

UNDER THE CLIFF LIKE

(sample)

TIM ALLEN

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if p then q classics

41 Fulford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester, M16 9PX

www.ifpthenq.co.uk
ifpthenq@fsmail.net

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Like a bird that trails a broken wing under a bridge of stone the river shuddered by.

Under a budding hedge I hid like a black
enamoured king whispered low the thunder.

Like a blind spinner in the sun under a daisied bank.

Under a grey October sky like a bread without
the spreaden.

Like a bulwark against fate under a Lady's
picture.

Under a laurel like a butterfly my nostalgia.

Like a chained brute beast howling in the
heat under a lonely sky a lonely tree.

Under a sky of azure like a clamorous flock
of startled birds.

Like a cloud like a mist under a southern
wind.

Under a spell like a coy maiden ease when
courted most.

Like a crescent of Autumn shines the moon
of Omei under a splintered mast.

Under a spreading chestnut tree like a
damask rose you see.

Like a dog with a bottle tied fast to his tail
under a spreading gooseberry bush the
village burglar lies.

Under a stagnant sky like a donkey's back.

Like a dream it comes all over me as I hear
the Christmas bells under a sultry yellow
sky.

Under a telephone pole like a drop of water
in my heart.

Like a drowsy rain-browned saint under a
throne I saw a virgin sit.

Under a toadstool crept a wee elf like a fairy
spirit I leave the gate of the city.

Like a faun my head uplifted under a tree I
read a Latin book.

Under a tree in sporting me like a flight of
arrows the wind.

Like a forsaken theatre art thou under a
tree in the shade sits a toad.

Under a wall of bronze like a gaunt scraggly pine.

Like a glacier man advances under a
Wiltshire apple tree.

Under all this slate like a gondola of green
scented fruits.

Like a great burst of singing came the day
under an aged oak tree was Willie laid.

Under an eastern sky like a great rock far
out at sea.

Like a great wheel under an elm tree where
the river reaches.

Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall
like a hidden spring.

Like a hound with nose to the trail under
and over forever.

Under Arcturus like a huge python winding
round and round.

Like a jewel gold rimmed under Ben Bulben.

Under cool trees the city tombs like a king
from a sunrise land.

Like a laverock in the lift under der Linden.

Under dusky laurel leaf like a lizard in the
sun though not scuttling.

Like a lone Arab old and blind under
enormous and cemented cliffs.

Under glass like a loose island on the wide
expanse.

Like a loud booming bell shaking its tower
under great yellow flags and banners of the
ancient cold.

Under green I have seen like a midsummer
rose.

Like a mist of the sea at morn it comes
under green apple boughs.

Under her gentle seeing like a Mourninglass
child.

Like a musician with that flying finger under
his helmet up against his pack.

Under Milk Wood like a regiment flying
across the sky.

Like a ship that through the ocean wide
under Mr. Milton's picture.

Under a monadnock like a shower of rain.

Like a skein of loose silk blown against the
wall under my feet the moon.

A note on the text

‘Under The Cliff Like’ is constructed from the ‘Title And First Line Index’ in the 1962 edition of ‘Granger’s Index To Poetry’ (Columbia University Press. U.S.A.) which I found in a junk shop. It was written in 1996. In alphabetical order all entries beginning with ‘Like’ are juxtaposed with the equivalent number of entries beginning with ‘Under’. There are no alterations other than elimination of commas and the capital letter of the juxtaposed line plus the insertion of full stops at the end of each pairing. Thanks to James Davies for suggesting this spacey version. A full list of the lines’ original authors is unavailable on request. T.A.

Acknowledgment

‘Under The Cliff Like’ was first published in an ordinary linear form with the title ‘Analogous And Beholden’ on the Stride website in 1998.

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