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Poetry

## Selected Poems

George Ttoouli



Feetfall

Calm chuck orkut clackt. Mesh shutter grit.  
Ort. Rut rubble. Ick. De-pat. Hush. Ortik. Grist.  
Poured down. Crit. Percale. Tonk wrong. Sproing  
ordnance. Stored long borehole. Cort. Bored. Long  
boing. Drop polyp. Hill up. Clod cop. Oak lip. Crisp  
lick. Hello. Soft spring. (crumping scoosh oft hunk bekist)  
Crab crab scarb crave stag. Tong. Og. Dog. (cricket)  
Ticket sog. Report blag. Snort. Talk. Flick whisper  
alert sharp aspect. Feet oddly word eaten.

\*

At the crux of four tracks, two leaflittered, but  
the wider junctures dark soiled. Where are the seasons' wide-eyed  
signs? By expo-/era- sure, gone. Calm chucked  
orkut of the cort-stepping. The oak-lips' crisp lick,  
the bridges oft-sprung boards drop polyps at hill  
cups. Black bracken earth eschews root digits.  
Trees which split twenty feet up, others that fork  
at a child's height. Trauma, love, coextensive.

## A few more minutes and we will have arrived

from the window the zones are obscured  
by scratches on the screen: train railtracks  
the path of the rail network and then fields  
yes fields but the edge between fields  
we could call this the fieldborder hedge  
is too specific we mean something could  
be green be railings not railtracks but fencing  
and then in the fields zone against zones  
the part where the fox looks up from the wheat  
and the farmhouse at the top of the wheatfield  
and the tracks and hedges but the rows  
and the fox's bright ears up at the trainzone  
and its eyes on the farmzone and the field  
not the foxzone or later the horses at the top  
by another edge of fencing or railing or hedging  
and beyond the townzone fabricated  
pebbledash and the field cropped grass  
and near the trainzone near me a dogwalker  
and sheepdog the two in the fieldzone  
and the demarcation of horsefieldzone  
and dogwalkerfieldzone vying for space  
in space. Nothing denies the grass and the speed  
nothing my eyes dragged across this space  
within which land rhymes with land and speed  
with itself again because all these things are  
exactly in themselves and nothing more.

## Fragments from an Imaginary Landscape

Nature lies along retinae  
the wood petrified  
all plant life bleached  
coated with the moon's marble dusting.  
Time engenders nature into history,  
preserves it  
liquid evaporates in the petri dish  
salt crystals sharp enough to cut an eyeglass.

\*

when crossing to look across at the crosses crisscrossing hills  
from Ross to Anglesea, gross turbines dross like albatrosses in vistas.  
Slate ossifies the vales, moss dust grey fossils, impossible organisms  
so instressed with godlessness and honest mass, this distresses me:  
I lack a set of logic blocks with which to shore shut the spaces I see.

\*

Out in the sound the waves rebound  
without a thought, while the wind  
winds its mind around the phrase  
until it sounds like it should rhyme  
with wounds a-hey-ho never-mind.

\*

those folding flowers look like paper napkins  
tucked into doilies  
they grow into musictubes  
datdadatdaadaadat  
flowers for the ear

\*

Seagull veers up at the footbridge  
over the Severn - both of us together  
crossing each other or the river  
but veers again at our proximity:  
pale yellow undersided feet  
limp rudders, heavylight unused  
saved for later in the back hanging.

\*

What is the opposite of jargon,  
of junk? Not its close cousin  
trash, but something valuable.

Is poetry the opposite of junk?

\*

Birmingham is what I tinker with  
and who are you to deny my access

or inaccessibility? To hold the whole  
tree in the hand while travelling  
trams or mass transitory instability.

What an ugly phrase.

\*

nodes pierced by ropes that pierce other nodes  
rodeo waves rippling the seared by sun network  
that tweaks the tropes and stipples the ground  
and the shadows are ropes that lead down  
into us and the mind and the topos of self  
ropework node pierced, rodeo no-self under  
the sun mind shadowed by the real.

\*

Your body was never yours to use  
though you argued for that right  
centuries pushing water up a hill  
while our understanding drained  
the marsh and the lungs of the ground  
rebeat processes ancients than us.

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