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Poetry Written for *Mud Makes the Revivalists*

Tom Kaniok

2025 - 26

The Mouth of the River

Covered in bearded lichen,
Great meteor like rock formations
Curling, gnarled
Slate grey
Mixed with white, ochre and quartz crystal
Like waves of stone eroding in the wind.

A View Through a Mossy Covered Greenhouse

A view through broken glass
Windows shattered years ago and edges left to glint in the sun
A Curlew collects rain in the lonely orchard
Presence of the wild water, still and silent
crossing borders in bird form
and regurgitating material, matter
stories, and the wise one

Heavy sodden rain breaks through the grey skies
A deep quench on the asphalt makes me look at the date and recite
Kingsbridge May 11th
The heavy drenching rain that fills the hood and runs down the neck
Pushing me in Costa, the only café that's open
I enter and buy an enlarged mug of black coffee
Sit down and pause

A Russian is talking strongly to an older British man
The accent pulls through the burnt coffee
As they leave the older man looks at me
worried and surprised
I sip from my small vase,
put it back on the shelf,
and wait for the bus
A view through glass
Rain on an algae covered surface and partially broken
Clearing when I draw my finger down and collect matcha coloured silt

I quench the ground

with my wet boots, making tea with cold water

Like sponges filling up and bursting through gaps in the teeth

Awoke cold but refreshed

I feel alive

And well

almost home

Misty River

A boat journey that I paid £12.50 for – a one-way ticket slowly burnt babbling
along the river

How hungry are you?

I see the misty river, fog clinging to the mudflats and figures once digging for
bait

In all glory and warmth witness the change in the day

White bright a light kisses the mud flats

We pass along the channel

Me

And a group of lost souls

On holiday

Finding out some clarity in the voices

From the low drum of the inboard

Making sense of noise

How hungry are you?

I see myself

Toes kissing the wooden varnished edge

The engine forms sonic rhythms as I slip along the ledge

Pistons slow compression and perfume my wrists

Jumping into the emerald green

While the heron

Makes his annual flight from any human

An old man rises again, wet and clambering up from the deep water

Hungry enough to last the distance?

Signs in Nature Notes

The Dipson Plum

Mystic Orchard

The Creek

and the small spit of land that's home

The bed of mud breathing through many holes

Sounds of the curlew carries

Verdant green shrills on the fog

One big soul fainter to feel as we step closer

to the nature at the centre of the universe

Rare earths running to the hills in big leather boots with laces untied

and out of sight of the hungry eyes

of new monuments and mortgages to excess and precarity

The river drains again

And under all manner of cover

Apple wood and plum

The scent of rotting fruit

Brings me back to an old photograph fading with damp

June 24th

The creek, emerald green or a cloudy chalcedony
As we put a looking glass to it and a good light
Colour, seaweed, and tiny fish in schools washes over my hands
I kneel in the wet mud, kickstarting that old glorious system
Bars of silver swim in the shallows
Schools of Mullet
Large soft lips
Kissing the threshold
Teasing the sun to warm them
More rain comes
and a warm wind blowing from the west,
I lie back in the water; its rim shocks the peel as it rises up

I look up at the immense movement of lapis blue, and streaks of white and grey

The world moves around me as I float in the wild green river.

Recounting Back

Stepping through the duck egg green shield
Down the faintly lit slipway, sees an unknowable outcome
A twisted ankle in the newest of shoes, or the stale alcohol of some stranger's
breath
Too close and brush with a bad trip
But I want to find something new, some new view
Object, person, or feeling
Opening to a clearing of concrete covered brick, left and right
Down again
Down again
And I'm on the yellow, buttery shale of the shoreline

I peer out to the glassy sun lit water,
The faint sound of a Bob Marley track rings out of a passing tender

I wander,
What vallery was it before?

I've done a little research, a boat ride, and a museum visit at Plymouth, a
walk to the local museum but stopped at the thickly painted red door

I like not knowing, and making it all up, threading colour and textures into the
place

I think more trees kissed the water with their faintly white roots
What happened at Doggerland?

What life is underneath?
Some shellfish, molluscs

Some old wise one, gently looking out through creatures
Perpetually still in the grey, cold mud?
I wander if it sleeps
If it breaks the threshold of the surface
And shoot a murmur of an idea
In some sods ear