

## Folklore

Tim Atkins is the author of *Folklore 1–25*, *To Repel Ghosts*, *25 Sonnets*, and *Horace*. Senior Lecturer in Creative Writing at UEL, editor of the online poetry magazine *onedit*, and translator of Petrarch, Horace, and Buddhist texts, he is a Buddhist, husband, poet, and father. He is a happy man.



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TIM ATKINS



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*to Koto & Chiaki Atkins*  
*All love all*



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Folklore is for them.



# Folklore

One sommers when the soft sonne  
Dressed in a shepherds shroud  
Went wide in the world for wonders to hear

But on a May morning upon the Malvern Hills  
Fell into a vision

*The Vision Of Piers Ploughman*

I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of  
a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. I used to watch them every  
afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe.

— BYRON



1.

Man walks in to sky. Crows, a muttering, didicoy.

Lays his feet in the rain. Tar paper peeling & waters form. His piss blades. The bramble hedge. Crawls through doors. Feathers fall over. His black suit. Lies inside. His dark song.

In his heart he. Lifts the car off the farmer and ran. Tossed his bike in the hedge & wrestles a man down. Ate the flowers with his bare hands.

Rain & rain from the west and the clouds in the shape.

Where you from boy? He says he comes. Says he comes from the borders, boy. He says he comes from Eardisley. Where you from, boy? Where you from?

2.

Breathes in the dry light & dries him. Aspires towards dark.

All the quick animals. The angry the secretive ones.

What are their names? What are their marks?

3.

When he stood up he knocked him back down and the cold.

All night in the lane in the hedgerow lays. Drinking.

His breath it comes out of the man like in sheets, like. Water frozen inside the boots. Sees starlings take sustenance from the earth and circle. Black things come. Before the eyes. Walked for days.

They cuts the small tree and they lay it down. In a line. Like a cut to the neck, half across. So the thing lives and clean. So it flowers. Birds inside too sometimes men. Found a man inside once sleeping. With snow on.

Feels the poplar with his teeth, and the birch. Makes its paper sweet. Where the tongue &. Black branches drip. Water percolates in. Singing. The clear night is in. Stars burn. & waters burn. Watches the light behind the eyes.

Comes into us. Sleep. The Animals sleep. Sucking it down through a straw. The animals sleep. Dies. Every time.

Makes a hedgerow, thus.

4.

Steals between the honeycomb wire and breaks their necks  
every one. Sees the cold dawn sees it coming up over Bredon's  
cold hill. Halfway up the nostrils and into fox lungs. Climbs it  
up and leaves a red stain on the hill side there.

Goes over the fields. Goes over the fields. Like,

5.

Opens the door and the catch pops. Then reaches in for the key. The left hand reaching in. Told me the thumbnail was broken by a bailing machine we seen in a museum—that nobody knows.

Reaches in for the key and finds the key. Feels the cold brass on the fingers ball. The brass shaft and flat teeth of course. In the shape of a crown. Holds the key out and down. Finds the hole in the face in the dark and its ticking tick. Puts it in.

6.

In the pond skimmers' waters. They go down. Comes round the wrists then the cold eats you there, like the truth she said, Consumes you. Spring waiting. Summer rolls off the water and it comes it comes. Into the fields. Made only for eyes. In the eddies of water where. The gaps between atoms.

Unfolded my sex there, with questions. Beneath this tree.

Thunderflies line the shelf. Like black indians.

When we shoot. The birds fall.

My secrets are.

7.

Life is boundless. Sun.

Was in this barn where. Where the night. Where the night lifts itself up & becomes a sad thing that walks walks like Jesus. Like Jesus in the fields. He places his hand on the machine and the night &. Is not wanted there. Night will be filled now without him.

This machine.

Inside night's clover. Beauty is. (But) it comes there.

Swifts circle the owl's house. But the owl is. Let down. If you break open her pellets, she reveals. Fieldmice, shrews. Voles even are buried there. In her eyes.

So we walk and the dirt road ends there. Suddenly. Why she stops and she cries.

Beneath the purple eaves. Light escapes through the cracks. To be lost there. Night lifts itself up and covers us until there is no air.

Where we were climbed there and her skin was all off & the flowers inside. Breathed in what & out silver. Pollen. Hay-seed. Smear the dust in our lungs. Paints it all in. Before there was no air there. Inside.

The moon is so empty now. We have left us with nowhere to go. Kissing is.

For good health wear bird's bones. In your clothes.

When you see a falling star, say—

8.

She woke early & feed the child. Warmed her hands over the ring and light up. Looks out the window at the gorse and small buildings. Peed and feels its heat rise then back. To the kitchen heels. Feed the child, Chiron the Healer. Virgo's, no, Sagittarius's sign.

Lived in a cave and could not die. Had the power to heal others & knew salves and herbal lore. Administered to all who sought but could not heal himself. Finally died to allow Prometheus entry into heaven.

She feed the child, plastic bottle on the plastic table. Robins fight off & their territory. Sparrows. These warring birds.

Must be lying a couple of hours there and before. Train miles up the track. How we lay pennies on the rail to stretch them see. So she must be. The paper says.

Venus with Pluto and so. Hair blowing back down the tracks. Walking into our face. Because of the planets the paper. She blows into her hands to keep them warm, this morning, to keep them warm.

The birds in the tunnel. Forget. Fly straight in and not come back out again. Black birds, brown birds, red ones. Sleep in the roofs and eat smoke. From the old trains from Ledbury. Where the queen. In a bath chair.

Only I remember her. This day. To allow Prometheus to allow. Because of Pluto of Venus. The day she died in. Who? Who? What?

9.

Exits without darkness, without light.

When the horse chestnuts blossom in May. The clock comes to measure it by. Songs. Under gates. Walking uphill at an angle. Were fatherless & so. Disappointment's cars.

Bullets drift. Down from an open window. Hanging out. Burning sheets then crying all night. Entered her body. & came out the other side. This cry. Puddles of moisture around her arms. Salt. The memory of. Petals on the shelf. Beneath the sealed up window. Light falling from the tower. "It was."

A passage through glass, through a season. "Look at this little earth." When the body drifts it flies. Flies to the mountain & it. It ascends the path of the stars. It ascends this path of stars called the

Via Latica. (Called) the Milky Way. When the body. When the body dies it is. Gone in June. It is so cold there is even

Cold in the dog.

Gone in June.

10.

Petals fall off the blossom then. What mark to make? Of beauty? Petals drop from the blossom and bloods come.

It wakes up in the night and does not—Remember her name.

“Tell me.” “Tell me your name.” “Brown.”

All the creatures of the air cannot take this away. Climbs up the cancer tree. Then builds to a flame.

Loves the water but fears it. Without dreams. Sings full.

Salmon in the river, uncaught.

I (that) remember the teeth of your hair, sometimes.

11.

The organs. Light falls. From the Comet Kohoetek. From

Malvern. Stares into. The night sky.

Pylons.

Plates of rain.

12.

Marches. Dreams, vague shapes. Bubbles caught under. The first flowers after. This long winter. With no sun on. Either parents or children. Stirs. In the dawn. All the breath it falls out. In the hedge. Of the body. & lies green on the floor.

Draws the knees to the chest. Grey spider. How could so much heat? Do the eyes go out first? Or the light?

Spring waits in. The cold ear. Catches the bird.

13.

Already the eyes. Cannot distinguish between adjectives. Anger requires cranes. Too much eyesight. Looks like stars.

Stares between rooms. Letters in the breath. Large & blur. Towards books.

No object can express its independence. In the lanes between Castlemoreton and Druggers End.

Set out on a journey.

Like a noise in the ear.