

g e r a n n

After Edwin Morgan's *Archives*

Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather
Gorse	Gorse	Gorse	Gorse	Gorse	Gorse
Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather

The smell of damp coconut
stops me on my way up the hill
I put my face against the earth and
it's as coarse as a hard-won decision.

gold against purple against my memories
the wind makes it ripple like the hem
of a sari worn by someone dancing,
feet finding their own pattern.

I trace the peaks with my finger
writing 'm' and 'u' in the air,
the clouds are shaped like 'd' and 'a's.

each time the wind breathes
the earth's fabric flutters
and I am lost in awe.

Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather
Gorse	Gorse	Gorse	Gorse	Gorse	Gorse
Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather	Heather

It must be acted out, again, again.

After Edwin Morgan's *Glasgow Green*

a bunch of petrol station
flowers fill their kitchen
window. in between the
petals, glowstick yellow
and fuchsia pink, I see
paint and plaster unfurl,
long past spring and the
wall is finally blooming

a spray of hair
raised
arm to spin
skirt twirling like a
helter-
skelter
they dance until the
record scra-

one cup, one spoon
come into view and I
wait to see if there will
be a second. the
blossoming has been
replaced with a picture
of a loch, so still it
could almost be real

faint light leaks from shut blinds
outside the sun pours freely

Ilisha Thiru Purcell

1 in 10000

“Meeting [John Scott] in 1963 was probably the thing... all the love poems were started off by meeting him.”

After Edwin Morgan’s *Strawberries*

lean back again
let me love you

Back again, love?
Let me lean into you.

You me, me you
again again again.

Let love let love
back in again.

Ilisha Thiru Purcell

Every second

In the phone box
club toilet
outskirts of Glasgow Green
stairs to the quayside
underpass
graveyard bench

people are leaving their bodies

clawing
slipping
unspooling

like the thread of a hand-me-down jumper
snagged on a nail.
Will someone cut the thread?

Don't tell me that you don't hear it –

the pulling of thread faster and faster
until it drops

returning is softer, quieter
you have to listen
for the needle being picked up
for the first stitch

sometimes it's the whisper
of dry skin held in a palm
the click as the call connects
the hush of a kettle
the sigh of a key in the lock.

Ilisha Thiru Purcell

In the margins

After Edwin Morgan's *Glasgow Green* and Bhupen Khakhar's *Green Landscape*

I look for you in the photo album
for the blur of a hand unheld
when the shutter shuts
for buried intimacy curling the corners
like bodies curving towards each other
the way one person lies
next to another
that has been labelled their friend
both saying *yes yes yes*
with only their eyes
time dusts itself onto my hands
and I wonder if you've ever had to shout 'No!'
and it lead to nothing
because I know, I know
that when desire flows
from the margins it has been assigned
anything that happens to it is justified
because how can you erase something
that never should have existed

Chronic pain is a star

After Edwin Morgan's *In the Snack-bar*

*A few yards of floor are like a landscape
to be negotiated, in the slow setting out
time has almost stopped*

trapped nerve of space and time
trapped nerve of the universe
spangling across light years.

You radiate heat and light like a memory
shimmering in search of stability
you make timelines mean nothing.

And look how we try to understand you
stellar nurseries, stellar companions,
how hard it is to imagine anything alone.

On earth, my grandma and I are tethered
by telephone wires, we wonder how
it would feel to walk without pain.

Once she gets her hip replaced she says
every step feels like ice skating.
I see her gilding on the moon.

Ilisha Thiru Purcell

No smoke without you, my fire.

After Edwin Morgan's 'One Cigarette'

You roll as you walk
make time curl round the edges
lighter murmuring its secret to you
ash deciding whether or not to fall.

Jeans dappled with circular redactions.
and oh do you look so beautiful
one hand in mine one hand full
of everything you want to leave behind.

I've been trying to catch your smoke,
every wisp that you exhale and it's as easy
as asking time to stay, to slow down.
Our hearts and lungs holding what our hands can't.

I'm grateful for the support, in terms of time, space, and financially, this residency gave me. Being able to attend the festival gave me more ideas for my own work and also the chance to connect with other poets. As I work full-time, spending a few days away from home immersed in poetry by the coast was something I'm incredibly appreciative of. Spending time with Morgan's work has left me with even more ideas of poems that I want to write in connection with his work, and I think it is the mark of a good project when it comes to an end and you still have so many more ideas left to explore.