

GO SIFT OMEN



PAUL HAWKINS

Paul Hawkins go sift omen



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go sift omen

go sift omen is an erasure of *God's Gift to Women* by
Do_ Pater_on_ (Faber Poetry 1997)

photoset

reserved

sold

by way of trade
out or

lent, resold, hired

circulated with

consent in

any form

and

imposed on

record

()

a dead fish floats on
a wooden fish

further precisions

connecting the worship

obscene honour
in some detail attempts at
paganism are successful the
gloom is lightened by an atrocious
theology full of errors
city of
summary

log

a little

necking in the pew
just to let your neighbour

get the clever stuff eyeing the
poke of butterscotch

to charm the sour

fucking tone

today

heightened

join the berry

to

sunless

language

fear

spiritual transport

the coach will limp

beyond the snowy graveyard of the page

tingle-test is inapplicable

()

she

may discern

the

symptoms: light sweats heartburn

that sad

part of the instep

crane

up the long drop

plate

slightly

underweight

meaning

silent

leaks and

conviction

is high

heads down let us

oh

()

scott tricked turfed

 the caird estate

scott crossed the

 sparks

 snagged on water

scott found loose

 eyes in the fence

 silver

 lilies green swans

 his pitch

 the little tuppence

 set to light

()

early
at the foot clinic in comeback street
to see a little

doctor strip
down

dreams
working through his stretches
the tightrope

the party arm

so thick
as if a small room
footprints snow
they affirm and reaffirm
fags blazing
old jock in asterisks

00:00: Law Tunnel

(leased to the

*Mushroom Company
in 1972)*

airy lull

on the stalled freight
crate

the shallow berth

stale
with the dream

the ragged
snoring

pol pot
captain oates

teeth bones

begging cup

rats boiled up
sleepers

the boy

pounds
waist-deep

i sing of the race

Nights:

ear

paid in silences
less than minor

a stamp in
a harem
to bed the same

dog-eared kerouac
snot-stream fetherlite
wineglass

more than
buttonhole

i am nose-to-nose
with keanu reeves

scale

notfelt.smoke
individualsdeja

amnesia

sensitive
lika a mirror

in persons

placed

cathedrals etc

sleepers
slight magnetic
like
passingtrucks

chink hairpins
vibration

bell
viscosityofcertain

increase in

domestic violence

heavy
demo
heavytrucks

pendulum

public
passing

unprovoked
from roof

in daylight
glassware

neighbour
television

roofline
turbid with mud
charges

perceptible

heavy

stucco

systemic
cracks

of

vortex
minorities

conspicuouscrack
undergroundpipelines

damage to

large

teacupsetc

irreparable

rails

onbeaches

widespread

pylons

seenon

bridges

movementof

perceptible

rock masses

()

late records
a wisp
flying coats
every egg
thumped down

and imagine
the tiny
light-code ripple of
shell snapping rock
boiling tar

to the organ thundering
the roof driving
each stone to extremity
and still we
posit the autistic

maurice durufle
reality
at errol
they dumb their doorframe
at the sea of corn

11:00 baldovan

base

power

the cold

cogs

chank

in pockets

buy comics

over

protocol

asking

when to bell

the

streets

forget

building-sites

and

fists

counter

the charred wreck of

left off

rain tastes

slowly

of Macalpine Road

six

with cocteau georges with cocteau laloy poulneq sneezed with
coc-teau honegger obscured with cocteau absent lilith failed to
return with cocteau

()

go

grieve over your absence

back in

darkness

the radio

reads

the ships

and

a recording of the ocean

nip

a big

square

tincture of

failed geography

its salty

the

waveform

a joke

have a good nose for

gold

patient

sherry

shy

the trick of

peat-smoke

shut inside

thought

tonight

difference
health
circle closed
the milk-float
dead to the world
again precisely
twelve years
separate the burnt
of what i know
its micro-episode
like
on acetate
suave
in dark
infinite sensitivity
this is no romantic
everything else it is a
backwash

()

dial into some blurry waltz till someone thinks to isolate the
composition as rough harmonics etc

tap at the moon's eclipse you will know time has bred the four
ghosts of ghosts loudmouthed with your sweet memory

circle and drain
nothing valves whisky

paul hawkins

companion

vladivostok central

in a dub-up-the-track

stories tally

()

drag a circle of brown into his body. days advance enquiries. a
name gold with nicotine. inside. basking in fame. the girl in his
back pocket leaves. the beggar out to catch feet.

suns going down
on three brothers
wisdom explain

homesick

every button-box

a five-row

fuck

and

mind if i sit in

i looks over

he shrugs

genius is pain pretendin'

lafayette stands up

slashes

the boy

up the middle

before his hi-hat's closed

he's

dyin'

big

box

on its knees

mind

the

rhinestones

the vladimir

nursin' a

tequila

dinna mind

celebrate

the travel lodge

black heart zipped

to hit the roads

while she rides

the dead phone

frightened

amongst her own grave goods

bug

what was lost
in the harrow
and plough

go women

womankind

could no more be depended upon
than any other

reflected that the holy father
of his sex

pearl

staring down the
last white javelin

to jfk
newport
like the door-light from an opened

the bare banks
the muddy venus

bridge
fist
and

i

stay like this

martyrdom

loose inside its
drum
slides
into the dusk
babes
of voluntary orphanhood
left in bleat and shiver
leaf-pattern duvet-cover
stencil
your bandage above
our heads
along the trail of bread
with big haversacks
and
at twenty-seven quid

a model of
christ

as a sly bathroom
 defraud

blood-debt

the semi-bastard title

()

once

i almost

slurred

and broke

the diary

again

john's overtime

clear as a bullet hole

and a durex

operation

beside the bad fruit and the ash

hurt

burst back into leaf

my phlebotomist blood-letter

back home drunk
standing at the sink
the steady
feathering up
with a bic lady shave
and a
chinese chef
scars
the bank
in that
kettle in the carry-cot
one eyebrow
watched the string of
years
mark
more lovely

()

delay

that

croupier

slim whitman

the green lady

steadily

drawing

monochrome

territory

()

your regular orphanage
gets out a pony-book
routine:frogmarched
out on the hour
whitecoats
biros
napkin
chloroform
needle and the van
over the crematorium

enough

mid-digit unreadable

bulb

braced against

air

the rain stalled like a

pre-sexual

rescue fantasy

daylight

the

signalman

curves

our

small

sun opens

reins

A

and something perhaps

marking the flare

of the velocipede

the thousand sisters

beneath

the light-bulb

hangs

the world

01

now

map

masonry

a dead star

between

half-asleep

girl

a mile

to

a seamless

left

groins

in the

dormobile

chained to the

heavy horses

imperial

is it normal to get this wet?

months of jaw jaw

win ground

over a bridge

no trade

the flaw

the night

the flag

the flag

po

skala

the

city flat

master

him

true, but

triggers

endocrine fantasies

recall

family

who played peck horn or euphonium

local

whistle from a

macaroni

zither

a cigarette-packet

spellbound as he blew

a goose-egg and then

a

primitive

ocarina

a

little off-key

breath

in the mode of

orpheus

scrawny

drawn

out of

scorn

immaculate

singer and

song seemed

terrible

reprinted

12/13 trans tess dimilo

12:00 dronley

august 20
specifically 351/366
the deciduous part of

hand

over

i was

years later the to eyes the solitary most of us

can take our bearings

the distant shut down the machines
all clockwork city
as if solid print

return of the book

astonishment at the
universe

the same as rendering or whatever

half-an-hour of coaxing

professional concern

squeeze

the shoulder

but somehow

write off the

after-hours stockroom

efficiency

nylons criss-crossing

silence

the tip of your

weeping

as such will get

stations

of byzantine complexity

around midday

you make

the dubbed polish game-show

roguishly

the last stroke

you wear in your head for a fortnight

you've developed

nothing but books about art

monday was twombly

brilliant

wank before teatime

you share

across the white field of

conclusive identification

in the stillness you make

thin

gently

fixing your

quantum mechanics

a sniff

of a beer mat

and that would be fuck einstein

words

like

an infinite shadow-board

each one on

time

a good sign

the wall

fingered by god

bracing your

head

in the balance

clear elocution as if

the brink

of the great

polarities

kick-started

the next hour

of its course

infraworlds

personal space

ambient

superimposed over

virtually nothing

silence

Voltaire

buenos aires early evening

the cassette
and your walkman
nothing but tape hiss

a kettle
half-opened a spatter
bandoleon

from a bar opposite
over blink small glasses
metaphysics or literature

know in an hour
the subject of women
one girl
freshing
whack volume this bit
a gurgle
a chair-leg parquet
off down an alley

consolidate the usual
badly-lit
a train
between dusk and
his audacity rendered as pastoral
sensitive derelict
is humanly adequate
at the end of the century

grinding

four lines of nothing

the taxman
is having it
pep-talk by
sweet sherry
meat-paste
on your shoulder
for fuck's sake get real son
the poem is
what you had forgotten
to turn off
the whole
snib-shut
and parcel beetles
chucked on the doormat
the x-ray notice
the warranty sale
the jealous badly reviewed
the nutter you met at the workshop
now enter
the black-and-white carry-on films in your
poems

obsolete dental equipment

is and

hand

failed
the big switch

the lens
of yourself
in a

cartoon

london brighton

a jittery

dimension

resolves

the

twinkle

lovely librarian

the coffee so vividly drawn

the audible whine of

skidmarks and forty

kensitas

admits

no

alternative

you sit

on that absolute moron the angle poise
through sparks
buggering the typography
your writing you cannot remember
if it was hand-shaking

to
scream
pounding the neighbours
unfortunately annoyance
 semi-detached

the first floor
a fizz
is a door
the door no door

postmodern

swedish number

or

in the cupboard since last christmas
opposite the telly

d'ye no'get it

from

husbands

river-lotus

duplicates

through the packed bud

the rapt

witness

flowers

disbelief

beholding

the same woman twice

14:

the next platform will be

dusty drum

egypt formal

letter

drumtick

carrot

horn rough

loak

sturt

drunkendubs

goats

bald

thorn

drowndubs

alfway

candlebird

after

750

the candlebird

small

burning tongue

tell me

which man i am tonight

siesta

the fire-fish
cypress
blind-boy
ivory
cicada ringing the elm

the pandemonium

cup
half-starved
carved
from air

toilet

thomas

inchtire

adamantine mirror

reflections

face

surfaces to

witness

our own idiotic heads

over the parapet

as on the back of a spoon

the poet can swim in these shallows
like a swan
cancelled utterly
concealed in mysteries
mouth

(ix)

02:50:

the rain

tears

shredded evidence

About the Author

Paul Hawkins aka Bob Modem/*EACHWHAT INDUSTRIES*/haul pawkins is a writer working mainly in poetry, visual art & performance. They co-run Hesterglock Press and its Prote(s)xt imprint with Sarer Scotthorne. They're the author of *Claremont Road* (Erbacce Press), *Contumacy* (Erbacce Press), *Place Waste Dissent* (Influx Press), *Servant Drone* w/ Bruno Neiva (Knives Forks & Spoons Press), *The Secret of Good Posture* w/ Bruno Neiva (Team Trident Press), *50 // fifty* w/ Michael Harford (Hesterglock Press), *Lou Ham: Racing Anthropocene Statements* (Dostoyesvky Wannabe) and *Ring More Gack* (Penteract Press).

more info: hesterglock.net

Go Sift Omen sorts *God's Gift to Women* through a sieve. Paul Hawkins sifts each poem through a strainer, and like seashells ground to grains of sand, finds new sensations. New fires and phrases alight the pages with the glint of pirate treasure exposed by the surf.

– **Derek Beaulieu**

'Every block of stone', said Michelangelo, 'has a statue inside it'. But what is inside Don Paterson's *God's Gift to Women*? On that, Michelangelo is silent. Fortunately, Paul Hawkins is here to show us that the answer is *go sift omen*, a sharp, slyly funny, experimental sequence formed from but transcending its source. Erasure is a paradoxical kind of sorcery, the art of making something new by finishing with less than you started with. Hawkins emerges as a minimalist magician, paring away and stripping down to reveal a buried structure, a tunnel underneath the mansion that takes us out into a wired and windblown wilderness.

– **Tom Jenks**

The cover image is by Paul Hawkins

