

27 WATT



a collection of poems by

Alex Watt

for Rose

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8th Rate Poet

I am an 8th rate poet
8 is my lucky number

Yesterday a 6th rate poet
said to me
(in a poem)

“You should join us”

and he revealed a word
I had never before seen
 (and which
 I dare not put here
 in case it gets upset)

I wanted to join him but the ranks of poesy poets are so formidable you knows, he said “that’s how it goes”, I said “what do you mean that’s how it goes?”

Whoops! Slipped into prose.

I am an 8th rate poet
Fortunately
8 is my lucky number

In Memoriam, souls of the CCP

Finally going over the content of suburbia
I uncover a cricket
in the drain-pipe under the man-hole
largely unnoticed by the media
and this thing that lay under
brang breathing to a ling,
opened up the world
to me - as an unholy thing

We like breezes (winds of change)
and the train, window open,
brings us no pain
but the brotherhood
of pain that held me to its membership,
of that I felt uneasy; remembered
the debauchery before we came out
and how salt was rubbed into other's scaleless luck

Just as oil is oil
I am divided from you by
a red line.
Leaning on one the other flipped and struck me
and you were that emu needling for a rib-eye,
turning out the manhole what blunk.
Fever was just seen rising from behind its cover -
an' I am become today
a new born newspaper man all over

Autumn Towers

From a tower, all the plane leaves like swastikas
are kicked off into loose piles – like your knickers.
It is careless to confess to any more
It is you and only you whom I adore

In the indigo blue I thought I found our ending
It was a loneliness, that bending in my mind
And the ones who let us down uncomprehending
All their traces only ink on paper herons

So the only love we know is love itself
As the love for love inside spells endless health
So the love for love outside spells endless dying
And the baby saved by all these tears is crying

Are you loving me or are you only loving?
And if your love is faulty what is mine?
If all but faultlessness is only crime
A hopeless love then surely such be mine

I wanted to smile well so I smile now
I wanted not to smell so, so be it
I wanted you to love my love and love me
I wanted you to feel my fool and fool me

A trance has fallen over both of us
We lazily dodge headaches on the bus
And steam up in the bathroom every morning
It is a heartless life we lead my darling

I'm gone from me I'm gone from you forever
I've gone off fighting over hill and dell
And when you find me tangled in the heather
The distance we have shared will make it better

Believe

Believe in me
They say there is no Justice
I heard about truth from a friend
He got it from a stranger
Who had found it in a bag
That was on a boat
Following under a bridge the sun
Which was lost
Owing to misdirection from a star
Loose winging across the void
The void was not lost
Believe in me
There is Justice
Just as certainly as there is a yellow raincoat
Jammed in a car door
Just as certainly as I left my bag behind
I heard about it from a stranger
Who had it from a friend
He said there are two types of truth
But one speaks much louder than the other
The other was lost under a bridge

Thus secured
I made my way home under the stars
And trod in a hole

Broken Eye

Did you see the sun this morning?
it was a blood clot on the horizon -
it really was watery like that, humanising the sky

The morning came on and pinked it up
cooling the effect to a drill-bitten
hole in the pale blue plaster wall

I picked a daisy and pricked it with a pin
sticking it onto my own cool Saul -
bleeding a little ink it made a human sound

The morning was over and it wilted down
as a fairy to an aged child, but there was still a
little ghost there - did you see?

But Leave My Heart

Take away my hands
So I may not meddle
But leave my heart
So I may feel

Take away my eyes
So I may not stare
But leave my heart
So I may have vision

Take away my ears
So I may have silence
But leave my Heart
So I may still be aware

Take away my tongue
So I may not speak
But leave my heart
So I may commune

Take away my legs
So I may not stumble
But leave my heart
Where I am secure

Take away the mirage of my face
But leave my heart
And I will never turn away

Take away my body
This will always die
But leave my heart
Where there is life

Take away my mind
So there is no confusion
And leave my heart
Where there is peace

Take it all away
Yet I shall never suffer
For you cannot take the heart
Where I reside

Chicken Dog

Riding on the bus one day
I looked down and a bone I saw
Lying awkward on the floor
Sad little bone that I couldn't ignore

Chicken bone! your day is done
Smashed at by our teeth for fun
Gnashed and smashed and bashed and torn
Then thrown away with a spicy yawn

Climbing aboard now is a dog
on a collar,
he grabs you on the way past
his owner doesn't bother; -
your crumbed form is a long way from a human
but not a dog's care

"Hey chicken dog"
cries a boy
to the window
and there drawing his finger
outlines:

An obituary for the bone which interested Chicken Dog

Liked: pecking, and the simple life
Dislikes: Peckham and the number '363'

I would have bent down to scatter the earth
but for my tie
and the rhubarb bus
swishing me this way and that so
i just toss the idea about inside my head like a trapped puddle

Chicken Bone

There is darkness
Sweeping clear all the blood

And forgetfulness
Parts us - 'till wakefulness

Starting awake under old stars

I am forever confused -
Perhaps I will be me this time?

The Y in the road
Ponders all in its gape*

I fear - I have nothing to fear

*Ah!

Chicken Dog (reprise)

Tell me who you are
There is a smell over there
Tell me who you are
Tasty mmm (sniff)
Tell me who you are
Ah! Pulled along by my collar
Tell me who you are
Lazy day, hmm, scary people
Tell me who you are
I wonder if we are going home now?
Tell me who you are
I wonder if we are going home now?
I wonder if we are going home now?

Desire Only Silence
(Reflection on verse 517)

How true you are to say -
“Desire only Silence
For in Silence there is nothing to desire”
How much time did I waste before knowing this?

Listen to the surface of the pond
Where it meets the shard of glass
Sit like the black river stone iris
Elope with the blood of your veins

Arrange your robes in a velvet patina
Pat the fat hip of your empty rice bowl
Loop your waist rope around a bell hole
Hold your hand out for a rain drop

Paint the happy blue boy who laughs
And those with buried heads in the sand
See as the little understandings come together
That there is nothing to understand

Easier than Breathing

You didn't want to use words
but when pressed -

That word
that catapults silence home
you showed me that word

Like a life dream
I dream of you
when I am dreaming my life

To slip is easier than doubting
and I dare not breathe

Pinpricks in the void

You
quiver
and
I
arrive

Glowing candelabra

Iapetos Writes in Erasmus' Dream

Iapetos
opens his book
to the green page
marked by an ostrich feather
and begins to write:

*Sea and Sky
Like two lovers lie
And admire the other's vast temper
For near eternity*

*Here stands Deucalion
On his brass shoulder
A bead of sinew twinkles.
By the rainbow, over the blue scarf -
He is a Siren's mirage*

*Taking a casket by its felt key
Sliding therefore into, his iron bolt,
Enabling the door to swing to
His torn hand opens -
Revealing an oyster cluster*

Gazing into this pearl, I captured his words:

*"... and of over several sparring seas
where man and seagulls cry "I know her"
She only it is I love, with an azure eye
She demolishes my love, the ringing
in my heart. A bell is thrown down
(crying) into the churn as I fish for her
amid turnpike and rope-burn. Mortified
she slips seamlessly into my tasteless mouth
bloody handed to pull me under her bridge
and with her to lie. My face is pressed
into her fate and I am cursed to love
but never know - her rudimentary fabric skirts
of drowned majesty are her armoury!
...I sold my soul to the Manta of the Deep."*

The pen leaves a mark and descends
beneath the thin leaves of dust -
it wandered tirelessly there
in the ancient library, downstairs,
morose clocks fathom the hours

Looking in a mirror, I see myself
smug before a green curtain, my works
floating in and out of flooded chambers
on a subsiding breeze-whipped foam,
And feel a hand on my shoulder -

the touch belongs to the Titan.
His ancient face is sealed in bronze
but through thin slits in its burnished steel
breathe perfumed vapours
steaming in the cool dim light

“Welcome to Tartaros, Poet
I brought you here.
Seeking to create yourself with this pen
didn't you admire its fine bright point
and long to pierce the mortal heart?”

“But have you seen how my pen is?”
In his glove, he lifts the implement
I see the fine tip sparkling
with a faint sort of omega
“Doesn't ink smell like a revolution?”

Leading me down yawning corridors he continues

“Words are the worm-holes
through which my engorged meanings slither.
Beautiful meanings, raw and unadorned
boasting of nothing, they are the soul of ink -
itself the dark and sacrificial blood of holy bulls!”

We arrive at a writing desk before a window
where an illuminated book lies unchecked
“This story concerns a future time”
He bids me read -

*From out o' the wishing well
They emerged, spotted in black hides*

*of mouths flickering with flamingo flame
And by long iron leaps they flew
Into our world through the red eye
Of new sadness, of ash and confetti*

*With hands pressed together
Across oceans now they gallop like thunder
Creating palaces of disaster where they pause
To suckle the black milk of our mother's breast
From whose own blood, and hair
They make a thin cake, a currency of blood
On one side "War" the other "Peace"
All as in the image of their dream*

*Beyond the far hills, not obscured by rust
Lies a cave, cool and remote
Where sits, to this day
A figure made as if from clay
Beside a ruined colour wheel and flag
And in his dream*

*He sees the hordes
Emerging from out of the well of deep wishes
With hands pressed together*

*He sees the stealthy ravens are streaming
From their oval mount for a feast
And Saint Madonna is collecting her plucky chickens
from the shore of the great pubescent sea, of men
turning as in sleep
To rise before the wall of fire*

*Closing the pages, Iapetos retires upstairs,
I slink behind a curtain like an animal
onto a high chequered courtyard
to bathe in the milky yellow light of Saturn*

*He leads the solitary life of an old lord.
Sometimes I lose him - there are so many rooms
all with the same green and threadbare carpet -
but he is never far away from me!*

One day I find him in his garret

*(the circular room is full of wax and destruction:
garden implements mixed with nautical instruments,
lunatics and cotton pickers
high on shelves above a looming desk,
leaf-like blades in rows, batteries of pens
and in a jar, two curious gooseberries)
turning over some correspondence:*

*“ Son I had warned you
But you have undone the zip
And let Man fall through...”*

*Iapetos feathers the ink well
finding it is reaching its nether
pushes back his chair
only to find I left off dreaming there*

M44 & others

a star in a sky
funny how you catch my eye
purple as a lentil pie
jasper, jasper emerald ah-I!

love me leave me lonely bright
into your mouth I take a bite
hold the halter thread rope tight
on this loose and vagabond knight

two stars three stars fall-stars more!
Godfrey flat back lain on the floor
wean me off this horny whore -
her train wrenched from horizons door

ask me about the seven sisters
bleeding into spiral twisters
hold binoc's till you get blisters
catching sparks like magneto-Listers

at last the night is over
pull up the sunlight's cover
dream about clover moon,
seedy gloves, old loves; cold nebulas

Message to The Queen

A poem
rolled up
inside
a green bottle
was found
balanced on the Queen's nose when she woke up this morning!
Here's what it said:

Rice
Seaweed
Underpants
Glue
Here's my message:
I'm in love with you!

The Queen called to her butler
but the butler couldn't see
how such a declaration of love
could appear, and with such mystery!

He remarked:

"I think it is
a musk whale
which has
snuck this letter
in here by
hiding in
your garments
ma'am
and has
escaped
via the
lavatory"

The following day note two was found
and there was hullabaloo all over town
but what did it say?

Limpet
Dusk
Sunset

Sam
It's true!
In love with you I am!

They searched the palace
they searched the grounds
but nothing, simply nothing
(and no whale) was found

On the third night
a full moon
kept the Queen awake
when a whispering from behind the clock
softly summoned a dream – it spake:

Ling
Inky
Poo-pipe
Hen
Meet you at five
outside the Wig and Pen!

Such was the curfuffle after this
That everyone forgot about the
Queen's appointment!

Everyone that is, except
The Queen's Little Man,
who slipped out
and found . . .

... an *Elf* !!

New Dogma

Don't rhyme too much
Don't at metaphor clutch

Don't start lines with capitals
Don't dwell on flower petals

(instead like a supping bee
draw power from the flower)

Build on each idea, pause
Only to release your tears

Do not say what you mean
But do mean what you say

And as each successive verb
Causes your reader to loose his or her nerve

Paralyze them with a noun!
Leave them dribbling on the ground!

And only then, my precious Ning
Will the real magic of the poetry

begin

Not Knowing Where I Was, I Knew where I Was

Not knowing where I was
I suddenly knew where I was

(with you)

- the moon in my heart
fell up to my throat

There were columns of light
A bus 19
Later I realised – Hyde Park Corner!

The quiet world
Shone
Like it was about to be rubbed out
(as it was)

Potential was there –
like a fresh opened yoghurt pot

And you - were you clothed or bare?

Not knowing where I was
I knew where I was

- with you

giggling like the hem of a skirt
brushed over a step,
inside petals, inside fruit

(she wore stripes and I wore a turban)

then we danced. . .

. . . it was in the sandpit
and I played in like I had not played in it
since *before*
I was a baby

The bum's delight
delight the bum -
hold a party
with loads of beer
at a quarter to one -
say "anyone can come"

It was in the duckpond
there I was eating chocolate mice
and dancing to the tunes of Mme Anorexia and the Queen -
blowing my mind with Michael -

Not knowing where he was, I knew where he was

Overheard in a Temple

The voyage is joyful
That takes me to you
But how heavy is the creaking world
With its burnt trails and homesickness
By the time death comes
How else can we hold back our tears?

My breath is sore from the deceits I speak and live
My heart is burnt from false desires
I hear your name and it is like a distant bird call
I hear your words and it is like cold water thrown in my face

Oh that my empty heart would bless
The sage in me as it ought to do.
Why cannot my river-mind flow steady
Not with junk trivia but great praises?
Who am I to care about this world?
And where is he whom praises deserve?

Shiva!

Several times I have burnt my poems for you
Still I await the touch of your grace in my heart
Won't you reduce my tears to smoke?
How else can there be peace in the cacophony of this world?

Plinky's Song

I write this song for you my plinky
So glad to be with you my dear
A kiss from you can last a life time
I am so happy that you're here!

What twist of fate has brought me
Across the world into your eyes?
And there to find a new home

Safe on my breast you'll rest
'Twined up in each other
We have nothing to fear

So raise your head now little darling
Dry from your eye the foolish tear
There's nothing left to sigh about -
It is the tenth day of the year!

Now I can see it in your heart
The orange sun is breaking through
And yesterdays aches seem so old

I believe, my love
There is no world and me
There's just your happy eye

Let's run like fools across the meadows
Hold out to me your little hand
Can you taste the juicy instant?
Our love is hard to understand

It's nothing unexpected
Let's just delight in the plain fact
That peace is in each other

There is no going back

(So be with each other)

Reports of a Disturbance in the heart

A loose tongue spinning rhymes –
Reports of a disturbance in the heart
The culprits leave images like loose scales
Holding rude positions in empty spaces
They betray nothing of their weight
Soon it will be time to reveal their insides
To those around who share the life ordinary
Exposing in a sudden flash of neo-apostasy
The full force of God and Politic - all at once -
In horror that is an absurdity uncoiled

Feeding on the sour fruit of human pain
The thousands watching may feel immune
But the seeds are dispersing with liberty
From a tree grown high upon a rock in the sun
Rooting in the foamy reason of men
Whom we fear, but whose only threat
May be the fear, if it rises to obscure
The simple love they cannot destroy

London whom we love, we are your tears
Streaming down the streets of your white face
That afternoon; we are your blood
Drawn to you by the pulse of escalators
And the golden pound in a blue massif
Ran to the corners of your ruined glory
Exhausted with the promises of nothing.
We heard of a disturbance in the heart
One ectopic beat – and we don't know
The cloven-tongued goat or if his silence
Dusts the body of the Creator for whom we suffer

School of the Unintelligible Media

At a school both old and new
Bachelors of the Unintelligible Media are we
In suspension of disbelief
We call on superstition the new logic.
Our law is lore esoteric and our wisdom, pure madness!
Don't ask about our history - it is firmly lodged
There in the almanac of the sub-submarine mind

Our presumption is this: the Unintelligible Medium
Existent to us through the media of sense
Sometimes called a Being, strokes us with a loving fist
And in awe of its love we anoint the world
For all students of art and humanity dance at it
But brushed with the tactile log - logic
It flinches away - leaving behind a sound bite
Black hole big bang singularity paradox pantheon
Of deities - to our amusement and frustration

There it lie unrevealed unrivalled and reviled by space
Seen not by looking but by sideways knowing
Exerting itself in influence on every pin, ever stroking
But never stroked - who says they do not know it?
It is the lost necklace that touch knows was always there.
We are but students in this awe, forever changing face
There is no School in time or place, but here we are
On the floor of Ockham's cutting room staring at the door

Tomato

Like a forest fire

boys

quietly

as

the cows come home

endure the sun on their backs
make mud cake from the salad field

of war

the dear tomato moor

or

-

forest fire

letting the sun down

and up -

to reveal in their mist

the rebel

scattergun – shot

. . . .

jerked camera

Neveverever! I let her! Let 'er in!

[barrel rowel tears bowel to
tears]

blood blund bland blunder dunn fabric

only folded hands feel
 neither glass stain nor the pearl
 are worth the feeling inside that

Girl's Country

Crying Out

Tony Blair
If you were there
Would there be
So many people crying out?

There is a phrase
That we all need to think about:
Violence begets violence
& Love begets love

There is no praise
For a violent solution to problems these days
The leader that the people adore
Is the leader who won't lead them to war

Tony Blair
If you were there
Would there be
So many people crying out?

Why not try
And emancipate the 'evil doers'
By leaving your high tower
To share alms with your fighters

Don't be shy
To know the story inside out -
Drink from the wells of those who cry
And only then see eye to eye

Tony Blair
Since you weren't there
We have
So many people crying

Turiya

Let the eye close without and open within
knowing nothing
I visit sleep and become happy.
Gunned down by day
my idleness stands watching
as I slip into the perfume of a rose -
therein lies my perfection

For what perfection is
not in Turiya?
Mind unfoils
in torpor of its abyssal seas -
a wreck that is come down to Thee
meets slow transfiguration

Those people of the world
with outstretched arms
I ask you -
pull not at my still form
for the boat leaves by day
and the city of night
to whence it retreats
is my only light

What is the answer?
What is the answer?

Boy

What is the answer?
What is the answer?

Girl

What is the answer?
What is the answer?
What is the answer?
What is the answer?

No

What is the answer?

(A deep breath and she has entered)

The Lament of a Wine Taster

And holding Syrah's wine up to this nose
I gently swilled to and fro the cup
Then slurped it lightly as the fashion goes
Past jaws and gullet for interior deep
To strike the gong and wake the poet's sleep
But what if crotchety he breaks repose?
And only thoughts better not brought up
Should swim into my empty mind – oh no!
“Wet dog!” I cry “this wine smells like a hound
Or some old bone left lying on the ground”
And truthfully I speak, but it's not thought well
To admit a wine can have an ordinary smell
Must fruit and flower burst from each bouquet?
My speech is strangled by this branded poetry!

You

Only only only only

Be a great cream|monster|design

I am over ovary revelry

You loon dicknose

Laars, dididit didit didididah didah

Observational bore

I want your great organ

Go, on - oblige me

Hold it like you mean it

Glass tit

Fast sucker

C O R K ! . . .

man manageable man

manageable man man