From COLIN CLOUT IN THE KNOWLEDGE QUARTER

DAN ELTRINGHAM
So having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.
—Edmund Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*

I fucking love you months
—Jeff Hilson, *In the Assarts*
X

Yet when recursions of foliage still beguile
mine eye with verdancy just above eye
level true painted perennials never sere
blurring as I shift to a purer green yet
not still the screen seen from cycle, an
unfolding ribbon of repetition, child-like
identical leaves & comical fish like at
this velocity nothing more than Moorish,
not seeking to capture the eye or lead into
an imagined world but liberate from all
preoccupations of the mind; nor transmit ideas
but a state of being: at once repose & inner rhythm.

XI

Art students & construction workers com-
ingle in watery light. Fags/sandwiches.
Unacknowledged tensions. Quarter what
is real to equal what is not. Construction
is reconstruction, evolution revolution,
the year cycles round. Sure, prognostics, but
a bruise in the firmament. The cloud swells
with storage like droplets of data. The furthest
point on each axis from another or the extent
of the curve are not visible from any given
plotted point. A cycle song bursts the mains
in nonsensical exchange: for me, for you.
Care is then critical when my open heart
hires & fires the necessary log, renewal.
Winter’s bridal tests the outer apparel
of structures. Though to me she
is a strange guest. And yet, January,
this be another token. But I am weary as water
of lying awake & even now that care tends
spare perennials through the very worst
of the season. Dreaming then of the prime
or to rise under gloaming skies & so
draw to rest though loath to count
them off, numbers, months, and round again.