

VAST
STRANGNE
NIGHT
AND
MOSS
OUTWITS
USAL

companion stones poems
arts in the peak

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cj allen

ann atkinson

jo bell

james caruth

noel connor

david fine

mark goodwin

alyson hallett

chris jones

john sewell

diana syder

barry taylor

arts in the peak

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These poems were written by Peak District poets for *Companion Stones*, a project of compeers for the Derbyshire Guide Stoops. The Guide Stoops were erected in the 18th century to guide travellers across treacherous moors - each stone provided directions to the nearest market town. The stones also provide directions, but to the future, over an equally treacherous terrain.

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Arts in the Peak promotes professional contemporary art and artists to residents and visitors of the Peak. It aims to establish a locally distinctive but nationally significant cultural landscape that interprets the past and contributes to future heritages of the Peak District.

For further information on *Companion Stones* visit www.companionstones.org.uk.



CALOUSTE
GULBENKIAN
FOUNDATION



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E1 Longshaw Park

Come by
Look back
Take time
Walk on

Jo Bell

E2 Longshaw Gate

walk on
by water-flow
by crow-flight
by night by
star by
satellite
by map by
stone
& so to
home

re-use
stone
for
wall
or
step
for
threshold

Ann Atkinson

E3 White Edge

For This Ride
come out
ward hear
heath
er on air
step
on g
rounded c
loud let
soul rotate
as hori
zon
walk sky
wards

Mark Goodwin

E5 Barbrook East

Stoop

A procession of cars twists
up through the hills, each one
intent on God knows where.
Each one searching
for a reference, an anchorage
in an ocean of heather.

Rest a while,
you drovers and jagers,
unhitch your load. Look back
from where you've come,
the old paths lost now
in the valley's folds,
the fraught sky tethered to a stone.

*This place is neither here nor there,
but set your hand on its gritty heart,
feel the earth's cold pulse.
For every path will lead you
to somewhere you have yet to name.
So choose,
the road out, or the long road home.*

James Caruth

E6 Deadshaw Sick

A CURLEW BEND
SIT S CRY,
THE EMPINESS
AFTER.
OWL SPEECH
WING REACHHC
AND MURDER
EVERLASTING.

YOUR OWN
EMOTINESS
MAKES ITS ANX
IOUS CALL NOTE
AS THE HORIAON
IMPOSES ITSELF,
TIL LEABIFN GROWS
FROM SILENCE
AND YOU SET OUT.

SO HERE IS
THE ENIGMA O
F YOURSELF,
WALKING
AND BRETAKING
UNDER THE
RESTLESS SKY,
BELOW THE UN
RIPE STARS.

WHO NEXT?
WHO BEFIRE?
THE PROCESION
OF YOUR NAMES
WINDS
SINGLE-FILE
THROUGH COOIRIDORS
OF AIR AROUN
D THE HILLS.

SOON THE
PLATUEA FLOATS
INTO IST
VAST
STRAGNGE NIGHT
AND MOSS
OUTWITS
US AL.

Diana Syder

E7 Cubar Head

Before the stone
before the land
the running hare
the pointing hand
the rattled wheel
the bright idea
something else
would lead us here

CJ Allen

E8 Eaglestone Flat

Canvas to all points
Graze the azimuth
From 1709 to 2008
Quit the tide
To see you right

E
D
G
K E E N T O
H
E
W I N D

David Fine

E9 Shillito Wood

Through White Fields Of Snow

Follow, follow, follow your heart
let it lead you where you must go
on, on and on through the dark
and on through the white fields of snow

Over the moor and through the trees
through the grasses and through the bog
under the stars, under the leaves
then weaving and winding through fog

Follow, follow, follow your heart
let it lead you where you must go
on, on and on through the dark
and on through the white fields of snow

All the way to the roof of home
to a good bowl of soup and friends
all the way past the guide stoop stone
singing songs and dreams without end

*Follow, follow, follow your heart
let it lead you where you must go
on, on and on through the dark
and on through the white fields of snow*

Alyson Hallett

E10 Bleak House

Men's driven paths
blown grasses'
lilt and sway
cross here
Which way
is yours?

Barry Taylor

E14 Hob Hurst's House

*Two hands squabble
like birds' wings in a squall.*

Paths gone to heather,
grasses silver under foot.
We slow-dance through mud.

A thorn grips the wind
with nothing else to cling to
but its own skewed limbs.

Whinchats flit and whirr,
throwing out short jags of song
to tether the air.

You roll in your palms
four white flares of bog cotton.
Skin snuffing out stars.

This stubborn-made stone
hitching a lift to nowhere
with three blasted thumbs.

Worn on this finger
a powder ring of lichen,
white flicks of bird shit.

Rub Ds furred with moss,
a B unfurrowed by rain,
this O's scraped softness.

A dog sniffs the block
where drovers slowed to spatter
thick gorse and heather.

Which way home? You wave
towards a vanishing point
that locks furze to sky.

*In your cold hand
my hand warm with sun.*

Chris Jones

E16 Beeley Moor

Split the block
prize words apart
find poetry carved
in the stones heart
unlock yourself
say 'here I start'

Noel Connor

W3 Ball Cross

For the other rode

Go inward

By cranesbill and leaf-star

Clear the stream

John Sewell