

THE NEW WORLD

Memetics are mute phylogenies and smarting.
What is a hand for but to be held? It is raining

in Georgia it is raining all over the world
applause rattles from the pilot's beak in choppy

breves & *savoir faire* lost somewhere between here
and home where the heart is whatever. The light

is hard in departures & tightness of the chest harder
weak toxicologies the accents of the dreams aren't murder

scene after scene ships demeanour with trade
sets a leaving tear on each cheek & fades

and says: this is a real blade, fifteenth century, Japan.
Or: a peculiarly Germanic form of armour, no holes for eyes

black all over, annealed, the frayed corporeal manner
as the mouth sups grounds, faults and folds the arms under

but the shade of your eyes approximates the blade's blued dorsal edge
indigent as the model's side or even air, seen from below

every moment describes some other music
and I cannot remember banality ever existing

These poems are taken from Helen Macdonald's *Shaler's Fish*, available from Etruscan Books, 28 Fowlers Court, Fore Street, Buckfastleigh, South Devonshire TQ11 0AA. www.seaham.i12.com/etruscan