
dancing like elephants.
The day Mickey Mouse died,
the children spoke in tones
of grey. They saw how beautiful
it sounded, how accents lilted –
pied, vermiculated; mottled like veins
of light bleeding through glass.
The day Mickey Mouse died,
a woman asked them to sing.
They said, 'Don't ask us. We'll
do so when we feel the need'.
But they felt no need since the day
the plague struck and bombs held hands
round the world, planting
their white, smoking forests.
The day Mickey Mouse died,
the sky's aeroplane eyes scanned
camouflaged archipelagos
for signs of the storyteller. Slumped
in the hollow of a deck chair
he unfurled his own story, hands
shaking, head nodding.

Fabian Peake. July/Aug. 1998.