

from *The Burden of Things*



Lee Duggan

all the things that bind
 languages to move through
 dormant properties in the wall
 spelt in runic knots & figures
 interlace fault lines
 day three & desperate
 hit up on cloud shapes
 to avoid stains coming through the ceiling
 nods to another
 rebirth through
 naming trees in part
 blackthorn sting &
 in the waste
 stands a solitary alder
 past livestock & rust
 where wells lie
 slate slabs etched with goldfish
 following riverline
 & forget to be quiet

betrayal hanging
 scarf thread
 the weakest bough
 cleft westwards
 watching bad dreams
 sacrificial hawthorn for protection
 hold tight to shadows & swim
 river bed window square
 flicker orange to kingfisher blues
 reed to toe an urge not to fight
 high alert to leaving
 barking & choking
 we have no choice to keep moving
 the dog & crawiau partly in the ground
 rowan sprigs in mountain dips hung by fairies for cattle
 late sprung beech
 blind through fractals
 iridescent folding this canopy to hold
 lady of the woods
 to correction
 & new beginnings
 all these words for all
 to give them up to pull & breath the bend
 make room for kisses in the rain
 where moss & the last ferns hold me
 in the bones & blood
 best swept with twigs of broom
 at the centre of it all in siskin green
 sacred stones where women housed medicinal properties
 older than the buildings themselves
 as yew resurrects
 hazel becomes a pool of light
 lay my letters to organs
 forgetting bodily existence
 the wine flows through to Tuesday
 recall mother lines
 men lined up for aspen shields
 & the inner strength of elm
 beeching bark crack blackcaps and mistlethrush

keep all this

chant cuckoo circles
 wild cherry willow mourning
 in the underwood listening for elms harp & death
 totems to ritual & recipes

eyes not there for the nowhere I will be undone
 faint prescriptive walks
 out of time rings across the sanded wood & on my shoulders
 so you fall

out of refuge in brambles &
 hands
 momentary forever stained September
 we knew

as incoming sucked the last trace
 a dance where only I move

this
 small lifetime
 diminishing footfall of
 hedgerow moves
 to field an open wound
 saxophony in some background feeling
 & nowhere else
 passing events full diaries anniversaries that can't be upheld bills paid
 the children adult me the day goes on
 no lyric or movement

reading poems in important tones
 walking forests to small talk
 this avoidance to get through
 drowning deep faster for Friday
 & all the songs blur into comedic effect
 spells outburst in celtic hues
 3 black birds put the living to sleep
 songs to wake death perch over me
 born with the moon in the lake
 long limbed with dedicated wings
 oils in blacks & blues
 rammed with slated eyes

as if smeared through all the reds
delicate site specific the coven stretched
other museums & shackles
mud struck imprints to space
the waiting between source & sea
faint in wash discover penciled lines
little bird teach me
stuck on the terrace with just my voice
all memory a magnetism woven through jazz
hits between flesh &
a missed breath spins into song
the melody turns to a chatter of instants
flimsy as we are but not devoid
more than a body of work can take
a little bit tender between
footnote to lovers storms & orbits