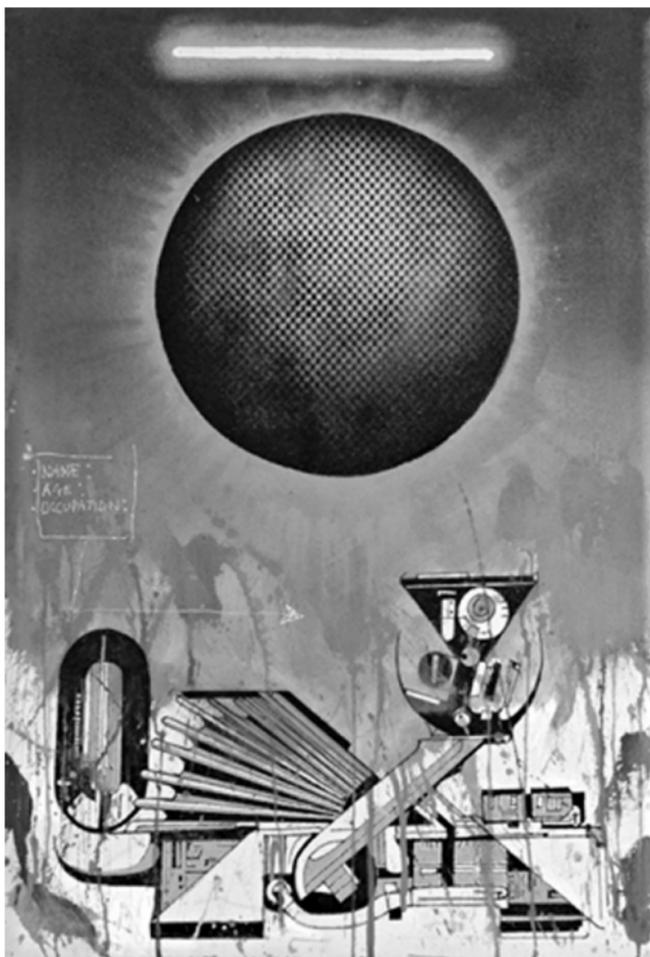


# BOSCOMBE REVOLUTION

Issue One



TableGlock Press

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- mixed media on canvas by**
- Mark Lloyd [www.lloyd-fineart.com](http://www.lloyd-fineart.com)**
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**Boscombe Revolution**  
 **is an anthology of**  
 **twenty poems**  
 **responding to the provocations of**  
 **'place' and 'revolution'**

*The editors wish to thank*  
 *Amy Mason and Mark van Klaveren*  
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*Paul Hawkins & Simon McCormack*  
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*Paul currently curates a locative*  
 *storytelling project called*  
 *Untold Boscombe*  
   
 *Simon is writer-in-residence at Vita Nova,*  
 *an arts organisation based in Boscombe*

## **Revolution of the Heartbeat**

Verb.(1) Uprising of the working class. (2) set a light on your heartbeat and feel it burn. (3) Flowing cascade of resistance. (4) Daylight for the oppressed. (5) Community communication. (6) A new style that suits us all. (7) Opening the rhythms of a radical reality. (8) Music from the streets drumming out the sound of your television. (9) Awareness that dreams are wounded with reality, and reality is wounded with dreams. (6) Opening your eyes to what's happening around the world. (7) The end of war, occupation, greed and suffering. (8) Poverty drying its tears. (9) It's drowning in the sound waves of a rebellion. (10) The beat of courage in the ribcage of a broken humanity. (11) The brainwaves of a riot, and a purpose that hurts us into action.

**Lana Bell**

## **Geronimo**

Granny used to tell of the Mexican  
Revolucion, campesinos washing the  
corn & grain from Pancho Villa's horse  
crap to survive, they peeled bark from  
trees & boiled it with cacti for stew

She told me about a boy shitting out  
the window of a train & they stood at  
the crossing on a dirt road & my dad  
thinking it was a fat man smoking a  
cigar, I thought about Fidel & Che

The GI Joes jumping out of planes  
screaming Geronimo because they saw  
him in a movie, he was played by  
Chief Thundercloud of Tonto fame

Tonto meant fool in Spanish & in Mexico  
he was known as Toro an amigo of Zorro  
& Geronimo learned to sew buttons on  
his shirt so he could cut them off to sell  
on his famous train tours

Guillotines & firing squads & no cig for  
Neruda, a hoarse cry of John Coltrane  
spilling into my naked skull as I thought of  
Granny & paid the plumber \$150 to snake  
her drain, she ended with a ruptured  
vagina, my pal said he'd do her for \$100  
& I put my boot so far up his ass  
he whistled Dixie for an hour.

## watching people big view

|                               |   |                           |
|-------------------------------|---|---------------------------|
| Someone in Slovenia bought    | hidden                                    | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Spain bought       | birds of the Middle East                  | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the USA bought     | falling for you                           | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Australia bought   | Arcadia                                   | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the USA bought     | Stolen legacy                             | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Greece bought      | mouths                                    | with free delivery        |
| Someone in New Zealand bought | the resistance                            | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Slovakia bought    | howls                                     | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Belgium bought     | a memory of light                         | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the UK bought      | the barbarian way                         | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Ireland bought     | Pure, white and deadly                    | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Norway bought      | the sorrows of young Werther              | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Greece bought      | the boy who could see demons              | with free delivery        |
| Someone in New Zealand bought | behind the beautiful forever              | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the UK bought      | grace                                     | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the UK bought      | writing with scissors                     | with free delivery        |
| Someone in Ireland bought     | the days of abandonment                   | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the USA bought     | Don't cry, lion                           | with free delivery        |
| Someone in the UK bought      | A coward if you return a hero if you fall | with free delivery        |
|                               | and this view is true                     | and this view is not true |

## Parliamentary Parlour Games and the Death of the NHS

After Poker the house considers  
The Exquisite Corpse.  
Such games will never be relinquished.

The distinguished players, sound  
of spirit, salute the intact:  
the exactitude of a mindset;  
the body which pays attention,

sits up straight prepared to denounce  
a wake as theatre or a question  
of semantics, to bear witness to the clock's  
long hand shuddering past existence

despite the sobs from the out-door  
clan, their fish-eyes hooked  
to a chink in this curtained realm

## Half the Ram's Eye

It was hard to separate.

Fog had closed over the storm of the iris  
and the optic nerve clung to the chopping board,  
the scalpel, my latexed fingers.

The sclera moved like melting snow,  
slipping away from tweezers,  
peeling puppy-squeals from the children.

I was fashioning a clumsy excavation;  
when cornea spread  
like disease across the table, hard to imagine  
that life's picture ever cartwheeled  
in such an uncontrollable puddle.

I scooped out the vitreous jelly -  
the spawn-like shell bruised with emptiness.  
Finally I held aloft the quivering, dew-drop lens  
but mere mechanics could not capture the children.

Their voices sieved through the lab windows  
as they contended over the butchered aroma,  
the watchmaker's enterprise,  
the heresy of nature.

The map of my fingertip in a ram's retina.  
I wonder if what we see in it could be as inevitable,  
as irretrievable,  
as what it saw.

## The Bosc Monitor

Breaking: God-scaled and just as agile  
an escapee through arms unused  
to handling him, he's watched us  
from his second-storey vivarium since  
the Occupy spirit scratched  
across Boscombe Crescent:  
News: Rich People Paying Rich People  
To Tell Middle-Class People  
To Blame Poor People. A mascot in more  
than name (like some local samizdat rag),  
favourite of pet retailers, we need him.  
Because from behind  
his misted glass, he watches  
our crashed resort, its 'scroungers'  
free from our cramped existences  
for the time it takes to buy school uniform  
and groceries. Because, of all the monitors  
in stock, vivariums stacked like bedsits,  
he caught the moneyless' eye fastest. So  
he may save us. The others  
sold when the world began  
to swing in their favour: rubber-bullet-grey,  
the tongue a fairweather rioter (occasional,  
camera-shy), the rest of the body robust as  
a bullterrier. All but him. Because, only human  
we recoil when told he's dog-tame. He sees  
everything (and this unsettles us); harbours  
no secrets; needs no voice to protest – cause  
and complaint irrelevant – the violent  
strike at a consumer's arms all there is.

## Piggeries

rosa wears the red shoes  
echoes devoto on

phantom piggeries

laylines

cracks in text equal  
demolition d-  
e-m-o it was  
guinea pig town plan  
ing

emotionless

ghostwritten story  
boy&dog all bound  
up in gifted rope  
lead sulphate claims

*innocence*

## The Fall of the Cloud Manufacturing Industry

*Didcot Parkway 2013*

Alight here, where the lines part  
west & north, before the immense  
baobabs of the cooling towers.  
Stretch out quiet-coach cramps  
along the platform edge as a fistful  
of starlings hurl themselves  
through the garden of concrete  
& pylons hum a song picked up  
from someone else's headphones.  
As a child, you'd swear this place  
produced cloud enough to cover  
all southern England, it's smoker's lung  
tapped cumulus in grey weather,  
magenta thunderheads rising  
from junctions & coach-stop horizons.  
Enough. Here is your connection.  
Forget again your swing-set daydreams-  
that undivided slag heap sidings  
from the overcast sky

## Whore D'Oeuvres

*Metaphor's the first whore;  
Mythology, language's oldest profession.*

- Lea Chi M'Ortsac  
fr. "Pornocracy on Parade"

How now? Cows become clouds  
cuneiformed clouds "into" heavy morphing  
from waytoofamiliar topiary  
to bloody/horror écorché (excoriated) figures  
cows become clouds while fingers once milking  
become sunbursts flicking endorphincascadingmanna meringue  
panspermiating the pie holes of the communicable  
way down deep below within the pitmosphere  
of Grand Central Transference.

## Human Nature

*'If by some sage power I could capture that explosion, that mysterious area outside where the wolf and I are one, perhaps then the first door would open and reveal the chamber beyond.'* - Leonora Carrington, *'The Stone Door'*

This is an “urban ‘nature’ poem.” (Worksheet 5).

Its colour is red; or red is its sign (DANGER [ou DANCER] or DONT WALK) now: look. Neon is a gas, naturally occurring, 18.2 ppm of Earth's (current) atmosphere. These seasonal reflections appear (spectral) in starred glass whorled with brick dust & free newspaper fingerprints. Citified ammonites: spirals of pigeonshit that we read as Tippex. To conceive of the city as a blank — as a blot (blanked out) — on the page of Nature is the work, vapid & insouciant, of lyric: Discuss. Recall that glass (75% silica) is a liquid, supercooled, & the city too, ashimmer. Cracks where the weeds (aka allotments, that metonymic portioning that divides us from the commons, cuts us at the source, aka concretely expressing corporatenationalism since 2012, aka poster girls Ellie & Jess who – flash – oscillate unevenly behind Plexiglass. Flash – unpatriotic – of fresh red at my feet. Haruspicate the wet leavings of this pigeon (name it) recently come to death & speaking in the mouth of she, fox bitch, this meat that I make gift of. For it touches, the *brush with*. And not then, but later, on the night bus (red as) past Mary's green: still we cannot speak freely *de rerum naturae* as long as we are not among them. For a millisecond, fox (or not named as such by such: fox = hot breatheyeflanknerve flight). And then an entrailful of words, slimed with this attempt.

## **In Di Beginnin'**

In di beginnin'  
were di word  
but dat word  
were not read  
an' were not heard  
becoz der still  
were no world.

So no one know,  
no one can tell,  
wedder it were  
proppli pronounce'  
or crecly speld.

Francis K Johnston

## **Locum**

I collect kelloggs vouchers for my little girl  
but my little boy eats them,  
eats everything.

Look at him devouring that comic,  
the words are not good enough  
in his mind he needs them deep in his stomach  
& god why not?

Ross Taylor

## ACCEPT, ACCEPT

I'd like to buy the world a Coke tonight  
tho all my good intentions hinge upon

the issuance of my fifth MasterCard.  
Let's pull the curtains (blood-red, velvet) tight.

The undercurtains too (gauze-white)  
and watch some bad tv. Moonlight

finds a way back in: Tell me where it ends and we begin.  
The enemy is anomie. Old word in a new century.

Roll on, smooth-faced win-ugly brutes!  
Make love to war. Accept all substitutes.

## **The Wonders of Snowdonia**

Once it's parked up, each caravan  
is organically enlarged by extending  
an awning tent from one side,  
into which its occupants disgorge  
the contents of the front room  
they've towed all the way from home –  
tables, chairs, TVs, PlayStations,  
Sky dishes planted squarely outside.  
Dogs are walked, barbeques lit,  
new arrivals scrutinised – their model, their kit.  
Mostly, though, folk sit and stare out  
the plastic windows at the surrounding hedges  
beyond which Snowdonia waits.  
This morning, the woman  
next to us was up early, hovering.

Craig Dobson

## **The Elegant Judge Misspells**

I met a woman who will not walk  
Down Boscombe High Street.  
She is afraid of the poor sartorial taste  
Of the socially deprived.  
But, for all her fancy-dressed-up education,  
She cannot spell.  
They are a whole vowel from deprived.

Julia Boore

## To the Sisters of Charity

This is the second best road out of town  
but where anyone starts leaving is anyone's guess.  
Is it half way along by the bucket and mop shop  
or after Al Amin, 'the trustworthy', his aubergines  
in mourning? Flats are going up next to the Co-op,  
last summer tomatoes grew there. A tiger looked out of a wall,  
and each passer-by, me included, was a fleck in its stare.  
Deities in hard yellow hats are interned  
in three floors of scaffolding where hoarding  
prevents the poor looking in, on their way to petition you,  
Sisters, Daughters, Ladies of Charity at St Vincents,  
last place to buy castoffs. Your door chimes on a watercolour –  
fir tree, full moon and lake. You sell me black jeans for £1,  
chipped Meissen and a prayer card to remind me  
of school's tiniest nun. I cross to the cashpoint  
dispensing £10 a time. The tollkeeper stretches a hand –  
whatever I give, this road won't release me.

I've dropped socks, broken eggs, Sisters, do you hear my key  
pray in the front door, morning and evening,  
the sirens and vixens answering? Do you hear  
the station announcements, hijacked when the wind's  
in a certain direction? All this lamenting. And now the boy  
calling for Will, his howl staggering up the hill,  
pacing every side street, slumping under an elm,  
where he howls again. I lie in the dark as he leans on a doorbell.  
Neighbours join in: "Fuck-off!" He replies: "I'm nineteen".  
What stops him falling to his knees? How can I sleep  
with Will on my mind, the boy's one word song?  
Only Will knows where Will is. I hope he's awake, like all of us.

## Corsham Court, Wiltshire

A peacock cries in my ear.  
Perched on the stone arch  
under which I pass, he  
shoots that arrow  
trembling the air, the inner ear  
and so, briefly, my balance.

The grandeur is not mine:  
the pristine grounds, the stone manor  
and the six or ten peacocks  
distinguish the foreignness  
of my voice, my past, my gait.  
I let my long hair sweep

over my face, as though I'd recede,  
but it's the male peacock's own move  
splaying colour to attract  
otherness. Or I am deferential to it.

## Sweeneys

I forgot, like you, to die:  
the blight did not take me  
but my brothers and every other.

And then a tupenny crossing  
– exhausted, famished for escape –  
riding the tide of hunger.

I fell in among the cautious  
whose first landfall served enough  
to feed five generations.

After starvation their simple stew  
seemed to fill my mended boots  
and heft my pick enough

to cut a railroad through  
the English hills, then dig  
your motorways for pittance.

A sign outside the London pubs  
shut out my bared shoulders  
the day I built your palace.

Another, when bolloxed  
and looking for a flop: not blacks,  
not dogs nor – least of all – me.

But I forgot, like you, to die:  
the blight did not take me  
and, one day, I am going home.

## He's Dancing in the Alleyway

My father—between tenement walls  
invaded by clinging vines, seemingly  
on the verge of calamity.

“Son, I want to show you

I can do this”—and this man who defined  
stiff as a board grinds and twirls to movements  
of his own invention, looking happier  
than he ever did when he was alive.

I move toward him and he executes a strange  
buck-and-wing, disappearing around a corner,  
for good. I ask a woman carrying a grocery bag  
if she saw a man dancing.

“Honey,” she says, “I always see a man dancing”  
and walks on, a lilt in her step that I didn't  
catch before. “I'm proud of you,” I say to my father,  
shaking the wet leaves off my shoes.

## Lessons of the Bullingdon Club

We were all in this together  
and there was nothing the police  
could do about it but apologise.  
The trick was to create diversion,  
the jargon of class and income,  
the big house bound by blood  
ties and schooling, executive positions,  
traffic backed up to the shires,  
our agents piling through the din  
beneath Westminster, looking – for what,  
exactly? – what charm had been lost?  
It was time to route the lines of power  
back to a position we could understand  
without flinching. We've let you dance,  
we'd say, and now it is time for you to listen  
and you are going to listen for a very  
long time indeed, and it will cost you.

## Revolutionary Fervour

If a revolution ever comes  
and there's murder and mayhem,  
blood in the streets and houses,  
then I'm going to take advantage  
and kill you, either with my own hands,  
or by setting you up or denouncing  
you as a back-sliding reactionary traitor  
to the glorious revenging revolution.

If a revolution ever comes  
there will be opportunities  
to settle my score with you,  
if the revolutionaries  
don't kill me first  
for some invented crime  
or display of individualism.  
No doubt you'd be cheering them on.

Knowing my luck,  
it will be a busybody revolution  
led by interfering strait-laced cows like you.  
I will be sentenced to dull detention  
in a brainwashing camp  
dedicated to regular hours,  
frequent Hoovering,  
and relentless sobriety.

**Sarah Crewe** is from the Port of Liverpool. Her chapbooks include *Signs of the Sistership* with Sophie Mayer (Knives, Forks & Spoons) and *flick invicta* (Oystercatcher.) She is co-editor of Stinky Bear Press, *Binders Full of Women* and *Catechism: Poems For Pussy Riot*.

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**klipschutz** (pen name of Kurt Lipschutz) lives in San Francisco. His most recent collection is *This Drawn & Quartered Moon* (Anvil Press, Vancouver, B.C., 2013). He also writes songs with Chuck Prophet.

**Ross Taylor** is a poet, musician, unemployed single father, Ross was raised in West Sussex and Dorset and educated at the University of Wales in Lampeter where he studied Modern English Literature.  
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**Tim Cumming** has published seven poetry collections, including 2011's *The Rapture*. He made the acclaimed BBC documentary *Hawkwind Do Not Panic* in 2007, and his film poems have been shown worldwide. Tim's paintings are on show at The Rowley Gallery, London, and Slader's Yard from November.

**Graham Allison** has worked as a barman, researcher, in a bookshop and studied at Aberystwyth and Bath Spa Universities. His poetry has been published in various magazines.

**Tim Suermondt** is the author of two poetry books, *Trying To Help The Elephant Man Dance* and *Just Beautiful*. He lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts with his wife, the poet Pui Ying Wong.

**Catfish McDaris** is an aging New Mexican living near Milwaukee. He has four walls, a ceiling, heat, food, a woman, two cats, a typing machine, and a mailbox. That's enough for him. Author of many chapbooks.

**Francis K. Johnson** is a freelance interpreter and translator (Czech and Portuguese), creator of Ñspel spelling system, amateur drawer, amateur painter, amateur poet, amateur amateur.

**Julia Boore** lives with her family in Boscombe and is a writer, artist, editor and educator. She performs her poetry at local venues and is currently writing a novel.

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**Mark Burnhope** is the author of pamphlets *The Snowboy* (Salt) and *Lever Arch* (Knives Forks and Spoons) and currently co-edits *Fit to Work: Poets Against Atos*. His full collection, *Species*, is forthcoming in 2014 (Nine Arches Press).

**Martin Malone** won the 2011 Straid Poetry Award and the 2012 Mirehouse Prize, his first full collection *The Waiting Hillside* is published by Templar Poetry. He edits The Interpreter's House poetry journal.  
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