

Reading Geraldine Monk

i.

Jazzed

loose

languors

link riffs

in

pendant

pendulant

petulant

play

{pun/gent}

What you know or knew or thought you did

u n r a v e l s

as

gut-felt

fish-tailed

scaly descants

twist

and eddy you down in spirals

seashell strong / bone strange

Gasp for breath

deep in chilled depths

beneath epilimnion of surface sound

Here's

a tremulous spring

peacocks' monstrous iridescence

black-leathered bikers

lusty and leg-spread over 'fundamental / engines'

You are not lost.

Finger-snaps of rhythm-threads

tension nets of sense

and you rise

in another place

Pentangles

ii.

Have you upturned relics and grey matter centres  
with spicy putrefaction

ligatures of skin binding mutual  
waves dreams green in black  
shapes thicken on Q

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Thieving  
soft fruit  
unlimited humour

thin enough  
desire making you pale

sickly pink  
waits for no inefficiency

\*

Holding high torches positioned recklessly  
soldiers sweat  
iced Pendle water warm English beer

\*

Aluminium womb  
feathered kind of freedom  
hypes meteoric rise of  
dispossessed daughters of Eve  
nestling me everywhere  
fingers bleed behind

sort of

\*

Each word  
pressured by ripeness

to conjure your breakdown  
wi manicured nails

here

rubbed crimpt eyelids

a-good king will bury his hatchet

\*

Petals

as mothers tend to be –  
fire I fear will follow  
balmfloat of stretched perception

\*

Afterlifeboat

‘are you ready to suffer’

Unstretched organs

rod-ram.

Long

custodians of memory offered me wine without miracle

Jenny Donnison has a PhD in English literature and creative writing from Sheffield University. Her thesis investigated the enactment of animal subjectivity in contemporary poetry. Jenny’s poems have appeared in *Now Then*, *Route 57*, *The Sheffield Anthology*, *Zoomorphic*, *Riggwelter Press* and elsewhere.