

TRAMMEL

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After a brief stint indexing the entire back catalogue of *The Erotic Review*, she worked as a journalist and publicist for a leading family law firm, writing articles for national newspapers while also contributing freelance reviews to *The Observer*, *The New Statesman* and *Poetry Review*, among others; she was shortlisted for *The Scotsman's* Allen Wright Award for theatre criticism. Charlotte lives in London with her husband, the poet James Brookes, and works as a political communications consultant, specialising in healthcare. *Trammel* is her first full collection.

ALSO BY CHARLOTTE NEWMAN

Selected Poems (Annexe, 2012; 12pp)

Trammel

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Penned in the Margins

LONDON

PUBLISHED BY PENNED IN THE MARGINS
Toynbee Studios, 28 Commercial Street, London E1 6AB
www.pennedinthemargins.co.uk

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First published 2016

Printed in the United Kingdom by TJ International

ISBN
978-1-908058-39-3

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks are due to the editors of the following publications in which some of these poems have appeared: *Asterism*, *Litmus Magazine*, *Polarity*, *Penning Perfumes*, *The Salt Book of Younger Poets*.

Further poems appeared in the pamphlet *Selected Poems* (Annexe, 2013), for which Nick Murray merits particular thanks.

Warm thanks are also due to Andrea Brady, Gerry Cambridge, Michael Hurley and the members of Pierian, Dorothy Lehane, Roddy Lumsden, Sophie Mayer, Fiona Sampson, Claire Trévien and Carol Watts for their encouragement and assistance.

Especial thanks to Freddie Cox for sharing war stories.

for Jamie

Trammel

I

DISOBEDIENCE

*But who knows what she spoke to the darkness, alone, in the bitter watches
of the night, when all her life seemed shrinking, and the walls of her bower
closing in about her, a hutch to trammel some wild thing in?*

JRR TOLKIEN

Body Politic

How hard does it hurt to shoot
yourself in the foot and fold

yourself Christ-like into his
care; full harmony working

for you, though you may shrink in
stature, in meat worthiness.

Cut yourself short to make curt
by candlelight, the canon –

can you explain its songstress;
cup a mother to your ear

to hear her tears pentangle
her *lyke wake* dirge misfire in

target practice. All the blood
of the house of Saul, hope caul

cauterised democratic
recall and taken in your

mischief. Salt-rimmed sisters less
Spanish, the spindrift second;

blitz revenger's tragedy,
pound for pound less coined weighty,

purely sovereign, special.
Make no bones right about it.

Synovium, cytokines
means this killing no murder

at the lychgate, our Cromwell
hastens the collective end:

the permeability
of sacrifice, osmosis;

trigger perfect malfunction
cupidity, caritas —

impermanence of objects
and their masters of mistakes.

No ideas but in things and
Nuneaton; sustainable

footprints at Falkirk, Moray,
hard and fast memorial:

such is Gateshead; so grateful
to grind it carried over

the fray and fuss, feverish
favour editorial.

In Vitro Veritas

Did you know who laid the dining table
like origami, taking in the budget cuts
of structural empathy, of courts
herding their insides forward towards

a tipping point of sorts?
There are men, who every quincennial
hour pull hysteria to the rack
and recklessly to account.

They invest and invoke return;
spend a pronoun for provoking
lust. A lost custom, cut from annals
of sex guides and folded in turn into

that cursory swan by the napkin ring.
They had fabulous beards way back.
Today they have fabulous beards but
are from the other side of the tracks.

All the worthy discipliners, disciplinaries:
airily canonical and handy with
emoticons, give up no ghosts, only
anatomical inaccuracies like acorns.

Something akin to Newfoundland.

Spermatozoa caged in angry swells. All
is well and good when hell throws out
an ice pick, thick with autoimmune

efficiencies. Keeping tilting up;
hip and archaeology. Beat down embrace
recompense; gird your dishevelments
when asked and don't spit, face:

they'll only spurn you with a crude
embittered net. It's as far as you can get:
shovelling gravel through a stent, a
glassy, grovelling smack of well intent.

All that Jazz

Duff credit card exact size of visor.
Nothing to see/hear save for the slattern
scurry of slutty children, neatly boxed
centre square; parental advisory
cusped by husbanded blinkers. The kids cling
to dad, judge in the High Court of Lahore,
whose credit doth abhor the things his kids
once wore. Much more like you, who, then unstoned,
fleshed Al-Jazeera hip-wise from our side;
your side mere forbidden fruit for the weird
men leering from the window the wrong side
of the car stuck stubborn in a non-pro-
verbial rut. Maximise the freedom
of uncovered eyes: turn flesh into hard pulp fact.