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In the loves of barnacles

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In the loves of barnacles

Out on the currents now, reached along as far
as the warmth breeds us, and shackled up.
Nothing to do but spawn as we are sucked in
to bilgewater warnings, and then spewed up
on jetties, which is to say the length of, where
you pass by. You did not think of me as a delicacy
but I was, building long white sheaths. Let me
grow geese, the long necks become other than I
will have been, and take flight.

Herons are too large for the trees today, scale
offends. Geese accrete, own intent in migrations.
Find advantage of regularity in neighbourliness,
sky formations. Fly over at five o'clock daily
with all that carping, set off from Iceland after
grazing. Engines beat, hollow. Will is fuelled up
then it ends. Releases in landing. You do not
have the worry of winter heating, she said. Let me
stop, holding the bars.

Calcic thing. Glut of tidemarks extinguished by
rising, crust of anchors around sounds said in
built up tenderness. Pressed down in hurt, pale
calluses picked away at. Where we come together
walls are removed in soft economies. Your voice
reassures more than your presence. O colonies
fill the gaps in the floor where the water rises,
said as an afterthought. It is your fault so you must
help. Nothing will grow.

The king tide is lusty about us. It swells
for the time it does, we emerge more freshly
than nations. Exposed, in multiples, closing
small beaks. Internal feathers only venture
out on its passing, the lightest extension.
A brush of pine branches in silent woods.
The plume of a seed which must fall to
the ground, the fringed leg of a boatman,
questions of air and water.

Fear of resemblances in this love of catastrophe.
Harm holds repositories for election. Are you.
Culled and cut down, scraped out in sluices
and motors. Where the knife drags over surfaces
with some interference, then finds its way between.
Reefs also cut but they are not the same. What
is the same in variation. Carry unspoken letters
to mend the damage, for times of disturbance.
This remainder, eyes.

What was it you liked in these instances of.
Encounter, without ceremony or marking.
The most beautiful, curved, prehensile teeth
and tremulous hands. Charles Bronson in the
cheap seats reluctantly. The chance of a clear sky.
To offer nothing beyond the excavation of rocks
and their undulations, until being prised away.
Or was it shelter, the way I might share my coat
with you in the dark, rain.

At night the tide is low. Haunted by imagined radios regarded as testimony. Or crackle of a singing voice. I will find you when you are gone. What remains after. The breeze is unrelenting with windows on both sides, sucking. Curtains out, flapping quietly. Listen. Nothing else moves freely. In this world without, the ascendancy of others. I am held to where I am in later stages by a making.

Under such calciferous trees. Living is sifted through the teeth, gathered and thrust. Fat with absorbance, or bone thin. In endless growth, we diminish remorselessly. Will water rise without anchorage for settlement. I hear words in an updraft, hoping they are spoken. I will sieve them as whales manage, when their ribs show through. Be human, he said today, and not yourself.

A dream that offspring will always remain in his house. Those summers sitting on the deck, while his name rests among them without words. The hill still rising over red roofs. Now we change sex at will, are grown in gelatin. What is it that shields us and our loose wandering. In his eyes, is there disappointment. Clap that rhythm, no one of us is what we thought. Anticipate nothing more than the beating of it.

CAROL WATTS is a poet and critic and directs the Contemporary Poetics Research Centre at Birkbeck, University of London. Her most recent collections of poetry include *Sundog* (Veer Books, 2013) and *Many Weathers Wildly Comes* (Susakpress/Spiralbound, 2015).