

## Particular Stuff

Date : March 14, 2012

### *The Particular Object*

The particular object must not nearly lose  
Its name. In my dear dying light the name  
Is – U –. Its hide I'll have and choose  
The cured-by Art best areas on my frame.

So late at night I fall to find beside  
Me on its side this object not moving.  
Your name is – U – beside the Clyde  
From which you sprung only Clydeside speaking.

– U –, you dear abstract object  
Fastened below the waterline to the Old  
Custom House Quay where my father, wrecked,  
Took me on Sundays, I stood and stood and called

Down as a boy through the industrial, oily  
Water to find you. – U –, please tell  
Me now when neither of us can recognise me,  
How you are. From here how shall I call?

Many a time at night I fall to find  
You still under the water over the quay's  
Edge half out of sleep. Then I pretend  
To say your name to put us at our ease.

Maybe it is a pity to make you so dramatic.  
You are not that at all. But did you hear me  
When I called down from the quay-side to ask  
Your name? My – U –. My – U –.

W.S. Graham, 1993

*New Collected Poems*. London: Faber and Faber (2004: p.317).

### *About the Stuff*

O lens of language, how can I focus  
My long-sea gun on the white paper  
To brown and black and char and startle  
It into a speaking flame? The leper  
Medium should be black and rise  
Into a dazzle bad for the eyes.

Who wants to set the whole hill-side  
Bracken foxgloves and playing vixens  
On fire? No, only it is I want  
To disturb the paper, to burn a sense  
Of a changed other person in  
On to the white of this public skin.

I have put my ground lens in my pocket.  
I did not mean to speak but just  
To lie down hidden away on the hill  
Above Zennor. But I think I must  
Get up out of the humming hill  
Side and go down for a conflagrating  
Pint of the Tinnors' cold ale.

W.S. Graham, 1993

*New Collected Poems*. London: Faber and Faber (2004: p.314).