

Hearing is Itself Suddenly a Kind of Singing

SIMON PERRIL was born in Ilford, Essex, on March 8th 1968. He gained a degree from Anglia Polytechnic University, an MA from Leeds University, and a PhD from Cambridge University. Since 1995 he has been a full time lecturer in the English department at University College Northampton. He lives in Milton with Gabrielle and their two children Erin and Holly. Previous publications include the chapbooks *Spirit Level* (1996) and *Volume* (1998). *Hearing is Itself Suddenly a Kind of Singing* is a collection of almost completely unpublished material that completes a cycle of works that began with *Drawing Attention*, published in *New Tonal Language: Reality Street 4 pack 3* (1999). He has also written widely on contemporary poetry, and edited *Tending The Vortex: The Works of Brian Catling* (2001).

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CAMBRIDGE

PUBLISHED BY SALT PUBLISHING
PO Box 937, Great Wilbraham, Cambridge PDO CB1 5JX United Kingdom
PO Box 202, Applecross, Western Australia 6153

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First published 2004

Printed and bound in the United Kingdom by Lightning Source

Typeset in Swift 9.5 / 13

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ISBN 1 84471 010 6 paperback

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*Always for Gabrielle,
and now for Erin and Holly too*

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Acknowledgements

These books, printed here mostly chronologically, were written between 1996 and 2002. 'words inconclusion' is written through the conclusion to Walter Pater's *The Renaissance*. Some of the poems have appeared in *Jacket Magazine*, *The Gig*, *April Eye*. Folio (Salt) originally published *Volume* as a chapbook. Grateful thanks to the publishers of all of these, and to Lucy Sheerman, Karlien Van den Beukel and Rod Mengham for wanting to publish parts of this book at various times. Warmest thanks to Nicole Pohl for friendship and courage transplant, and always to Michael Ayres for constant support, friendship and music therapy. Finally, thanks to my family for the ground under my feet.

An Address Book

i was cut out for this

as an unpublished article of faith
filed in the mnemonic museum

each curates a call for all
time lodged lengthways

laughing like a good sound
wrapped around the ears

exhibiting an emblem
of a hardly held idea

you figure it out
of all available proportions

and throw away the rest
knowing the score

is printed on the finest tracing paper
the skin of music

like that that accumulates on milk
become skein wildly knit

the renovated prow of this relation
shipped to sunnier climes

a port of call
where all that is needed

is a dress

A Manifest O

1.

hot-wire the handle on things
wearing occasion like a glove one size fits
in lyric-proof vestments
roaming the robes and registers for a birth
or at least a marriage

wishing to be an interpretive example of oneself
is tough on the type
and in the wake of the hologram
one wonders, wanders in duplicate
strumming Villon's ribcage for a new chord

pilfering Debbie's diadem scam
to cap it all
with capital gains in tact
pursue right through the bitten end
and spit out the pith

2.

spat straight from the horse's mouth
trailing new geographies of sound
like a caul
gift-wrapping the present daze
marinated in a lyrical glaze

to turn all saucy
in the succulent truculence
of a möbius striptease
blowing huskily at your shell-like
a windfall sweetly taxed

3.

ladies and gentlemen
rumours of my surmise
have been greatly exaggerated

new forms of amplification
fed back through
the joys of unauthorised traffic

riddled through the note playing
the instrument like a dialling tone
giving you

a good talking to

exercise in visibility

1.

for some time to come
it was necessary
to breathe
in the rest of it

still here
after all these ears
will come what sound ?

about the wishes
needs be no attack
the reed revs the air column

and this execution we call music

2.

hither come your zithering
bones dithering out of sorts
sound-bitten and twice shy

coy as carp
-ing words form a crust
on the new day

picture yourself
framed and gilt-edged
uneasily hung

over a barrel of laughs
to dry
in the breath of trees