

WHAT fells body
knows. This being
the first date
in spring. Crisis
wintered us on

I'M THINKING winter
which, inside living
spaces, intimates shared
forces show time
that honest cry.

March dawns. Allow
the sight. Need
to have: you
the utterly beloved
justice, adventuring the

Mars granted's taken
up and grunt
like if saving
exfoliated flowery bush
perhaps path. Dry

slate machinegun posts
roofless, disarmed, house
numbers in brass
descend. One at
approach to lake

("rut thuds", Bunting)
areas of branches
aspiring courageously avid
crisscross. Ions iron
in gorse, bird

aloft maybe calling
Marco, maybe hearing
Polo. One near
flees into air,
paired instant. Sheep

smell, feel, lacks
over our forest
cold, cold. Thought
doses column long
sounds, these birds,

nameable geese above
formation tight packed
joined into stroke

five goose squiggles,
calligram slant verticals
pulls of focus.

WEBCAM US

ChiccaChick sore
in dude'll do glare
for daze, first son
neuroticking head

nap till all red
il y a des gens
qui ne vont que danser
there, there

Ira Lightman has been publishing chapbooks for twenty years, and remains very fond of sequences. His books include *Trancelated* (free, at www.ubu.com/ubu), *Duetcetera* (Shearsman), *Mustard Tart as Lemon* (Red Squirrel) and *I, Love Poetry* (KFS). He makes public art with communities and text around the UK. Ira is a regular contributor to BBC Radio 3's *The Verb*. In 2013, he became the 'plagiarism sleuth', highlighting and exposing poetry plagiarists in sometimes prominent positions. He is a professional copyeditor, proofreader, and storyteller for primary schools, where he jumps around and gurns a lot. He loves experiment and song.

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