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Tick tock

A formal structure generates your thought.
Your mind will follow where the metre leads.
A poet hardly merits that 'well-wrought'
tick of approval from her critic, if he reads

her work for 'crafting' as its afterthought
to content; as if her lighter artifice needs
to trap in prosody what she'd first fought
to formulate in prose; as if a text proceeds

to turn 'poetic' a philosophy. Her retort:
that rhythm's own dictation soon exceeds
prior deliberation – cadence will thwart
prosaic forethought, as its ear lip-reads –

so 'sense must seem an echo to the sound'.
A natural music shapes this turnaround.

IMOGEN CASSELS

Cloudsong

this is • small blue ampoule
caught in throes of ironrush.

turbulence: wing-wing.
all life is just a game for metal,
my chemist says, from wolfish
gloopy kills way down to you,
dear bacterial reader.

so we are
like any other virus, despite
respite. the human race, 'against
whose charms faith melteth
into blood'. that rather than this
is love, it is a form of mining:
my leeching from you during
the cold night. if not Eden,
so now vital chemical imbalance,
which might explain why, drunk,
and asked what I'd like best,
I answered blood, which means
completion, end.

my third childhood is so far
salty and lullaby supplements:
but o my love the iron blue night / and o my love the sun
and o the blood that's in my veins / how quickly you must run

which is only a cheap wit on
the son who ate his sister and rowed
and rowed away ('quhy dois
your brand sae drop wi' bluid').
yet as ever it is shirtsleeves, blisters,
rust. a death at sea. O you rushing
folksong alleluia. as for

my crying metal
to you, in the tub
I know it will not
do you any good.

poppies all up my legs: blood
chasing oxygen like hounds. I am
tracing you, now, into every wake
iron leaves. look: how still

I am holding up
this city of atoms.

PRATYUSHA

Kites

verbs falling from my mouth like red kites. the sky measured empty of its trails. I find salt on my doorstep every morning, the strange grey-violet clouds a painting above —

I wait for something to happen, then for nothing to happen.

when a morning like this comes, the sun expands in the sky like an impossible palpitation, its thousand tongues crimson in the day.

I don't want to be nostalgic.

again this grief, a noun, the sound we spend entire sleeps eluding, believing somehow that sleep can cull its interiors, violate its firmness.

I want to consider letting go.

the hours number white and stretch like a membrane over us and the lady at the pharmacy staring back eyes of sun and crimson and shallow-throated grief.

I see red kites in the sky again.

new salt on the doorstep. I would believe the sea had blessed us but seeking a blessing where there is none is only my imagination.

I seek a map of no terrain, no roads, no water bodies.

—the water has such brittle hands. I still try to cull luminescence from my grief, such as it is, it might as well give out some light.

I draw dream barricades in the night.

preparing myself for another morning, and for so many more mornings. it is still a sorrowful waltz. only silences from music and clay.

I sing an empty syntax, a grey song.



DAISY LAFARGE

September fragments

*

Sunday, we sit in like weather
Wife says she didn't know about the salt
And the slug, she just knew about osmosis
That there are things it is vital to know
But moreso things to forget
That there are facts that go in
And those she pours out like so
Much salt on the slug

*

You recoil when love
Bounds up like a wet dog
All front-paws and tongue
Adoration on its breath
I didn't see the dog shake off its lead
I was out with the hedgerows, trying to learn a language
My glottal stop skidded in the rain
I clung on to the fox
Gloves, wrack & digitalis,
Aisles of dead slug
Simmering the parliament

Take the dog home
I'll have to start
Again, tomorrow or the next day

*

Jennifer's not in
She's out looking for lichen
For the sliver with the best likeness
To her father's livered skin

*

The feats that made you eat
Your own good nature
You now parcel out
By slight of habit: Monday, Tuesday,
With each an inbred spoon
It was your birthday when the birds came in to feast
They walked up to the cake and then set about
Stamping in patterns with their feet
The icing turned green and still
You smiled, gulped down the family custard

*

Away is Where

New loss threatens the furtive winters leisure
And home wont be a shining vessel bold wish
No more phrasing a slight but welcomed virtue
Than should hearth as the waters spread like duty.
Enough see how it weave not fixed any scanned line
Cant track love to a measure angels count down
In fresh gold the slick substance pins our span stay
That is more is to size up options turned perfect
Achebright sky let to crows that bark as sailing
Two set down on a great beech flesh entreat us
Slow the lake stirs on light is settling scatters
Dispersed glamour till edging lap in rail rings
This is argued in detail elsewhere, fleshed out
But sound marginal fathom washed bit cusped shore
Do that which is but will, denied as absence

From fiefdom of x

A house, in a clearing of a forest painted by someone's father, built with logs that lean inward in a shape of a cone. Beyond the doorway is a table on which rests a game of cribbage, a segmented orange, a plate of perforated fish, clerical bells, a Latin breviary, and a candle weeping into a pool. By the look of things, the house was vacated in a hurry. In the far right corner of the forest, almost obscured by a thick smudge of trees, a figure is kneeling. He or she wears a hooded kirtle of dark red, and a triangular cloth that hangs down so low concealing the feet. Though the eyes are hidden in the hood's shadow, the lower part of the face is visible, and from the shape of the mouth's O it is clear that the figure is speaking out in G sharp, maybe semitone A. He or she is holding up both hands in a gesture which can only be described as dismay, as when a recently alighted train pulls away with your belongings still inside.

Here, a field of copulating Clydesdale horses. They are rendered in magisterial strokes of engine black. A river chugs through the valley thickly studded with spinning mills and powerloom factories. Most likely a tribute to the fiefdom of x, the busiest little hive of industry in the entire land.

So many people on the terrazzo floor, engaged in a post-industry folk disco, wearing banded Phrygian caps and cross-gartered, yellow- and red- stockings typical of the period. Their feet, shod in late Saxon boots, trace nuggety beats in sticky ovals, ellipses, and any kind of circle you care to name. Other figures feast on the periphery, shaving off sides of a roast kid, ladling yogurt from a great iron vat. A child sits under a trestle table and pierces a candied quail's egg with a miniature lance, under the watch of a whippet looking for spoil. On the wall is a magnificent tapestry which has been spared no detail. Fimbriated with gold, a silhouette of two rabbits in combat amidst a design of counter-embattled escallops, clarions, and fir twigs.

A scrubland unfurls on a scroll, with dwarf trees and large boulders cast everywhere like a large hand had rolled them. An upturned waggon, the ends of its reins in a tangle, splayed in the sand. Two tan dogs, as large as bay horses, in fact are they tan bay horses, chase a Pomeranian with bugged-out eyes and a face that registers no feeling.

PETER MANSON

Only means so much

Only means so much our adit by tar approaches, man sorry for pot, in arrest given fire to the popular result, envy. Keys frisk the hardened memory for tipping points. A carvery bonus arm, tone controls utterance and the windshield pops. Push off into orbit and relocate the eye. Nothing withdrawn in haste while the server allows a broken finger futures advance bionics. Spy camera in a hair loss remark diary. King for a double punch, yes or also yes. Nightly pins the biting dog windpipe down on bill and coo. Seldom a carnal bias, cut predates the vogue by years. Garter snakes in a surface mount campaign on space. Artisan cheeses brought home to bear on hope. Uncharacteristic bells on Sunday murder wrist. In a part soluble mass bolted on, brought in to remit by order, in diss. Ever the train on message against card and forming bolus. A burn on the ball of the semaphore thumb, catching a pig in glove time. Unremarked absence tremors in the barber shop. Overturn can, harden affect, loss pouring turns out normal if handed. Spilled on a tray of sequences, if love. It's a gilt topnote overblowing its own weight in books. Foregone into steam, carrying marker paint. Chiral berries call time on arms, hero ponders. Follow on remand company overcrowds timeshare beds. A leader hissed berry pectin, asked leave to leak. Diving bells err on the trench, blown out. Sub till super, raster gleans foam as binding egg. Airs ape a grace shot up in silt pocks tardigrade ice. A pinning wafer kept clean regards intellect forms dried and box fresh. Shipments input return pellets of forcemeat kin

dread. In car parcel a toner in pregnant hands up hill to helipad dreams. Poisoned otter mines the bank, ermine resurface bog. Drowning the said in a bell circuit, sucking on memory taps. Index the ducking standards war. Born bang upright a star terminal in each hand living Ohm's law to the letter. Pleading last terms of doom in the priesthood docked. Onus on us in the birth pool to hold down cork job. Inject a precocious hormone in the arm, now lame encoder. Lyric police fence the leavings to date and memo re. pawn characters of the district staves, off wheel. Rosin sings pert inches to tide the marking time. Strings to silent mush, remains eloquent. Wreathed in tears, import a banana sidelong, glimpsing gin. Bob go silent parka bears imprint of cherished beast, ill sportive currant selling time. Burn dust in air, too slow for powder putsch. One shot rings the horizon claiming the antinode for popes. Sitting on cash cows perforates the cowl. R's esteemed tiepin furnish a golf widow symbol careless pipes. Flustered oozing returned unopened. Ping sensor embedded functions as an unused leg. Lamps behind camera, seen. Arming clawhammer respect of a subset thickset jetpack. Skipped on bone substrate gold embargo. Teeth more humbly shed flakes and signed by nothing else. Embedded in rock, fired in ceramic bore. Imagine dawning in throw cursive hats anticlimactic amnesiac Be-Ro solids. In past lives on in desperate help. Overnight bag elements pass the silent judge. Sugar substitute mixed with low salt and ersatz butter. Birthing tongs irrespective of glove paralysis, emptying. Cups to the nipple ring, red all over now. Silver self service in service training day. Temperate torrid aims to please. Core adepts pan the horizon for risen metal, no but

solder hill and dale. Freeze green parental bias tells your idiom off. The crypt ethos parallel barred from open plan. Drawing pen smiling sender hope on a rope. Lateral cut seams only the true North applies need a flat apt now token. Inner pearl miner forfeits the voyage home. Kid in sharp garments shining the whereas real. Line quarry quandary, abattoir fit. Perish the theft of farm, early doors compilation runs to catch up. A pox on calling eradicated brain. Palm sap applies to sores, fruit cracking alkane surplus. Enantiomer crisis in parmesan. Ark of convenience has no parent bond. A piss fork is enamoured of sale, terminal discharge. * A spare unpeeled wandering seed leaf garnish the one time salad columnar bores. A parish on relief mats needs to felt medium bonus. Devolve from smiling us to a windbag threesome. Wax undermined by acid balloons rain fire on the beer. Tomb of smooth urinous glowbug embers. Sense windings concur in effect to deflect blame, someone for nothing a bonus, calling pard. Surname counted for skins at twelve o'clock. Entering follies penthouse serving hatch for break, panhandle moobs without thinking. Union of low cost personnel butter. Fallow earnest eggs, corning home. Meat granary pulled as lotion to one side order of service. East of parity spares effort knocked in a hat to roam wild. Born flippant cakes the wall with trial peace. A kitchen bed preset with weed. Red sea berths the unknown one solid living anchor pads. So as not to gain purchase on the return stroke, bleed out or block images. Wrecked atom on a song curling bars open till three. Cohabit a door arch, less as you were but as me. Curves of each strand of utterance vary with sex and strain. Forming O, form C. Imitates counting is all I ever done.

Tick blinkered hoss, lined with need and frowning into the cross beams back rearranged. A name chosen in haste to repent in down time. Mill errs on the flank, fly blown artery as seldom seen. Denting the steel glass tribute to knight's farewell tour. Kerning passion from it is green, salad paid. Peeled core of unkempt gland. Discomfit and choked on it, drag almond racism to light. Caraway by mouth preset to shape notes. Urgent and small, narrow bindings crayon in lowlife pillowing with surrogate. Barely there given the pool drunk in discharge of loan. Mouth orbits dental security patch. Floor powered flight lashed to the mat. Pronate viola acts in hot blood, up in the good fight again, fond pish cinema. Bearing calm on the meat counter, down in the farm. Germ line carried away to mark. Bolt dying calls on it in anger, used for glue. Assemble paired rings to jump sternum part anchored a right science honesty box. Confined to permanent particle options on film. Singer won turbid from the grip that diamond pun to shreds. Row the boat, stonewashed floaters. Carpet burns releasing a whole fauna to bulk. Sit on it, masking the frameset you mire instead. A perm once there sweet nothings the insult. Brain passes a pulse rate on the lane. Pitch capping acres of cloth the fallow tissue. Clothe the gift hollowly, post more jute. More esteem levers this person in the dirt. Lady ringer remote flash sounds ignored. Nursed by rangers ended the civic arc.

[Those were a series of non-replicable conditions]

Those were a series of non-replicable conditions
that led to lunch: the postwar settlement,
the welfare state, a shrink-pack of mack
-erel & cheese. Ugghhhhhhh securitize me,
take my debt for credit you murdering
ministers you want what I got an ye
cannae have no oh. Who is Mr Mason
the Poet & doing this division? A Quick
-Thorn Hedge aye cut carelessly yet
whittled well when y-come to it--or no?
Fairly flagrant but not without a modicum
of. Wait. What. Quick Question. Rapids,
fire, the hydrology of flood & famine. Days
of history, hiding from it. What. Not ended.
Archive shield. Living in it. Eyes dead
shut, ears stuffed with cotton. Screaming. Is
the only word for it. Not a good. Paucity.
Incognito in shirt & sweater let me in
under the respectability radar, locked
dead on. Where. Who is. How - *exactly*
- does this Anthropocene rain differ
from rain back in the Holocene, last
week? More. Ore. Or. It's more. Orb-
-icular. Come on. 'Built' was always

a euphemism for 'Paid For'. Bought &
ought, owt or nowt, pack sizes gone relative
in a shopping window. Sprees. Killing time
in stately domiciles where now, what. Pick up
the guestbook in the deer pagoda, "green
is not a creative colour." But me no. Deletion,
depletion. But. Hard to see another put
through that rigour-wringer aint it its
queasy negative blur, error, wrong thing,
gone. From then to them, then caput.

SARAH CREWE

barcelona sequence

in memory of grenfell – now and always

monday

escalivada pickled the holy ghost speaks in tongues in tubers
olive oil slick kicks backstreets aubergine charred to cinders
loyalties catalunya incendiary sweet/smoked blaze embers
red pepper saint bingo congregation patatas bravas brave potato
food as cataclysm catastrophic catechism christ the king the only son

in each tragedy, hope latches onto a face
jessica urbano ramirez was twelve years old
a twelve year old working class girl
a twelve year old working class girl in social housing
have you ever been this girl twelve head in the clouds
beautiful innocent twelve
celebrated mourned for wished for twelve

tuesday

pastry hills nacho mountains pintxos
living breathing sculpture miro undefined layers
international catalunya a new take on inclusion
global city lido trade dreams commonwealth:
this is why we can't have nice things
fear of wheels cycles spokes anticlockwise
bus lane ballerinas the ghost of 24
happy little spook collared doves
parakeets& peckham hates a tourist

w/c shorthand for us for london for restrooms
get out call us out stay out
new vocab: cladding systemic requisition

wednesday

royal blue regal teach the boy franco's club
free television free markets unethical
fly by night daylight: we sleep bowie lives
by design it is wrong to imagine special ones
with hips tits&ass horse chestnut glimmers
lipstick creatives feathers fluorescent
all hail the dandies all heckle damsels
spectators accessories customer service assistants

resemblance of you high street kensington
the town hall at which: they howled screamed
habeas corpus bring us our homes our lives their bodies
hands in pockets station billboards jubilee ninety glorious years

thursday

trans – mediterranean terrain jagged horizon smoke&mirrors ship terraces
rows upon rose upon rose upon rise upon rise upon rise up rise up rise
to say flat instead of apartment four hundred pound difference disparity
east hackney/hoxton to return to the medieval dogs with docked tails
white girls with boxed braids one is cruel the other embarrassing
cultural (mis)appropriation the over tens in baseball caps we see you
seaport heart as big as pete wylie nostalgia freak out the rails

uniform the beauty of alignment le corbusier hodgepodge
english pastiche homes for heroes why are you laughing
have you ever been on a housing list have you ever
predicted death via neighbourhood watch have you ever
flown down a flight of stairs for your life at twelve

friday

walking lampshade nightshade deadly liptides candy coloured beetroot
flotsam lung jetty airbag nebulised multiple failures as a parent
saline a wish to build a culture out of the sea and upwards
longevity contracts for sale cerveza mojito massage sake
areolas home counties intonation berkshire surrey
spot the fucking difference dalston naturally

invisible to club promoters hawkers fat girls do not dance apparently
or smile before the before photograph or wear anything other than jumpers
or eat anything other or hear anything other than processed coagulated
twisted up spewed out morning telly soundbites how to eat sand and
still look good how to maintain composure in charity how to be graceful
when they come to play shakehands and promise to come back

saturday

the word para.lel provincial pause adopt into english
para.noid para.graph para.chute
reconsider reassess exhale reroute
at the absolute point of exhaustion sleep
hallucinate jaguars leopards walking infants
the exhumation of dali spoilsports
nothing more surreal than the current world order

hypothesis: the ancestors were disinherited
consequently we made our own families
from neighbours friends selected
blood relatives equidistant coextensive
kindred twelve year old girls

sunday

the point at which nazi imagery became a playful backdrop
as white terror slaughtered yr forebears the conceptual
alt-right nightmare meanwhile a californian bass riff
soundtracks charlie chaplin facial hair like all
good marxists fascists as the walking embalmed
dead plants don't grow no hair no features nothing
audre lorde: your silence will not protect you
a city might

coppice a copse&thicket a dearth of dryads
a soundbite oh my days insufficient
what you see before you is an obelisk a monument
is the site the sight of our great loss collective



WILLIAM FULLER

Rule Against Infinities

I never thought in terms of what they would mean to someone else. It was enough to impart color to days. Certain moments reached out to me, which awakened my interest in not paying attention. One could almost distinguish their features as they slid over the grass, combing out thoughts. The sky folded back the essence of its thingness.

Offhand comments do not evidence systematic approximation to what is. Sounds disappear to emerge months later in a waking dream similar to an abandoned course of action. Nothing is simple because one can always transfer responsibility without prior notice (a known issue). Discernment feeds the eye with its clear tongue, washing the blue spheres. Who are last to know are first to be found, their forms slowly removing themselves from visibility, or intermingling with the prospects they have prepared, at some distance, for oblivion. They walk barefoot over sharp stones with pain hurrying them on to tender paths.

Points stretch into lines and lines spread into planes that serve no material purpose.

Soft thoughts make for hard echoes falling into afternoons coexisting with other forms—basic, commercial, institutional.

Older days move at different speeds—enough to shake tenuous identifications, although under the same roof absurd pieces endure however fanciful. The only appropriate distinction is between certainty and uncertainty, and only when the second half doesn't follow from the first. Where are we then, if at all? Somewhere in the south, in the sunshine, late summer, as a distant orb divests itself of familiarity.

Outsiders will soon postulate an interest in physical space and propose a method for assigning that interest. Death would be absurd save as an additional problem to solve.

The complex changes sought by dreams are summarized below. Suffice it to say, we gather each morning at the doors of the now and fan out for analysis. One of the steps involves blocking out the sound of voices, which creep up from below to render silence meaningless. For the whole of silence is devotion. And devotion makes silence form. Solid and mysterious, what we see and touch refers to what eludes us, but the reference isn't taken, and in the desert of its absence we uphold it.

Riding in delirium, imagined, remembered, expected, and in conformity with the rule of convenience, the Moon is received by Jupiter in Pisces.

There were other brilliant moments although a point to emphasize should be how long it took to locate them. It was ridiculous. We sat around for hours putting numbers in boxes, and then in 1911 the Supply Company was founded. I will communicate more detailed information as time permits. But of things in general I remember not having to think very hard. At twilight all the meadows would rise between dreams.

As to the dreams themselves, did they have a sense of their own reverberations? The road leading back from anywhere would suggest so. Tomorrow the flow will seek its limit, fifty years ago. I wish I could explain.

Flaming trees light up the baseboards. Everyone vanishes at once as it were, leaving outlines on the walls. Our instinct is to repeat, without duration, succession. Looking east, we see shapes that used to be there, but they've been modified, *the effect of which we assess by comparison with their state immediately before modification*. They pool in loops.

I was reading to flies in a windowless room. I remember repeating the word *hydrangeas*. Being objective, things relate to other things in their capacity as things. I wish I could explain.

The old square gives itself up to disorder in various flavors, one of which arches into sight from High Street to draw inferences from passersby. Lily is mentioned again. Above long tables below tall windows impulses blend with streaming sunlight and kitchen sounds. What takes place is about to be forgotten in terms of its magnitude.

Having reviewed all this, we invent things to be transformed, ordinary or extraordinary things and the contexts in which they appear, making them large or small, always alert for stray factors, however dimly these impose themselves or find themselves imposed.

This is the billowing larder for years. I put the future at four. The drummer on the bridge puts it between two and three. The others remain where they are, in thick liquor covering properties not observed but brushing against them to create a feeling of proximity, too many to count for now, but something to be conscious of.

The rooms are painted gray and elevate themselves as one enters them. They register the weather with unerring faithfulness. They echo with compound phenomena and sudden fluctuations of visual form.

Influenced by the universal and eternal mind, each breathes in its own unique way, having secured what had been denied by the fact that arms and legs have to take up space.

Time clings to these entities (but does not make contact).

This would almost seem natural had everything lined up perfectly by which is meant in no particular order except the one which operates inside itself filling out the frame with small corrections as whenever someone leaves or goes forth there is an opportunity to take stock and advance one's position in the imaginary space above and the floating field below.

In this climate of despair and doubt bones are ill-fitting, like shoes on a centaur. The ideal starts to flake away, as each day we circle it from a different starting point, making wider and wider rings. That no clear plan had been thought of is obvious. Which sometimes gives us a foothold.

