

david pollard



patricides



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David Pollard

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For Simon and Elena

If I get dizzy facing the page which trembles in my hand, it is not because of its whiteness but because of the white words hidden in it which wait in line to appear. Will I be able to recognise them? I am dazzled. A mistake is so easily made. Not to let one word destroy another, to find the awaited word which waits and of which I am the page and channel. Our fortune is a common one. [Edmund Jabs]

When all is said, what remains to be said is the disaster. Ruin of words, faint writing, rumour which murmurs: what remains without remains. [Maurice Blanchot]

one

pray do not

1. again do not

either with memories
destroy their presences
or words

2. and leave
 your
children their
 withdrawals over
a long time
to grow in

3. as age and loss
 the warmth of
fading love leaves
dry and falling
 aches
in their minds eye

4. pray do not
at least
for me

reality

{style=poem}

here into smoke we breathe our into the air our starlight yellow echoes against the dawns hard ice
here into the hollow we stutter our dead year vanishing

1 the birds have **long** wound south
2 winging their song
3
4 insects also clamourless as

even so the ice cold yellow rises as if it were only the first creation ~~~~~

shrouds

was woven soulstreads

(out of you and
yellowing into shadows)

and it shrouds my meanings

getting behind the wrinkles of my i
behind the blood of love born
into hades

(summoning from beyond beneath)

follow me down beloved
follow the wind

wound into night -
written into hollows
of impossible resurrections -

(not yours)

my own

a cloth thrown tight a

cross my heart

drowns the words waters

musicians

 somehow
 they did it
there on a painted scaffold
 under that cobalt grey and raven arca ga
there in the stony flatlands
 were their guts and bones
 bronze or their sudden skin

 the very sounds
 of witness

plucked and sown and blasted

 surrounded by its lack of echoes
 even
 as at the worlds
 the birds
 this worlds
 fell silent
 at the end
as if commanded

even as it sang against its breath
 against breath
even as it
 prayed
 there under the drifting light
even he and he
 denying resurrection
 could not take back
 what he had given

 shrouded in their music
 there among so many
 seeing hearing
turned his ragged back upon himself

where he and he
 in armageddon
strolled among those
 made of his very blood and bone

not risen in the valley
where they passed and passed

(come from the ends
of the earth to hear us)

and yes
as they did so
as he did so

heard it
to their own
their very

and his
and his

york

a gap to slip through
in the soul than martyrs blood
gilded in skulls
in pipe and glass and stonework skilled
in handling blood and eye
there between one and one another
downward the burnt sun yellowed
them leaving only
the cold north buttressed in moss

even the splinters of glass twined gold under jesse
hold forgetfulness
against that inner flame that
shudders as it rises eastwards

smoke inhaled them

smoke inhaled them
retching into the high
and driven skies
and sunless

pray not for these seared eyes
for they are etched into the
seed of fire that
burns into these lips and tongues

pray not for them
you cannot speak into that breath
billowing westward
gusting into haze
and on into an unprovoking
sunrise that
it crosses always before weeping
onto the parched sands rejection

the prayer should be inverted
coming now from that
dead eagles wings
under blue storms

negative

it is
clear of shadows
matter
not

nor the dead smoke
lights death
in its strange
images

only here the light
admitted
dies

what is not
glimmers the dark colourless
curled edges
of those fleeting and imprisoned
starring serious
and so very

then

already lost among
their statuesque
disasters

exile

the lot that fell to us
 (fires
 sewn into the sleeve of heaven)

 read
in brick and rubble yet
illegible and close enough for death
in the lost sight of our (unreadable)
 world

reflected in the glass that
 questions
 back into the dark
 and grants us no redemption
 saving nothing

in the wandering air
 blowing gently westward
 the weight of ash is held aloft
 in exile

why hast thou forsaken

we
were stifled in another desert
 like you
 broken by
 yours and ours
 the same one
that word
 yours and his
sent down
 sent us down unsaved
to silence
 by your name
 sworn
 and bricked and nailed

as you hung
 as we
 not only lots for raiment
 but our corporeal fragments
 broken out
 broken up
throughout your reich

his holy words are
 still
above too many thousands
 of your corpses.

ensouled

ensouled in shadowed branches
dark still against the centre of the night
healed lips that cannot
cannot in the name of
name how
its wound was drowned in
not that
in voices
closing its lucid colours
with amen

but o it is
as we
the chanting hour
writing its sounds across the water
or as we
can hardly hear its voice around the lips
or in the hair
its meaning
loss
lost

eli eli

the book is of us
letter by letter graven
stone
eyeblick fading
into snow
bound flurries
de
compose it
lay it
lay them gently
(beyond)
let them de
sign what is under
stood

eli eli
so little change
can a breath give turning
tongue stopped
even so easy and so sad a word
remains now
nameless
and for ever

eli eli
you were the lover
who destroyed the reading
for that other landscape
for a second crucifixion
forsaking
one link - broken - was enough
to stop the sun in the
valley of decision
and interrupt the silence
with the snow

(only the exiles word can be
so empty and so written
and forsaken
between so many margins)

weep

weep as we have done
thousandsfold

since your cry
rendered one word
from another

quod scripsi scripsi

finally

hast drunk

thy wives and princes

of the golden vessels

torn the veil of writing

with fingers of a hand

- bare - numb

on the bare brick

and in that sudden

sacrificial prayer to metal gods

and in that silent flight was

(in that sign

made flesh

then bloodless)

thy kingdom

weighed

and numbered

and divided

let thy gifts be to thyself

and thy rewards be to another

fingers graving

what i have written

i have written

neither any that go down into silence

stars blind bright
soul night
skin pricked
pinned and winking
stitched into each
appropriate firmament
on thousands for a thousand
darkened by sight
this passage moonless
between death and nothing is
summon it
wordless but
deafening

flames

yellow

palm to palm enclosed yet
soul crocus cold clothed in the very blood
precisely here
sulphur among glances smelt
not eyeward
blueward shot with blood
between the closed book and the orphaned air
there where the winter stars are dark
stitched trembling in the firmament above
the ruins of temples
razed

red

like a bridegroom did he
bleeding words
step onto desire and
wind its folds in silence
confusing us with essences
with twilights and
their dangers
where the word shimmers
flickering most and
just beyond the colour of life
burns into the upper air its
smoke and ghosts

blue

blew and unwound
your blue
not from firesalt
neither slate nor sky
but nameless between calling
nor day nor thunder
lazurite nor gentian
but cold heat
does soul flame in
blue perfection
(as tablets shimmered turquoise
under sinai)
no
nor shadow blue
of all the colours
and of midnight held