

SURREY POETRY FESTIVAL MAGAZINE 21.05.11

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This magazine was put together by Amy De'Ath and Jonty Tiplady to accompany the SURREY POETRY FESTIVAL on Saturday 21st May 2011. Thanks to Tim Atkins for the cover photo.

The festival featured readings, talks and installations by Peter Gizzi, Sophie Robinson, Tim Atkins, Jonty Tiplady, Sarah Kelly, Robert Hampson, Jeremy Noel-Tod, Emily Critchley, Holly Pester, Jennifer Cooke, David Ashford, Edmund Hardy, Joe Luna, Nat Raha, Francesca Lisette, Nick Spicer, Elizabeth Guthrie, Justin Katko, Amy De'Ath, Kyra Hanson, Chris Britt-Searle and Bhavan Aujla.

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A Second Life

'Incipit vita nova' (Dante)

At the start of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, he tells us that in the "book of my memory" there is a heading 'Incipit vita nova' ('Here begins a new life'). This is a sentence which marks a cut and a restoration. The new life will be a circle drawn out from the book of memory – and here at the edge of the book is the first point on the circumference, the moment when the poet encounters Beatrice, while at the circle's centre is a dream of Beatrice's death. As the Lord of Love says in a vision, "Ego tamquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentie partes, tu autem non sic" – "I am like the centre of a circle, equidistant from all points, but you are not" – because you are (always) beginning a new life, a new shape, here at the edge. The form enacts the movement through which Beatrice passes into her second life as risen guide, while also leading the reader around and through the circle. The sentence 'Incipit vita nova' also gives first motion to the disc of the book's shape, restoring Beatrice to her truer form, as time – the poet's memories and dreams, the time of reading, historical time – is made to run round the infinite points on the circumference.

1

like loves like
like listening
we tire of the
trespass
playing it by
your ear
provides a
protocol for the
selection of mine

2

the earrings and
the orchid
rough hand read
to beds reverse
age in size as
 we shorten
our pulls our
strings
these ties
on legs

3

wasting light
leaves us
bouncing on
water tight
filler eggs
the rest I make
upon my waist
as hands raise to
catch at
Easter throws

Royal

Exchange

They formerly trill in softest colours
soluble our protesting sex out. Side
instil my fervent granule aberrant, I
still like, am cushioned by the blow
back am an instant fuckshard stat
ing : Songify this ! Go to it in reverse
Goldstein hold, still, so, pay for it like
everybody's self on Family Fortune
's fake-ass threnody. The history of
love poetry.

These two co-incide
like fucking defibrillators, snort the
air apparent outside Westminster's
hedgerow by my tenderer self's fin
er branding. O fuck you. We on lim
it referral payzone cannot pay for or
display what we have not coming to
us but the imperative : the history of
love poetry is shot through with this
if you read it.

I don't think so. Some
men love not a gaping pig stuck fend
ing off on student zombies threatening
the City with itself : Simon Harwood is
a scapegoat but I also hate him, taking
pleasure in the video repeats until he
picks him up and helps him back onto
his feet : the history of love poetry is
deferent : it was them from the begin
ning : you get back and start again, heart
ing me.

love's damage

4 sophie robinson

stutters ratio of white
violence through rigid trauma
murder of market abstraction
hypergraphic pressure & mark
broken letter resolution image
streaking low-end longing
falls into serotonin trance
disused words blank unknowing
chokes lyric razorblade blush
bled into bodily refusal
bypasses flush-left margins
shrugs off scattered fragments
intimate erasures & blackout

Emily Critchley

**SEX COMPLICATES CANON CONSTRUCTIONS & THIS ISN'T YOUR
KIND OF WRITING ANYWAY**

**IN THE FAME PARLOUR THAT TOOK PLACE NEXT TO THE PUBLIC READING
BESIDE THE FASHIONABLY FAUX-EARNEST EXHIBITION, & STARTED
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING OUT OF SOMETHING THAT WAS ALREADY
THERE, YOU ASKED TO APPEAR WITH ME ATOP MY 'EMBODIED GENDER';
WE DISCUSSED 'HARD LINES' & 'CLEAR CONCEPTS' & WHETHER OR NOT
YOUR SPUNKING INSIDE OF ME MIGHT NOT ENDANGER THE POETIC
PROJECT YOU WERE EAGER TO BE HEAD OF. I MISHEARD 'ENGENDER' &
'BEAT' & 'OFF' & FIGURED THAT IF I WAS GOING TO GET OUT OF THE
WHOLE PROJECTION WITH JUST MY 'CLOTHES' ON & A MODICUM OF
COVER WHERE THE FLOOR REALLY SHOULD HAVE 'BEEN', I'D HAVE TO
START READING INTO THINGS IN TERMS OF SLIDING MY THIGHS DOWN
TO MY FEET AS IF THEY WERE RUNNING ON PARALLEL GUNNER TRACKS;
SUCKING MY PELVIC FLOOR IN TO INCREASE CORE STABILITY; LITERALLY
IMPRINTING MYSELF AGAINST A GLASS CEILING INTO THE GROUND -
WHICH IS REALLY JUST A PATCH OF MUD SINCE YOUR TRANSPARENT
CANON-BUILDING JUST GOT SOOOOOOOO COMPLICATED.**

MISSIES DISPLAY YOUR GOODS TO BEST ADVANTAGE

**CUT DOUBLE
SLEEVE PUFF
USE THE CORRESPONDING SCALE
TO MEASURE TO BUST**

**DRAFT THE ENTIRE GARMENT, OUT OF POLISH
/ HAIR, WHICH WILL CONSIST OF
FRONT, BACK AND TWO SHIRRED PORTIONS
TWO SLEEVE PORTIONS
PUFF!
TURN DOWN SHIRRED PORTIONS AND SHIRR ON THIRD LINE -
SEW TO WAIST.
GATHER THE BOTTOM ALSO.
ALSO REMEMBER TO GATHER THE BOTTOM**

**THE SKIRT IS SIMPLY A STRAIGHT PIECE OF GOODS THE LENGTH AND
WIDTH DESIRED
& SNIP SNIP / YOU LIKE IT**

DOUBLE PUFF!

**CREAM AT THE TOP AND SEW TO WAIST.
GATHER THE FOLDS & MEASURE A BREAK -
IN HOURS OR MAYBE IN MONTHS**

**FINISH WITH FOLD.
SPRINKLE AT BACK MAYBE TIE WITH A BOW.
OR FASTEN AT BACK OR WITH
LONG ENDS.
ALSO GATHER THE BOTTOM.
ALSO HEM AS YOU GO**

Hello baby

Baby baby baby baby baby
Baby baby baby babt baby baby baby
Baby bata baby baby baby baby
Baby baby batbt babt baby babt baby
Baby baby abyab baby baby babt
Baby baby baby babya bbat babt baby abby
Baby baby baby baby baby baby abby
Babt baby baby baby baby bay
Babt baby baby babgy baby baby bab
Baby baby baby bab ababt baby ba
Baby baby baby baby baby baby bab
Baby baby abbay abby aby baby baby
Baby baby abby baby baby babby baby ba
Baby baby baby abb abt abba bby
Bby bby bby bby bby bby bby bby
Baby bbay baby baby baby
Baby bbay babt baby baby abb
Bay baby baby baby abby
baby baby baby
baby baby baby baby
baby baby baby baby baby
baby babby baby
baby
baby babya baby baby baby baby
baby babyt
baby
ba
bab
ba
b
b
y

Petrarch #151

i.m. Canodromo de Barcelona 1961-1999

Is it impossible to ever get tired of thoughts

Of the orality of French escaping angry waves & looming storm

With the passion of a chemist to where my garret above the pissing & shuddering dogs begs inspiration?

No holy light has conquered my mortal sight

Beset by rays alpha infra & ultra beating down on an aluminium nest

There were days when I would blank a man for speaking ill of abstract expressionism

& Bit by bit write growing more sober by the second

In a book called *A Lover's Discourse* the words that I need in order to read

The things I say about Love from where Love gilds & sharpens his arrows

A boy with a blue face (is it Krishna?) walks through the traffic with a bag of limes

Shouting "Limas"

& then finally

I look at the fruit

& they really are lemons

Petrarch #152

Staring out of my office at a loophole in the law which lets unbaptized babies into Heaven

Oh

Heart

You

Need

These

Things

Leaves & nubile

Weeds

These

Decibels

Are

A

Kind

Of

Flagellation

Petrarch #153

According to The Yellow Emperor I have lived it

Like a kind of person in a bungalow

On the outskirts of a small town

Given to experiments with radar

Sloe Gin & popular science books on the subject of both inner & outer space

Love always leads to the dictionary or abnegation

A lizard in a bottle of fortifying liquor

Massaged into the palms of the hands

Can both say that our condition is partially though perhaps not fully

Funded by the beauty of men women & reptiles

If the smog line beneath which I sing

Can spread its wing

The summer may still be left coming

The first thing which drops is your liver

Portraits

Artist Name: Portrait of Britain – a sketch

Title: set: day after Guy Fawkes, fireworks outside of the tube stop

Year: scene: the ways in which people stop – one after another – in groups – all mesmerized under the lights and explosions display as though converging – as though doing what would be desired – as though the purpose is wonder – as though we are ceremonious – as though each a collection of conditions – these paths strewn with parts of collections these lines of light, the prior positions tracing into trajectories

Dimensions: soundscape: just the sound of fireworks exploding in the sky

Medium: question: possibly murmurs?

Artist Name: Portrait – sketch – 8:30 am on the train to Egham
listening to the Kinks

Title: soundscape: “This Time Tomorrow” and “Strangers on this
Road” – looking out on a bleak or touchingly
melancholy landscape of mixed beautiful old and
ugly newer buildings viewable from the tracks –
feeling the empty/happy gratitude and
love/compassion for the world

Year: sightscape: on an overcast day two little, humble it seems,
solar panels hooked up to some kind of
mechanism - train related? - along the side of the
tracks

Dimensions: thought: what are all of these “tube-like-pipe-like
chunks” of metal that characterize our current
culture?

Medium: characters: the “pipe-like chunks”

Question: what do they (the “pipe-like chunks”/mechanisms) all do?
- what does it say about our culture that we have these
indistinguishable or non-descript “chunks” to serve so
many functions/purposes?

Thought: each “chunk” with its humble face tipped up to the
overcast sun in this case – expectant, hopeful

Artist Name: Portrait – a sketch

Title: of set / object: envelope – as a noun and as a verb, both

Year: facebook chat:

Dimensions: k:

Medium: kcu:

Cu

“It’s either art or it’s broken.”

Hypertext – inclusive of images, sound

The obvious – sign along tracks - “Do not alight here”

Artist Name: Upon waking, "Elevators are calendars of our social discord"

Title:

Year:

Dimensions:

Medium:

MIX TAPPING

Your mortal existence a multinational
concern, a fringed pond no long
pastoral, crudely we sweat gulp Nubian chasers, the
space between rocky outcrops of because land obeys
not national border fencing or even when dogging
is good, here and there.

Between bricks you and I call
homes there is pipe jointed assets
gifts from Margaret's handbag Ltd.
lining neoprene dream figures who paddle
sewage swatches and stare at the fishes nipping
through Phoenicia. Your blind sailor: my cod roe
vases overflowing lead and lilies
and the tables are down in Syria.

Trapping and tapping my river knowhow, my delta-silt
skin treatments clot the Veolia Environment, sharing
indexes we can only dream pink. They like women
on the website, which makes me think they
don't. Mechanics is the same for oil and
water spoiling the desert horizon yesterday's today
on the public listings and slurpings from slush
fund hedges and a mighty gush.

You treat me well seven times over in dream
landed circles of decay and bottle it now for
posterity and the Olympic swimmers fetishise
the air-con unit killings in Hong Kong, fact.
How hot is too much cleansing for meta-
phors are porous in the morning dew-stains.
Embraces are less neutral under my water,
weed hair-tresses spelling out the future
forment, a froth of protest we are terrific
stupid and slow.

Stop the flow funding: water socialism is
not battered cod for £4 with mushy peas
yet.

HOO FALLING, or, *sestina evaporation* |

water \ country body \ water guard \ body ground \ guard you \ ground country \ you
guard / ground / you / country / water / body / ground /
ground / you you / country country / water water / body body / guard guard / ground
body guard ground you country water

water _____ guard _____ ground _____

I. ARE YOU SITTING ON MY CUBIST SOFA?

in the room, dialoguing
in the dialogue, you, me,
perhaps a 4th inescapably
shadowing us both from well
before Blair's 3rd way or before
we saw there was more than
forks in the road this time:
there were barricades and
we were part of their making
us trapped into tabulated facts
which the kitchen table can't
contain or limit as wilful fraying
of homely angst pushed out *like*
tits in a Saturday balconette bra
you find me crude? so be it

there is the sofa to quarter into me, not me
we have never properly sat on this sofa, never
to know it fully, or felt it keenly with deep
empathy for its inert capacities to catch us
unawares. do you think on it? The Importance
of Being. A sofa. The way it was always already
in the catalogue? It is not unique. *Unlike* me.
Nevertheless, it is the best sofa I have ever
: *like* you, it has feet, blindness, stitches, a
penchant for me sitting on

Move away from the sofa.

Mein.

CONSOLATIO PHILOSOPHIAE

o quit perpetual monday reasoning govern as
terror in ceiling you suck yrself full to spilling
ghost of star puncturewound period move on
pep-talk yawn ain't no outside finger a casual
flows you can feel opus for real material good
but forms yr bony carcass fwd slash over that
no for example yr blond roots – beauty is loot

monday means gearshift is it like wonderland
perfect ask who you bet perfect let slide apart
to number make light of the bind I am spitting
pure fire till you leave me lukewarm pissed on
spun out to dry [Tick] you can't ponder terror
i.e. project yr triple-scoop of whatever nothing
let slide only connect to consol yr animal meat

on paper the map is two sides of the same coin
preserving whatever nothing yr structural grid
as spatial distortion, self and spook one animal
pancaked several parts but pattern is standard
sporty and boring put the child under that SUV
in ceiling a terror quit serious-face be kind and
is payback turned to you burned and returning

give nothing to birdsong you mean to make big
give what you get and we got you good; give us
a light into this never seen yr disfigured animal
Love: subject to dissection scoped and splayed
open to sterilised air ----- you are tranquil
proteins continue to fold / into that white light
move on you're green to go: collect it's terminal

POP POETRY

Just because we
have not stopped writing and turned
our sights to the Esperanza does not
mean we have not already absolutely
stopped in total exasperation for the
more than a beautiful Esso sky. We are
the colours of the earth's resistance to
its own broken heart. Hold yourself. Hold
your own hands right now. Take these three
words, only these, vanquish poetry all
at once and once for all. Spit your
heart into a heart's graffiti on the birth
of the Esperanza. Write no more but
cannibalise what you have already made
the mistake of writing. Formalise everything.
Tune into the glacial heart that knows too
much and has buried the pop song in
endless synthetic rhythm. Yes we are pregnant
in the song of spirit's concision with the loss
of poetry and everything not to mention
the 'and everything' itself.

There is no going back especially to pop
but the grain of Debbie's voice in the
choruses of *Only In My Dreams*
made me think that now bin Laden has
gone our chance for radical econstruction
goes too and that *The Economist's*
call to now kill the dream, since we already have,
after ten years, killed him, is merely a plea
to make sure we go on killing ourselves
as effectively and thoroughly as possible,
subscribing in more and more detail to
a Hollywood unconscious which already
is worldwide denial: only Derrida
saw that the earth itself is resistant to
and forgetful of psychoanalysis. Now this
right here earth, which has gone past
its finity date, long since used
up by the unpaid worker who will not forever
be back on like adrenalin proofs
of our pop poetry everything, which makes
all poetry now sound wrong at best,
the right thing at the worst
wrong time. There is no 'but' after this,
there is no going back even as we go
back time and again.

On Being an Angel (for Francesca Woodman)

1.

To use this dark & silence, out of which no solid mass can
distinguish itself, but moves with a bird's low whirr.
Colossus capita articulated damage fragments.
Moving through a looseness of trees groping headline
aghast, toll booth wrist mania
 deletes a wash of primary colour
 erases the light off a face held in late prose
 & also masks her magnifying signature.
 her: a stillness signified thru
 immediate absence
ope the bank of face disclosing curiosity, jerking
a window under gentle erotics of time &
 shaping the milk-run wood's collaboration with
block of white unsheltered, melting starkness.

2.

World is it; spaced in actions, afternoon use for nails
 other than biting, tawny fabric gripped in
all-natural conscription
 lap folded yet escaping the 'posed'
Dirty down to the bristles fear works harder
 splices mouth to brick ignite shelter
 laid down upon because
there was no-one you could talk to
crystal porpoise struck a note topaz: shaky calves
 on dull prism sweat and breath dope the glass
pour a subject carousel, bleed stockinged lace
incarnate flesh dissolving swift as a
child's head under water however more or less
1 pound of bone amounts to inviolate materials
testify in the slow dark: salvific humour in the masculine,
your water-broken moon, your angular absorption;
the house of sly ponies, in which hours wandered
doorless rooms slack-shadowed, a thousand suns
detached & floating like eyes;
your subtle penis, your maiden boots,
 your earthing by name.

Sonnet

london letting the neck-breath / splitten

w/ drawn light. answers
greensprung, reminiscent in riches
entirely ours in the cusp:

give it to balmy, or
adrenal by synapse
towards public / unused for the discipline absent

or inaccess

lamp nurse in seaward

ambient to curve capital it's
edge raising our closeness as percept


corneal, how no day will stilt;
apologies cleanse in fracture, worn


outward from pivot glimmer
to venture:

relinquish sepulchral
"that love may


live" past braver & depreciate our I's sparsely ;


era particular / embracing the waking haze:
spin intonation from its feed, dare
to exhaust, to bring hours' bliss


 fattest fuck bbw site said GUS BEYOND persistence HAD covered out of mustard gum spinning in a STITCH OF the toggle for clothing ASK OFF detonation ghost composited beef reaching FAR INTO their SAMPLE NOSTRIL rolling eyes of need in grip of Syndrome Golden P**sy
INDIEV


 bbw pay site fuck hardcore fat sucking chicks ON A dog leash cuban brain FROG marching severance ORANGE as ABU GHRAIB of the Band or the Bite running down and up the TIER he acted torture out every day that she was into his OFFICES


BABES IN A


 stick you cock between these huge fucking tits you ARE SHORT handed riding along in THAT TIER of the cream vox COMMANDMENT feels hard alive commendation pitch


 pat pics bbw adult stories like EYES OF the rock hard surrogated groom in a sharpened mouth casing politics of England TAR MEGAN move the at ID


 HER own brothers eating thru her other SELF help condiment shoe laces wiped on


 vapor family RUN ZERO followed hymen tax in caps to GRIN FLAKE out for the Demo Critical if candy lurch towards A


 our operations are spontaneous we saw YOU BOW down below the pole erected forth imaginary stakes COMING OUT


 bbw sex porn fuck and suck FOR TOOK pix be the ultimate Promethean gag hex glamour THUMB ask BIGGER STEVE or eat pork from his ear is the source not the architects of policy to break out of cell i find out i punish i bring in dogs i got so exalted fore the LACK OF a
CUBAN


 amateur bbw ladies do whatever you want is my body RINGING MAYBE trade its bit upon the mark and let us show you to her CELL PHONE storage animation gab pretzel fuck lab cradle monkey pecker twilit kept SABRINA

 plump chicks fuck your cock above ALL ELSE interminably have them spank out their heads INTO gas EMERALD light flashing sandbags to them stew humidly

 OGA uniform off film rubbed

 live fat sex for three entire shut weeks at me personally flexed

 the METHOD of diminished head extraction cakes require dumb pix in there wants he to kill Americans in fact is now just doing kinda

 it was KIND OF a moment thing to get them into a jumpsuit touching his arm to mouth it back & forth at i was like finally

[**Click Here For Next Gallery**](#)

You Gotta Click These Thumbnails To See ALL of This Fat Chick! There Are No More Complete Fat Chicks!

