



COLE DENYER

DALE HOLMES

NAT KOCHAN

JILL MCKNIGHT

SARAH ROBERTS

**conversations on swansong** 2023, witenestaple, margate, remmesgate, sidyngborne & easterhouse epiphany via dolorosa by cole denyer, worm cognition by dale holmes, sad movement right.. by nat kochan, 2024 time 3 ways by jill mcknight, alban arthur by sarah roberts.

## *Witenestaple*

Cath Kidston blitz spirit laid down  
a hand in September, Cold & Sick  
with a paperweight  
as my groin the AQA papers fold  
my consenting snaps braid-pins  
a naive tongue blunted & dumb  
wrens to offer me a home or shelter  
between Beech & Red Oak  
forgotten in the forest of Blean,  
flags gone morbid  
to fetishes what hard choices  
go muddling through right now  
alone cold on a sofa watching  
Little Miss Sunshine  
fondled to fetal position,  
my Teenage pulse bedspread  
holes to textile Provence Rose  
Pink tines filled with shame & touch,  
a human warmth in the small of your back  
as the smell of Ilford multigrade developer  
makes the latent image visible  
under the Chin of Headmaster  
  
Rare Peppermint Green Metallic Jaguar  
                  my life hangs sucking  
                  from bonnets twisted searches

its Pale Dark Stone interior.

I am your nighttime Buser,  
your furred Menstrual poke  
your house undulled  
your swooning Learning lips wet  
to your toes, your past-loves blotted out,  
I am all these things to Suck & sole  
my young blood pricks  
from bed-wet dawns  
& leather truncheons,  
saved from loves death  
its earliest companion,  
saved from Mothers Breath  
cleaned in lugworms  
what else chokes cairns  
of white posts Pederasty  
& English Sans serif  
smug on mugs & tea towels  
you accumulate in Polka-Dot tins  
                  wear your hair in a victory roll  
                  & sew a cushion cover over  
rare Heath Fritillary butterflies  
on Thanet Way Shingle,  
to the songs of Nightingales  
phoning Childline on Sunday,  
in a thicket of sores  
YOUR COURAGE

to come forward in affluent villages.

*Margate*

Aged 15, x'ed the patted divan  
from the converge of Swale council  
to the Death of Serpents tail,  
the laurel over hard mortar &  
Sanctuary Lodge is laminated  
with CV's on piloti podiums  
buried mixed pounded pebbles  
with scrim coinages & TC's  
near Garlinge dirge.

Nothing really is nothing here  
its cranked glazing calcined  
DREAMLAND soft in asbestos  
holding aloft all the  
Stephen Christopher Yaxleys  
like old panoply of grimoires  
& We Are Inside A Regeneration Project,  
its Formica Stagecoach Souter  
gleams it's finale      FALSE TEETH  
on Nayland Rock Shelter,  
in stage whispers facedown  
eating floret patrons  
with pilled lunar shards  
to be nowhere.  
Miles & Barr Boys swilling linctus  
acres of briefcases & toeboxing

Paul Weller's all shirebussed,  
tucked & milkfed from Mum to Bed,  
dropping Bollinger after Bollinger  
on natural PowerFloat Concrete floors,  
Estate Agency Award Ceremony  
is my nature, & I chant advocates names  
like an incant over cockle table rot  
new seawind hard creamed  
what beckons archfiends  
the gilt-hearted RIBA Architects  
named maker of maps  
gutterer of towns,  
as Arlingtons floodlights  
sound a failsafe  
the meaning demicurls its clique  
cash coloured chubs  
to a New Jerusalem,

#### Skincare Branded

Victorian Bathing Machines  
in Farrow Ball Terracotta Rich Colours  
the body gyres whisperless prannets  
encircles the cold of this crap flat  
& coke starved noses harropdown  
bloody staircases in spastic crosses  
paid by Canters of Tory England,  
for the 'soil taken from it  
to any place whatsoever

kills snakes there'  
said Thanet council spokesman.

*Remmesgate*

The Boulder gathers as it rolls downhill  
whilst a commodities trader drinks  
Ruddles out of a toby jug  
the cliffs of England Stand  
where the party banner tow lines  
becomes wrapped around your throat  
and you go down covered in mayo  
your ‘peoples army’ with garden hoses  
are too slow and I’ll do it again  
from the largest wetherspoons  
in the world.

*Sidynghborne*

For to mourn here each day the Tudor Rose  
is 99p, and the King loses nothing  
on clay substrate sinking again  
midstream in dead grasses  
with wrecked boats where nothing lives  
from Recreation Way to Green Porch Close  
& Holy Trinity Church sometimes in  
grasswort & golden samphires,  
for protection against  
the hard reed bed look out at the Swale  
under the new EU directive brown-red  
& the unpeopled estate is the mud of UK  
paper, where the Fleet Streets conspired  
migrant moths near Ridham Docks known  
by their fruits of Euromix concrete.

O watch ward over veil at Christmas 1454  
as the topsoil yields a silver penny  
that the mad gene carried  
from France on Roman walk  
badly paved the whistling postman  
not from France but from  
bourne stands sometimes sits  
but does not beg for it is charity

& he is old & stays in the memory  
like the Battle of Britain or a Christmas fire.

I would walk the creek  
near pipes of Milton Pipes  
anon out the earth would go to  
The Saxon Shore Way  
formerly Church Marshes Country Park,  
formerly a disused landfill site  
to Toy Town stand in middle  
of palm tree roundabout  
with pylon  
& ask where am I  
under venerated springs?  
this post industrial pilgrimage  
to song as a place of inns  
& bore most where it ought  
not to bear at all.

*Easterhouse epiphany Via Dolorosa*

Under flagstone gulches stricken white to shuddering  
a bell curves from the CSJ\* its fount of life, ~~Damascene~~  
desiccating birthhouses roving at the sill  
with a Bobby heritability curling  
a Baroness Biblica Berridge to  
its cursed gurgle:

“I do wish that some in the Com-munion  
& in the C of E leadership would appreciate that  
Conserva-tives care about poverty;  
but we believe it is solved by strong families,  
education, and work.”

Philippantropie Pure with you, O  
piercing luminary of social utility under a tightened screw  
wrought in *family based arrangements*  
to be infected,, a teary Christian crosses in public  
slu tossing Lebensborn e.V. around the green laid paper  
a deep, white scar snakes up the underside of

the British Religious Right  
under Companies House

goes quiet the boat length  
its nautical mile streamlining  
statutory CARE & now all is forgotten,  
its voice stammering to chock mantra:

*the Biblical family life is highly valued,  
godly parented taught & practiced,  
where husband & wife embrace  
male servant leadership & joyful female submission*

, today's £7 million from Somerset Capital  
Mike Royal. Mike Kelly. Shaun Bailey  
White saviourism - development &missionary work  
- reaching the unsaved,,charities named after the  
evangelical Christian, William Wilberforce  
- e.g. Christian Guy. it's meta-knives, clicking ha'p'orth  
Divine aid altimeter speaking in eaten roses  
& blame ailing the reformation of manners  
in my eyes no crude surfeit,  
a child out of each sallied deficit.

It is pleasing to witness this blessedness: to *see*  
asperities gradually smoothing down,  
& roughnesses mellowing away:  
while the subject of this happy change  
experiences *within*, increasing measures  
of comfort which diffuse around a feeling,  
& the genial influences of that heavenly flame  
which can thus give life, & warmth & action,  
to what had been hitherto rigid & trite,  
looks up with gratitude says goodnight

to be kept quiet crawling again  
through many a coming year  
devoted a drooping heart  
a life Special Rapporteur on Extreme Poverty,  
to be *shivering* at the gale? blanching a faithful cheek?  
under Easterhouse epiphany IDS militating *Via Dolorosa*  
economic promises the smallest injuries,  
& lowliness & tenderness to allow doubt to leak  
inside liabilities self  
costed to killing the ledger our  
Heavenly Benefactor,,

*The Family Breakdown Working Group*

a report template, audible crags  
sinks through the theme of  
some transient song,, unsung  
a single name *a good heart*:  
to be beneath the gelding falls  
the closing ranks, O  
cheeps its own mew out  
to rend this dotage as you go encroaching *epiphanies*,  
the intergenerational Montgomeries  
trapped on blighted transmissions pale  
legacies of boreholes weakly corked

*the Chairman of the Social Justice Policy Group*

a childe good as breaking Beveridge's optimism  
in a petri dish plea-filled & bended,  
Biblica beneath a baronetcy

through a gap's totality  
the biological enemy, Today?

Slacking at work,  
living off the state,  
union mob rule.

Tomorrow? O very humble, Lord Farmers  
generational pickering pathways to poverty,  
its terrible to see furies punishing  
as they thread & thrum  
all that lived, or liked, or loved  
thumbscrewing in dadless sermons  
from two past downturns  
you let something out:

- 1): A child as evangelical scalar blowpipe
- 2): the entire service of my love
- 3):the Red Tape Challenge

laid to rest; o  
in dynamic modelling  
& choices simple optimism  
bored cumbersome net downturns  
to hasten into the corner of high walls,  
the blocks of flats, all those grey, blind windows,  
pouring out onto the courtyard

hands clutched round chests  
eyes away from it all, up the hill  
the faint light that flickers from

*my flag* beside the minutes of  
silence, putting to shame all 'minutes of  
silence' anywhere,  
at any time, under any flag.

Worm  
Cognitions

Be GLAD, FOR THE  
SONG IS NEVER  
ENDING

travelin

band

of the

free

spinning



Pint of Leffe doodle of  
"Lamb's Head on a plate" (1880)  
Viggo Johansen

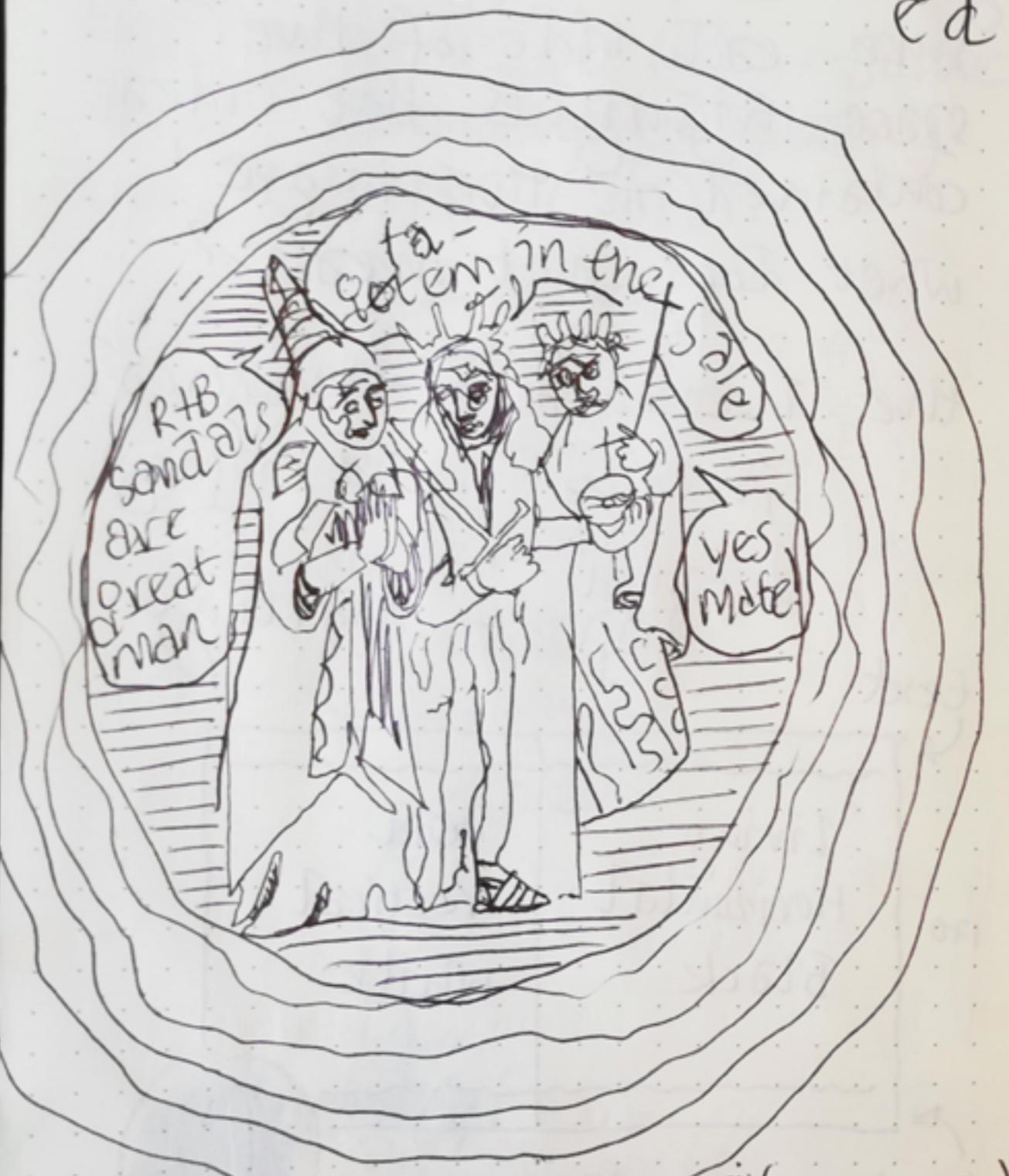
Now how I managed to have two  
saatchi accounts? -

cratseuron@tutmail has been  
dead forever nearly!  
thats how!

618703 → { I will never  
get into my old tutmail account  
and I'm sure that  
in there are the  
emails from curators,  
commissioners, collectors  
and cunts that would  
have made me a critical  
and financial success  
loved and appreciated  
without reservation  
by the cannibal  
corpses of the art  
world.

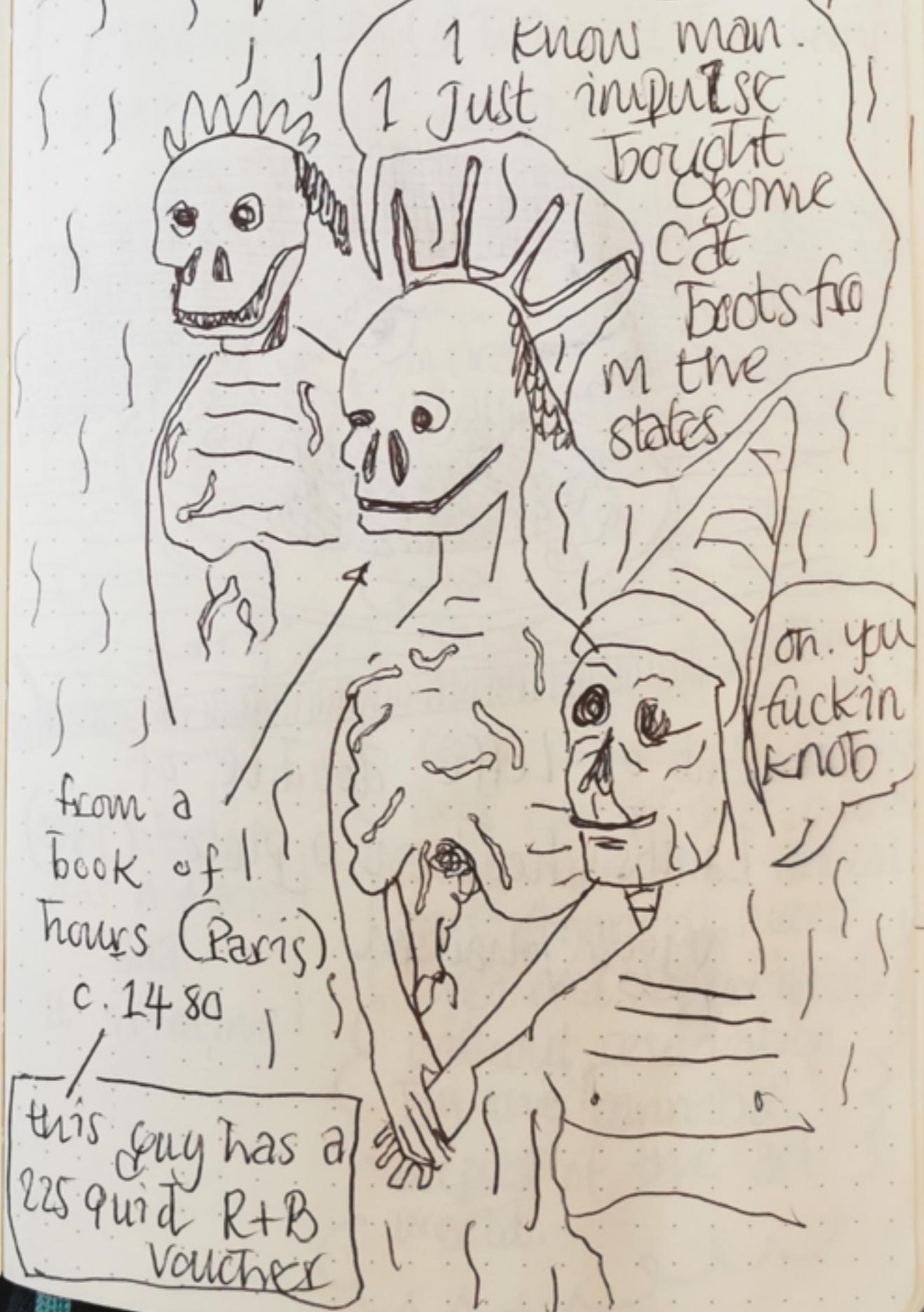
THE WORM  
HAS A FACE!  
and  
it is mine!

Literally Just Happen  
ed.

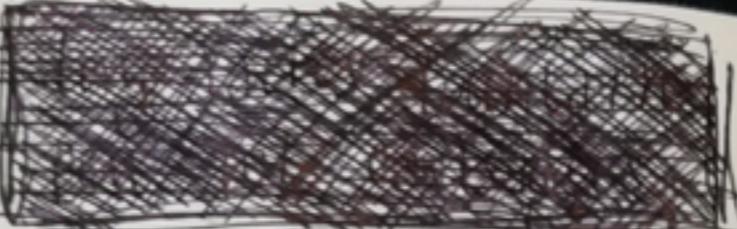
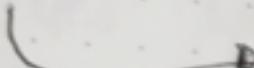


(not to mention the <sup>VIV</sup> westward orb)  
POPE - EMPEROR - KING

damn! Russell + Bromley  
Sale!



Remember:



grave  
side  
smile  
rock  
doubt

grave  
side  
smile  
rock  
doubt







Weighted

Time



# KEEPING A HAND



STAND UP  
THE KIDS  
SITTING  
TIME



A photograph of a collection of hand-painted ceramic candlesticks and candles. The items are arranged on a dark surface against a dark background. The candlesticks vary in shape and color, including yellow, red, pink, and white, some featuring floral or abstract designs. Several lit red candles are visible, their flames glowing at the top of each holder.

# ALBAN ARCTUR

Sarah Roberts. 2023



LIGHT UP THE LONGEST NIGHT.

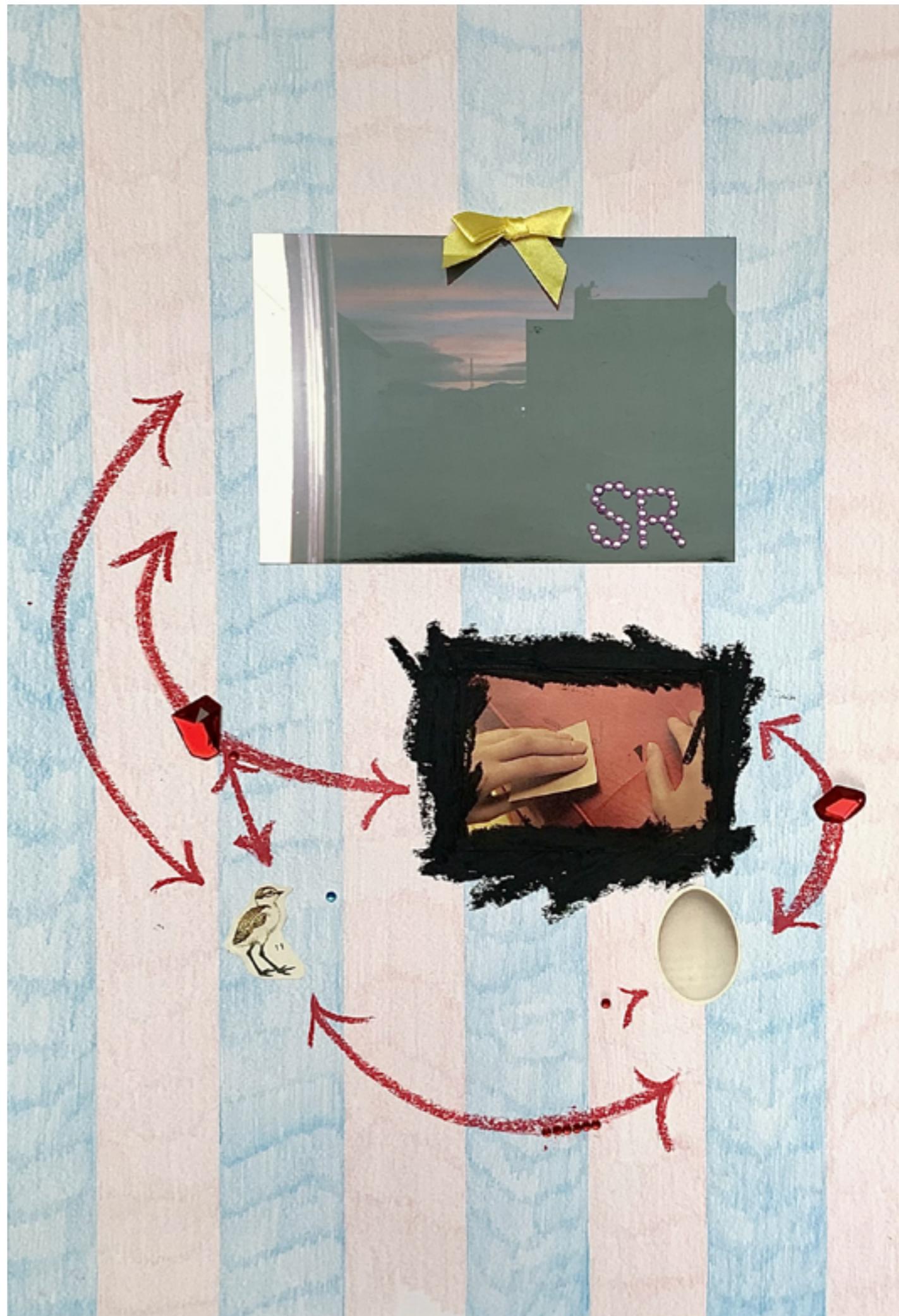
IN THE DRUIDIC TRADITION  
THE NAME OF THIS FESTIVAL IS “ALBAN ARTHAN”,  
WELSH FOR “LIGHT OF WINTER”...

**THE** sea whips the chops of the locals  
sanding off the last grains of summer  
Everyone else has decamped  
the clunky caravans barricaded,  
their owners safely settled in the Costa in the Bullring by  
now.

The new micro brewery is closed  
The cold brew coffee place shuttered up shop.  
a note in the window offers a bleached explanation of  
absence.

**FAMILIAR** old faces that have weathered the storms,  
wave and weave, attending to business as usual in their  
anoraks and complicit cyclical bliss through this longest  
night

**SMILING** from behind counters, histories, power steering  
and woollens.





I remember our lean legs running down the high street,  
our small hands, and lust for eighties cream buns  
the lending library, endless snow and ice.

before afters of nineties hooch and French kissing with  
tourists.

WE are the red coats Santa

#### Aching

- I carry memories like presents  
Shaking them out of old friends and foes.



I throw myself out - in the landscape like an offering  
**WITH** a broken mothers tongue  
and sinewy connections in the bracken



**IT'S** a rough sea that laps the promenade  
we walk anyway  
It's a hard rain that whips the hills  
as we drink tender leaf tea from a slippery tin flask

**THE** light goes fast and low  
Turning on and off too quickly

**TAKING** its own pulse in the purpling darkness

**S**EASIDE sun and trade shut up shop just before 4  
That sweet light of winter quivers over the sea and the arcades.  
The sun dripping like a punctured egg,  
spreading accross a thickening horizon.

I CLOSE my eyes as the egg slips off into the blue with a whiff of nearby pines,  
tribe and friendship caught in a warm open throat.







2023