

Rosalie Gascoigne

'I keep ... laying it all over the floor until such time as it tells me what it wants to become' — Rosalie Gascoigne

Just give me the vital Things themselves,
as hunted and gathered: each taken up,
humble and wonderful as it comes —
uncensored and raw. Unadorned.
No marks placed upon them of mine:
just their pure, hard-lived glorious selves.
Gnarled, dull, shiny, straight or warped,
scratched, kinked or scarred. Marked with the haphazard break,
or ingrained with the human stain.
Incarnate with themselves:
 the enamel coffee pot with Dalmatian-spots of brown rust;
 Schweppes crates, sun-faded to lovely Renaissance tones;
 swan feathers scabbed from the side of Lake George;
 eloquent lengths of kinked fencing wire...
and assorted shelves, boxes and buckets full
of such bountiful junk-stuff more,
both natural and manmade.

Just let me have those, and a space — the shed-instinct,
patience and grace — to let the things coalesce:
cohere, gravitate or fall into each other;
to each speak their own genius-selves:

as stacked, threaded, bound, sewn or hung —
glued, screwed, nailed, staple-gunned —
or however appropriately arraigned,
and held up for the human regard.