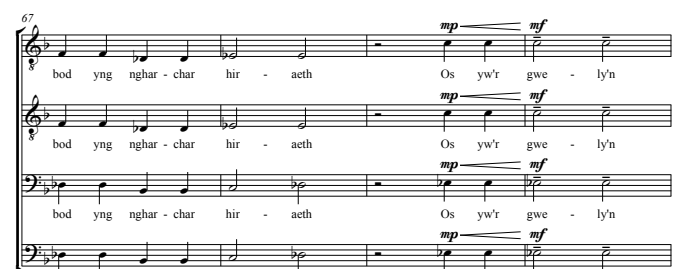




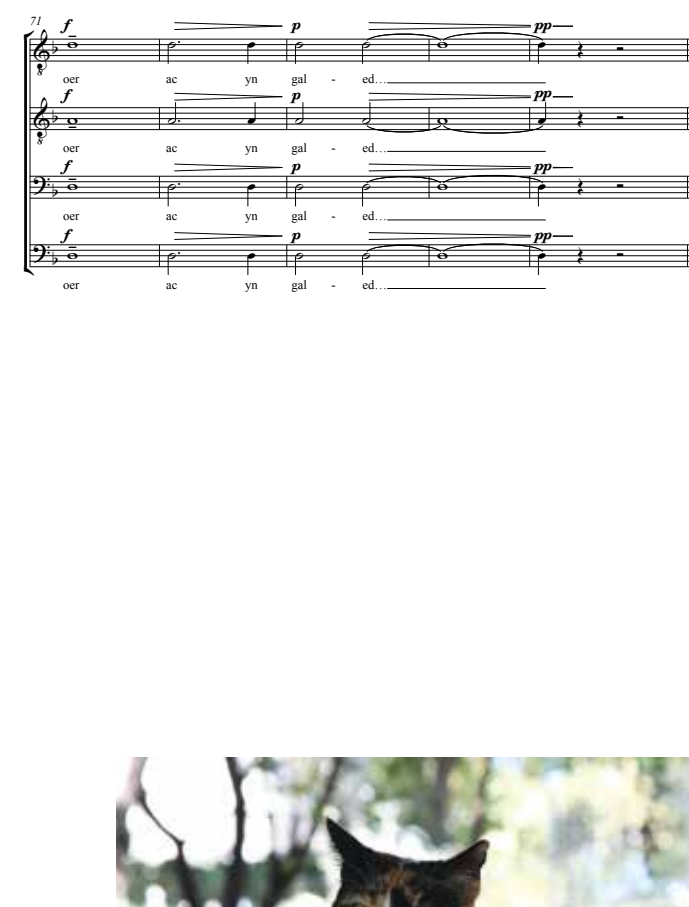
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### Centaurea Marina Nymn Cant by Miranda Whall 2016

All so here you are  
A quivering mistle clinging for your dear little life  
Wasting the sunlight, the wind and the rain  
Offering the rock, insulting the air and sickening the time it takes to wish you weren't there

You are so feeble and weak  
you keech on the last dignified, languorous light of the day for your colour  
you wait for the first whiff of a carcass for your scent  
you salivate over death's spasms, confusions, rattles and detritus for your breath

But a single rancid breath  
Emitting a stench so cruel and foul that it would leave you gasping  
Would divert your pathetic shiver  
You couldn't tarnish a stink, ask one to linger or come back from the brink

I wouldn't dump on you  
I wouldn't piss or spit on you  
Because there would be no pleasure in defiling you  
If flies misook you for shit then that would make you something, wouldn't it?

If you were dust  
A fly wouldn't want you in its eye  
The breeze would find you boring  
And a sneeze would laugh and say it just couldn't be ased

Nothing has ever mistaken you for its mother  
or wished to fuck on your mothers milk  
or suck cock on your mothers' mothers' milk  
you wouldn't even piss any mother fucker who might wish to fuck on your mothers milk

A phrase wouldn't turn for you  
Thought will forget to spare you  
Memory won't remember you  
Denial wouldn't bother to deny you and betrayal wouldn't bother to betray you

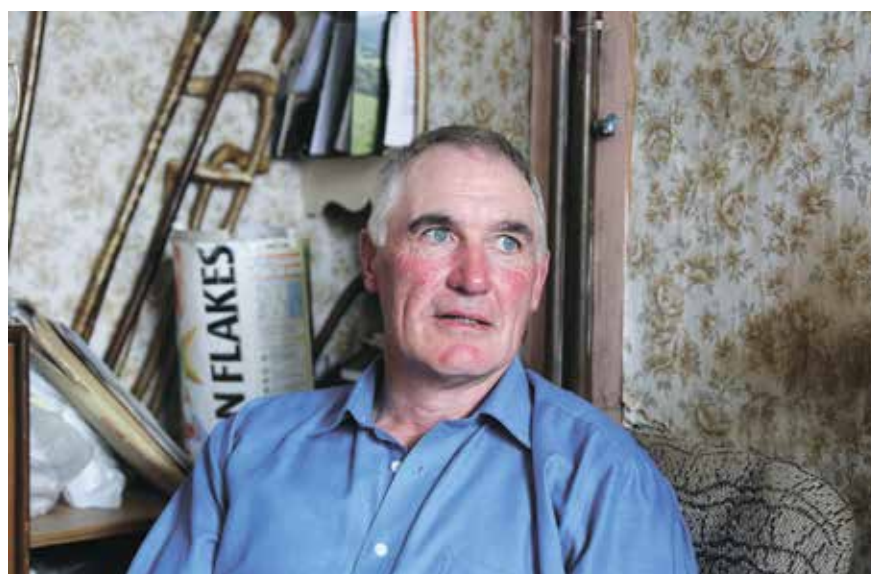
Spite is in spite of you  
Grief has never grieved for you  
Indifference didn't even say who?  
What the fuck, were you seriously hoping that your name would ever be spoken?

So go before nothing happens  
Go before yesterday ends  
Don't ever dare to come back  
Not as a footnote, a ghosts chaperone or clinging to the tails of the devils coat

Don't come back as a scab  
On a mosquito's arse  
Or riding on the back of a dying mans last sigh  
On the dead and fattened corpse of a toad with an itch in its bones

Don't dare to make friends in death  
If hell needs you, don't stay or be a menace  
Don't get in the way of shadows  
Don't clutter and for Gods sake don't mutter

No, reside with darkness as your boss  
Don't ever cease to cease to be nothing



### An excerpt from Centrophore Ma Cherie (My Darling Comb Jelly) by Miranda Whall 2016

dying

Can I tickle your toes  
Can I nibble you  
Is it loud in your ear

I thought I could hear you calling  
Blue then blue then blue then blue

Staining eyes and ears, are they mine to strain?  
I can't feel them and I can't remember  
Is this my limb to move  
Is this my will  
Is this water  
Or is this air  
Why is it all around me  
Am I drowning  
Is this life or is this death  
Are you me or am I you

Am I passing through

I thought I might have seen a light, a chink, just then

It's not as if...

If I am still here, its because I'm still calling  
In a foreign tongue  
to you



### An excerpt from Centrophore Ma Cherie (My Darling Comb Jelly) by Miranda Whall 2016

love

But love is merciful on wretched souls  
So I strove away uncatched  
A glance back  
A svinger  
A little dry salt on my lips  
And a little brine on my tips  
To dance once more on the moon  
To jump from cloud to cloud  
To sing with stars  
And giggle with Gods

A light blue sky  
And a nightingale song  
A dewy morning  
And my longest day has gone

My love  
My deepest love  
My dearest deepest of loves  
I will find you so sweet, so contented and ever mine

Music and dance are gateways into other worlds where the things that matter, are not necessarily the things we have been told are important. A whirling Dervish finds himself to be part of a continuum, as essentially nature-bound. Turning, twirling, he experiences a strange feeling of being held in a dream, momentarily surrounded by beings as ephemeral and incomprehensible as he is himself. The neat and orderly designs of daily life break apart. Spinning, he sees the deep below and can only respond with broken words, particular words, a shuffling of feet, for now all around him is a great transparency, where everything is witnessed.

Hum's backs are thrown by Shems of Thaler into a stream. The letters dissolve in the water. Knowledge which does not take us beyond ourselves is far worse than ignorance.

On the outskirts of every agony, there is always scope for healing. Watching the rhythmic work of a Welsh mountain shepherd directs us to that which is beyond and outside of our own predicament. Being a witness to the daily conversations that can take place on a piece of land, a cock crowing on a gate, a foot galloping around a field, the tide rising and falling, the jobs to do on certain days of the week. Each beat sends out a ripple of wellbeing, helping us to mark out time as a linear and logical story, so that even when something of us has been lost we can creep out from under the arch of Hawthorn leaves, out into a wider world, to begin again.

I watched him reach the edge of the field, his little white sheep suddenly brighter than ever against the shadowy grass. But this field had no hedge-trimmed boundary, no line of trees, just a dark horizon, beyond which was a wide angled night sky. He was still running into the blackness when I called to him again, without looking back, he became a yipping, yapping white circle, a small square, a tiny white star.

The tale of Don Quixote acknowledged the ways in which story can move and structure the imagination. When Cervantes wrote his novel in 1605, the age of knightly chivalry had long since past, yet the main protagonist, Don Quixote, still felt compelled to re-enact legendary quests. Viewed by the world as insane, Don Quixote's pursuits were often rendered senseless by common reality. But perhaps what he was really looking to experience was a rite of passage in a Modern age. The medieval stories that had inspired his journey gave him orientation. Like a song line, they proposed a map of purpose and order on the unknown ahead. Ritualised experiences are rare occurrences in the Western world today, meaning we cross fewer and fewer thresholds of transformation. What's quests identify a historic precedent and a persistently human need to journey in order to come into being. Yet, like Don Quixote, their purpose at first, might appear pointless. What gives the work resonance is the way in which it re-establishes a relationship with myth, ancient ritual, poem, dance and song, creating new identities, new social relationships and re-enchanting us with new modes of imagining as it unfolds. The spectacle of perception, the supposed respectability of a logical positive world-view is consequently called into question. What Whall reveals in each of these quests is the world not so much as it should be, but as it already is.

A defiant spark of life amongst the desolation.

