

Painted, spoken

edited by Richard Price

number 20

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Carrie Etter

Divining for Starters (53)

the body's warmth more palpable for
flavour of those grapes
outside speech a quiet pub
fingers on the well-worn grain soft as
no general objection to metaphor
and now under my breasts the slightest
fingering my small store of words
held on the tongue
the skin of the flesh of it
that low precipice

Divining for Starters (56)

on the fringe of a self
flooded for the fourth time this
albums, journals, diaries
watermarks up and along
and this motley library
water is kinder than fire
invented again in the morning

Graham Fulton

Wheels on Fire

A girl in a pink Stetson
screams with laughter
 squeaks with fear
 chooses to steer
her wheelchair
into the path
of the no.9 bus
to Drumchapel
which has to brake hard
 to avoid
 detaching her
entirely from existence
as her hen pals silently
wait for the green man
 an unplugged strummer
in a lifelong bunnet
announces *Maybe*
you're gonna be
the one that saves me

The Warrior Race on Bath Street

first a girl on
 a boy's back
 out
 of their heads
 laughing glass
smashing five or six
piling in
with fists boots charging
up the hill not seeing
 the shoppers
 hiding
against the walls of
banks lawyers bistros
the zenith
of civilisation
 letting them
 steam past booting
 roaring throwing
 each other to
the road stamping
one face
as it melts in the centre
 the vortex
 people
 silent behind
their two-way mirror watching
a primal fury
take shape letting
them get on with it

Eddie Gibbons

Wife of Pi

3.141592

but you don't stop there do you?

caring

nothing for brain cells burning
you greedy little sod (sorry for

swearing)

you've been to every decimal
place on Earth

deterring

other roaming numerals from

daring

you've grown too big
for your roots

inferring

someone ought to knock you
down a peg or two

recurring

Peter McCarey
From The Syllabary
www.thesyllabary.com

21.8.20

Hale as the makar, Bill Dunbar, tip-
Toe, boo-backety, slack and slee.

21.8.19

The hakeness of the hake
Is in the gutting
Excision
Of subatomic self
Its self propulsion
Disquire on
Its quid pro quo
And pound per kilo
Quiddity? The net
Was etched in silver
Scales all over it.
Such stupid
Extinguishing pursuit
Of all haecity.
Hic hoc.

21.7.19 **Heck as in Hecate**

“In '45, on the way back from Bombay
To the transit camp
We would walk past the Towers of Silence
Which is where the Parsees
Left their dead to the vultures.”

21.7.14

With a shiver of cold, not pleasure,
You come to mind
Like the moon in a hedge
That gets thicker with every word.

21.5.14

Haud yir
Horses!

Who'd you
Think you

Are,
Goin off on a

Haj wi the
High heijins?

24.5.14

Better make mine a large one.

2.x.14

Give him a badge and he'll burgeon,
Barging round bulging with
Bludgeons and cheap Belgian bilge.
Whoever won't budge,
Be they bodger or Borgia,
He'll brick up their pockets!
They'll bungee like bankers off Blackfriars Bridge!

Antônio Moura

from *A sombra da ausência* (*The shadow of absence*)

Translated by Stefan Tobler

Untitled

The bird is silent.

What sings here is
only its shadow.

Alone

the bird's shadow
sings the sorrows of the bird,

silent – and alone – on the wall.

Translator's Note: *pena* in Portuguese can mean feather and suffering/sorrow. The line could also be 'sings the feathers of the bird'.

Signs

Nature reigns in silence.

The rustle of wind in the leaves
and the wave that smacks on the rock
resonant in the shell of the ear,
would have other sounds – wine, wave –
if the senses' forms were other.

All the world's din is an inner rippling.

Outside, life moves in the deepest silence.

Song of Exile

Living – leaving

to go once
around the house and
enter by the way out

A journey that only lasts a moment

Without us knowing if we are inside or out,
having the sun and moon as neighbours

And how it – sometimes – seems to drag.

Living we feel a brief exile.

Almada, winter 2004

Donny O'Rourke
The life you give it

As cocktail crooners do
I worked a room or two
No Jule Styne
But doing fine
Doing my best
For the dollar in the glass
I'd make a fairish pass
At any reasonable request

A hard luck story
About fading looks and glory
he passion less the pity
That's any songsmith's city
A whole rainbow made of blues
The bad times and the booze
The providence you choose

You don't learn a song
You earn
A song
By the life you give it

The one who plays it wrong
Will phrase
It wrong
Lacking the guts to live it

Care for Another?

A fool
On a stool
Will as a rule

Care for another

That kind of guy
Believes he can buy
A friend or a brother

Care for another?

Don't mind if I do
Who's caring for you?

Care for another?

Buddy I swear
You've got me there
Do I really dare

Care for another?

When as you can see
Having ordered three
I don't care for me

Surely that's clear
Like this martini here

Care for another?

For keeps
For good
She wishes I could

Care for another

Care for another?

seekers of lice

Lookering

The drawer slit open glove hanging more news for dog bark
story calls home. Candy sigh.

Haint sigh for the drip-tap clock tick drop kick the day,

To object white. Lating the looker. The salt box.

Plastic mechanical wrist wrench collapses the windfall.

Stone basket takes marble thoughts.

Well you can lever more under where rations please.

Cartoons marie-antoinette oranges. The radiator.

The hinge. Door. Mat.

Go to. A plate rack. Virus. Pan-handle. Show me where.

These are our. Ambergris comes from whales.

Sperm jewell grey substance. Anthracite blubber.

Slit open the drawer dog leather gloves, depend more news and
appeal to home. Candy sigh.

The suspiration haints dropper for 24 hours a day and

press box drop kick

White object. Regulation attractive. Salt box.

Key plastics machinery wrist, an unexpected collapse.

The marble stone to the selection.

Thank you distribute now leverage to the bottom of the box.

MARIANTOWANETTOORENJI cartoons. Radiator.

The hinge. Door. Matt.

Visit. Dish-rack. Virus. Panhandle. The main show.

These us. Amber comes from whales.

Jewell sperm of gray matter. Blubber anthracite.

Contributors

Carrie Etter's first collection, *The Tethers* was published by Seren Books in 2009; her second, *Divining for Starters*, will be published by Shearsman in 2011. Her blog is at carrieetter.blogspot.com

Graham Fulton has been writing and performing poetry since 1987 when he joined the Paisley Writers' Group run by Tom Leonard, and was a founder member of the Itinerant Poets performance and publishing group. More information at www.grahamfulton-poetry.com

Eddie Gibbons is "a master of the subtle portrayal of emotion" (Les Murray). He is published by Argyll Publishing. His collections include *Stations of the Heart* and *The Republic of Ted*.

Peter McCarey is the author of *MacDiarmid and the Russians* and collections *Town Shanties*, *The Devil in the Driving Mirror* and *In the Metaforest*. He lives in Geneva.

Antônio Moura's *Rio Silêncio* is published by Lumme Editor. More information is given at www.culturapara.com.br

Donny O'Rourke's lyrics are taken from the forthcoming *Blame Yesterday* (Bonny Day) a book of torch songs and Broadway ballads. The book is produced in collaboration with the artist Merlin James.

seekers of lice is an artist and writer who creates material interventions which find gaps and spaces in which to operate. Works range from interventions in public places, participation in curated projects and exhibitions in galleries, to book publishing and multiples. Recent books include *decimals of feelings* (2008), *quot* (2008) and *quandaries* (2009).

Stefan Tobler is a poet and translator. He is currently completing a PhD that involves the study and translation of poems by Antônio Moura and other contemporary Brazilian poets. More information at www.stefantobler.net

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