

I must be faithful to my fountain¹

Nick Scammell

For the poet's image is a spoken image²
None with an address³

Through the pursuit of beauty we shape the world as a home⁴
But it's the having / not the keeping that is the treasure⁵

I was taught [...] that a photograph is something you look through at something else⁶
When, caught in a mist perhaps,⁷

¹ Gaston Bachelard, *The poetics of reverie*

² Gaston Bachelard, *Ibid*

³ Jack Gilbert, *Gift horses*

⁴ Roger Scruton, *Beauty*

⁵ Jack Gilbert, *The lost hotels of Paris*

⁶ Lucas Foglia

⁷ Sigmund Freud, *Unheimlich*

Left Behind

a Barça

So I went back. Just to see the place one more time
Remind myself of what I had and who I was and used to be.
Went back down those same old streets and alleys
Past those same shops and crossings
Watched the same buses and bikes sweep by, saw the same dogs.
All in order on my nostalgic wander
Until I ducked down a familiar short cut
Only to find someone already there, head bowed, scribbling.
He turned as I passed.
'What are you still doing here?' I said.
He regarded me with a pitying stare.
'You can't be here. I've left.'
Silently, he held my gaze.
And there we stood, together alone
Until finally he spoke and said
'Have you?'
'Yes.'
'You have,' he said
'but I haven't.'
Then I walked away –
Left myself alone
And walked out
Into the city.

Hoem

is the book of what happened, is your eyes
and is keeping, keepsake and kept in your notebooks -
is gentle surfaces and is in the gathering.

Hoem is at the tip of our tongues
and a language no longer spoken -
is a travelling library, a vacant lot and a mystery kitchen -
a nourishing fire and a sweet smoke gone -
belongings and belongings -
is the shape of a dream of a homeless man dreaming
beneath a giant blank billboard.

And hoem is pillow, a simple warmth dipped in hope -
the hum that outlives the bell, where spiders resident
repair their webs by spider time
and hoem is my true bones.

A shape, an orbit and a source; an imprint, an echo
and a trap
hoem is a living robe, a map of the contours of loss -
tender ground, tended ground -
a mighty crumb, a pocket garden.

This hoem is a ship of theseus, a ghost in the shell -
a wish house flying the flag of a country
you cannot remember -
a closet of empty clothes -
what stirs and is hush.

And hoem is against what comes -
book of doors, book of dust, beat of heart.

Fragile Chapter (miorror)

Nick Scammell

Every word has a password for its echo⁸

what if a word unlocks
room after room the days
wait inside?⁹

Invent. There is no lost feast at the bottom of memory¹⁰

REMURMUR (v.) 1. [Where] whatsoever is consumed the same amounts remain (fragments, inexhaustible); 2. The having not the keeping (that is the treasure). (n.) ~*brance* 1. What we have only as long as it remains lost¹¹; 2. What is not lost only so long as it is distant¹²; 4. None with an address; 5. Somewhere and luminous¹³ [the] stain that flows out for eternity¹⁴; 6. Fadeless and undying by recollection (*Philostratus*); 7. Private graffiti; 8. The tangible landscape of memory (the places that made you, and which you too become)¹⁵; 9. What you can possess and what in the end possesses you¹⁶; 10. When/where memory breathes. REMURMUR

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⁸ Walter Benjamin, *Stationers*

⁹ Li-young Lee, *Hurry toward beginning*

¹⁰ Roberto Ganzo, *L'oeuvre poétique*

¹¹ Rebecca Solnit, *A field guide to getting lost*

¹² Rebecca Solnit, *Ibid*

¹³ Charles Wright, *Umbrian dreams*

¹⁴ Tomas Tranströmer, *Island life, 1860*

¹⁵ Rebecca Solnit, *Ibid*

¹⁶ Rebecca Solnit, *Ibid*