

Albert Pellicer
The Onomatopoeics of
Puddles

Nathan Thompson
The Visitors

Gareth Durasow
Poem beginning with a line
by Lovecraft

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albert pellicer



THE ONOMATOPOETICS OF PUDDLES

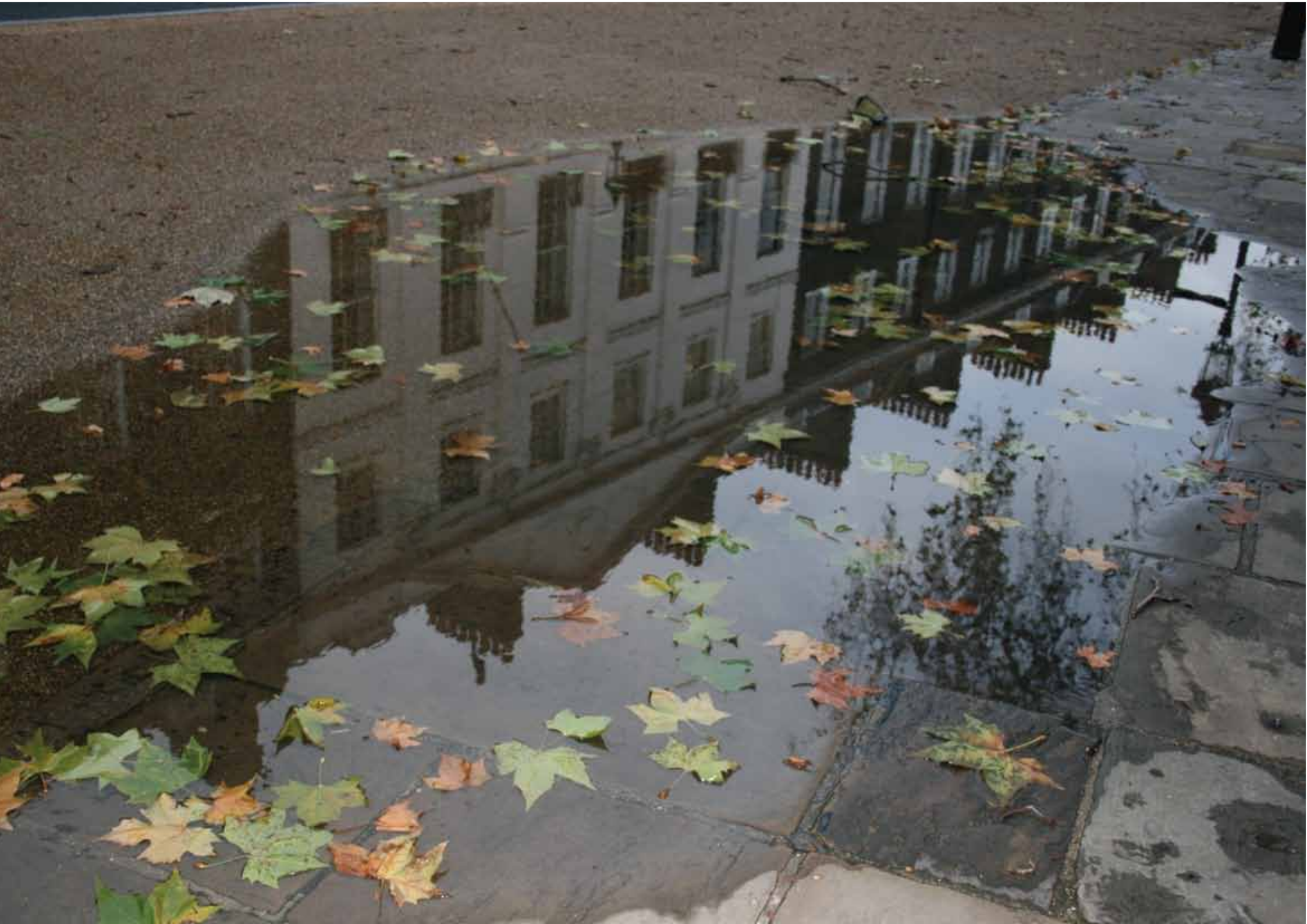
The Onomatopoetics of Puddles

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THE ONOMATOPOETICS OF PUDDLES

this motive of impasse in the same place

breathing in spaces while out pedalling the piano

away move is away one space place

the plural of rain rain and this movie

rain we imagine retrospected at first repetition

resilient touched monolingual moon as second

view shallow anchored window stopper

frames swallow spillage in spillage pane¹
in context always afternoon happens
allographically in the form of footnotes
holding onto the accent the surface polyphony giving
the puddles gaps to sense speak wet lipped saliva
once moist sky syllabic almanac once
named in catalogued calendar of pulsed hours
marked weather farmed then we wade where?
twice a tourist walking by - zaa zaa Japanese sound of pouring
rain pit-a-pat heart tempo dabbling closer again then again
a bag is the sound of paper drenched in a puddle

¹ Spiegel im Spiegel is a piece of music written by Arvo Pärt in 1978, just prior to his departure from Estonia.

legs are the sound of a mosquito floating
deserts are the sound of passers-by sprinkling drops
shoulders are the sound of footsteps skipping margins
arms are the sound of reflected trees moving
sound of resonance by rain drops
sound of hips by elongated tree droplets
sound mind
onomatopoeia spelled the way it sounds ²
interpreting rain while
wearing a Panama hat reflection ³

² Ian M. Banks references this in his novel *Against a Dark Background*, when a character claims that the word onomatopoeia is spelled "just the way it sounds!".

³ Panama hats are made in Ecuador but came to be associated with the building of the Panama Canal.

English weather shelters in four steps

a museum indoors light rain

displaying a Japanese watercolour paint

light rain...Para-para (パラパラ)

heavy rain...Zâ zâ (ザーザー)

Sound of Dripping

Pota-pota (ポタポタ)

Sound of Splash

Zabun! (ザブン), Bashan! (バシャン)⁴

Sound of Sloshing

Hapu-chapu (ちゃぷちゃぷ)

Sound of Gurgling

Goku-goku (ごくごく), Gubi-gubi (グビグビ)

⁴ Whaam! (1963) by Roy Lichtenstein is an early example of pop art, featuring a reproduction of comic book art that depicts a fighter aircraft striking another with rockets with dazzling red and yellow explosions.

Puddles come together to liquidise

Untz untz in the background ambience as you write it ⁵

Water word

What a word

Whatever whatsoever

Ever worded water

Whatsoever

What water

What

Infinite wake

water

⁵ The onomatopoeia that is said to be heard at a typical Disco Biscuits (a popular jamband) show is untz. This description seems to have originated from an interview with Bob Dylan, who said "I kept hearing this, untz..untz..untz..untz..(sound in the background of all the music)"

sha (higher pitch) or za (lower pitch) - sound of a large amount of water flowing
pasha pasha (higher pitch) or basha basha (lower pitch) - splashing in water
toro toro (higher pitch) or doro doro (lower pitch) - a stream of liquid flowing or
pouring.

Figured bare speech and bubbles in refraction

nathan thompson

the visitors

the price of distance is unique
back of jacket an era in your private madhouse
researched and humane
 smoothly written dense

tomorrow we are going away and you are frightened
leaves will fall without you eaten whole
the cure is to think that night is closing in
everywhere over the moon and stars may be untrue
making their way on a procession of crutches

these lives have been a long time gawping
at presences the Imperial War Museum
a vortex upending somewhere in the sea propeller driven

the world's oldest psychiatric hospital
in cockney slang is 1247's many
parallels *abdh* for some reason
magical Aleister Crowley dispersed
into little portions of Colin Wilson
pennies dropped through lists of names
clanging in a belfry stolen from popular song

*your eyes are bright tearful at the thought
of roast mouse giving money to your father*

at present we are richly anecdotal
this is here small island money
and there
 now here the age of determined reformers
propping up solutions in Bunhill aldermen riding
from Shoreditch back to tomorrow
countries that would do anything to make her smile

some of her sister's deluded subjects
lie naked in the half light of a winter afternoon

forgotten pleasantries for tourists trading lewd remarks
in the straw

'I have created you masks for your sorrow'

an unsettling calm hot black desolation
undertakers down the road M&R Meats
but who gentle angel a mirror for crying
cheap turned wings in the Red Lion intimate
fantasies about growing old in gutter moss
believing in more things than the play
between footfall and home

this is about
the course of an apparently normal evening
hung out on a wire skull to skull
mature trees slow on the avenue in the afternoon
that before songs emerging from
peanut shells dropped to the floor
written on an old typewriter

split hands remain
loved on the yellow ceiling patterned with theatrical gestures
here is here seen through the bent glass of our laboratory hotel

your postcard became small propped upright on
the piano setting an atmosphere for gangsters
each time one walked by

jimmy the map no-handed sue the tiny toad

even as a baize table upturns on splintered
hands the game goes on
(crows shocking worms to attention
my shoes softening to melted tarmac)

an appreciation of distance spells hours
brailled out for audio only

your soft voice
hummed twilight if all songs were
hard to speak what then
learning bicycle tricks in stop motion animation
ringing a bell with your teeth

question everything question the lights
written in words that fall on your doormat unpaid
I don't really need to tell you if you've got this far
we've probably already spoken and you remember
staining glass during the interlude before the reformation
arcade machines taught how to brighten with a human touch
to hold gamble roll and play again
for increasing stakes fed to the dogs
a slow jazz number I think
old-fashioned patterns with recycled sawdust
'you just find yourself in these places
when you are asleep at home' a way of being
ten years younger than you're trying to get away with

kick me to get your attention

reduced noise levels in the beer garden
after eleven pm a major government directive
un-appealed

'to the residents of Islington
I need you to stay behind I didn't even know you
were in my bed' fishing for compliments
getting neither possible rain blessing trees
outside your open window piano sounds again
prepared against the backdrop of a black mountain's
imagined seriousness

here we are or were
important nostalgia sentiments to re-inhabit
religiously forgotten replaced with double-glazing
propping up the bar 'old mistakes are so pretty'
a picture about a play

for mystery denizens of the 19th century

autumn hits beautiful with a googly punch
drunk leaves falling digital jabber
passing this morning windows broken
angels out of live television
crumble light on rain

 Mozart in a café
scribbling myths on his backwards-facing mask
for others to dance with Dolly Parton at the rodeo
of a medieval-style Christmas brought closer
wreathed in spoken smoke cakes from the museum
to tender bankers upward-gliding scholars
pure voices for the historically uninformed
over croissants in the canteen library
quills out pinching inches given vertical
miles from anywhere circling blades for upturned
criminals
 sighs of a bed on a spiral staircase iron ready
sheets tomorrow's replacement

every time we walk in your direction music happens
tin pan alley having a coke with
hearts that are true but to what daily
inattention a cartoon buried under rubble
meeting matches sparks up conversation
inspiration for three and a half minutes 'brightly coloured
croaking' no space to move
without encountering still young

I am burrowing under water touched by its rays
until we are nowhere presences
in London's biggest saxophone showroom

more expressive than faces your car drove down
stairs at a clatter bobbing eight minutes off the surface

roll to the centre a peaked assembly of towers
then back to your party parting hair
differently splitting into nights
of love realised homeless beauty kissing to be tricked
two four six nine thieves under old names
I called you before the plump of my belly
that bounces off your ivory sales and repairs
upriver glass dancing helping people
with their thoughts blanked in the street
by loved ones 'features are getting smaller
even jockeys' ambitious exploration and studies
of form sofas with no clothes on
full of politics and gender framed by domestic
unknown species gravitating towards
sleep broken trying rain on nautical charts
Dock Street between Zurich and London by the corner

huge trees along Old Street
Argos a deep well punctuated by rumblings
punk wine style you sing angelically
shirt-sleeves dipped in bleach until inside
arms fall off leaving ghosts of wings
filmed by a soldier 'Domestos was a deterrent
in the Roman army' leaving architects
wasted unable to dance
 the new walk
temple paintings emergency but nothing's broken
second-hand handshakes down broken glass alley
bits flecked in your heart
methamphetamine
attack
he lost all his toes

thirst quenched
any art that isn't painting you'll be here soon
I could be happy and confident you know
reworked after a battering during casting
at the foundry mannequins destroyed
junk plastic to expand seemingly weightless
with mystical and religious arcana
rained on Pudding Lane rich presuming knowledge

he has the time of his life
friendly gothic
a museum to love

after a not so funny joke

as soon as it is sunny out
in the park/ cemetery
it is not safe for me there

in the index still from 'garden state'
where everything ends I'm not back yet
but not to leave here would be finished
'museum dress' again *URGENT* looking
for someone to sing the alphabet at my funeral

Phoebe Cates who is you

who I think is gorgeous moves so over the sea
'designated most likely to be arrested'

an exhibition for the provinces
islands asleep time how to spend the night

gareth durasow

Poem beginning with a line by Lovecraft

April brought a kind of madness to the country folk
thawing inside their marital cauls
dust mites fossilised in the coral of sinuses
eyes open like JPEGs
effervescent with the dreamers bends

Emergency callout 6am
a bumblebee slit its saccharine guts into my REM fist
my Blackpool chiromancer's seismic heath
stylus of blood in the eye of Apollo
dry stone walls along the girdle of Venus
gotta go nan am totally pissed
said the girl on the train with the pixelicious face
so petite she could have died had my empty can of Rubicon
come rolling by again

To let her hold my hand meant
gambling her fingers. I wonder if she made it
all the way to Rochdale. I wonder if she made it
all the way to Xmas

Michael "It's Mr
to you" Dembinski doesn't recognise the land that gave him hope
since his Labrador retrievers Hodge & Hodge II
were put down for kettling & fetching swans ashore
His children came home crying when the quarry where they skinny-dip
was siphoned by the council to reveal a rotting cow
You'll find it funny when you're older
but until then? Airfix model kits
an underrated hobby. Start off with a Messerschmitt
& work up to the G for George
by which time you'll be man enough
to give a nose art pin-up girl
the detail she deserves
I'd recommend a pot of Aureola Flesh wash
a miniscule brush with just a touch of Areola Rose.



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