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Bell in the Rain

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Bell in the Rain*

*So much depends upon the heavy falling. Wet legged, stick-footed, we work upon the methods of small-island living: cup hand, bowl lip still in surrender of no gravel potholed without water: earth's mix, mud, blood and red-space veins half-a-mile, flashlight-lit paths that widened with each thumping burst. *a red wheel* won't escape the weir's cascade. Despite tire's trapped breath a *barrow* hulks Isabel down the trail: rivers are umbilical, she yells. Water can't just be grown son grumbling, heaving, through the ruts and stones: water as we'll be there soon Mom. Promise of arrival. Chemical marriage and children of breaths who Isabel recites from her school days: breath, ink and the copper pipe of natural she still remembers, breath, ink and copper, yes, but failure to notice the rise. she used to stand so proud: she used to believe in shelter, not *glazed with rain* like everything since the engines took the copper away, took *water* from the guiding channels and liquid-formed agreements. Here cupped *beside the white*, emptied veins, the barren-drown deep that still remembers *chickens* being fed from the hand, with bowl lips gleaming like their contained necessary stem pull it together, Mom. Draw the trained element of husbandry trod sodden for there are no chickens, and it's not raining on our Bell anymore though (there is, however, a red wheelbarrow). and this pours out without end*

*Words in *italics* are taken from William Carlos William's poem: "The Red Wheelbarrow" (1923).

*Words underlined are taken from Bronwyn Preece's poem "Isabel's Wheelbarrow" (Issue 11, 2012).

ANNABEL BANKS has an MA in prose and is currently writing up her practice-based PhD, “Poetry and the Archive.” Her poems and stories have won, or been nominated for, a number of awards and can be found in journals, magazines and anthologies. Full details can be found at www.annabelbanks.com.