

Landscapes: the Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language

Volume 5
Issue 1 *En Passant*

Article 6

2013

From Address

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Recommended Citation

Clibbens, M. (2012). From Address. *Landscapes: the Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language*, 5(1).
Retrieved from <http://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol5/iss1/6>

This Poetry is posted at Research Online.
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MARTEN CLIBBENS

from Address

after Nava Fader

Narciss

The late half shimmer
of day in wind tousled
pools reflects a stranger
to his own eyes dead

*

The weight on my breath
who does you address?

The pollen and basalt
word a score of less

The International Centre for Landscape and Language
Edith Cowan University
Landscapes ISSN 1448-0778
Volume 5 Issue 1 En Passant
Winter 2012

*

There are arms bidden
Will you winter me?

Say to you limits free
unbide me wonder

*

Does address detain?
A greeting, a spell

An age of hauntings
a fleeting, a guess

*

Grass and goldenrod
if I were to wed

Yellow white willow
unbask me sorrow

*

Speak what light transit
the honey sinks to silt

The orange lichen burns
who is who I write?

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Address is a rumour
of touch I is saying
to she in a language
we is forgetting

*

The absolute luminous
white horizon wraith

The freezing mist filament
maze of intermittent wreath

*

The grain of white distance
past all names make a wish

The salt in the wind stings
wish grief to never cease

*

Beyond the squall line
a pale grey stippling

The white blood of what's gone
unadorn me shriving