

TRESCO SOUND

*(To accompany the album of the same name
by Full of Noises)*

I. The Abbey Garden

The *Hortus Conclusus* opens
Like a shell
And draws me in.
This is where I lose myself -
Lapsing past the wrecked heads
Down into the long paths' lacunas...

*Dracaena Australis, Jubaea Chilensis,
Phoenix Canariensis, Fascicularia Pitcairniifolia...*
A Latin litany from a New World -
Ancient alien seeds
Washed up on the strand
Beyond the pine belt.

The enclosed garden;
The tall cedar;
The well of living waters;
The olive tree;
The fountain in the garden;
The rosebush...

I brush past the gardener
Deadheading late summer
And find the scar in the trees
Where the wind prises.

Et in Arcadia ego,
Et in Arcadia ego.

2. Appletree Bay

A smooth skin of sand, polished on the sleeve of the
sea;
A Scilly Pearl, ripely offered on a shell's fluted platter;
A swimmer's attention to an ocean's silky voice;
A static scene. History peels itself away...

An instant, trembling over time's sheer arc;
An image-droplet's stillness seeded on a thread;
An ivory sail drawn to distant event horizons;
An irresistible, gravitational tide...

For here is the core of the world: right here, as
An ordinary sunset eve accepts the sea's quiet foamy
hiss

And dives in - one clean cold bite -
Flesh becoming water, becoming life, becoming
words.

3. The Castles

These stones are marked
By man civil and uncivil.
The mason's chisel
Scribes a precise but scattered story -
His ringing hammer blows falling

On the empty heathland air.

This steep pathway through the gorse
Leads back in time as sand flows...
Stones roll past - the giant
Sisyphus turning the tide -
Re-sculpting new forms from
Lichened blocks and lintels.

Footfalls on the stairs still echo
Where the tread is worn.
The defence is holding, just:
Corbelled masonry juts above;
Names scratched in the lime
Continue to resist the fort's fall.

4. Piper's Hole

At sea, Hell's Kettle whistles as the water boils.
Add a splash of grog against the rocks' wrack...
(Hair of the dog usually fails.)

Above ground, wind-bent thorns, day after day,
Stay hopeful, testing the weather's membrane -
Defiant; still fiery.

Down below, as straggled rats desert a sinking ship,
We are smuggled deeper into the tunnel -
A passage to transform out of this world -

Where the cold dripping walls

Test the small candle's flame
And the underground pool reflects it back.

Led to shipwreck at last, we
Turn our heads as we pass, to the
Ancient painting on the cave wall.

As his bloody canvas testifies,
The artist is finally crowned King.
(And we must all pay the Piper.)

5. Sea Garden

Submergence distorts the bell -
An underwater red shift
Of rising bubbles and falling
Fears. Charmed sound waves
Are no longer coldly concentric.

Sea creatures with glittering eyes
And hidden pearls
Drift and dart in a
Tangled pattern of tendrils and tentacles,
Like the bright mosaic floor in a Roman Bath.

Lost cities clang beneath these waves.
Oceans, transformative and heedless,
Fantasise unending shape-change
In this garden to the west of Eden -
Rich, coveted and strange.

6. Flying Boat

The little girl with the shell to her ear
Hears the wide sea's roar;
Hears mermaids call to one another,
Sea-sawing on each fresh wave.
This is the world in her hand:
This illusion of an island, where
All manner of thing can be
And castles in the sand
Are washed away and remade.
It is of no matter...

The little girl with the shell to her ear
Hears the deep roar of engines;
Hears the clanking mechanics'
Voices bantering and tinkering
Over propellers' drone.
Let slip the cogs, cast off the lines...
A vast dark mass lumbers
From the hanger,
Beating at the water's drag -
Scattering the silica, splintering the shell.

7. Valhalla

Genoa, Oregon, Rotterdam, Oporto, Rio, Demerara...
Voyages end here -
In the eye of the charts
Where North colludes with South
And East falls away to the West.

Sea lanes converge from distant ports;
Transits focus back through the oceans' prism
To this small rock-ridden landfall.

Sugar, guano, rice, slate, tea, timber...
Undreamed-of cargos.
Bills of lading fall ruinously to
The razored granite bedrock
Of our everyday isolation.
Wooden bellies split, disgorging
Otherworldly riches - ambergris
Strewn on near-empty beaches.

Indipendenza, Maipu, Serica, Primos, Colossus,
Rosherville...

Grand names for painted wooden faces.
These talismans (women mostly)
Are here because they have been lost.
Islanders launch their boats in swell
And deal quietly with the sodden dead.
This small scrap of shifting sand
Is at the very human heart of the world.