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Author Info

DREW MILNE is the Judith E Wilson Lecturer in Drama and Poetry, Faculty of English, University of Cambridge. His collected poems, *In Darkest Capital*, is forthcoming from Carcanet in 2017.

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Drew Milne

from Lichens for Marxists

LICHENS FOR LEVELLERS

among bitter cups as were man
a grand brush dipt in whiting
the utter crackling of credit
plagues the formalist and how
 grosse error in the press
 can be nothing to paction
 over column inches a then
 the magnifie so imbracing
 stead cloud of Iuno State
to hair cloth and mystery and
already much sope, much nitre
would sparkle phang and pawes
poore, clad with patcht clout
sheets, very narrow ones also
so cast to have all in common
 spoils, effusion of bloud
 moliminous, body contrary
 scaffold the long groaned
 general to Junto idolatry
put upon strange thing as you
made freely, one with another
land rather be broke not kept
no interest as breathing will
with the much cozened lapwing

for ought yet a body else
reap thereby a doubt army
by hearsay thistles never
bore figs of freedom the
beds of down estate serve
war like bruit beast have
to heart what a present slave
under dominion states trouble
notwithstanding the vast pang
after this blossom of liberty
 bitter fruit in vile bond
 sight unseen, folk lichen
 upright mountain cladonia
 spartan or spartacist art
they of the many theys called
you a terrorist, a red thread
gone through as stole of life
spent in some cell, some yard
read into a deadening history
that absolves none from waste
but stood tall and smiling to
put the brave face struggling

LICHEN / UNLICHEN

brittle as throttled spawn
consoling terminal trojans

the spill to digital locks
burns to the cult figurine

tick over amplified blades
scrolls into sinking heart

a certain strain of affect
theory replicating fallacy

into schema cues to genera
the visceral tax on naming

viz heather rags as stolen
in the geistliche bruising

upstairs does sponge broom
listing and indeed a frown

a naval lichen turning out
native insight the food of

hibernating arm pragmatism
ersatz activism in digital

fields so the care quality
now giving tone on natural

betraying the anxious leaf
its present affective body

permeable by lung trifling
yes trifled is as does the

quota of mercy given felts
each to brutal informality

REWILDING YIELDS

part animal, part beast the lit
ecology of lichenometry heralds
poésie pure's extinction lining
gloss quantum musing with frond
in pretences imposing paradigms
on every speculative hedge fund
slow bled into relative reveals

not just a crisis in old physic
though that too, but relativity
of grammars bending word-worlds
and the wit is furious quick so
much to be desired, well facile
when the sustain nose calls for
footnotes now butter over bread

this way lies scurvy, not photo
synthesis or in general pull of
the moon to historical bounties
a statistical minimum prospects
in truth, personality in flames
to justify to the funding hound
the panoply of aesthetic supper

then aspect in play or chiasmus
our ontological bouncer in song
this quantum hump horizon, call
it what you will but out of the
dust cloud comes every definite
article spent on wrecks the new
not so playful nor merely messy

rigour as the parameter of same
again and again till the ambits
set hard in concrete universals
praxis just for its own sake as
in experiments that heat a word
but no demon of this analogy to
resemble a species in lab-coats

the loungers cut the coat-tails
to spite their theories without
remainders a one such remainder
being love of form, a dupe lord
of positivism also known as the
fallacy, constitutive formalism
does smell as high, just not so

trial and error goes to a tough
judgment court among clattering
bills when the word paint flies
even unto a sorry pillowbook no
it won't do, it is not just the
form guide to lived experiences
then again for gravity as prose

by concepts of procession moons
the espousing, seek some grouse
if not the thinking we at first
then once then never once again
be our republic well the merger
calls fug, fog and fakery words
subject to rendition or torture

PROOF IN THE LITMUS

some things cannot be stated too clearly
for to want of urgency can kill the very
conditions of the possible there alerted
such as the crushing of the anthropocene
turned hypha done to the double genitive
as who pummels the always already not so
human into submission and then not thing
things so much as the alms of the farmer
transpositions in cultivations of scarce
done moss cotton and meat for the living
which compasses proud things round about
and finds the weather changing too quick
too unaccommodated in the ungodly brutal
such as cannot see the souls for lichens
and cannot be but some spirit given bone
and invisible but for prying microscopes
a cut glass sheen turning dead lights on

IDEOLOGY IN THE MICROSCOPE

as the acclaim hurts an evidence
making furrows that might become
monitors of pollution staring at
the lit key turning the vitrines
and not even fastness in rancour
can assemble culls into big data
 but light hammers for any old nail
 exploding into archives of answers
 greedy for brighter event horizons
 as focus gives
 it taketh away
 back and forth
 in sweet firth
 lay vivid till
 the song sings
 its serving engine angles festoons
 on to Cambridge rocking microtomes
 how after the stain, balsam mounts
how radial enclosure fields this current crop
how real feeling bled into the making of this
 this demonstrating incision, lines
 in the fold of all violence or ill
 rules for parasitic questions that
 call into classing the thank blood
 down sulphur pulls for
 siestas by vivid moons
 these still explosions
 were never quite still
nor brisk high tones of pragmatism
merely open to the worker with the

requisite skills to mark slaughter
in some percentage of dead empties
done to ladder each civil dialogue
 bad mouthing as lichens
 to blaspheme the earths
 speechless for capitals
 become dark water stars
 in dappled strings
 soldered to linger
 by cloud varieties
 laddering grammars

lichens as concrete poems to built
brutalism with the islands of said
markets recognising no water marks
as colonies and territory choppers
macro more's the pity of dull bias
 where the smile becomes
 fluid tropes for twists
 in on swallows clusters
 for bright murmurations

how the bland, featureless spore is but
drab from crumbles, spindles, a pattern
 lichen arias, sing to
 scraping in the dark
 capital on the make

like the pathetic fallacy making a home from
home in the artefact of entire affect stocks
for butter candy in signposts of the scissor

lichen arias, hoop to
lungs in the purple
steeps in the wrath
for a keepsake made do standing in with
universal suffrage of the lichen canals
that are bound to some difference grant
draft drift sing deftly
till the song is an end
in ourselves, yes, even
to the rust of recorded
pride, limestone or sun