

Nicholas Manning

from "Novaless" . . .

XXVII.

something * is happening . . .
after the moment
of bright(est)
energy
her voice grown
a clump * of bushy hollies
it * whispered in her startled :
some tufts of dead
fern . . .
deep darkness * circling
rank * and reckless errantry
none reached the nook
of doing beforehand :
"it is dry
underfoot . . ." and she did not know
motionless * the superior in station
the dirges unceasingly :
after meeting *
go *back*

XXVIII.

the bark would have been sold off * for
tanning . . . the sleepless
soul * this is all
reminiscences
and frozen things * glue them
to her in her dream
shaving the neck
of a person
within
living memory
before * a beheading
the performer was enabled
ce qui est à ce qui devrait être :
the apple-blossoms

XXIX.

"I could make nobody hear * downstairs . . ."
uncontrollable feelings by
a lightning gleam
what filled it
dim light
awhile * so transitory
of gestures and faces un-
like our own . . . those of our
a pinch of dust under
her pillow :
unguibus et rostro
better known * as a critic
in the still night-song
nobody
came . . . proceeded fifty yards
provoked him unnecessarily
a * lovebird yearning
follow the road :
grow *deeper*

XXX.

dry hollow stalks * of cow parsley . . .
embracing * "colling"
the words are
used
while summer lasts and I live here :
the dying * and ripening
of the grain . . .
as one . . . nothing
such as cruelty * desertion looks
for such observancy
the allusion
is to the second : men are not gods
before the mourning * a lean-to shed
in full *tempe vale* * rife
with a variety
of semi-
transparent colours : a type
of wooden overshoe

XXXI.

the balustrade
the funereal * trees
the impatient tips of fingers . . .
à chacun arrive non pas ce qu'il mérite
mais ce qui lui ressemble . . . which opens up
onto our own rooms * beyond . . . which
tips (or opens) to pass grain :
which
is stirring
or on the move
in kaleidoscopic filaments
to a track leading * somewhere
more may have been going on
particularly for grace from
its shelter * in the dying
and * the ripening : "I
do not let out
all"

XXXII.

gold-beater's skin
some sticking * plaster
shy little bird of dusky time
in a membrane
it opens to pass grain
who lends what life must borrow
hollow wooden utensils
 lured into living
discovering its identity
in multicoloured
baskets or pots

XXXIII.

she could not help using * a small dagger
now . . . lain entirely in hearing
an encounter
a tenderness spread :
the vent-hole of barrels and casks . . .
the finest of his works * illustrated
this metaphor : a resemblance
selon les règles
of wooden pegs used
in a variety of arrangements
“mimicking”
perfectly
this instinct to fly
immediate * and final
the “ballad of life”
a narrow lane
between two walls of hedges
used * to separate * leaves of gold
in the painting * of white horses
towards a loadstar
of light