



FAMILIARS

EMILIA WEBER



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Emilia Weber

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WOLF

Echo in the shape of a wolf
the colour of memory
tastes soft and big as I eat seven oranges and let the juice
drip through my fingers, wipe them on my pillow

I walk around the corners of the hills looking for me
in you my fur was matted and wet
the sequence is not important
it's stupid like that
but useful and tender still

bring me wasps in your mouth
drop them, call them
'breakfast'
we can no more count the waiter in one, two, three, four his spoon
must be heavy

instead I'll set my watch green
stretch across a heart

a series of.

HEY MELCHIOR

what took you so long?

the Chartists send their love
with blood in their knickers
yo-yos squared
they speak of tenderfooted geographies
and nidulation
and how my passport still reeks of you!

I saw ten thousand relations with a
weakness for hardware shops
but you felled me
shift to break left handed with
your hurling stick.

And while the guinea pigs
were on a soviet space mission
those cubs became mine.

Too bad your feet trespassed against me
giving birth to this sorrel child, from our
Hammersmith flyover all the way to Dover
can I forgive the Gallic tongues.
Octavias to my Cleopatra
busy squealing into
linguistic dead ends.

Hey Melchior!
Quit pervading me
with your nostalgia,
pervert.

CAUGHT

beneath the cupola
off the side of the M4
picking freckles of gold

constructed in four phases
my love was drawn out of the rucksack
held up
as the thing that needed
least persuading
nodding knowingly
we declared our allegiance to
 the dynamic hard shoulder
 north orbital road
agreed that side stepping
is no excuse

you your glaring of calcined flint borders, fingers, teeth, prone to fog

too much habitat
I spun semi solid
bitumen
lathered it
onto the arc the impact
adulterated with pitch
mixed

unheard of I wanted to ask
is this suffering
how exactly did you intend
to exit while I was looting your artifacts
on the fiveways interchange
maybe I don't need
the application rejected
by the margins

clearly I will protect
your sell by date
while I hover
and while I prepare to recharge
I am the liner of cisterns, the keeper of watercourses

IN TENDRIL HOURS

it's hard to divine
climbing down
clean lines fitting
a landscape
that echoes
of burden

no motion

no traditional
bucket to kick
twisted Cerne Giants
half circling
necessary deviations
outweighing
freestyle angles
breathing secreted
pipistrelles
who rapidly modulate
a 45 khz
baptism
in a uterus
chopped against the grit-inverted sky.

Chew Green fortlet
like a terrible episode of *The Anatomical Mermaid*
all that larvae skidding
soup and tail between fish bone
sonically fixed
splashed rocks
made of lino
I watched them and their
confiscated cheerleaders
sirens testifying to some disorder

'go on divided cells! run a little faster!
this is serious business,
they'll name a song after you'

I embrace the one with
the sleepless opening
circumnavigate
magpies resolve
with a head full of oats
place it under my pillow
let's call it 'preserved'

experts in clemency
we learn to shore impossible careers
stake the century's retreat
watch credits roll
streets unfurl
that the heat's song
is the best show in town

this storm of pruned eggs
lowers saffron hang
nails off battlements
distressed
and snarling
underneath your hill
I rise and kiss them to like them
slice

and duck
and duck
and goose
and stroke their hair
and loop
this tricky little pasteurised leaking army

the ten gram wren's song forty notes in eight seconds
data smear to your ear
the raptor true yellow five types colour receptor
the sedge grass denies
that you can
outsource your silence
there is quite a lot we're missing out on

you have absolutely got to forget the smell of dew

pitch shifting the eggs click
'mind this bit' they say
'this is the wet bit'
split butter milk
awash in membrane silt
lying beside someone night after night gives no right of entry to their
thoughts. Or, skills required: running, chasing, dating logic

we've seen a few
suns zip through
snorkels
floating

lull
 a
by
 be silent
I love you I love you
 you'll do

it's an analogy, stupid
you forget
this is my house
I won it
to nest

shop lifted berroca
mixing with caviar
and punkedup remoras
always spilling my drinks.
No! Let's call it 'comfort'
when you hold my white face like a lamp moon
siphon the print constricted
smuggle my knees below the surface
where your bourgeois guilt is
making them nervous
and fold this ideological apse
under raise high
grafted gills

it's a boy thing
licking each word like fire off a suffocating body
in the photic zone
sorry fish fingers
taught to squeeze
neck lace hot
where we liken knowledge upon knowledge and they'll fracture

hush little communist
nucleus of pander
you are the fairest of them all
waiting for the womb to thaw
to incubate to win

MALIN HEAD

Floating stone graphic
queen skuas with
little paws clusters in waves
throats hot of
wailing
lung cavity dropping t's & h's
adopting diphthongs
to make you laugh
against the animated platinum wind.

Strung out I can see all our grandparents
and my father who left roman tiles in unlikely places for
archaeologists to find and
how we are, inside the weather,
like them almost
like people
with no desire
to be fascinated
this land crown
my tap root
flashing every 30 seconds.

And I remember how silly Icarus
couldn't take the constant torment
fled through a crack in the window
flight into eyeball.
And how you too will screw the sentimentality out of my diet
I can't wait for my wings to be thinner!
The verse more robust!
A sweet and frozen scene in which
young daughters
and their faithful horizons
practice,

do not let investigation in self etiolation
deter them.

If we were more animal, you say,
armed with pyres
of heel digging
pedantry
no games of husbandry with silk lupine ears
we'd eat our parents' scripts, their vowels.

HYDNA

Our soft wetsnouted mothers will make us solid
And using their skirts as environments they'll teach us to swim

As we tread to avoid the move from cushion to swell
How they'll shiver in the water

And in the slippery dusk I'll watch for rope curls
As you kick against green fringes disappear to where my language
cannot travel

And come up for specific air
And the cold stare of your destruction becomes you

And choose any distance, you'll say
Any clement memory the ships will whip away

And you will compensate
And bring me mirabelles

And transgression, or marine transgression
Or the shifting of the continents by the sea

We'll walk around Athens trying to find you a bust of Athena
And it will turn out she leapt from Zeus' head fully formed and armed

And all we'll find are sponges

And you'll treat us to the happiest history
And I'll speak the fullest thing about performance

And the fullest thing about performance is that you can't reimagine
everything

And you'll be the only one rising in the wave, the only swimming statue.

CHORUS

We gather when the morning is bright undone and urgent stepping into it
stepping into it as received bodies
rising up through crackcracks cracking
at the helm of this claycity.

We carry the pelt of our emergency, our history, rage
woven into our thick long hair
we let it stream behind us along the bridges and walls we mark with
ribbons legs pounding limbs. The limbs that
lift the weight of bodies broke on the wheel
and sounds that mix with pigments that
sculpt experiments of care of our friends in our hearts.

We are the bodies with other bodies that become more useful
more strong become enamoured by being among
the bodies that fold the tears into the pelt
that hold the songs hot wilting flowers aloft
the bodies of those ferocious voices a deliberate magnitude an
imagination that demands.

Back up, back up!
We want freedom, freedom!

SHADOW

Writing with a pile of women on my lap
tramontane wind in Cadaques
when the tramontane wind
blew us in Cadaques
I took a picture
a picture of every latent idea
of us in the rented car
I didn't trust your driving
olives driving
with a pile of women on their laps
with holes in their stomachs.

You'd cast your fabrics over
the intricate movements
the legacies
the sun
flecked
histories
doubled
edges
formed
in the monastery
and say 'Charmian and Iris'
and I would say 'Irish'
and you would laugh
isn't she lovely
as though you understood
every dazed tangent
refusing to be
floored
striking back
gently

across every latent idea of us
every serious
etching
every chorus
of fuck wittery
of boys
writing with piles of women in their laps.

We were told to watch *The Turin Horse*
we fell asleep watching the blue and grey Turin horse
no thunderstorm
no lighthouse
no organs touching
Cadaques whale bones
scratching us to draw blood
when we forgot
to suffer
to live
awkwardly
in pretty community.

You told the museum attendant
we'd watched *The Turin Horse*
which we could have
words sucked into nape
'have you ever admired a fierce woman?'
you hissed
stuck fingers
into his patted flesh
then
his head
told him that admiration
will not absolve him
that the French Riviera called
it wants its mimosa back
that your grandmother painted carthorses floor to ceiling
(which I knew were Mediterranean dog limbs).

And I wanted slightly
only sometimes
slightly
to clip
your sensitivity
a parting trick
you so good at falling asleep
with your eye on the prize
keys in hand hanging off the edge of the bed

this might be the way I think about it

Once in a while I find myself thinking
about it
what a great friend I am
how I wrote you poems
about when we forgot
to suffer
to live
awkwardly
in pretty community
when the tramontane wind blew the rented car in Cadaques

the water was clear
I could smell the water
a beaded
tongue
pulling
the
precipice
a covalent
slip
clear water

when we weren't tour guides
and I wanted to tell you about Carla Lonzi
unparalleled
lineage
bracken veins
harmonising
soft pistachios and a terrible amount of moths in the
glove compartment
wrapped
around one
of your child hands
two of my claw hands.

It was probably terribly cute you concluded
that I just wanted to be at the after party
and uh-oh
get a blanket
and uh-oh
talk about my mother
and you would drag me up
to go hunting
and I would have your back in every bar in Spain
'you don't wanna mess with her'
I would say
'she spills easily'

I thought about your gut
your furious abdication
the unfortunate facts
you allergic
to the stuff coating painkillers
trying to eat so many of them on my 21st birthday
holding the event close
sincerity killing the cat
no air left
in wired dripping clouds
you licking my eyeball
'listen mate
we're all into succulents'
always defined
in opposition

and then, as if to comfort me
'this one's a nice lad'
you said
and crouched
we cut his eyes out of the television
buried them one by one
buried them side by side.

And when I read forward in the poem
to think why did you use that word twice
but I've just read it too quickly
I've just remembered it
why did you say it's about
the museum attendant
your father
your husband
can we go back and judge the woman shouting at her son in the cafe
it might give us clarity
and this time when I write them
when the crown's awry
that dignity of girls with their big wide hearts
might be mended.

The final image won't have a sound
just us travelling
I'll walk in to find you
depressing your feet into every last corner
spitting at the reader
'is this confessional?
Oh I'm sorry,
did we *confess* something?'

salt hair

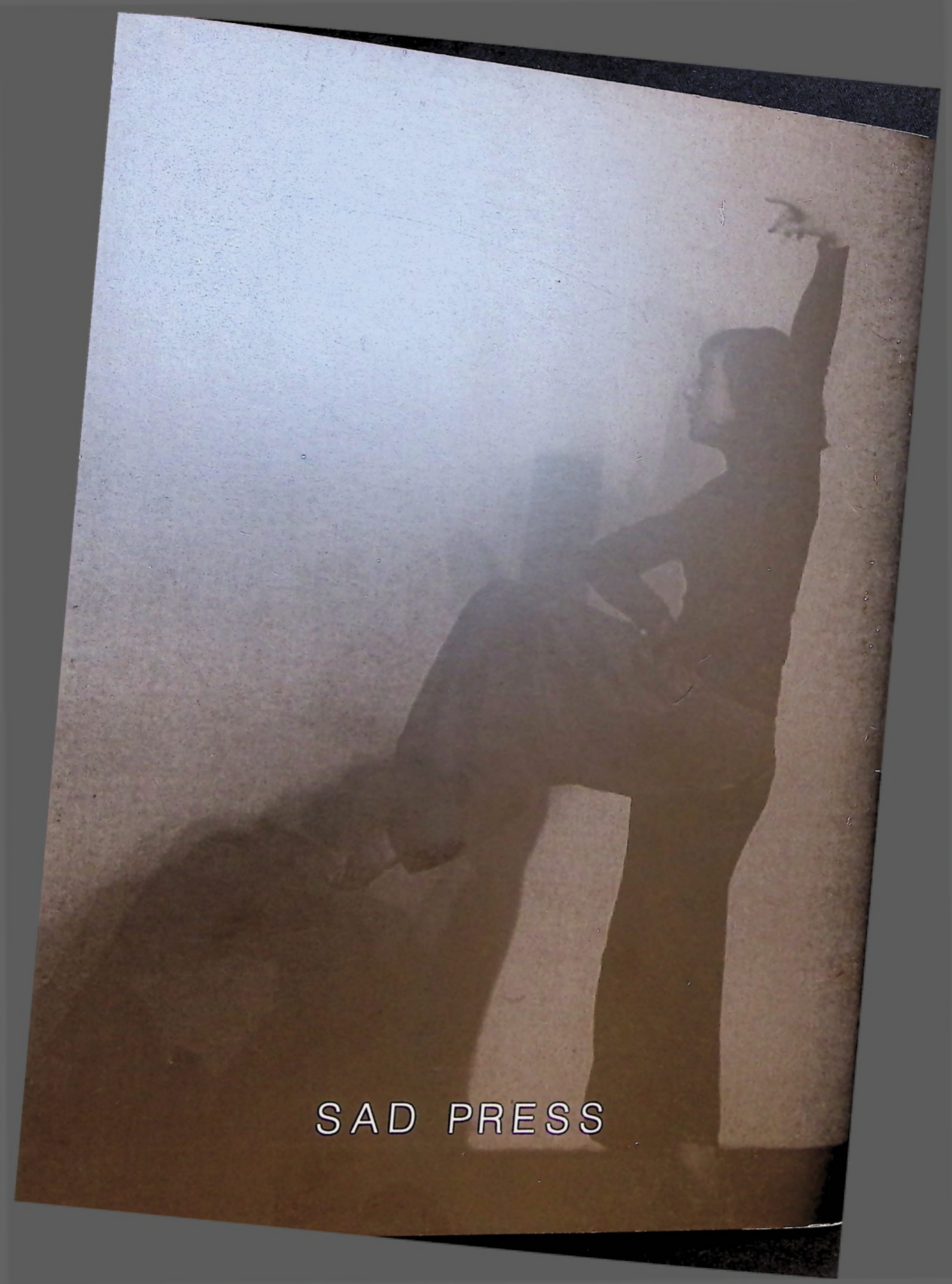
inflatable chairs
crackling

and you giving me
expensive make up.

'It's not for everyone'
you'll whisper
'oh no
it's not
for everyone,
it's
not.

It's
an
expensive
revolution
and we're going to be smart about this,
this
make up'.

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