JOHN SEED

shadow of the gable-end
Sharp against the white wall
Fading and shifting
As clouds cross how beautiful
The world seems its transformations
Incomplete as we
Begin to leave
MOONRISE, SNOW FLURRIES, NIGHTFALL: JANUARY 15th, 1987

staring beyond syntax icy
Configurations leafless
Against the blackness
Inventing nothing
Mare Imbrium Mare Chrisium
Orion tilting seaward
Over a street like any
Other it is possible
To imagine imagine to
Keep the dream
Approaching the dreamless the
Actual
Roots reach down

against the whiteness the mirror the
Smouldering ground
The river glitters and seems to flow all ways. But the path is human, punctuated by orange pools that barely mirror a still sky. Half the morning I've walked here in my head whispering to you stories without narrative. Seeking clarity, daylight.

We left our happiness unwillingly.

It was more perfect than we knew.
Qui è vostro dimando a pacified
society eyes too honestly expressing
nothing a peasant hedges with a forkful
of thorns their imaginative genesis only
can be distinguished a projection onto
the terrain its path hidden and silent
a lonely will casts a farewell glance at
the desolation travels a unified
mental substance to the world replacing it
the technical ingenuity of which is
properties set back from an extensive field
a fence to the crossroads trees with real leaves
juxtapositions of the disparate
printed into them so as to eliminate
organic spontaneity the delicate lacework
of iron bridges when the grapes are darkening
white stone piles driven into the river bed
the counterfeit is working on the anthill capitals
their conditions of freedom a series
of linguistic games drifting among people
between city and desert the principle
that of disconnection and outside
in the courtyard interrupting the cycle
the same tone renders it dismissive
already on the shore an unyielding
artifact night plants its foot
single unique and polymorphous
to the left of the sun's course  the vast abandoned forest
spectral twilight  the ebbing tide  unleashes the ghost
of minor deities  the stranger goes under
the chatter of jays  in search of the beginning
abandons them  spiked on barbed wire
it was yesterday already  the great empty house
like a sea  the music of the most ancient cultures
shifting rustling beating at the panes
more unearthly  than a complete disintegration

a photographic alignment  in time and space  street traffic
calling  over the tall grass  to the topmost windows
from the gate  all distances  recall his journeys
in the ever-present forest  alive with adjectives and metaphors
underway  to the ambiguous essence  and its image
risen in the morning sky  above slender shoots
and burning tumbleweed  going due west
to expire in rubble  I plot my tortuous path
from the line of a falling stone  beset by foliage

an aerial ascends  from a Deptford balcony
at the same angle  there was no forest
shadows lengthened  on the furthest shore
the beams were striking us straight in the face
merging into the distanceless  peopled  to hear the news
the ocean's edge is a mantra  ground in Real time
evening there  here midnight  instant information
flickering unwatched  in the setting sun
derelict buildings  stretch out to the right  of Interstate 25
in despite of a method I respect peculiar to me Paris can answer for certain blind submission behind his work to one simple element who perceives I am exploring a bottle to locate the agonised voice stays where it is as if nothing less than the expulsion see ms after phantoms an oil lamp inadequate he knew when loaned a room to buy anything which determines the lyric "I" sing had been hidden we is so fine as the objective unique message a very French reverence an African dancer hearing his words a stuttered me-meaning the only city summoning him the veil distresses when the air grows dark a fraction of the "ghost" to retrace my steps be reconciled beauty is nothing in this regard in his hands earthing each individual that was the time it did not make plain magic an image I began to cease
in that old quarter mediating between one state protected to death location is a total Allora il mio signor horizons assembling under an asocial aspect they didn't just drag themselves whose extremities meet through all the circles business districts a rag planted cry rapers be like everyone museumised on the spot la lingua nostra reveals a reciprocal apparatus which assumes non-degradable material showed for its power to have invented the old concept endlessly diffractable through orgasms of traffic and duty

I have come simulacrum that links up with modern science and indeterminate reflects a condition of the city dunque là 've dici the duplication sufficient no certain place is fixed which turns each breath this flight away from a universal semiotic an artificial mosaic the symbol at its centre resounding dialects that flapped and rolled obtusely through medieval streets cryogenised with reality in the empty bars a complete circumvolution interrupting the cycle "Me nane" disse but ran behind the original is is the verb says low noses smell what was a discoloured turd of auditory relationships where the laments do not sound we may have pleasure staying a crisis in harmony towards the ambiguous that will guarantee residential suburbs fantasy substance multipliable for m copulation bracketed due tre syllabe his system to render both man's miracle number analogies dispensed hors discours per cui a rigorous paral elism quasi ammirando the matter stands oblivious
the delicate lacework of iron bridges a path over the sand tied into the network of their going through the blue night of long-distance traffic faster and faster not lost but misplaced to end in fiasco a ritual that which opposes a flashlight there beside us flags in the rear-view mirror the Writer reflects somebody's half-dream leaving the story a distant bullet across dark

marketplaces a sky-blue street sign stadiums power stations among bare branches gantries hangars a condensed narrative backyards barnlots the purest form between city and desert become unreal they have risked their lives creeping out of the shadows to every event with the same message an arrow ground-fog a flashing red light confused with the last fields of another country no shoots from the briars to step across

John Seed's *History Labour Night* is published by Pig Press
Adrian Clarke's *Ghost Measures* is forthcoming from Actual Size