

Selected Poems

GERALDINE MONK was born in Blackburn, Lancashire in 1952. Via a variety of routes and circumstances she came to Sheffield, South Yorkshire in 1984. She has lived there ever since.

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GERALDINE MONK



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For my darling Alan

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Acknowledgments

The longer sequences of poems collected here are reprinted in their original forms with the exception of *Herein Lie Tales of Two Inner Cities* which has been radically reworked and edited.

Long Wake. Writers Forum/Pirate Press, 1979.

Rotations. Siren Press, 1979.

La Quinta del Sordo. Writers Forum, 1980.

Banquet. Siren Press, 1980.

Angles/Diversions/Corners (Tiger Lilies). Rivelin Press, 1982.

Animal Crackers. Writers Forum, 1984.

Sky Scrapers. Galloping Dog Press, 1986.

Herein Lie Tales of Two Inner Cities. Writers Forum, 1988.

Latitudes (from Quaquaversals). Writer Forum, 1990.

Interregnum. Creation Books, 1994.

Trilogy. Gargoyle Editions, 2000.

Manufactured Moon and The Transparent Ones (from Noctivagations).

West House Books, 2001.

Insubstantial Thoughts. West House Books & The Paper, 2002 .

Absent Friends. Gargoyle Editions, 2002.

A shorter selection including some of these poems was published by North & South in 1992 under the title *The Sway of Precious Demons*.

Also a big thank you to all the magazines and anthologies who have published my work over years.

Long Wake

Dream One *** Missiles

Here stands my / Father and / I on thesea / shore /
watching thou / sands of / silver / fish uniform /
precision / polaris / missiles leaping / bring / ing
storm / cloudcreep / ing horizon / solitary /
Sea vanishes. . . . arrival. . . . army. . . . plastic bags. . . .
stranded fish. . . . camouflaged foliage. . . . no. . . . sense of. . . .
occasion. . . . creeping. . . . taking them away. . . . stranded fish. . . .
in plastic bags. . . .

Dream Two *** Corridor

Squares black white
black white surroun
D unrelen T jumped
and rolled through
eyes pulsate flicke
red grew isotropic
desolation not tech
nicoloured carnival
black white T.V.O.K.
no two three one fa
ncy dress not givin
g prizes for elepha
feet slap and echoe
s tunnel wet sounds
plash ALONE drips i
n front who behind
find no go or one t
wo tidy shadowy orn
eat figure ALONE co
ncrete in this whit
e black and
corridor

Stump Cross – *The Long Wait*

Stone Ruck a place tired pinnacle?

Tired People a person my grandmother?

I was six perhaps seven
She was bone china eggshell
lying amongst candles and flowers
She was wild cold bryonies
I smiled
She was only beautiful

Worm Sike Rigg a place for dead?

The Dead a person my grandmother?

Nakahu-kahu go to sleep

Nakahu-kahu go to sleep

Return of Dream One***Pendulum

The fish are / dead / lying open / mouthed / I / walk
village / streetdown / towards / deathwake / cure I /
have / biscuits soaked in lemon / juicesky sea / at
mostphere lem / onjuice / the fish / willwake / willmake /
lively as Scaling / Dam in Spring /
Above. . . . lemon. . . . skyjuice. . . . swings. . . . silently. . . .
suspended. . . . a pendulum. . . . the time. . . . struggles. . . .
it is. . . . I think. . . .

Return of Dream Two***Corridor

Emerging me and little
seconds turned monster
s of time and consequ
n cellophane wrapped a
packed scream of **d e l**
i g h t my sugar da ng
erous need you insulin
poly und satur-day spo
rt with grand standard
have you jig-a-jig-jog
ing your carbon monoxi
de dead beat feet back
down the black and whi
te white black and
corridor

The Three Tremblers – *The Coming of the Dawn*

Spirits submerged form frantic quivers

Are you three hills

three days without moon

three opposite faces expertly contrived

Have you upturned relics and grey matter centres

projecting waves

of broad sounds moving sea snakes

Do vibrating liquids flood Miley Pike or Bloody Beck when you
wake?

Perhaps three hours before dawn or

the one before

the one tween

the one hind or after the threatening sun

When we pass you today

will we tremble

will our backchat curdle

Return of Dream One***Protrusion

Aroom immense / amidstsummer / mourning / the passing /
equilibrium / aroom that / containsacertain / encroachment /
seaswelliN/Sidious / rise and / rise and / noebbflow /
rise and / further no / abatement /
Aroom minute. . . . abed. . . . roomdream. . . . disturbed. . . .
walls. . . . cave . . . crack . . . protrusion . . . appears . . .
hideous . . . haggaback. . . . fatlipped. . . . Leviathan. . . .

Return of Dream Two***Corridor

Claustrophobic silos
of compressed homo s
ap down you running
concrete blood small
mono mole holes an i
sotropic nightmare o
f probabilities no F
issile gag no laugh
your breaking pressu
re point snapping cr
ackled and split us
spitting white and black
and
corridor

Lyke Wake – *The Coming of the Snow*

Upon the night	Bury my heart	Upon the night
	settling like	
	a death moth	
	white knots	drift
and fleet		and candle light
	on	
	Fire Tower	
	If ever thou	meat or drink
	fire or shrink	meat or drink
	If ever not known	
	fire or bone	meet the Brig o' Dread
Ice is breaking		t a b e g i l o k
Ice is breaking		t a b e g i l o k
Hey-ye hey-ye		hey-ye hey-ye
Clasp my hand and part		nape-mayuza
	Bury my heart	
phosphorus		snow ghost
	passing strangely now	
	feline shivers of	
	violet and blue ignite	
	caress this mute	
		albino.

