

Hithe

Jennifer Spector

XYLEM BOOKS 2021

LIGN SERIES

- LS1 Oliver Southall, *Borage Blue*
LS2 Gerry Loose, *The Great Book of the Woods*
LS3 Jennifer Spector, *Hithe*

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Hithe

PARTITIONS

a sketch over tropical land:

rock canyons *llanos costeros*
olivine burring in displaced cordillera

what if we draw from the edge

 riving haulage

 bays leashing

flota de tierra firme

 flags on the map

 ~

waypoints for schooner

foot
canoe

if only brief shapes
wind-lassed in a trace

of what comes back denuded

~

rasure of sand's landward margins
& stray ridings

~

all rope for the water loosened

some by hand

some for tiller

part for the river

MIGRATIONS

blade with me in low
 grasses, stay quiet the pirate
 birds and saltarines deep building rough nests
 spindle the trees

let us lay to ground or
 island for weeks
 to roost on dry cliffs

gliding colibríes, gavilanes, warm updrafts driving
 patterns of sea and selvedge
 the Pacific blurring
 the edgelands

dentations hewing
 trough of the body
 something carried in

follow me sleep near quiet water
 trail our carrion at the sound swimming
 iguanas headed to islands will walk
 across land
 clutches of thirty
 share nests along mangroves and rivers
 even the crocodiles emerge at night, stalking
 swamp brakes

O the waterthrushes sing few at a time
 over canopies of Malagueto, Jobo, Cecropia
 their mahogany song a sea-going ship

marked: all the warblers have shored here
 in highlands in breeding
 dress they soon depart

& the suicide tree, *Reseco* after a hundred years
 finally matures
 then in April, clusters brown flowers
 waits for the dry season drops its leaves
 to the wind
 produces dies

not unlike the wanderer
 in snow under way
 & shedding whose every small egress
 first spades then flights the hollow

SAND HWYL

I

sea loosed of timbre fallows breaching
 a sable dim-wood sky
 greydune pitch the outswelled iris
 brome grasses left
 & the field-brain mazing with mallow
 in fetch of wind thrav

 & the beak-bitten roses twitched of source
 whose sutured crowns tipping gambits
 in harn of the thirstland

make an overture:

sandwings ally to bow freight the slue
 abandon the bank for breadth of the salt-scowed body
 taken by rims plumbing long-marks in the pirr

II

bitterns and fulmars booming
 through the haugh
 wick their wings on juddered thills
 & have scried how
 hyaline seam
 will sail its bodyflower

& how pocked bricks testify to the toil of bees
 a symphonic gather of
 mass & greenwood

 a charge of direction in maritime space
 the sea arch in cliff & shale wends
 canorous unearthings from water scarred hushes
 to hymning water-carved bridge

hachures shunt in loom of skin

III

windward marks:

1. a haunt of treading over yellow sedge
2. foreland winnowing hurst
3. limbs from brumal sheets
4. ash thwarts abandoned
5. water trenched in tilth

a narrative scatter

landing

sea-thrift & mouthprints

breath of the night rower

attar of the emptied body

under vital wreck

turning rose cloth

& timber

to the crossing forms

THE ARROW

Now the winds
sail disquiet
scour the fields
for that heart in port

who is sounding at the breaks
slippering dark rooms
what shards and glyphs chisel
camber in the heart?

where I have landed
there is bark to be carried
and plinths to root

blistered with scorch
the wrack flower

it is the hour we who have wildered
burn our cressets
turn back to the road
outskirt the village
try our broken drums

something
luffed in the wind
caught like bloom &

must on the whaled skiff
where I am laid

ferries me

say the dryland arrows
also are turning