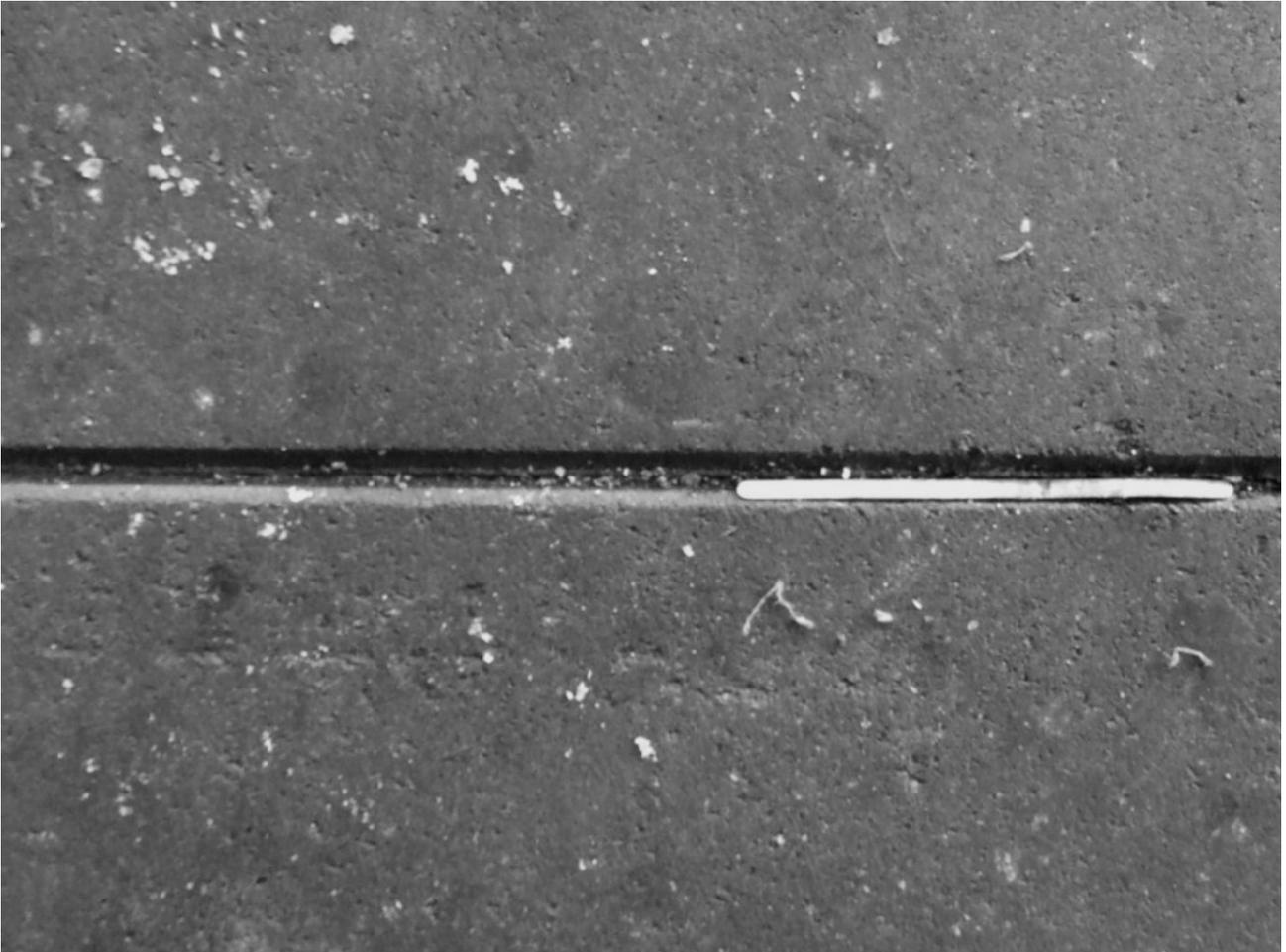


Six found poems

2013-2014



Peter O'Doherty

ambrose

ambrose of sea and sky
you watch as the evening
 casting its shadows
takes this day

ambrose of stone and flame
you are waiting
and on this morning
there is nothing fresh and green
- the air is silent

ambrose of night and wind
you hear us
- near restful waters
and if you should speak
(of a wedding day in '57?)
you will hold, you will give

ambrose of cloud and sleep
you are made of time
- light to them always (no bounds through snow and rain)
and warming the earth below
 (most welcome, thanks be to)
you will go

SOURCE: Ambrose Breslin's Requiem Mass booklet (2013)

once in 1957

once in 1957
(before the symbolism of chemistry)
I wrote
you are the city - glass, metal, wood

I soil my mouth with the incoherent words
 a maze of streets and squares
- suburbs of our language

I am trying to think
and to imagine a language
 sling you into a new phase
of time and place

this proliferation of sound
 avalanche and tidal wave
could take you outside yourself
like time (not some small thing)

then all you say is
I see no possibility of turning
we can go beyond this

we are
 so to speak
searching for sounds
with blurred areas in them
a kind of music that is actually
harmless contradiction
 no practical difference

and a great intensity
in your desire to play
and go where it takes you

SOURCE: *Stockhausen Serves Imperialism*. Cornelius Cardew (1974)

First published in *Found Poetry Review*, Vol. 5, 2013.

I'll write something more about it

for Colin

I'll write something more about it
but for now
I'll be wringing tones and textures
out of a Rothko canvas
in animated sequences that
seem exhilarated and enlivened
random acts
with a great warm heart
size-wise
something that can be held in the hand

you got a little bored on a flight from
San Francisco to Salt Lake City
 (you know Mormons believe life doesn't begin at birth?)
to Philadelphia
 (nor does it end at death)
(why are we putting up with this?
let's face it
we are not free people)
and then this...
trekking in Nepal (travelling friends of Faust)
freezing
a month-long walk (I have serious doubts)
goes up higher & higher
in front of our eyes
an old, old and wonderful friend
- a walk out of Eden

I'm in the clear state now
(watching, listening)
in the open &
I say what I have to
(nothing, silence)
we were speaking about things
and I was hesitating
but this fact about life is
an unusual tuning
- all echo and arrival
a personal memory of the city
an object people are looking for
and for those who are interested
in the sun
 in the night
 in the mask
can you imagine a rough sound like artificial red? (Faust, chew it!)

after only two more days of construction
and a few drinks
you can help build this space
(not very clear
but a good idea)
and some people (French, Italian?)
standing at Gloucester Road Station
say "you've forgotten?"
shout now amigo
and don't forget to leave this lifeless state
(it's nice to be photographed
out of your mind)

SOURCE: My Facebook feed on March 1st 2013.

Asha

for Melanie, Han-earl and Asha

in this one text
that emerges with care
it is unclear whether
all things created by thought correspond to forms
it is, first of all,
language, meaning
- a boundary between expressions
 that both appear in the world

the opposite is *druj* (the opposite of truth)
and should not be considered relevant
it is everything that *druj* is not
or vice versa
and cannot be precisely rendered
by some single word in another tongue

between old phrases
and kinship is likewise the origin of fire
- blazing, golden
and the spark of life
considered to be perfect time
- a river of molten earth
 covering the tongue

asha
- root, instant, game
(probably also translated as
 deep, right, bridge)
embraces all things twice invoked
and it is through her that language grows
in order to speak correctly
and with the same range of meaning as
sun, moon, star

SOURCE: *Wikipedia* entry for "*Asha*".

the consistency of skin

the listener (Swedish I think)

- an unwelcome guest

actually falls somewhere short of form

ironically

like that of an object

under the light cast in a dusty place

or for that matter a moving image

- more complex than skin

what value would this object have?

- a round shape that tapered to a point

(but not in any symbolic way)

the shelf-life of which

has become totally redundant now

- a pseudo-utopian opaqueness

seemingly palpable

and a distant memory for most

compare this to Kafka

(add another layer

place in a black box)

and a need to return again to Belfast

as it seemed to appear and disappear in a greenish hue

fast-forward to the language of sculpture

- a brownish bottleneck containing a nasally compliment

(fits well with the colour)

- a type of sediment

(discoloured, less definable)

- a pearl bulb

(the remaining bluish-grey matter)

this is the only route

external, elongated, perforated

like time marked by a paperweight

SOURCE: Text by Ciarán Ó Dochartaigh, 2013.

and you find yourself

and you find yourself
near the end of it
in this verse of a poem
that never changes
 a dance that stretches into the past

something in you
 a thought, word
 a dance of change
 another face
 (a cloudcastle?)
is over and done

this is what you mean when you say
 again and again and again
it's only a matter of time
and
a little bit more
and
a pebble into a pond
as if you were the sky
looking at the clouds

these things fall away
just as they did before
 sculpted and eroded
(reassess
 proceed)

and near the end of it
you walk down the street
ngé jung! ngé jung!
as free as mercury

SOURCE: *The Tibetan book of Living and Dying*. Sogyal Rinpoche.

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