

Head, Already Broken

Richard Taylor, 2015

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So many slopes and lofty antlers, and arses like bearded faces that laugh in the headlights. Cyclists, a few of saintly-looking parsons, motorists from Scotland, Wales and England, hundred-per-centers—obviously from Poland via New York., men from Carlisle, Rome, Paris and Berlin, all were thrown together in the little chattering League of Nations which made up our "lot."

Somewhere in here this will be broken – his head, already broken

Just one runner, with a reflective strap across his breast and copper hair. Shoes with give, short shorts, long thighs and a presumptuous base-layer – all caught in full beam. Farmer and Huntsman—Base-Ball—Broadway—Melody—The Pronunciation of English Names—Evesham—Carnival—Stratford-on-Avon—Shakespeare, Mae West and "Gentlemen"—Warwick Castle

In here Somewhere this will be broken – his already broken head

The early evening light made ghosts of bottomless tress, casting rigorous geometry from their branches encyclopedic against the sky – not unlike lofty antlers. *After about twenty minutes the sky began to clear, and soon after the sun shone again, as it continued to do every day until I had crossed the Scottish border.*

Somewhere this will be broken In here – his already head broken

The man was running downhill as if following a staggered line. Earlier in the day waterfalls did the same. In the wind they reversed themselves, in the dark he could not. *This statement, for all I know, may be perfectly correct. I leave it to students of the history of this game to decide whether or not the enthusiasts were right in their assertion.*

Somewhere in his head this will be broken – here already in broken

Evening light came in halves now; everything was ink, sky or silence. Each island plotted its stake in the view to diffuse the horizon. All that was there was below. *Surrounded by a dense crowd of spectators, the chef, fully aware of his great importance and authority, gave orders to his assistants who slowly turned the sizzling carcass, which was fixed to a horizontal pole with a wheel at the end.*

Broken in already here – broken be will this head his in somewhere

The runner is nearing the bottom of the hill. Snow fences and reflective weather sticks define a verge near the road, where the deer feed. Three hills were in the distance to make you appreciate distance. They were there a short time ago and are still there, looming from where blackness takes them. Distance feels different now. *Threatening black clouds were rolling past overhead, driven along by violent gusts of a cold wind. Occasionally, when the sun managed to break through a gap in between the clouds, its brilliant beams – gigantic rays of celestial searchlights, swept over hilly country, over waters.*

Somewhere in here broken – his head, broken. Already this will be...

Un-dipped headlights sharpened vision of everything except the other side of the dip in the road, and our speed was level. The contours of our route were unknown, any immediate terrain was reduced to nought. *The note was so sensibly written, and the enclosed photograph of the animal gave such a good idea about it.*

Somewhere broken, his head, broken. Already this will be in here

A third turn in the road and the runner was upon us. The stag did not move, its backside still laughing, its head turned towards our approach – eyes and nose iridescent, antlers above us. *Before it is possible to give birth to a new philosophy it would be necessary to invent a new Man—I cannot imagine who is going to do this in order to improve on the interesting calamity, which, like an undesirable drunkard in a "pub," was thrown out of the Garden of Eden.*

Here, broken, broken. Already Somewhere this will be in his head.

Earlier that day we saw sign warning us. Shortly after this observation I kicked him in the face using a rope swing tied to a tree, above the sands of a white beach. A yellow boat was moored alone in the short bay. A viaduct broke from amongst the trees. *Later, when I had summoned fresh courage, I meekly wandered around the town, admiring some of its places of interest. Feeling really bold, like a daring fox sneaking into a chicken-run in broad daylight, I even slid through ancient portals of a college.*