

'A Hundred Bodies'

Eastside Projects
#twenga 7

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#1

a new year's ramble
warm words stream and hang
in the cold crisp air

#2

the engineer wraps fleece
around his yucca

#3

thumbs at arms length
measuring the moon's
digital eclipse

#4

an apple baked
in a cast iron oven

#5

I light a diya
for Lakshmi
at the harvest festival

#6

pink haired punks
chant prime numbers

#7

the sun burns
a constellation
through the holes in my T-shirt

#8

a fan from Cordoba
on the fireplace

#9

this inky river
thickens out
into an unmarked estuary

#10

drawing broken tails
on the Kowloon train

#11

you drove me mad
when you were alive
and now I miss you

#12

swirls and curls
unfolding on the sidewalk

#13

we reach beneath
Gran and Grandad's bed
to find the biscuit tin

#14

three little bubbles
in the spirit level

#15

catching plum blossom
from the canal bridge
over the river

#16

I search the tree house
desperate for seasoned logs

#17

the children eye up
a line of chocolate rabbits
by the checkout

#18

knock down ginger
under a surveyors moon

#19

as the bonfire is lit
Meryl chops and peels
in the kitchen

#20

there are no bronzed woods
where hyenas roam

#21

skinny dipping alone
she puts his red wine
on a flat rock

#22

warehouse windows leak
hot muffled dub

#23

no one told me
the transit van wheel nuts
were opposite thread

#24

hustling down the road
the pebbles crunch loudly

#25

seeking refuge
a hundred bodies
wash up on a Libyan beach

#26

hands that do dishes
as soft as your face

#27

Ikebana sprouts
easily turned
in my Kuramata vase

#28

just a boy and his dog
and a long tailed kite

#29

she gently drapes
the skein of lambs wool
over his shoulders

#30

Mies admires the curve
of Lilly's cafe

#31

you walk into the room
a syncopated rhythm
in my eyes

#32

he pays cash for
her intimate piercings

#33

the inevitability
of armoured personnel
crossing no mans land

#34

lime green planets
glazed onto sake bottles

#35

migrating geese
stop for a day or two
by the boating lake

#36

the rising tide lifts me
closer to the moon

#37

Welsh crab cakes
the smell of seaweed
drying on warm stones

#38

my high heels now flats
your constant bad back

#39

leaving home behind
the air hangs thick
swallowing the earth

#40

at Club Tropicana
drinks are free

#41

surfing on
a blind audience
salt carries us all

#42

the centre of a movement
the grey eye of a storm

#43

tourists at Carnac
aghast at me
climbing the standing stones

#44

the head of the herd
is calling far far away

#45

Penelope paints
her lips cherry red
on the train to Charing Cross

#46

my fingers tremble
in anticipation

#47

for fear of pub bombs
Mom bans us
from going to Town

#48

the costermonger
points to the oasis

#49

lovers don't weigh
the carcasses
before they eat

#50

we bottle feed
the calf in the jacuzzi

#51

all through the night
togetherness crushes in
on my deep chest

#52

the priest hole invigilator
carves another line

#53

holding his breath
the muezzin trips up
the minaret steps

#54

gutted like a fish
the moon remains her mistress

#55

an overripe plum
oozing its juices
across the pavement

#56

autocorrect says
libidos rise as leaves fall

#57

shouldn't be up here
relying on physics
and basket weaving

#58

at the point of climax
H.G. time travels

#59

Napoleon's brandy
and rough seas
always moving forward

#60

the rusty old wheelbarrow
flocked with pink blossom

#61

dawn chorus
a lime green parakeet
ruffles his feathers

#62

onion bulbs are busy
pushing through the mud

#63

a quick decision
at the fork in the road
leads me to Curbar

#64

angel haired tyrants
astride ivory thrones

#65

lit by a cruel moon
taxi drivers shout
LET THEM IN

#66

Charisma Cinderella
Cotton Candy

#67

a runway show
of spring fashions
in October

#68

carefully pulling apart
the kids' old trampoline

#69

three shades of blue
nature smeared
on a broken clay vessel

#70

feeling quite surprised
to be pale male and stale

#71

all through suburbia
magnolias burst
into flower

#72

a butterfly lands
in the palm of my hand

#73

longing to be
the next May Queen
the boy on the big bass drum

#74

eighty aeroplane seats
for eighty hooded hawks

#75

trying to remain calm
as the road rage commuter
punches my car

#76

the kindness of strangers
helps me to get there

#77

word perfect
the whole family sings
to Lauryn Hill

#78

I love the way she patches
my cashmere jumper

#79

shoulders touch
in the photograph
of the three of them

#80

above the Arctic Circle
reindeers walk the beach

#81

a silhouette against
the super moon
with a hint of red

#82

stop lights signalling
the wrong kind of leaves

#83

this curved path
of waves tugged
by the gravity of Venus

#84

tears well up
in my brother's eyes

#85

a holiday romance
the pain and ecstasy
of sunburned skin

#86

white sheets bleaching
on a washing line

#87

walking along
just kicking stones
minding my own business

#88

evil triumphs when
good women say nothing

#89

on Sunday morning
we lie-in with cups of tea
and set the world to rights

#90

hands clasp at the mountain
gravel underfoot

#91

testing the echo
a veil of rain
drifts up the valley

#92

thinking about things
that are not the moon

#93

five dirty sequins
in a puddle
from the night before

#94

we bury the budgie
in the back border

#95

Jonquil
the desire for affection
to be returned

#96

seven signatures
written on thin ice

#97

Josephine murmurs
Hail Marys
over the garlic lamb

#98

measure twice
cut once

#99

unfolding the map
we trace the contours
and make plans

#100

she gives me a wink
and we're going out live

#twenga is an annual renga
of 100 Verses on Twitter
Host Poet - Gavin Wade
Master Poet - Paul Conneally.