

*Tottel's #9*

Summer, 1972

Edited by Ron Silliman

A KEMMING / A HOB : day's digest

in the Yorkshire dales an armful of hay,  
a *kemming* or literally a combing, is  
racked over onto another kemming to make  
a clump, a *hob*.

Dentdale, Summer 1971

Down by Rash Bridge  
I come to a primrose bank  
by shaded wood garlic lanes

first flowerings, gorse  
the color of fresh butter

lilac out

No leaves  
on the walnut  
near High Lathe  
yet

Heron in  
the corner of my eye,  
hid by hedge, gone,  
a glimpse

the spread of wing  
& green thorn

Thin smoke over fells,  
scented rows of blossoming whin

bumblebee hums in bright poppy cup

The lapwing calls

soft by rainfall on window  
in summer's early night heat

shadows pollinate dreams

Polygonum bistorta

cloud - red  
simple & erect

on moist meadows

A green

finch  
dips

I walk to the field with sugar  
for the blue & white mare there

may that much of the god's favor  
be granted me today

Dreams swarm an image,  
build dry, dark nests, feather  
hollows

night thrives in  
whole & unwithheld

The last mays gone,  
a still pause thins  
out red champions

no meadowsweet yet

Roses for shepherds, honeysuckle  
hung in air & eye, azure harebells  
tremble on slender green stems,  
stiff wild orchid spurs cluster

the first ling blossoms  
above thick lush bracken

A swift sings  
from a wire on barn roof

a song whose first note  
echoes the curlew's cry

Today

as excellent as  
the Dee's water  
as bright as gold

brilliant as  
its own noon

Midge caught  
in sun's dew

scarlet tentacles  
bend to cage

digest it

[ECLIPSE EDITOR'S NOTE: please consult facsimile  
for visual material in original here]

My hair cut, no longer center  
parted, in my eyes nor on my nape.

My skull suede, a thin fringe laid  
across my brow -- there for sorrow.

Loss hangs in my belly. Barley,  
linseed, clover, knotweed, yarrow,  
nightshade, camomile, gold of pleasure,

no trace of summer, no berries,  
apples or rose hips, no leaves.

The Last Meal. The Age of Iron.

\*

My skull *suede*: hide or fodder ...

A riddle's answer,  
a rune rubbed by wind, blurred by rain"

cap / turnip

(eight pieces of suede sewn hairside  
inward to a point, two laces fixed  
at the temple, tied off, tucked in ...)

winter root                    swede a neep, yellow

*Guardlock* & charm

nord / node

Ekki er langt um at gora

---

Ekki nytr solar

[To make a long story short:  
the sun ain't gonna shine no more]

Mistletoe. Oak bough. Brains boil,  
skull bursts, flames wash flesh to  
sea, smoke black with man-fat

beacon, boat

---

eunuchs  
slaves  
boys  
brocade  
beaver  
skins  
martinpelts  
swords

vandals took by land or sea, returned with

muscat  
aloes  
camphor  
cinnamon

[ECLIPSE EDITOR'S NOTE: please consult facsimile  
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On their way to Jerusalem  
they broke into the Orkney barrow.  
Out North they hid much riches,  
left it, died. Hid much riches.  
A lucky find for any man.

The best rune-man west overseas  
cut these runes with Gauk's axe:

Trandil's son (from the South)

---

by one-eye  
by one-hand

by Wednesday  
by Tuesday

I seal this  
deal struck.

Shake.

a stranger on horseback with  
a stick, a broad-brimmed hat,  
  
a long cape, asking questions & thirsty

---

a chain made out of  
a woman's beard  
a bear's tendons  
a mountain's roots  
a bird's spittle  
a fish's breath                    soft & supple as

a silk ribbon

Ymir rots

Worm grubs:

dwarves (flesh of his flesh)

rock, dirt

---

Fenrir runs Iron Wood,  
her son will fill with  
all men's flesh, will  
swallow the moon

& sprinkle  
Yrnir's skull, all air,

with blood  
where stars were.



Weep all shapes

Only his death survives in the old stories

& the legend of his beauty, his hair

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flint bronze bone horn

wood wickerwork bark

oak

bow

plectrum (strum)

sanctae crucis lignum

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comb