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WEST PORT GARDEN (AUGUST)

sunlight through rowan leaf
flashes emerald all lit up so green

sudden cloud mouths a cool
breeze it soughs through daisy heads

blows off all the hot talk of hot-
desking and local history writing

with hazel back there on the hot bus
here the thistle heads are eye high

haloed fern fronds rattle and nod so
luminous and below at the low pond

a quick young starling chances
a fluttery bath right by me

i-i sit word-still in this verby vertiginous
green flashing noun bower & two young

women with large rucksacks zig-
zag up the path between globe

thistles & sea-hollies turn for a selfie
one flashing the font of a tee shirt slogan

every little thing gonna be alright
in bright neon pink glittering black

i-i follow them back through the grasses and roses
the lilies and the lavender-thick language down

sudden and into the street

Jane G. 29 November 19:45

WEST PORT GARDEN (OCTOBER)

wanting badly the sunlit rowan leaf
a green thought on a green bus

a little bit further hold on tight
warning exit doors closing

words blow in he's controlling me
he's trying to control me i-i can

imagine going into a depression
he's very articulate the bus hums

a stroll through the grassmarket after
luminous fern fronds the low pond beckons

a crow canny and quick dips by the fonty railings
take me up please into the sheltering sitooterie

to sit word-still in the verby vertiginous
green fading noun bower bronzed hazels

a dot to trim a cross to fell
sway over the path the wild garlic

is pungent below the wind-swept thistles
do you see how the sea-green black gawk stane

glitters huge and stuck awkward like a rabbit
or a full stop she was salvaged from the city wall

then salvation hostel rubble this elliptical glacial
erratic or some say meteorite will one day go down

sudden and into the street

SLUM BUD POEMS (NOTES ON & FROM NORAH GEDDES)

^

[SLUM]

crack splinter wedge
here comes saxifrage

did she see
just how slim
a slum garden
for slum waifs
could be
& not fail

slum being
the municipal language

slum being
the landlord language

that she was
doubtless
born into

& she
in the language
that she was
doubtless
born into

she is boastful of
being herself born
in the old town
in the heart
of a slum
but herself not
of the slum

washed
among the unwashed

nurtured
among the neglected

in municipal language

in landlord language

& not fail
but shatter
the impoverished
present
shattering
the impossible
present

did she see
the impossible
present
how we need
to glimpse
our own mass

our own mass
how we need
a hermeneutics
of residue
to glimpse
our own mass

in any fissure
however slim
however slim
a slum garden
in any language

crack splinter wedge
here comes saxifrage

^^

[BUD]

how she
stands fairly well
in her own esteem

the planting day
went off all right
but there is so
much to do to

fill up the shrubbery parts
of the long lower bank still

a perfect morning
the red & golden rays
of the rising sun made

everything so wonderful in colour
helped by the clear frosty air

hordes of boys came in
made a regular bear garden
watering the soaking ground

tying the hose in knots
scraping up the ash

threatening each other
with the dangerous ends of the hoes

swinging on the posts

declared at intervals they
were all on strike

took it more or less
as a joke

got them off in a little while
to the west port
carrying some tools

the problem is a difficult one
where enough
to give

so many
to do
in a small
garden

how she sees
red anemones
under the olive trees
a contrast in red & grey

masses of white
tasseta narcissus
growing in green
meadows

one large snowflake
or leucojum
growing in the ditch
such a pleasure

how she finds
new hope & more confidence
in myself as future garden-maker

begins to be able to see gardens again
in the dark or elsewhere

how at fifteen she attends
d'arcy thompson's zoology classes
also given to medical students
in their first year

fifty lectures
a hundred hours
practical work

how she embarrasses him
quite unintentionally
asking in front of the class
what the anus was

how at sixteen she shows
her father her thoughts

how he calls them buds
without which no shoots
without which no flowers

how disappointed
she thinks her thoughts
already flowers

how he holds before her
great park & garden schemes
for cities & slum clearances
works she has begun
on a smaller scale

how she cannot live
fully & happily
with divergence

between ideals
& the work in hand

& the work in hand
is the care
of kenneth

how happy & full her
escape is doing her good

her mind nearly free from
the performing-mouse cage
of domestic detail

how she grows
tired of grubbing
in the open spaces

how many
of the miserable things
will flower

^^^

[POEMS]

crack splinter wedge
here comes saxifrage

pushing up like
intimations queerly
between the hard avowals
of her published poems

peace path of sorts
starry primrosed
gorsed moor
flushed orchards

out the axil of a bract
shoots an inflorescence
starred with opening
flowers the sound

& pattern & the shape
of words coiling tentacles

tidal minded a luscious well-
dwelling mollusc in love with
the salty pulsions of a free-
swimming medusa & all

it takes is tiny crack
in a castle's coping stone
to know power of sound
& pattern & shape of words

one sliver of octopus
on minoan jar shard
lets slip how
material form
forms thought

down castle walls
soon will flood
sweet witch water

soon will come
sea-wet bitches

anthesis
of sorts

her flower that splits
the castle rock

crack splinter wedge
here comes saxifrage