

# NORTHAMPTON POETRY REVIEW



ISSUE 5 : MUSIC 2020



POETRY - ESSAYS - REVIEWS



**NORTHAMPTON POETRY REVIEW**  
**ISSUE 5 : MUSIC 2020**

Northampton Poetry Review  
Issue 5: MUSIC - 2020 (Published July 2020)

Website: [www.northamptonpoetryreview.org](http://www.northamptonpoetryreview.org)  
Email: [northamptonpoetryreview@gmail.com](mailto:northamptonpoetryreview@gmail.com)  
Twitter: @NPoetryReview

Managing Editor : Tom Harding  
Co-Editor / Art Director: Philippa Harding

All rights reserved.  
This collection © Northampton Poetry Review.  
Do not copy or redistribute without permission.  
All content © respective authors (2020)

Illustrations by Tom Harding (unless stated otherwise).

About Northampton Poetry Review:  
The Northampton Poetry Review is a literary journal based in Northamptonshire, UK. Its mission is to give voice to new poetry, fiction and non-fiction.

Northampton Poetry Review (Online) ISSN 2515-0588

[www.northamptonpoetryreview.org](http://www.northamptonpoetryreview.org)  
[www.twitter.com/NPoetryReview](https://www.twitter.com/NPoetryReview)  
[www.facebook.com/NorthamptonPoetryReview](https://www.facebook.com/NorthamptonPoetryReview)

## Editorial | Welcome

Dear Friends,

Welcome to the fifth issue of NPR.

I greet you in this strangest of strange times. Since we last spoke the world has turned upside down. To my memory, when we put out our call for music themed poetry back in January the Coronavirus was still a far off thing. Certainly we could never have predicted how our lives would change and to what extent.



John Clare, patron saint of the NPR

It's been a uniquely collective trauma.

I recently attended my first Zoom poetry night and had the great experience of listening to the poet David Punter read his poetry aloud including the titular poem from his collection, *Those Other Fields*. His delivery was so quietly powerful that for the duration of his reading I felt entirely present in the moment, managing even to forget I was due to read shortly after him - as soon as the spell was broken I resumed my nervous trembling and sweating.

It reminded me of the powers of great poetry, how in a manner similar to meditation it can return us to the moment and deliver reassurance and calm.

After reading through the many great (and great many) submissions we received for this edition's theme what came through above all else was the shared ability of music and poetry to offer solace in difficult times.

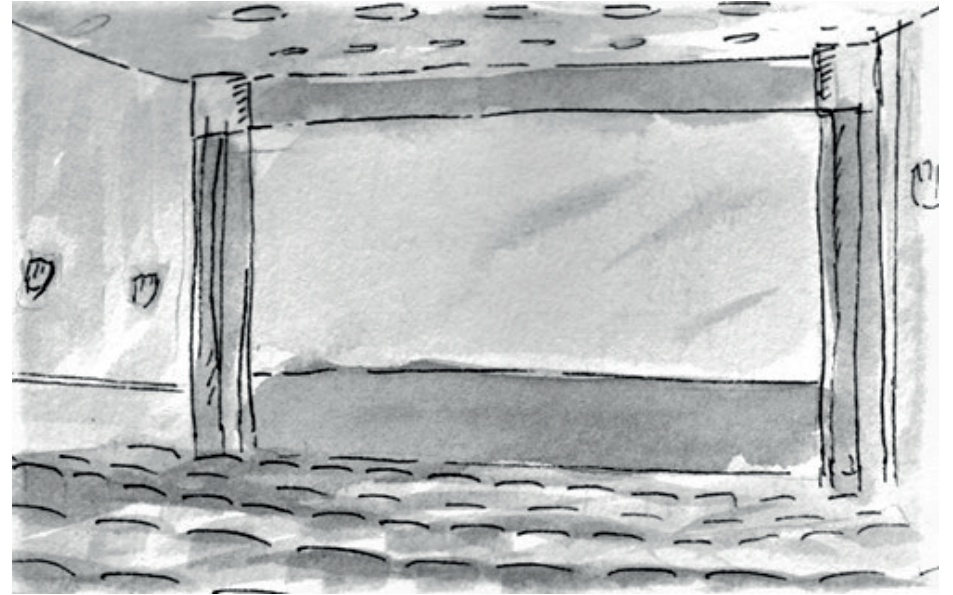
Originally, we had thoughts of encouraging detailed diatribes and academic assessments of the correlation between the poetic and musical forms. However at this point it feels more relevant to merely welcome the sweet consolations words and song offer, how they share the ability to move us, offer solace and provide hope.

With that in mind find a comfortable spot - at an appropriately social distance - and lend us your eyes and ears...

Tom Harding

Managing Editor, Northampton Poetry Review

## ISSUE 5: MUSIC



*Loud is the Summer's busy song,  
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,  
While insects of each tiny size  
Grow teasing with their melodies,*

- John Clare  
July  
The Shepherd's Calendar 1827

## OVERTURE:



## Byron Beynon

### CLARE'S VIOLIN

He held a wedding gift  
from Hessey his London publisher  
in his rural hands.

The landscape's minutiae  
he knew by heart and loved,  
it listened for the beating of his heart,  
true to the countryside's inhabitants,  
owl, hedge-sparrow, wren,  
the flight of insects,  
field-cricket, fox, the ancient badger  
that sensed the sounds and rhythms  
he'd observed.

When Clare played his violin  
on a Northamptonshire night,  
the bars were full of promises,  
boasts oozed through cracks.

Turning for a moment  
he closed his eyes,  
concentrated on a note  
which circled everyday lives,  
waited patiently for the new  
tempo of the dawn light.

# Albert DeGenova

## ENOUGH SPACE

give me the Blues

give me

the Blues

all the space I need

is three chords

to tell a howling

ya beautiful honey

knuckles cracking at sun-up story

give me the

Blues

with deep pockets of bass rhythm that pumps

like the heart of black earth and

dreams deferred.

The Blues is

enough room to breathe is

three chords

and a bit of sunlight

through dirt- and smoke-fogged

windows, the Blues

is an attic garret in

Paris or Prague or New York

or Chicago or

a sharecropper's shack in

Bogalooosa Lousiana –

where art

without any name at all

first cries its be-wah-wah-be-wah-dah.

give me enough space

give me the Ba-looos



# John Grey

## PLAYING THE HARMONICA

The music is all in my mouth.

I can taste my own spit.

I long for the separation

of face and instrument -

where is my guitar?

But immediacy it must be.

I gotta exhale like a bull

if there's to be music,

waggle my tongue

so it's not all the same wheeze.

Metal notes.

I can taste them.

Brassy and slight.

Not full-bodied like a saxophone storm.

More the fluttering of meadow grass,

the wind from the open C.

And no sheet music to follow.

It's all intuition.

Like speech —

looks like my lips

but it's my whole body saying it.

My head's part of the act.

Hey lungs, get bluesy.

Come on fingers,

rake that harp across my wind.

What I must look like up here –

crazy huh, audience –

blowing one way,

swallowing the other.

# Martin Johns

## KENTUCKY DULCIMER

Along the banks of Troublesome Creek  
where music is the lifeblood, where you could  
toss a rock and hit a musician,

where sawdusty old woodworkers turn  
Oxy addicts back towards life. Transforming -  
rough timber into a guitar, mandolin or dulcimer.

Black walnut and fragrant red spruce, Osage orange  
and black locus that gives a great tap tone,  
wood that talks, has a ring like silver.

Music and new skills a balm, to bring pleasure  
better than dope, a detox to break free,  
shake off the streets.



*The arching groves of ancient limes  
That into roofs like churches climbs,  
[...]*

*While heard that everlasting hum  
Of insects haunting where they bloom,  
As though 'twas nature's very place  
Of worship, where her mighty race  
Of insect life and spirits too  
In summer time were wont to go,  
Both insects and the breath of flowers,  
To sing their maker's mighty powers.*

-John Clare  
The Progress of the Rhyme  
Manuscripts



## Camilla Reeve

### RIVER WITH NO NAME, CUMBRIA

I wanted to write the sounds  
but the words wouldn't do it,  
down the hidden valley  
waters made music.

I wanted to catch the rhythm  
but I'm no musician,  
just linking words didn't ease my  
frustration.

In the hidden valley  
waterfalls drumming,  
pounding and gurgling,  
air humming,

running through trees,  
rivulets burbling,  
looping and streaming,  
sweet purring.

I wanted to sound the notes  
but my words didn't show it.  
River with no name  
down the hidden valley  
echoes in secret  
inside my memory,  
sending harmonics  
but only to me.



## Richard Rose

### HONG KONG SYMPHONY

Intoxicated by the light, a moth,  
frantic capers round the lamp  
that I had sought for aid,  
to shine upon the pages  
of the book I chose to read.

The beating geometrid wings  
cast giant shadows on the wall,  
and each time as it strikes the bulb  
it shuns the very source  
that summoned it indoors.

Outside its natural habitat  
the moth's caprice of panic grows.  
Until distracted from my book  
I rise and fling my window wide  
encouraging my guest to leave.

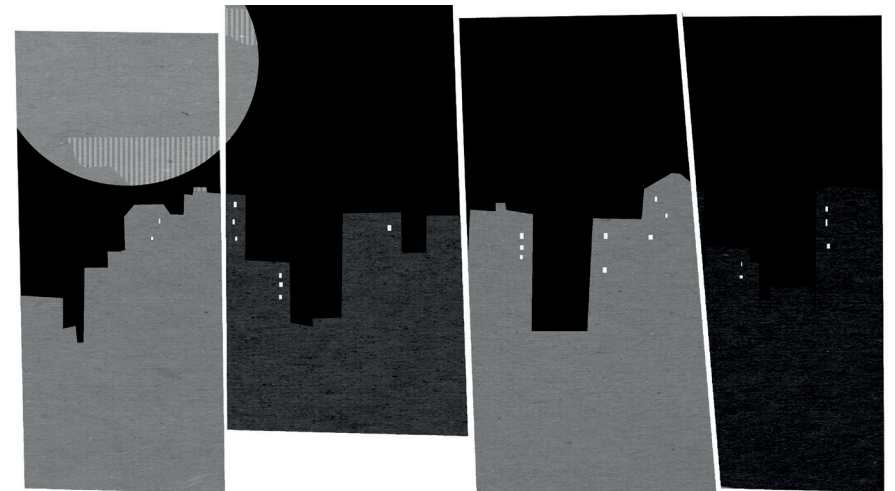
At last, encouraged by night air,  
the captive finds means to escape  
soft brushing past me finds relief,  
and continuing wild tarantella  
flees into the charcoal night.

Watching the moth fade from my sight,  
about to close the window I am held  
by cicadas trilling from the trees,  
and frogs from grasslands far below,  
joined in nocturnal Hong Kong symphony.

## Joe Cottonwood

### YOU, ME, AT THE DOCK

The quiet, our music.  
Warm breeze brushes  
black water.  
Look, meteorite!  
Your little finger  
seeks my hand.  
This, our cabaret.  
Entranced we linger  
while fireflies spark  
in the nightlife.  
Above hulking mountains  
float stars,  
the Milky Way.  
These, our city lights,  
our Broadway.



## Colette Tennant

### CAST OFF

My daughter takes her long oar,  
pushes her kayak into the river,  
heads toward the deep.

Over her, trees form a cathedral  
impossibly high – a green Gothic.

Music begins as she floats seaward,  
the choir filled with a sieve of herons,  
arpeggios from their long throats  
reaching for open water.

## Erin Wilson

### EARLY SPRING

Four young children  
jump recklessly  
on the neighbour's trampoline.

Our windows are open.

The air is fresh.

I hear their chirping and laughter  
mixing with

Dietrich Fisher-Dieskau's Mahler,  
as I do dishes.





The grammar of perfection  
has strangled everything—  
You don't teach the heart  
to spell,  
when it's learning how  
to sing!

DIVERTIMENTO:



## Harry Gallagher

SING

We sing as an imperative,  
we do because we must.  
With music we are nightingales,  
without it we are rust.  
Like the faces of flowers  
incline towards the sun,  
so we are all an inch taller  
with music's constant hum.  
And when indeed we find a voice,  
one that rings in our own head,  
the heart inside beats afresh,  
the soul around it newly fed.  
When asked, "Why do you sing?"  
Answer, "Doesn't everything?"



## Susan Ayres

ANNIVERSARY BLUES

*after Sandra McPherson*

Anniversary spoiled just last month, cold potatoes, salmon, heart  
Let's go back to Fortuna's to try our luck again  
That child won't take no for an answer, she's gonna break my heart

Steal us blind, take the car, do just what she wants  
Tell CPS Daddy beats her, lie through her pretty smile  
Run off with her boyfriend, do anything he wants

Can't take no for an answer, she's gonna tear us apart  
Pull Daddy by the heartstrings to give her what she wants  
Salmon, potatoes, honey, sip that cold white wine

Turn off your cell phone, that child will be fine  
Can't take no for an answer, gonna do what she wants  
Honey, let's go back to Fortuna's, don't give that child our heart

# Kathryn Paulsen

## AT THE CAFÉ

Has the big time spender  
at the juke box run  
out of money? No,  
he's just taking his  
time, making his  
choice. Out comes  
a tender, trembling  
melody obscuring  
the lonely music  
coming from  
the other room.

You run in my head  
like a song  
that only a song  
can for a moment  
replace.

# Karla Linn Merrifield

## SCRIPTURE

*Em Am Em B7 F#m*  
I wish I could just stop over and say hi and spend the night talkin with you

*Em Em Em Em*  
Hey I miss you

*Em B7*  
A lot



## Erin Wilson

### ORGAN MUSIC

Sometimes  
even when I piss  
I feel like a church steeple.  
I sit tall  
while white light and pure sounds  
travel through me.



## Clive Donovan

### TRIPLE HAIKU #5

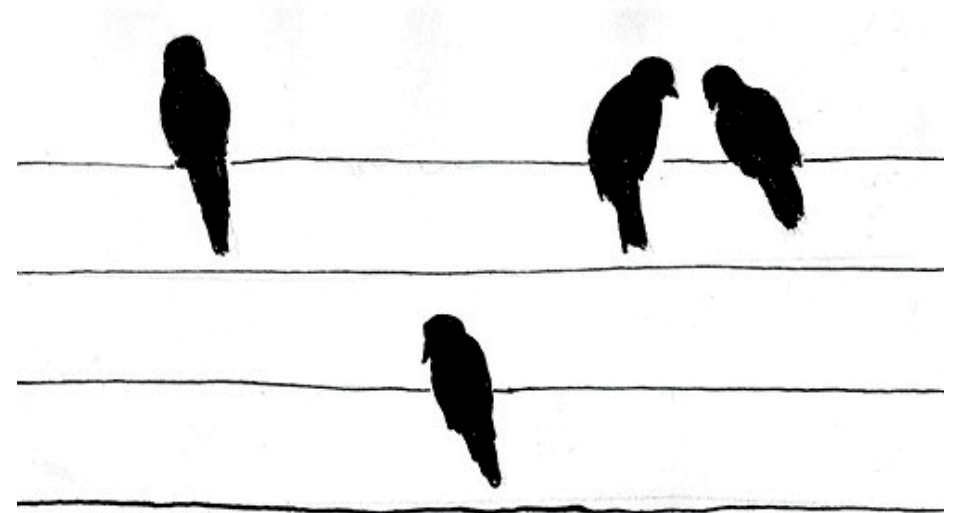
All is deserted  
And I, drunk in the middle  
Berate the High Street  
Under this lamp pole  
I sing of abandoned love  
Till the light goes out  
Sightless I stagger  
Following the road's camber  
Embraced by gutter

# David Lewitzky

## FOX TROT

Hot and serious fox trot  
Frustration fox trot  
Bleeding Prometheus fox trot  
Hard on in flames fox trot

Dance of derision and anguish  
Dance of my forsaken youth  
Dance of indecent memory  
Fecklessness, humiliation



*I loved the winds when I was young,  
When life was dear to me;  
I loved the song which Nature sung,  
Endearing liberty;  
I loved the wood, the vale, the stream,  
For there my boyhood used to dream.*

-John Clare  
Home Yearnings  
Asylum Poems 1842-1864

## RHAPSODY:



# David Lewitzky

## CASSANDRA'S SONG

What is that song

The one Cassandra sings

I can't remember what it's called

The one about the shattered leaves

The wasted lives, the colors

Blanched away

A song about all sorts of things

That seem to matter, I forget

That song she sings

Cassandra what's-her-name

In her high and reedy

Not so pleasant

Captivating voice

Like gesso on a crumbling wall

Sweat that tickles, itches, chills

Thin clothing and the penetrating wind

I seem to hear that melody

From time to time

The silent rhythm of a broken window

Empty bed, abandoned town

That ghosting melody

Of retreating sighs, interrupted laughter

Unforgettable. I'm irritated, haunted

I just don't know. I can't quite get it



## Tim Gadhorn

### CITY MORNING MUSIC

You can hear all the music  
from this open window,  
not just the horns of the traffic  
or the building works percussion  
but the fly landing on the lip  
of the paper coffee cup,  
or the widow whispering prayers  
to her morning glories  
while the sunlight shines  
across the floorboards  
of an attic room where  
someone is turning over  
and reaching out  
in an otherwise empty bed  
and a colourful bird in his cage  
sings his first song of the morning,  
with only his small mirror  
for company.

## Bert Flitcroft

### BLACKBIRD

Sometimes, when the local teenagers  
are skateboarding or loitering elsewhere,  
I sit upon the bench across the road  
seeing my front door as the postman sees it,  
as the cat on the corner must.

Just now a blackbird is silhouetted on the eaves,  
the thrill of his notes charging the fading light.  
Though not a darkling thrush flinging out his soul,  
and it is summertime not winter, that poem,  
the suddenness and joy of it, is here.

The blackbird is indifferent to the yellow rumble  
of the late bus that stops and then accelerates away.  
He is busy summoning a distant mate perhaps  
or throwing out a warning, guarding  
his patch as more than darkness descends.

The evening's sieve of stars is brightening.  
I should go in and turn on the table lamp,  
but not just yet, while he is in full voice  
and I am held in the palm of his song, the spell  
of his silver notes defying the fading light.

## David P. Miller

### CAFÉ NEAR SYMPHONY STATION

And now I am walking head down  
in twenty degrees, head down in the night,  
remembering alone, remembering  
toward the next subway entrance  
that I was living in this body, on this sidewalk,  
surfacing from this same station  
forty-three years past, strange to me then,  
opening to wind-tunnel cold.

The same theater opposite as it is now,  
waiting, opening in from that night  
to the girl in that play I did not bed  
though I had the mattress beside her futon  
beneath the one room light,  
and stared, again stared at her  
undraped chest, her eyes  
that did not stare back.

Looking back at myself from the night window  
and refracting hair-gray from the glass  
I might be a café elder or some visiting professor.  
After I drop a dollar in the tip jar  
to nudge someone's rent, I wander to my seat  
past a music student moving her lips over a score,  
another toting a violin across her back  
like a papoose in an elementary school picture.

At the counter looking outside, past  
a reflection of hands waving and spotlit  
behind me, and the brief appearance  
of another white-hair, in red cloth cap,  
who after a quizzical look through the door  
at the menu, might set himself down  
as I have, but doesn't. He might return to the door  
he now holds himself away from,  
away from the blazed hair colors  
and the parleys younger and younger.



# David Atkinson

## THE CURVE OF HER SHOULDER

'Someone left the cake out in the rain'  
MacArthur Park, Jimmy Webb (1968)

.....

He daydreams of that day of teenage love, the city park,  
before the times of angst about tomorrow.

Muted sound except her gentle breath, innocence,  
caresses the curve of her shoulder in the warming sun.

Couples stroll, inhale and stroke the roses;  
the tableau of a wedding party.

A dewy glaze, the severed scent of shaved grass  
and soaring fragrance, the possibilities, of frangipani

sighing in the buoyant salty air. Eastern rosellas prattle  
in Moreton Bay figs. The vision is *melting in the dark*.

The traffic noise rises with the buildings,  
the distant ferry speeds away from its wake

Back then he was a miniaturist, absorbed the clarity  
of every bloom; *I'll never have that recipe again*.



*Hark ! 'tis the melody of distant bells  
That on the wind with pleasing hum rebounds  
By fitful starts, then musically swells  
O'er the dim stilly grounds;  
While on the meadow-bridge the pausing boy  
Listens the mellow sounds,  
And hums in vacant joy.*

-John Clare  
Summer Images  
The Rural Muse 1835



## Harry Gallagher

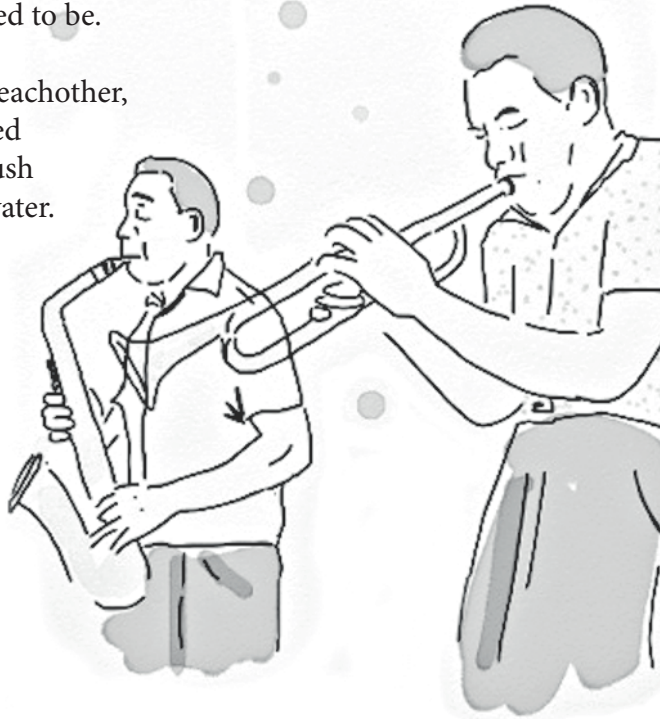
### HOUSE MUSIC

This morning the chimney breast  
sang its deep song,  
its voice a summer hum  
of red wine and communion.

The kitchen door unlocked itself  
and let in the blackbirds,  
who brought notes from the treetops,  
now ringing through the hallway.

There are quavers hanging  
by their tails from lampshades  
and crochets stand sentry  
where the hoover used to be.

The taps dance with each other,  
the toilet's face flushed  
in the sleepy-eyed hush  
of hymns and holy water.



## Mark Valentine

### MOON GRAMOPHONE

Insistent hissing from the horn's  
great cone of brass and verdigris  
on the velveteen plate  
the evening crackles  
like grated paper  
the black moon slowly orbits  
with the cries of a lonely jackal  
hungry still for souls  
and in the room half-lit  
the dark light revolves  
and gargoyles the coals.

## Erica Jane Morris

### PORTIA'S SONG

*That tidings came – with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire  
(William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Brutus,  
4.2. 206-7, Oxford University Press, 1984).*

I bathe before the moon – to soothe  
my song of night, the nights I long.  
One with one; I bore your only son.

My shadow song. Each night, alone  
I place a shell – so smooth and white,  
soothe these shadows, make a path.

We were one. One of one. As moon,  
I wax and wane, weep a song among  
my stars, lost your second son – so soon.

Dark is rolling – I am without ground,  
shell or moon. At night, there is another  
who will not sleep. Another, Brutus,

another. Shadows moving, longing  
for him, for you. My night of song  
and moon, with him. O Brutus, I misdo.

## Mehran Waheed

### LA SIRÈNE

Your song is a pearl cupped to my ear, Venus reborn in her seashell,  
Perched nubile, stranded on a rock of karaoke stage.  
Swaying like Paradis to Joe le Taxi, in the zephyr of Botticelli,  
Le vent d'autan blows smoky kisses outside, as la taverna ululates.  
Claws entwine the mic, string, bow, harpoon our throats with  
"Hello sailor" coral smiles, a moonlit blouse of sequin scales.  
Bodies thrash, rattle and roll, drifting towards low fidelity's notes,  
This treacherous lighthouse, enslaved by mercurial waves.

Peck out my eyes, drown your sound with beeswax and honey,  
Rum my thirst, slake this dearth with some sweeter trap.  
But you swan over, pintail my hand to your sternum's mast; beneath,  
the Siren ruffles in her nest, and I try to oar myself back.  
"Tu le sens, mon cœur?" Golden forked-tongue prises the mussel-caught  
question.  
A diving nod into your jaws, for neither is there peace in silence.





*Love lives beyond the tomb,  
And earth, which fades like dew !  
I love the fond,  
The faithful, and the true.*

*{...}*

*'Tis heard in Spring  
When light and sunbeams, warm and kind,  
On angel's wing  
Bring love and music to the mind.*

- John Clare  
Love Lives Beyond the Tomb  
Asylum Poems 1842 -1864

REQUIEM:



# Gerard Sarnat

## CLIMATES CHANGE: *DANCE MUSIC* EKPHRASTIC MUSES

Lovely children once played  
below our bedroom porch:  
now post wildfire decayed  
wild oak just sway among  
my ennui fancies of Henri  
Matisse's scorched ladies.

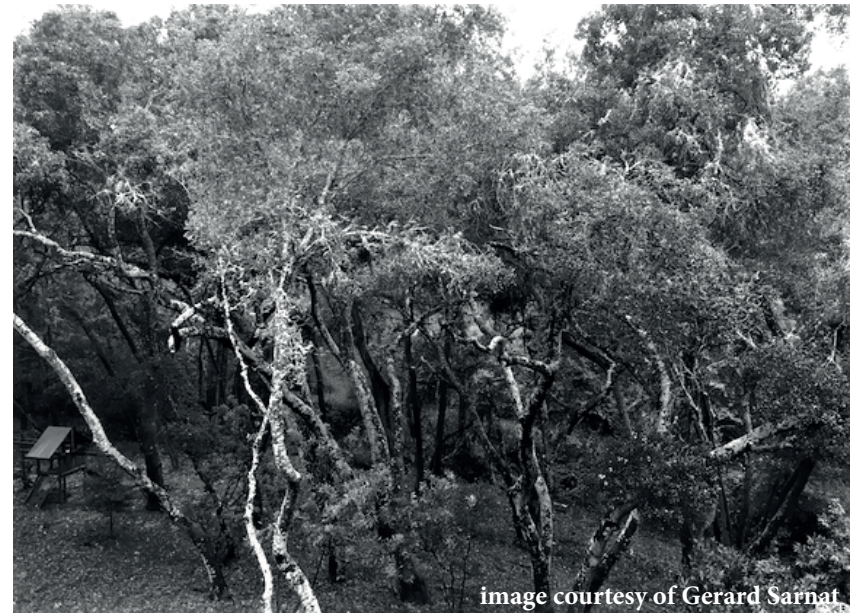
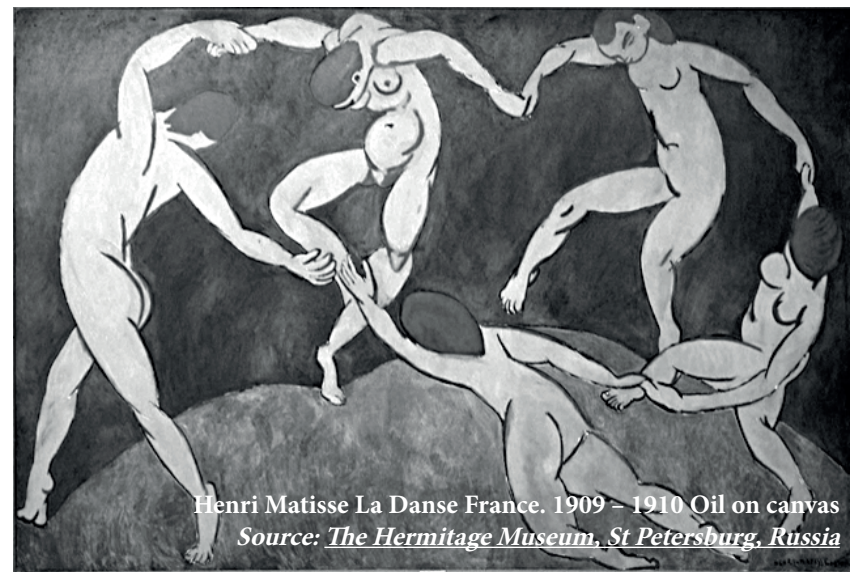


image courtesy of Gerard Sarnat



Henri Matisse La Danse France. 1909 – 1910 Oil on canvas  
Source: *The Hermitage Museum, St Petersburg, Russia*

## Robin Michel

### SOME DAYS

*Dedicated to Carl Hogsden*

If you hear  
a bit of music that feels  
like rain. Like rain, your heart breaks,  
but never mind. The ache is a part of you  
and beyond you, too. Like the rain.  
Open wide and round your mouth,  
let it pour inside you.  
You want to swallow it.  
You want to be swallowed by it.  
And all that really matters is  
this ache of beauty that  
will not let you go.  
(Tell me,  
do you really want it to?  
Will you ever know?)  
Some days you hear  
a bit of music that feels like rain,  
and the drops scatter  
across your thirsting skin  
like thousands of teasing promises  
whispered from invisible lips  
and wings, whether you believe  
in such things or not.  
And all that really matters  
is this eternal ache of beauty that ends,  
and comes again and again.

### DEDICATION

*A note from the poet*

My husband and I lost a friend who lived in Cambridge in April. Carl Hogsden was a very gifted musician, as is his young son. We attended a live-streamed funeral; only ten people were permitted to gather for a man who made friends everywhere he went. I first met Carl many years ago, but we only reconnected three years ago when my husband and I went to England and stayed with him and his family. I will be grateful to share this issue with his widow, his son, and his family. Carl loved England, and sang traditional folk songs that celebrated its beauty, and its people. To have a poem about music, published in a publication from his country and so close to where his family lives, makes this especially meaningful.



## Ed Ruzicka

### MISSING MATT

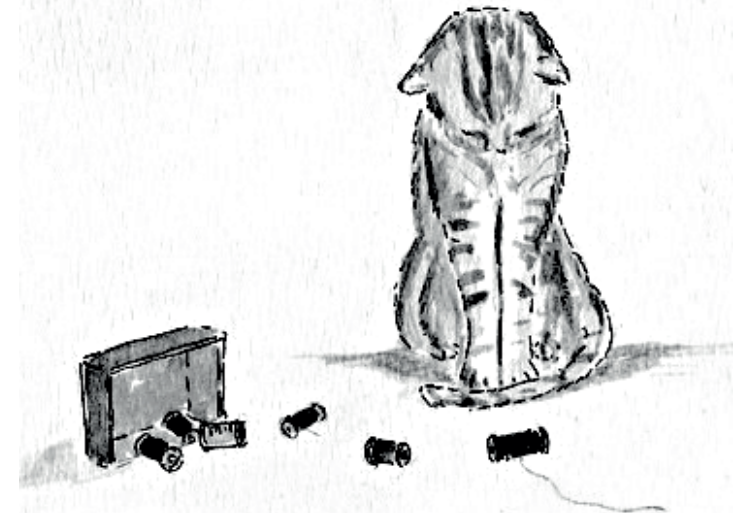
In the end, they put his few pieces of handmade furniture by the side of the street. One was the piano stand crafted from skid-wood to perfectly match his height.

Sometimes he'd cross his legs, sit sideways, dangle a hand-rolled cigarette off the side of his lips as I drank tea. He'd indulge me with Mingus. Lift notes up from smoulder through dust motes into sapphire.

His cats had stopped sniffing him or had started an agitated routine of sniffing him more. Who's to say? The cats had stopped hearing him balance exquisite delicacy against cascades of illumination, as Matt stroked out a Beethoven Sonata with the same hands that did not stroke their fur anymore. Matt's brother let himself in with the hidden key found him there. Cats don't weep. Brothers weep.

So much time is spent in every life doing and undoing.  
Heat soup. Slop and wash that pot.  
Slip beneath, re-straighten sheets.  
Swing, walk through,  
close the door.

Except for a man like Matt  
whose determination was devoted fervor.  
Each pitch, its intensity, duration  
was a choice he made, a step  
into a definite way of being.  
He fired off notes with such  
unfailing commitment to tone  
that phrases hung in the air  
long after his fingers  
stopped, sometimes  
for years.





# Tina Schumann

## DANCING WILL BE MANDATORY

*(ONE MEMORY AND A DREAM)*

The ballroom is empty  
save for my father slumped in a chair  
along the far wall. His cane rests  
against one knee, arms crossed loosely  
over his chest. He appears to be sleeping.

His bent frame nearly fades  
into the flowered wallpaper. The music cues  
and I know I must get him on his feet.

I approach him without a word  
and slip one hand under each arm

pulling back with all my strength.  
He is dead weight. Unable to arrange  
his own skeleton into a standing position,  
we tremble in unison. Chest to chest, our hearts  
clatter and thrum in clumsy syncopation.

When I was twelve he once dragged me  
onto the dance floor at a cousin's wedding.  
His grip was firm and commanding.  
I had never seen him drunk, but I knew  
enough not to protest.

The music now is Baroque, antiquated  
and exacting. The speakers crackle and pop.  
A relentless spotlight follows us across the floor.  
I have become the puppet master  
and he a truncated marionette.

His feet plod along the parquet floor.  
My arms shake under the weight of him.  
The music's pace has hastened, the volume increased.  
A waltz is called for, but our bodies can only waver  
in the feigned mimic of a dance. The double doors

to the hotel have been roped off with red velvet  
stanchions. Through the smoked glass I see  
figures move freely; a woman throws her head back  
in exaggerated laughter and men float like ghosts  
across the lobby floor.

# Tina Schumann

## VERISIMO

The dying orchid

over the kitchen sink gets me thinking: What is a life  
and what is the memory  
of a life? How do the actual  
and the evoked converge?

The recalled, and the imagined?

What would we do if he were alive now?

Would we walk down Central Ave arm in arm?

Talk of the symphony? How laborious Mahler can be,  
how childlike Mozart? Would his mind be of a piece,  
or already a faulty mechanism of routine?

He is the reason I cringe  
at sentiment. Anything contrived  
or veiled in sweetness; inherited impulses  
buried in the nucleus of every cell.

Now is the end  
of our broken legato.

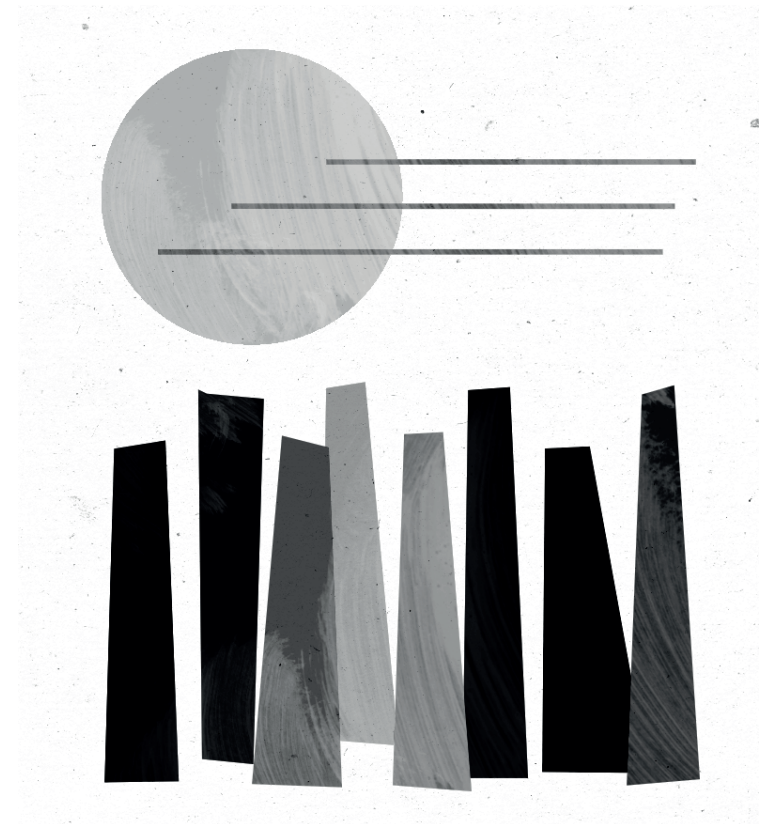
I must remake myself  
in the style of the Prima Donna; take center stage,  
project my voice. The soloist at last.

That little orchid  
keeps fighting for its life,  
and he ends  
every conversation  
with *away we go*.

## DEDICATION

*A note from the poet*

The poems 'Dancing Will Be Mandatory...' and 'Verisimo' are taken from my 2017 chapbook, [Requiem. A Patrimony of Fugues](#), which won the Diode Editions chapbook competition and is a collection of poems reflecting on my role as caregiver for my father as he lived with progressive dementia. He was a musician himself and a lifelong lover of classical music, opera and jazz.



# David P. Miller

## THE ENOUGH

Now philharmonic. Tear Bach's partita to a cataclysm.  
Now studio string quartet. Totter my tympani. Whirl my jaws apart.  
Now student contralto. Prevent my outbreath. Part my lips.  
Now unreeling electric guitar. Water the vinyl with tears in the grooves.  
Now British girl singer. Make me come back as your vocal chords. Fall my heart sideways.  
Now three bass notes repeated, piano and strings, monotonous as light. Exhale sunset over indigo horizon.  
Now razor cut cloud of cymbals and guitar. Drop the spinning floor from under my feet.

Now the self-playing skull jukebox. Roll the soundtrack:  
    Two men in a bus seat, lapsed toward the aisle.  
Now the minstrel piano chords sound. Sound in that place felt between the ears.  
    Two heads with shorn hair, flapped ears, sunken eyelids, father and son.  
Now those molasses chords play back behind the frontal bone.  
    The men pass a Pepsi can. Heads nod to drink.  
Mind music, spread that place felt behind the breast bone.  
    The son's camel eyelashes. Chin slumped on his chest.  
The two measure music loop, two measures, two measures.

Now string orchestra, fading by molecules. Take us to where we hear only the room.  
Now shaken seedpods, hushed stone scrapes. Draw a line from third eye to navel.  
Now subway's passage in open air. Color the houses and the dusk.  
Now freezer's low pulse, *chik chiks* of pest control in a wall socket. Set this evening kitchen against my blood and lungs.  
Now her sigh near sleep beside me. Let the pillow lull my skull.  
Now single bird at sunrise. Be the only. The solitary. The enough.



*O for that sweet, untroubled rest  
That poets oft have sung !-  
The babe upon its mother's breast,  
The bird upon its young,  
The heart asleep without a pain  
When shall I know that sleep again ?*

- John Clare  
Home Yearnings  
Asylum Poems 1842-1864

CODA:

## Michael Estabrook

MUSIC IS A MORAL LAW. IT GIVES SOUL TO THE UNIVERSE.

*PLATO (428-348 BC)*

### Revelation

Music: the universal cosmic language

the one irrefutable constant

forget about  $E = MC^2$ , Quasars, the Big Bang.

Become music and you'll know everything

and live forever.

### Midnight

He tip-toes

into the living room, sits in

the lotus position, listens

to Ferrante & Teicher playing Tchaikovsky

wonders about his future without a father

### Opera Lover

Driving to Lincoln Center in a blizzard just for Saint-Saëns'

Samson and Delilah just to see some poor schlub

get his hair cut off and his eyes gouged out

## Bob Dylan

On the beach listening to Dylan on my iPhone instead of  
reveling in the sun's warmth, marveling at the seals  
and seagulls but I can't help myself

### The Devil

As the music overwhelms me, I realize I missed my calling  
could've had a fulfilled life. "Such a pity  
that ship sailed a long time ago" spits the Devil.

### Angels

On his deathbed

Katie and Emily come

with their guitars, long hair and tight jeans

play Angel from Montgomery

keeping him alive two more days

# FEATURED POET

Click to *listen* where you see the mic...



**A note to the digital reader:** In addition to the live performance recordings of the featured pieces, links to the music referenced in the poems have been placed within the text. These were provided by the artist, to invite the reader to explore the music she heard in her head and so deepen the connection with the work.



# Catherine Lee



## KEY OF C

“You know what you need?”  
she inquires with a grin  
“an affair with a poet  
of heroic proportion.”

Behind horn rim he cogitates  
the costs or merits of this state.

“What’s in it for you,”  
she cunningly said  
“we wordsmiths do serious  
research in bed.”

Not one of those to lose his pride  
he muses as to coincide  
her wondering with a trumpet ride.  
(Might could call it plagiarize--

What [Alberta Hunter](#) sang.)  
Believe her, I’m inclined,  
(though it ought to be reversed)  
“a good man’s hard to find.”

She’s open for a thrill  
He arpeggiates a trill,  
commits for good or ill  
to horn plus poet skill  
they’ll rhapsodize until  
rare harmonies distill.



### Sleeve Notes

Cecil Reenald Carter, original music composition  
Recorded for NPR ISSUE 5 : MUSIC 2020





## FIESTA JAZZ BLUES

One would like to think it was a heavenly personage that arranged for this band's leader to call "Red Top" for sound check. Departing local band left after having played a credible vocal cover of "Mr. Magic," with lyrics I did not recognize. Not that I'm an expert, though I am heavy.

I happened to be sporting a red teeshirt, sort of thing that makes you wonder where the devil maestro got that Top idea. 'Twas then the turn for "Nica," a cat, according to the maestro, not the hipster wealthy dowager that Horace Silver knew and commemorated with his tune "Nica's Dream."

Maestro is an academic saxophonist, with a reedman buddy guest, so they played a lot of "Bird," showed off their chops on Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee," for one. Eventually we learned that "Marmaduke" was based on "Honeysuckle Rose," which offers invitation: listen harder, hear through beer Fats Waller's classic head.

"Bite here gently" says the pencil I am using to write these musings by the one whose middle name should be "Bizarre." So I take the bait and recall I can't remember my last French kiss, the sort of which invoked Fats' musical remarks.

Last birthday was my 69th;  
I did so hope to celebrate  
sometime this year in such a way.  
Alas, I'm still the reigning queen,  
the poet piping unrequited love.

But now approaching 10 times 7,  
well past 21, again I hope to order up  
a proper way to party down  
my unexpected major O  
with honey I have yet to know,  
consort with, then to crown.

*First appeared in We Are Beat, National Beat Poetry Festival Anthology, August 31, 2019*



### Sleeve Notes

Aaron Price, piano; Zack Page, bass;  
James E Sanders, Jr. audio post-production

RED'S GOLDEN BLUES  
(Carmen's Organ Fiesta)

Wild night. Need I say more?  
Hammond organ, traps, and sax,  
threesome spreading auditory love

Red Young's deep bass  
done with footfalls making liquid gravitation  
pull through floorboards  
rumbles vibrate thighbones  
playing soulful Cannonball Adderley "Games"

What if every night could be this splendid?

Sure you intellectualize  
diminished sevenths, turnarounds  
but this real dealing dancing daring saxman  
Roby Edwards shod in spats  
plunges into heart and makes us clap  
on one or three or two—whatever!  
Pleasure does not care.  
His pure drilling rhythm  
Sparking grinning  
barroom howling  
Give that drummer some he's  
pulsing sounding under over in between  
and through that stranger at the table over  
thumping hard down foot in time to organ's cries  
telegraphing feeling very like that  
other union pounding



What's your hall of shame?  
Half empty club: a handful of selective hearers  
Those who couple add this spice to bedroom later.  
Single soul directly rides on Hammond clef:  
B3 what's not to be  
when dumb blue pill  
could scarcely match  
their hot "Green Onions"  
organ stimulation.



**Sleeve Notes**

Cecil Reenald Carter, original music composition

Cecil Reenald Carter also plays the synthesized blues on the recording

## WHITE HORSE BLACK MOUNTAIN BOOB BLUES



Soulful woman strides her spot of stage,  
wailing how he'll beat her, but she loves him just the same.  
Blues chords, block chords punctuate tradition of  
her hit-me—love-me dame.

Amid the audience lies function room marked  
“Gentlemen” that’s on the left; “Ladies,” of course, are right.  
Delicious Asheville craft-brewed ale on tap compels adventure journey  
toward the powder room assigned alleviation of this damsel’s plight.

Down the narrow T-shaped passage stands, obstructs,  
an undecided hombre, seemingly confused.  
With haste I pass; in accident of urgency, I bump him bosom first,  
then as he shies away I point him toward his doorway  
saying “I’m so sorry, please excuse me, you go that-a-way.”

Feeling it—no doubt of that—he apologizes genuinely.  
Upon my throne, I contemplate his unassuming courtesy,  
note he clearly contradicted rancor of  
an antiquated tune.

True encounter, yes, I touched the single fellow bearing  
gentleman’s comportment in this roots of blues saloon.

*First appeared in Poetica: The Inner Circle Writers’ Group Poetry Anthology 2019,  
Clarendon House, pp 169-170*



### Sleeve Notes

The recording features pianist Aaron Price of Asheville NC USA.  
Aaron played the chords behind the soulful singer referenced in the poem.

## INSPIRED BY ORNETTE QUARTET? (Hell Yeah!)



Heaven all right: Bass Hall, UT Austin, packed with curious, admirers.  
Leader man is 80, seeming frail traversing to and from the stage  
but remarkable when playing, strong and  
still come unanticipated tones.

[Ornette Coleman](#) played 2 solid hours, really played ensemble,  
not like frontmen floating airily above the rest of working band.  
Al MacDowell electric bass (or was it custom strung guitar?);  
Tony Falanga upright bass; Denardo Coleman drums.  
Quartet played a dense maturity  
almost like his greatest all time,  
Prime Time hits except that sidemen,  
quoting from the Coleman oeuvre,  
vaguely recollected lines supporting that familiar,  
while Ornette remained HIMSELF in front,  
picking, choosing which for star-like  
saxophone, or violin  
or trumpet playing in the moment.

Fine musician friends of mine gifted me this ticket to the stars.  
Bought online what blurb described as “best available”  
Section O2, row V, seat 113 randomly assigned.  
In real time this positioned me on direct acoustic sightline with  
the upright bassist set up slightly left of center stage.

My friends were in row 2, extra seats they  
add upfront when lacking orchestra in pit.  
They could see all players's faces, instruments & gestures perfectly,  
but PA output sound directed past their heads.  
Many empty seats between us made me wonder why  
computer didn't seat me closer. One would think its algorithm  
would assume that nearer to a stage is better. Now I know  
assignment was acoustic and provided advantageous  
point of reference  
to augment my other purpose.

I arranged to call a cash-poor friend on mobile phone  
at mid-point of Ornette's appearance  
he profoundly wished to hear.  
Cellularly we were all connected  
most of 2nd hour of the quartet set  
when unexpectedly a fifth — Mari Okubo voice,  
whose words went garbled by a mic mix  
barely calibrated for ensemble sound — did one  
unisoning vocal piece  
with Coleman senior's horn.

Remotely, hearer couldn't know in moment,  
how that singer's shiny earrings and long necklace  
intercepted LED white spotlight  
sending dazzling laser flashes everywhere  
in pitch black hall, tacit shooting stars.  
Was this deliberate? sound transmuting into  
music of transmitting light?  
Or mere coincidence arising to alert  
unwary to amazing levels microtone vibrations  
using ears and eyes in concert  
to contain, direct, reflect, and penetrate a brain.

And soul. Inspired by. Phone held close to heart  
and wonder if my pulse with heartbeat of ensemble sound  
was heard and throughput electricity  
of all of us together spirit. Boys upfront reported  
from their band pit sightline that the turquoise suit I wore  
— studded with metallic quarternote — distinguished me  
from drab-clothed crowd of rapt attendants.  
This was deliberate. My intended gesture  
of respect toward Ornette  
Coleman's masterful ideas  
light color concert music heaven.



**Sleeve Notes**  
Kory Cook, drums



## About the Artist

CATHERINE "JAZZ CAT" LEE founded and ran for 13 years a music presenting nonprofit. In that adult playpen in 1978, she began exploring poetry's percussive jazz voice. Today she reads solo or performs with improvising musicians when sitting in "on poem."

Lee's writing has appeared in small press publications and anthologies, locally in San Antonio TX, regionally, nationally, and worldwide.

Lee's multimedia pieces — radio specials she produced, original jazz poetry, and documentary videos — are archived on [soundcloud.com/jazz-cat-lee](https://soundcloud.com/jazz-cat-lee) and [vimeo.com/jazzovation](https://vimeo.com/jazzovation) and she blogs about notable musical/poetic collaborations on her Facebook page, [Jazz Ovation Inn](#).

Her artist handmade, limited edition chapbooks (A Rested Development and Kinda Pregnant), with or without music CD, can be obtained at her Etsy storefront, [Jazz Ovation Inn](#).

CECIL REENALD CARTER (Composition, Trumpet and Piano) began his formal musical studies at the University of Texas in 1963. He continued an active music career leading military ensembles in Europe, Asia, and the United States (Third Army Soldier Show; 76 Army Band; Army Navy Marine School of Music; and Fifth Army Band), where his duties consisted of performing, arranging and composing. He also worked as a freelance musician and bandleader in Houston and San Antonio, Texas, his current base. Cecil formed ACRC Production in 1987 to produce musical scores for film and commercials. He served on the music faculty of St. Mary's University from 1995-2020. Cecil currently teaches his signature music curriculum, A Practical Start, online with students locally, in Daegu, South Korea, and Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

## FEATURES



# Matt Harding

## CHRONOLOGY

What is the true chronology of songwriting, if we were privy to the order of the conception of the tracks that only the artist themselves witnesses then surely we could glean new perspectives and relationships between the works and how they relate to the artist. I picture an extensive list of renowned songwriters' works in the order in which they were conceived.

The medium of the album offers a suggested chronology, yet one that is curated, it's structure is a composition in itself, an edited history that may often contain anachronisms. Like an underground river, there is another lineage running parallel we do not and possibly cannot observe. That is not to say this speaks of definitive truths but rather deserves illuminating to be known as part of the greater whole.

Songs are germs, seeds, cultures, they bleed into one another, they are reactions to one another, they are often born from another, just as the following day's occurrences play out alongside of the previous day's. They do not of course arrive fully formed and many are fragmented and come to completion some time later but the initial act, first step and identity could be known. We could observe a more defined course or momentum from one work to another and new patterns, themes and relationships may emerge as another map is revealed.

To be in the position of the audience is to witness and to observe from a particular vantage point, we can gain new knowledge and insight through the act of repeated listening but our knowing of the material is drawn from the well of what we are given. To be the artist or creator is to observe from another, a world of associations attached to a piece forged in the process of making. Associations hanging like a translucent framework or frontage that an audience cannot observe or know. Our roles and perspectives then seem set and can be expanded upon but seemingly not radically altered. Yet If we could somehow observe this actual chronology of songwriting, the minute to minute, the very next act committed after

a work of greatness, the specific naming of what lies down next to what, we would as an audience be given another bridge, be afforded another lens in which to glimpse a hidden architecture of composition and a more detailed mapping of the trajectory of the composer.





# Victoria Archer

## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE'S OVERLOOKED POET: MARY LEAPOR AND HER RECLAMATION OF CONTROL

As an undergraduate English Literature student at the University of Leeds, I dedicated my dissertation research project to Mary Leapor, the eighteenth-century poet from my town. Whilst some are aware of Leapor's most critically discussed 'Crumble Hall', her two volumes offer a wealth of poems which are virtually unheard of. Leapor is categorised into the labouring-class literary field; introductions to her typically oscillate around images of poorness, and as an 'outsider' to the larger poetic canon.<sup>1</sup> She is described as 'lowly', 'weak', and often resigned to critical obscurity.<sup>2</sup> Better known names such as Pope, Swift and Finch have long taken the forefront in eighteenth-century poetry. Specifically, Northamptonshire typically deems John Clare its most famous poet. I discovered that the lack of wider criticism on Leapor owed heavily to her labouring-class social position and her gender: both factors placed her at a disadvantage against contemporary poets of her time. However, despite the restrictive boundaries of her economic status and gender, my research concluded that Leapor holds a unique grasp over things which are beyond her economic or social reach. Rather than using conventional means of eighteenth-century artifice, wealth or ownership, Leapor's self-aware handle of language becomes her currency of power.

Through amplifying her moments of power in my thesis, I sought to discover Leapor as a poet who does not deserve to be overlooked.

Leapor was born in Marston St Lawrence in Northamptonshire in 1722 to uneducated labouring-class parents. She worked as a maid in various local houses whilst teaching herself to read and write, before a tragically early death at the age of 24 from measles. Bridget Freemantle, a friend of Leapor's, was the driving force behind the posthumous

1 John Clarke, *Yesterday's Brackley: From Restoration to Reform*, (Buckingham: Barracuda Books, 1990), p.9.

2 Claudia Kairoff, 'The Works of Mary Leapor', *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 1 (2006), 274-275 (p.274)

publication of *Poems Upon Several Occasions*, meaning that Leapor herself never saw her verse in print.<sup>3</sup> Appearing throughout both volumes as her anagrammatic nickname and poetic persona *Mira*, Leapor paints a world in which she was met with harsh judgement at every turn - both for being a woman, and a labourer who aspired to be a writer.

I have showcased 'Dorinda at her Glass', and 'Upon her Play being Returned to her, Stained with Claret' [[included at the end of the article](#) - Ed] in this feature because both poems alight on the theme of judgement. For Leapor, the female body and literary work similarly figured as objects to be scrutinised. When exposed, both are fragile and vulnerable. Female bodies in Leapor's poems are suffocated by social expectation, yet 'Dorinda at her Glass' makes a statement against idealised femininity. Time poses as a cruel and relentless force against Dorinda's body; previously the 'fairest of the Train', she is met with the reality of ageing, and the visible change in her tired 'half gray, uncurl'd locks'. The mirror as a site of self-realisation becomes a torturous instrument in her observation of 'detested wrinkles'. The poem envisions the body as chaotic and out of Dorinda's command. The 'sad Effect of Time's revolving Wheel' evokes a poignant tone; there is a faltering sense of hopelessness.

Yet, Leapor does not surrender Dorinda to tragedy. Instead, she offers a chance of opportunity. The balanced rhyme scheme contradicts Dorinda's disorderly despair, and proposes underlying clarity. Like many hectic spaces which appear throughout her volumes, such as the bustling kitchen in 'Crumble Hall', the physicality of Leapor's verse contains and regulates the chaos. Meter and rhyme provide an assurance of authority. The form of a poem itself creates its own infallible body of written structure - harder than a mutable body. The final lines reveal Leapor's closing advice: instead of fighting time's force upon the body, accept its state of maturity. She encourages 'chang[ing] the lac'd Slipper of delicious Hue | For a warm Stocking, and an easy Shoe'. The suggestion of something powerful beneath the surface of appearances, in stating that 'Dorinda's Soul her Beauties shall pursue', resembles a progressively feminist stance. Contrary

3 Mary Leapor, *Poems Upon Several Occasions*, 2 vols (London: Roberts, 1748-1751). All subsequent references to these volumes are given parenthetically to the text

to social expectation to conceal through artifice, Leapor embraces the body's defects and showcases them. By accepting its faults, Leapor's body becomes her own property.

Demands placed on labouring-class workers' bodies can be seen to fuel Leapor's scepticism of beauty as a crucial element of daily life. Her own body was under vigorous demands of which established poets of her time could not comprehend. Leapor's parents, both agricultural workers, were valued for labour: for example, Philip Leapor's employer John Blencowe is cited to have often 'made unreasonable demands on those who worked for him'.<sup>4</sup> Clarke notes that most of Leapor's labouring-class life was spent 'making herself useful', particularly her time working at Weston House and Edgcote House.<sup>5</sup> Her position as a kitchen maid, whose daily duties included 'haul[ing] water, ma[king] fires, empt[ing] fireplaces and empt[ing] chamber pots', required constant physical duties.<sup>6</sup> Lower-class social values simply did not give precedence to a desire to write poetry.

There was clearly a difficult disjunction between Leapor's literary aspirations and the reality of labouring-class life. Some poems, such as 'An Epistle to *Artemisia*. On Fame' imply that she was dismissed from Northamptonshire's Edgcote House for this very reason (ii. p.44). A dialogue takes place between *Mira* and her employer:

'You thoughtless Baggage, when d'ye mind your Work?  
Still o'er a Table leans your bending Neck:  
Your Head will grow prepost'rous, like a Peck.  
Go, ply your Needle: You might earn your Bread;  
Or who must feed you when your Father's dead?'  
She sobbing answers, 'Sure, I need not come  
To you for Lectures; I have store at home.  
What can I do?'

—Not scribble.'

'But I will.'

'Then get thee packing - and be aukward still.'

<sup>4</sup> Greene, p.8.

<sup>5</sup> Clarke, p.10.

<sup>6</sup> Kirstin Olsen, *Daily Life in Eighteenth-Century England*, (London: Greenwood Press, 1999), p.129.

The stanza presents frank, harsh judgement on Mira's appearance. It further reiterates that the nature of Leapor's poetic ambition juxtaposed 'awkward[ly]' against the labouring-class world. Greene states that 'her shoes, posture and proportions have a strange economic significance, since they all seem to be factors in her dismissal'.<sup>7</sup> Leapor's 'scribbling' is patronised; her world did not grant the luxury of writing for pleasure. Moreover, prioritising creative musings over labour was a costly risk to take: it sent Leapor 'packing'.

This stanza reveals that Leapor perceived judgement of her poetical work and her body as simultaneous. The problem is displayed in 'The Mistaken Lover', in which *Strephon* judges *Celia's* appearance and intelligence concurrently. Similarly, in 'To a Gentleman with a Manuscript Play', a 'Matron bred on rural Downs' is 'clad in plain Coifs and Gown of russet Hue' (i: p. 267). Leapor affectionately celebrates the simplicity of this country woman. However, her simple looks and clothing are associated with an apparent lack of aspiration, 'nor dreams of Fashion, Poetry, or Play'. Often in her verse, Leapor satirically links rurality to a lack of intelligence. '*Mira's Will*' further connects *Mira's* physical body to her literary value (i: p.8). Her body is fragmented into parts: 'My Name to publick Censure I submit | My Wit I give, as Misers give their Store'. The poem offers the idea that publishing her work mirrors putting her own self up for judgement.

In 'Upon her Play being returned to Her, Stained with Claret', Leapor presents the outcome of judgment of her poetry. In the poem, Leapor's work and body enter an uncertain space which results in demoralising judgement. Not long before her death, Leapor sent a manuscript of a drafted play *The Unhappy Father* to renowned critic Colley Cibber at Drury Lane. It was criticised, rebuffed, and never performed.<sup>8</sup> In the poem, Leapor is maternal towards her personified manuscript: it feels like a part of her, and returns back to her 'humble Door' after its journey to London.

Yet since its rejection, Leapor's play feels tarnished by the 'sottish dye'

<sup>7</sup> Greene, p.91.

<sup>8</sup> Greene, p.21.

of the city. She ponders on the thoughtlessness of somebody blotching her manuscript and reflects on the gravity of this insensitive treatment; the careless wine stain feels both invasive and violating. It figures as an act of intrusion on Leapor's literature, to the point she can 'scarce[ly]' recognise it. A modern reader might be reminded of the feeling of dispossession found in Roland Barthes' 'Death of the Author'; Barthes insists that an author loses agency over his own text once it is interpreted by a reader.<sup>9</sup> According to Barthes, the act of readership by another results in the author's own meaning of his text becomes distorted. Leapor similarly reflects upon the changed nature of her work after judgement. Her conclusion is despondent:

But now I'll keep you here secure:  
No more you view the smoaky sky:  
The court was never made (I'm sure)  
For idiots, like thee and I

Leapor's 'smoaky' city might be literal and metaphorical. London was a definite pollutive landscape compared to her countryside surroundings. But it's 'smoaky'ness connotes a hazy foreignness, a space of uncertainty of which Leapor could only imagine from rural Northamptonshire. The presence of a 'smoaky' sky might act as a metaphor for the imperfect reality of existence - Leapor's instinct is to protect herself from the 'view' of life's injustices. She resigns, sarcastically, to keep her work tucked away in the 'secure' safety of her own domestic space. Entering the wider world and achieving success probably felt like a feat beyond her grasp.

Both of these poems imagine the labouring-class concepts of 'value' in Leapor's world. They exemplify how Leapor experienced judgment: how a woman's crushing self-judgment can overwhelm her, and how Leapor's experience of criticism as a poet harboured a feeling of exclusion to the wider literary world. It is clear that Leapor viewed the body with indifference, as something which is too easily judged, and which ultimately fails. Besides, demands of labouring-class values were at odds with Leapor's own declining health and her desire to write. 'Dorinda at

<sup>9</sup> Barthes, Roland, 'Death of the Author', (London: Fontana, 1977)

her Glass' concludes that Leapor's dignity came from within; detached from the changeable state of physical appearance. For me, 'Upon Her Play' evokes poignance in the fact that Leapor never got to see the success of her printed work. Rather, she perceived herself as far removed from the metropolitan world of larger poets whose class and gender afforded their advantage.

Hopefully, people might be encouraged to look into Leapor and grant her the poetic authority she deserves. My research into Leapor refuses to deem her an outlier. Rather, it has discovered the literary power of the disjunctions, satire and ambiguity which surface throughout the two volumes.<sup>10</sup> These moments of poetical mastery, against all the odds of her time, must not go unappreciated - especially by Northamptonshire.

<sup>10</sup> Stephen Van-Hagen, *Focus on the Poetry of Mary Leapor* (London: Greenwich Exchange, 2001)

## Mary Leapor

### DORINDA AT HER GLASS (EXTRACT)

*Poems Upon Several Occasions, 2 vols (London: Roberts, 1748-1751)*

DORINDA, once the fairest of the Train,  
Toast of the Town, and Triumph of the Plain;  
Whose shining Eyes a thousand Hearts alarm'd,  
Whose Wit inspired, and whose Follies charm'd:  
Who, with Invention, rack'd her careful Breast  
To find new Graces to insult the rest,  
Now sees her Temples take a swarthy Hue,  
And the dark Veins resign their beauteous Blue;

While on her Cheeks the fading Roses die,  
And the last Sparkles tremble in her Eye.  
Bright Sol had drove the sable Clouds away,  
And cheer'd the Heavens with a Stream of Day,  
The woodland Choir their little Throats prepare,  
To chant new Carols to the Morning Air:  
In Silence wrap'd, and curtain'd from the Day,  
On her sad Pillow lost Dorinda lay;  
To Mirth a Stranger, and the like to Ease,  
No Pleasures charm her, nor no Slumbers please.  
For if to close her weary Lids she tries,  
Detested Wrinkles swim before her Eyes;

{...}

But hear, my Sisters—Hear an ancient Maid,  
Too long by Folly, and her Arts betray'd;  
From these light Trifles turn your partial Eyes,  
'Tis sad Dorinda prays you to be wise;  
And thou Celinda, thou must shortly feel  
The sad Effect of Time's revolving Wheel;  
Thy Spring is past, thy Summer Sun declin'd,  
See Autumn next, and Winter stalks behind:  
But let not Reason with thy Beauties fly,  
Nor place thy Merit in a brilliant Eye;  
'Tis thine to charm us by sublimer ways,  
And make thy Temper, like thy Features, please:  
And thou, Sempronia, trudge to Morning Pray'r,  
Nor trim thy Eye-brows with so nice a Care;  
Dear Nymph believe—'tis true, as you're alive,  
Those Temples show the Marks of Fifty-five.  
Let Isabel unload her aking Head  
Of twisted Papers, and of binding Lead;

Let sage *Augusta* now, without a Frown,  
Strip those gay Ribbands from her aged Crown;  
Change the lac'd Slipper of delicious Hue  
For a warm Stocking, and an easy Shoe;

In the rough Hero, and the smiling Dame:  
*Dorinda's* Soul her Beauties shall pursue.

Source: [archive.org](https://www.archive.org)

UPON HER PLAY BEING RETURNED TO HER, STAINED WITH  
CLARET

*Poems Upon Several Occasions, 2 vols (London: Roberts, 1748-1751)*

Welcome, dear Wanderer, once more!  
Thrice welcome to thy native Cell!  
Within this peaceful humble  
Door Let Thou and I contented dwell!

But say, O whither haft thou rang'd?  
Why dost thou blush a Crimson Hue?  
Thy fair Complexion's greatly chang'd:  
Why, I can scarce believe 'tis you.

Then tell, my Son, O tell me,  
Where Didst thou contract this sottish Dye?  
You kept ill Company, I fear,  
When distant from your Parent's Eye.

Was it for This, O graceless Child!  
Was it for This, you learn'd to spell?  
Thy Face and Credit both are spoil'd:  
Go drown thyself in yonder Well.

I wonder how thy Time was spent:  
No News (alas!) hadst thou to bring.  
Hast thou not climb'd the Monument?  
Nor seen the Lions, nor the King?

But now I'll keep you here secure:  
No more you view the smoky Sky:  
The Court was never made (I'm sure)  
For Idiots, like Thee and I.

Source: [archive.org](http://archive.org)

## Alistair Fruish

NORTHAMPTON'S END: BOUGHTON BOUNDARY, APRIL 2018  
SHEPARD'S WARNING

significant of holy waters  
voice salt-less  
crying of a wilderness  
a second birth  
ivy camouflaged ruins  
take his name, as does  
this living spring the crumbled church is built over  
flowing pagan long before  
all ideas of St John the Baptist

church here since maybe the 8th century  
written evidence starts coterminous with the 13th  
roughly five hundred years of documented use till  
by 1719 the building a shell  
in 1785 its steeple fell  
decapitated like its namesake. gravity  
and lack of maintenance stand in for Salome  
Northamptonshire's most haunted spot, allegedly

Hervey's decaying tomb meditation, an apotheosis here?  
in megalithic moonlight, isolated, some get the fear  
prize fighter murderer slashing through a veil  
shitting up those who live to tell a tale  
so best decline and take your leave,  
if beauty asks for a snog one Christmas eve  
if lips touch there's no reprieve  
they say you're in the ground to stay



so out south through the kissing gate, venture  
in just a few yards a triangle of agriculture  
17-acres, on the road to Moulton  
original site of the old Green of Boughton  
ancient place of a tremendous fair

23rd, 24th and 25th high summer. June  
wrestling, rural sports, crime and booze  
wild beasts, freak shows and the Great Tea Booth  
hosiery, haberdashery, millinery and mercery  
horse trading, wooden-ware, ladders and brooms  
mops, swabs and sweepers, besoms by the barrow  
for three days: the vigil, the day and the morrow  
of the nativity of the baptizer  
in 1916 its offed by our own side, not the Kaiser  
the Secretary of State for the Home Department  
exercises his abolishing powers under the Fairs Act  
and it's gone  
but for five hundred years  
it was one of the biggest of its kind  
in 1351 Edward the Third grants a royal charter  
with origins perhaps far older

feasts are disruptive of industry  
and largely had to go the way of the horses  
carnival spirit tamed and standardized into weekends and bank holidays  
our Shire's resistance, Saint Monday, finally crushed by the enormous  
machine

Saint Monday itself a half-standardisation of medieval atypical  
a rear-guard action that contains its own destruction  
those that shod the empire's soldiers  
were eventually kicked into toeing a straighter line

but there is another secret here on the green  
that the mycelium remembers  
the "Shepherd Ring"  
troops in training during the Great War  
cut practise trenches right across it  
all trace obliterated  
of the 37 ft diameter turf maze  
"treading it" a feature of St John's fair  
since.... forever  
spectators, traders, devotees and gamers  
all these spectres danced the "Shepherd's Race"  
fathoming its unique spiral centre  
perhaps a very ancient ritual game  
older than the festival  
the Romans were into turf maze construction  
hard to date though  
as they must be constantly re-cut

why single out that maze, from the rest of our spook sodden Shire?  
when looking for a place to mimic Ypres and Verdun  
doubtless prosaic reasons in minds of decisions makers  
but I sense something terrible had to be done



Fig. 7. Maze at Boughton Green, Northamptonshire.  
Diameter, 37 feet.



# Tom Harding

## MYTHS, MULTITUDES & MAYHEM

*Bob Dylan releases his first new album of original songs since being crowned Nobel Laureate for literature.*

For those paying attention Dylan has been busy for some time creating, or perhaps curating, a new language of expression. The incessant intertextualization of pop culture allusions and literature, the love and, often blatant, theft of pre war blues, Japanese pulp novels, Civil war poets, New Orleans travel guides, and anything not tied down, was a means to solve a dilemma of how you still write great songs when admittedly can't quite do it as free-wheelingly as you used to.

Allen Ginsberg once questioned Dylan as to whether he worried about being hung one day as a thief but it has clearly never bothered Dylan who in recent times has been rambunctious in his dismissal of those who criticized his larceny.

Instead it's become apparent the theft has become part of the act itself. A means of expression to which *Rough & Rowdy Ways* might be the most extravagant artifact of to date.

Here the whole of human history is on the chopping block. Anne Frank sits beside Indiana Jones & Martin Luther King beside Calliope. All of time recycled, regurgitated and reborn and lurching into life with grace and violence of the De Niro/ Brando robot commando from the Frankenstein waltz, 'My Own Version of You'.

In double good news - the record sounds great. Warm and intimate with just enough reverb to let those Dylanesque lines linger...

Key West is centered upon a dreamy accordion. A journey song that floats you south. A bus ride you never see the end to, like Ratso in *Midnight Cowboy*. It's a faded postcard and blarily wonderful.

The album ends with the monumental *Murder Most Foul*; A seventeen minute song about the death of JFK that scored Dylan's first ever number one on the US billboard chart.

Released ahead of the album many questioned why Dylan was concerning himself with a 60 year old tragedy when there are so many other prescient concerns to focus upon. The assassination however is a totem event; a symbol of the death of hope and the political ideal at the heart of America, a wound still being felt and responded to today.

The song ends with a litany of musical references:

*'Play Jelly Roll Morton*

*Play "Lucille"*

*Play "Deep In a Dream"*

*And play "Driving Wheel"*

And so on... it becomes an elegy for music, culture and all that will remain beyond us.

*Rough & Rowdy Ways* is wordy. It's a book of answers but not to all questions. Is this a political record? What does he think about Trump? Or the pandemic? But this record isn't about one terrible person or terrible time but instead about all people and all time. A map of the human condition and all its complexities, shadow and delights. A reminder of our multitudes, our tributaries, rivers and ravines. In a time polarisation and binary debate it's oxygenating.

For the Bobcats & Dylanologists it's a rich velvety stew that will sustain them for sometime. However, there's enough here for anyone that listens - all of life, rough and rowdy, and impossible to ignore.

## THE WORKING POET SERIES #3

Welcome to the next in our series examining the day jobs of working poets...

Charles Bukowski is one of poetry's larger than life characters; a self-celebrated drunk who gained a cult following as a poet of the underclass and outsider; reaching an audience outside the typical realms of the poetry-buying public.

Bukowski found literary success late and was only able to take up full time writing shortly after his 50th birthday. It ended a long career of blue collar work which he chronicled colourfully in his 1975 book *Factotum*.

His longest stint was for the US Postal Service, a position which he held for ten years before his retirement.

In 1969, Black Sparrow Press publisher John Martin offered Bukowski a monthly stipend of \$100 on the basis that he quit his job and write full time. In a letter of thanks back to Martin, Bukowski laid out in his characteristically plain style his perceptions of what the daily grind had on the human spirit:

*'And what hurts is the steadily diminishing humanity of those fighting to hold jobs they don't want but fear the alternative worse. People simply empty out. They are bodies with fearful and obedient minds. The color leaves the eye. The voice becomes ugly. And the body. The hair. The fingernails. The shoes. Everything does.'*

Bukowski took up Martin's offer and three weeks later he wrote his first novel entitled *Post Office*.



## Facing the Music

We present an extended playlist to celebrate our music themed issue, guest curated by musician, Matt Harding. Our music editor Sun Pie picks out a few of Matt's choicest choices.

Be sure to seek out the full playlist on [Spotify](#) or via our twitter feed [@NPoetryReview](#)

Find more about Matt and his music at [www.mattharding.co.uk](http://www.mattharding.co.uk)

### Our Prayer - The Beachboys

A post Pet Sounds prayer. An evocation of praise demonstrating Brian Wilson's further transcendence to ethereal greatness.

### Blind Date (I'm a Lonely Man)

A lonely man in a lonely state of mind. An actor's performance from Hardy Kruger that goes deeper and stranger than it should.

### Computer Love - Kraftwerk

A love song about computers. It's touching. A song as relevant today as then, if not more so.

### Horse Guitar - John Lurie

This one is from the Fishing With Lurie TV show which one reviewer called *Waiting for Godot on water*. Lurie is an uncompromising figure making uncompromising music. Tom Waits went up river with him and afterwards didn't talk to him for two years.

### An Ending (Ascent) - Brian Eno

Monumental music that's barely even there. Music of the spheres. An astronaut's dream. Music for an end scene mankind has been hurtling towards for two thousand years.

### Red Red Wine - Tony Tribe

Trojan Records first chart hit. The heavy headed sadness is prevalent here and so is the beat.

### Ali Farka Toure - Hanana

From the final album of the godfather of the desert blues. Music that lived after him. Serious mastery and heavy power.

### Green Arrow - Yo La Tengo

Night music; a long sleep walk down south to the sound of a cricket choir.

### How Much Would You Cost - Matana Roberts

A daughter's message to her mother. This one is so beautiful you just need to make room, sit and down hear it.



## Contributor Biographies

VICTORIA ARCHER is 23 years old and grew up in rural Northamptonshire. She is an English Literature graduate and creative writer pursuing a career in publishing. During her final year at the University of Leeds, Victoria uncovered Mary Leapor as a local poet whose status has been historically overlooked. Since graduating, Victoria has expanded her writing through regular blog posts and creative projects which can be found at <https://varcher6.wixsite.com/vickiarcher>

DAVID ATKINSON is a Sydney poet whose poems have been published in more than thirty magazines and anthologies in Australia, the USA and the UK. David's collection 'The Ablation of Time' is available through Ginninderra Press. Favoured areas for poetic exploration include the human condition and the natural world.

SUSAN AYRES is a poet, lawyer, and translator. She holds an MFA in Creative Writing with a Concentration in Translation from Vermont College of Fine Arts and a PhD in Literature from Texas Christian University. Her work has appeared in Sycamore Review, Cimarron Review, and elsewhere. She lives in Fort Worth and teaches at Texas A&M University School of Law.

BYRON BEYNON lives in Swansea. His work has appeared in several publications including Northampton Poetry Review, The London Magazine, Quadrant, Skylight 47, Poetry Wales and the human rights anthology In Protest (University of London and Keats House Poets). Collections include The Echoing Coastline (Agenda Editions) and Cuffs (Rack Press). His selected poems appeared in 2018 (Bilingual: English/Romanian - published by Bibliotecha Universalis/Collectiile/ Revistei "Orizont Literar Contemporan", translations by Dr Monica Manolachi, University of Bucharest).

JOE COTTONWOOD has built or repaired hundreds of houses as carpenter/contractor in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California. His latest book is Foggy Dog. [joecottonwood.com](http://joecottonwood.com)

ALBERT DEGENOVA is an award-winning poet, publisher, and teacher. He is the author of four books of poetry and two chapbooks. DeGenova is the founder and co-editor of After Hours magazine, a journal of Chicago writing and art, which launched in June of 2000. He received his MFA from Spalding University in Louisville and leads several writing workshops throughout the year, as well as an annual writing week at The Clearing Folk School in Ellison Bay, WI. He is also a blues saxophonist and one-time contributing editor to Down Beat magazine. DeGenova splits his time between Sturgeon Bay, WI, and the metro Chicago area.

CLIVE DONOVAN devotes himself full-time to poetry and has published in a wide variety of magazines including The Journal, Agenda, Acumen, Poetry Salzburg Review, Prole, Stand and The Transnational. He lives in the creative atmosphere of Totnes in Devon, U.K. often walking along the River Dart for inspiration. He is hoping to entice a publisher to print a first collection.

MICHAEL ESTABROOK has been publishing his poetry in the small press since the 1980s. Hopefully with each passing decade the poems have become more clear and concise, succinct and precise, more appealing and “universal.” He has published over 20 collections, a recent one being [The Poet's Curse, A Miscellany](#) (The Poetry Box, 2019). Michael lives in Acton, Massachusetts.

BERT FLITCROFT was Staffordshire Poet Laureate, 2015-17 and curated ‘The Staffordshire Poetry Collection’. He grew up in Lancashire and now lives in the Midlands. A graduate of Sheffield University, he is an experienced and accomplished poet who for some time has been quietly and unassumingly spreading the poetry word as teacher, mentor, workshop leader, poet-in-residence, and reader. He has two collections of poetry published: ‘Thought-Apples’ with Offa’s Press and ‘Singing Puccini at the Kitchen Sink’. [www.bert-flitcroft-poetry.com](http://www.bert-flitcroft-poetry.com)

ALISTAIR FRUISH was born and still lives in Northampton. He has worked as a writer-in-residence in over 40 prisons over the last 19 years, in nearly all categories and types of English prison including the military prison. Currently he is writer-in-residence at HMP Leicester. Fruish is dyslexic and this inspired his interest in working with prisoners who often have reading difficulties. Despite his dyslexia he has also edited a number of books, including Alan Moore’s Jerusalem.

Alistair has been a founder member of various socially conscious arts organisations including Don’t Look Now, Threshold Studios and [Northampton Arts Lab](#). His first novel Kiss My ASBO was widely acclaimed.

Alistair’s unpublished work, The Sentence, has been hailed as a grime Under Milk Wood for the 21st Century. It is one sentence long with no punctuation and is entirely written in monosyllables. A Resonance FM broadcast of the group reading of The Sentence, recorded live at The British Library can be heard here: [Alistair Fruish's 'The Sentence' - 7th May 2018 by Resonance FM](#); Find out more at <http://fruishon.co.uk/>

HARRY GALLAGHER lives in Cullercoats, on the north east coast, with his wife and small dog. He has been published by Smokestack, Orbis, Prole, IRON, Marble and many others, as well as several collections. His latest pamphlet, ‘English Jack’, was published in January 2020 by Black Light Engine Room Press. He also runs the North East Stanza of the [Poetry Society](#).

JOHN GREY is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in Transcend, Dalhousie Review and Qwerty with work upcoming in Blueline, Hawaii Pacific Review and Clade Song.

MATT HARDING is a musician who lives in London. You can learn more about his work here [www.mattharding.co.uk](http://www.mattharding.co.uk)

MARTIN JOHNS has an MA in creative writing (poetry) from Manchester Metropolitan University. Martin has been published widely in poetry magazines. His pamphlet [Resting Place](#) was published by Palewell Press in 2019.

CATHERINE LEE is NPR 5's featured poet; her full biography can be found on [page 72](#).

DAVID LEWITZKY says: I'm a 79 y. o. former social worker/family therapist living in the USA in Buffalo, New York. In 2002 I resumed writing poetry after a 35 year hiatus. During that time I carried a sandwich board in my head declaring me: "Poet. Not writing!" I've published about 100 poems in a variety of litmags such as Nimrod, Passages North and Rabbit Catastrophe Review.

KARLA LINN MERRIFIELD has had 800+ poems appear in dozens of journals and anthologies. She has 14 books to her credit. Following her 2018 Psyche’s Scroll (Poetry Box Select) is the new Athabaskan Fractal: Poems of the Far North from Cirque Press. She is currently at work on a poetry collection, My Body the Guitar, inspired by famous guitarists and their guitars to be published by Before Your Quiet Eyes Holograph Series (Rochester, NY) in late 2021. She is a frequent contributor to The Songs of Eretz Poetry Review.

ROBIN MICHEL is a writer and poet whose work has appeared in The Ekphrastic Review, New Guard, Rappahannock Review, San Pedro River Review, South 85 Journal, and elsewhere. The founder of [Raven & Wren Press](#), she lives in San Francisco and teaches English at a small international high school.

DAVID P. MILLER’s collection, Sprawled Asleep, will be published by [Nixes Mate Books](#) in 2020. His chapbook, The Afterimages, was published by Červená Barva Press. His poems have recently appeared in Meat for Tea, Hawaii Pacific Review, Turtle Island Quarterly, poems2go, riverbabble, Nixes Mate Review, The Lily Poetry Review, Peacock Journal, Redheaded Stepchild, Jenny, and What Rough Beast, among others. His poem “Add One Father to Earth” was awarded an Honorable Mention by Robert Pinsky for the New England Poetry Club’s 2019 Samuel Washington Allen Prize competition. With a background in experimental theater before turning to poetry, David was a member of the multidisciplinary Mobius Artists Group of Boston for 25 years. He was a librarian at Curry College in Massachusetts, from which he retired in June 2018.



ERICA JANE MORRIS grew up in East Sussex and moved to Milton Keynes in 1995 to work at the Open University. She gained a MA in Writing Poetry at Newcastle University and the Poetry School in London in 2019. In her portfolio, Bladderwrack, she explored qualities and experiences associated with fire and water. Erica is also a Higher Education Consultant, working on degree standards.

KATHRYN PAULSEN writes poetry, fiction, essays, stage plays, and screenplays. Her work has appeared in publications from Canada to Ireland to Australia, including New Letters, The New York Times, The Stinging Fly, Humber Literary Review, Scum, Craft, Big Fiction, and Spillway. For fiction and playwriting, she's been awarded fellowships at Yaddo, the MacDowell Colony, and other retreats. She lives in New York City but, having grown up in an Air Force family, has roots in many places, and suffers from chronic wanderlust. See her occasional musings at [ramblesandreveals.blogspot.com](http://ramblesandreveals.blogspot.com).

CAMILLA REEVE is a writer, publisher and organic gardener. She has 4 poetry collections: "Travels of a Spider" 2006; "Travelling East by Road and Soul" (flipped eye publishing, 2009); "Raft of Puffins", 2016; and "Tales from Two Cities", 2018; and enjoys performing her work live. Her YA futuristic fantasy novel, "The Cloud Singer", is about global warming. In 2016, after 30 years in IT, she founded [Palewell Press](http://Palewell Press), publishing books on Justice, Equality and Sustainability.

RICHARD ROSE is a writer living in rural Northamptonshire. His poetry, fiction and essays have been published in publications in UK, USA, Canada and India. His play "Letters to Lucia", written with fellow Northamptonshire writer James Vollmar and celebrating the life of James Joyce's daughter, was performed in 2018 at her graveside in Kingsthorpe Cemetery in Northampton.

ED RUZICKA has published one full length volume, "Engines of Belief" and has recently had his second, "My Life in Cars", accepted for release later in the year. Ed's poems have appeared in the Atlanta Review, Rattle, and the New Millennium Review as well as many other literary journals and anthologies. Ed is an Occupational Therapist who lives with his wife, Renee, in Baton Rouge, LA. More at: [edrpoet.com](http://edrpoet.com).

GERARD SARNAT won the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for a handful of recent [Pushcarts](http://Pushcarts) plus Best of the Net Awards. Gerry is widely published in academic-related journals (incl. Stanford, Oberlin, Brown, Columbia, Harvard) plus US national (incl. American Journal Of Poetry and The New York Times) and international publications (incl. Review Berlin, Voices Israel, Foreign Lit, New Ulster, Southbank). He's authored the collections Homeless Chronicles (2010), Disputes (2012), 17s (2014), Melting the Ice King (2016). Gerry is a physician who's built and staffed clinics for the marginalized as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. Currently he is devoting energy/ resources to deal with global warming. Gerry's been married since 1969 with three kids plus six grandsons, and is looking forward to future granddaughters. [gerardsarnat.com](http://gerardsarnat.com)

TINA SCHUMANN is a [Pushcart](http://Pushcart) nominated poet and the author of three poetry collections, "Praising the Paradox" (Red Hen Press, 2019) which was a finalist in the National Poetry Series, Four Way Books Intro Prize and the New Issues Poetry Prize, "Requiem. A Patrimony of Fugues" (Diode Editions, 2017) which won the [Diode Editions Chapbook Contest](http://Diode Editions Chapbook Contest) and "As If" (Parlor City Press, 2010) which was awarded the Stephen Dunn Poetry Prize. She is editor of the IPPY-award winning anthology "Two Countries. U.S. Daughters and Sons of Immigrant Parents" (Red Hen Press, 2017.) Schumann's work received the 2009 American Poet Prize from The American Poetry Journal, finalist status in the Terrain.org annual poetry contest, as well as honorable mentions in The Atlantic and Crab Creek Review. She is a poetry editor with [Wandering Aengus Press](http://Wandering Aengus Press), assistant director of Artsmith.org and a graduate of the Rainier Writing Workshop at Pacific Lutheran University. Her poems have appeared widely in publications and anthologies since 1999, including The American Journal of Poetry, Ascent, Cimarron Review, Diode, Michigan Quarterly Review, The Midwest Quarterly, Nimrod, Palabra, Parabola, Poetry Daily, Poemeleon, Rattle, Verse Daily, The Writer's Almanac, and The Yale Journal for Humanities in Medicine. [www.tinaschumann.com](http://www.tinaschumann.com)

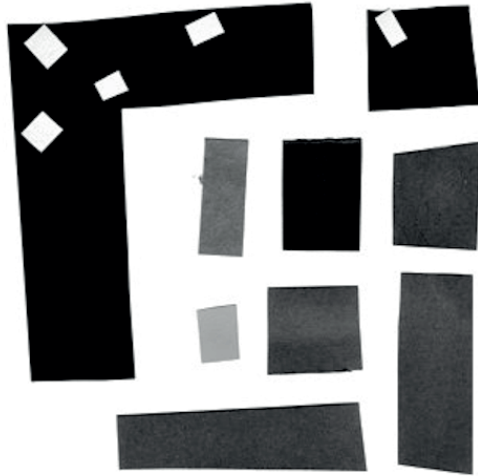
COLETTE TENNANT is an English professor at a university in Salem, Oregon. She has two poetry collections: Commotion of Wings (2010) and Eden and After (2015), as well as the commentary Religion in the Handmaid's Tale: a brief guide (2019). Her poem "Rehearsals" was awarded third by Billy Collins in the 2019 Fish Publishing International Writing Contest. Most recently, her poem was accepted by Eavan Boland for Poetry Ireland Review's Issue 129. One of her poems is currently nominated for the [Pushcart Prize](http://Pushcart Prize). Her poems have appeared in Rattle, NPR (2019), Prairie Schooner, Southern Poetry Review, and others.

MARK VALENTINE's work has appeared in PN Review, Agenda, Reliquiae, Marble, The Poetry Bus (Ireland), at the National Poetry Library and in the TLS gossip column in Esperanto. He also writes ghost stories and essays on obscure authors. He was born and grew up in Northampton but now lives in Yorkshire.

MEHRAN WAHEED is from Northampton, but now lives in Toulouse, France. He has a Masters degree in Creative Writing from the University of Lancaster, and was mentored by poet and novelist Jill Dawson. He is a winner of the [2017 Wasafiri New Writing Prize](http://2017 Wasafiri New Writing Prize).

ERIN WILSON's poems have appeared in or are forthcoming in Pembroke Magazine, Poetry Ireland Review, Envoi, Under a Warm Green Linden, The Honest Ulsterman, The Adirondack Review, The Literary Review of Canada, and elsewhere. Her first collection, At Home with Disquiet, is due out in the spring of 2020 with Circling Rivers. She lives and writes in a small town in northern Ontario, Canada.





*And then we came up to our cottage once more,  
And shut out the night-dew, and lock'd up the door ;  
The dog bark'd a welcome, well-pleas'd at our sight,  
And the owl o'er our cot flew, and whoop'd a  
'good-night.'*

- John Clare  
Recollections After An Evening Walk  
The Rural Minstrel 1821



**NORTHAMPTON POETRY REVIEW**  
**ISSUE 5 : MUSIC 2020**

**A journal of poetry  
and writing from  
Northamptonshire, UK.**

[www.northamptonpoetryreview.org](http://www.northamptonpoetryreview.org)

[www.twitter.com/NPoetryReview](https://www.twitter.com/NPoetryReview)

[www.facebook.com/NorthamptonPoetryReview](https://www.facebook.com/NorthamptonPoetryReview)

Northampton Poetry Review (Online) ISSN 2515-0588