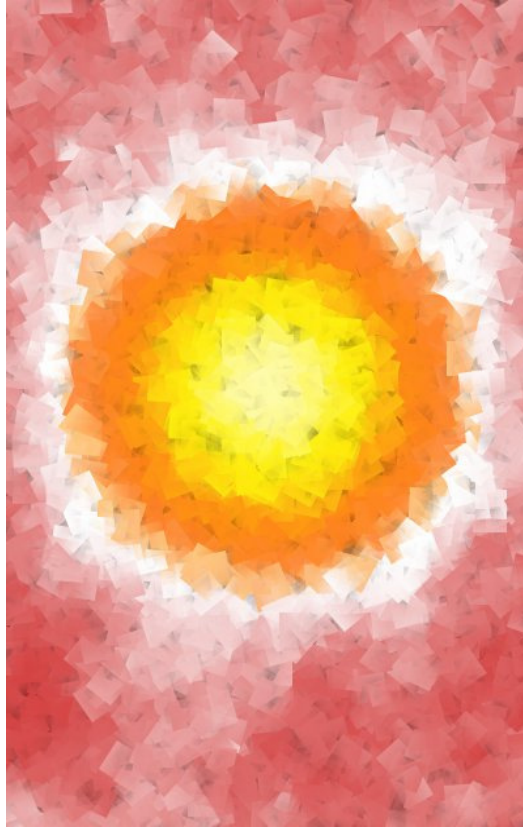


# Solar Winds and Ions



Adam Rudden



LAPWING PUBLICATIONS

Belfast  
LAPWING

First Published by Lapwing Publications

Lapwing Publications  
c/o 1, Ballysillan Drive  
Belfast BT14 8HQ

Contact: [lapwing.poetry@ntlworld.com](mailto:lapwing.poetry@ntlworld.com)  
<http://www.freewebs.com/lapwingpoetry/>

Copyright © Adam Rudden 2011

Copyright cover image 'Aten' © Adam Rudden 2011  
Copyright pg 5 image 'Made In Our Image' © Karl Kinsella 2011  
Copyright pg 6 'Heliolater' © Karl Kinsella 2011

All rights reserved  
The author has asserted her/his right under Section 77  
of the Copyright, Design and Patents Act 1988  
to be identified as the author of this work.  
British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data.

A catalogue record for this book is available from  
the British Library.

Contact: [adamruddenpoetry@gmail.com](mailto:adamruddenpoetry@gmail.com)

Website: [www.adamrudden.com](http://www.adamrudden.com)

Since before 1632  
The Greig sept of the MacGregor Clan  
Has been printing and binding books



Lapwing Publications are printed at

Kestrel Print  
Unit 1, Spectrum Centre  
Shankill Road Belfast BT13 3AA

Tel: 028 90 319211  
Contact: [kestrelprint@btconnect.com](mailto:kestrelprint@btconnect.com)

Hand-bound in Belfast at the Winepress  
Set in Aldine 721 BT

ISBN 978-1-907276-75-0

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I want to thank Anna Hayes (Editor of Minus 9 Squared) and Martin Burke (Editor of THE GREEN DOOR).

The poems *Paper Trail*, *Tuner*, and *Mindset* were previously published in THE GREEN DOOR (Issue 3) April 12, 2011.

<http://thegreendoor.net/>

The poem *Out of Print* was previously published in Minus 9 Squared (Issue 3) July 9, 2010.

<http://minus9squared.weebly.com/>

I want to thank Karl Kinsella for his help with the artwork for this collection. His pieces 'Made In Our Image' and 'Heliolater' have played an important stylistic role in the overall feel of this collection.

I also want to thank Joseph Woods, Director of Poetry Ireland. Poetry Ireland has been very generous and supportive towards this collection by means of their web resources.

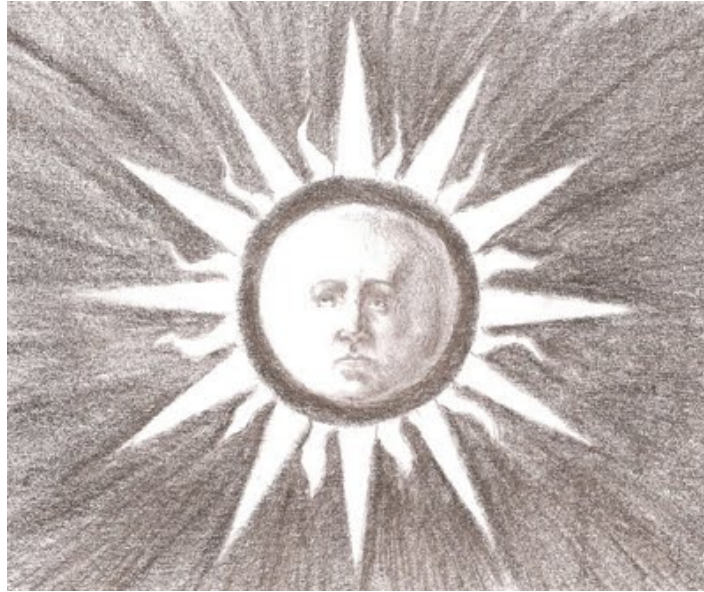
Finally, I would like to thank Rene and Dennis Greig, the Founders of Lapwing Publications. Lapwing's value system of creative openness, nurtures me as a poet, and allows me to experiment playfully and craft rigorously.

## CONTENTS

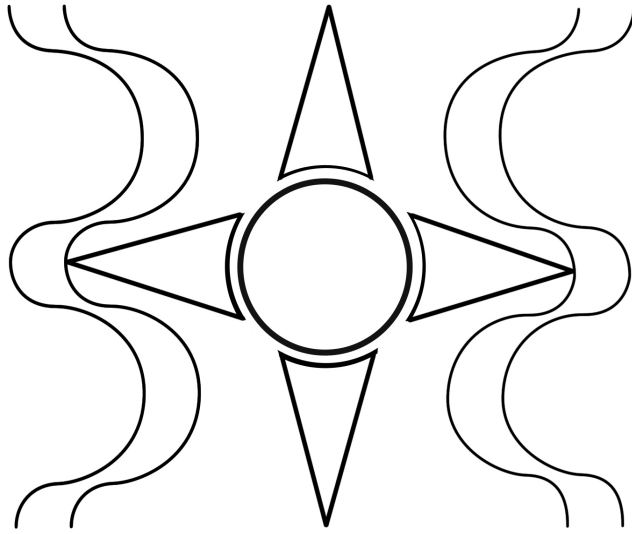
### SOLAR WINDS AND IONS

Paper Trail .....	7
Tuner .....	8
Mindset .....	11
Out of Print .....	12
Embayment .....	13

# Solar Winds and Ions



Adam Rudden



## **PAPER TRAIL**

I was somewhere else  
When my pen inked its way to hunger's edge.

I was somewhere else  
When my pen lost itself in its appetite's terrain.

I was somewhere else  
When my pen's longitude and latitude found you.

I was somewhere else  
When my pen came across you, off the beaten track.

I was somewhere else  
When my pen raped you, stanza by stanza.

The blank page is my alibi.

## TUNER

\*

The ever-present receiver unwraps our transmitted remains.

\*

Endless signals envelop this Limbo of dead air.

\*

Chained to a frequency, voices trample over one another.

\*

You wave invisible waves to me.

\*

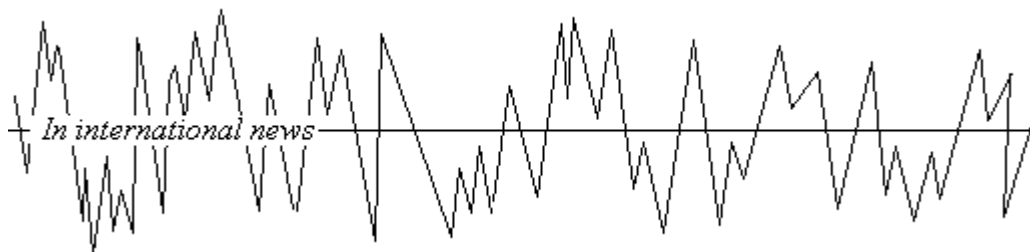
This transmission guides my inner edifice.

\*

*This is ENT News on Radio Seven with Alan Smithee. The time is Six O'Clock.*

*Good Evening. Today's top stories: The bodies of a young man and woman were found in Cliff Town Quarry this morning. The police have issued a statement, in which they say that the deaths are being treated as suspicious.*

*Finance Minister, David Agnew, has resigned, over allegations of sexual misconduct with a minor. The Minister was not available for comment when ENT News contacted his office, earlier today.*



\*

Through the radio's static  
Our voices were lost and found  
By the movement of a dial



\*

A fingertip sifts through station after station; hunting us.

\*

An innate dream broadcasts inside our spectrum of noise.

\*

Stationed in static, you collapse into a billion echoes.

\*

Radio masts signpost our darkening horizon.

\*

How many angels can dance on the head of an antenna?

\*

**RADIO HOST**

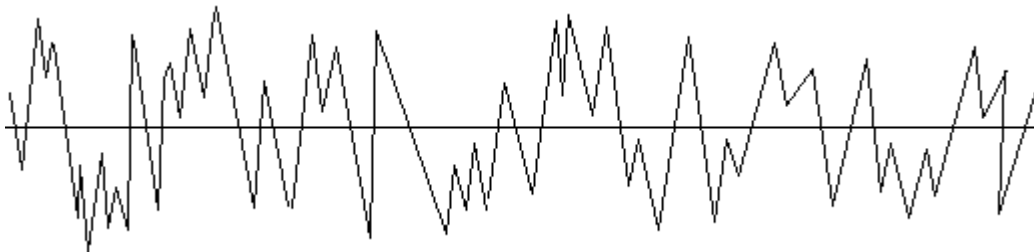
*Let's go to Alice on line one. Hello Alice, you are live on air.*

**CALLER**

*Hi Bob, I think whoever murdered that young couple should be...*

**RADIO HOST**

*Sorry for interrupting you Alice. Could you please turn down your radio? We are getting feedback from it.*



\*

Through the radio's static  
Our whispers were lost and found  
By the movement of a dial

\*

Solar winds and ions carry me along the earth's curvature.

\*

You navigate towards me, bathed in airwaves.

\*

Voices battle against the hiss from passing interference.

\*

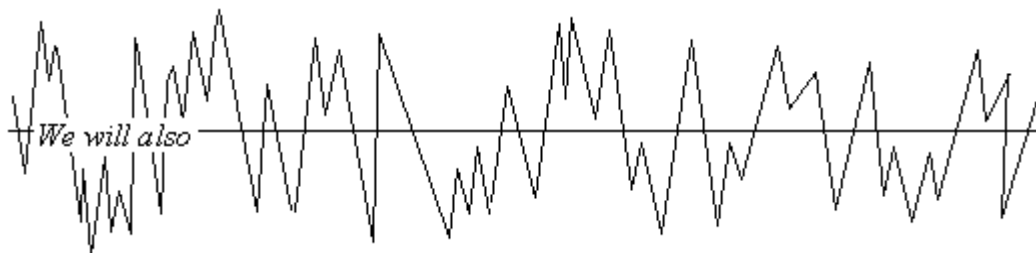
The radio tower, our *Tower of Babel*, fractures in a skyward direction.

\*

A fingertip playfully slides the volume control to mute.

\*

*Good morning and welcome to the Insomnia Hour. I am your host George Spelvin. We have a great line up for you over the next two hours. In about ten minutes, we will be joined by Pseudonym's lead vocalist Walter Plinge. He will discuss their debut album: "Disembodied Voices."*



\*

Through the radio's static  
Our silence was lost and found  
By the movement of a dial.

## **MINDSET**

I mix cement  
not knowing what hour  
the concrete will set.

## **OUT OF PRINT**

In marginal moments we see  
that this is not a proof copy.  
There are no corrections  
written in red ink.  
Typos are not encircled.  
This is our print run:  
the first edition  
and only edition  
we can publish  
of ourselves.

## **EMBAYMENT**

### **I**

The midnight skyline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
He outpaces his dream-self down the salt marsh's length,  
Thinning off into the brackish water.  
A bat bursting through the rainfall's angle of descent  
Splashes about for fireflies and moths.  
The wind's flight plan collides with cordgrass,  
Uprooting a human-weathered path.

Thinning off into the brackish water,  
He out spaces his stream-self:  
a scissors cutting through the rain's birth angle.  
The marsh's lifeline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
The flow plan of mackerel and mullet  
Reroutes a human-watered past.  
Air pops from his mouth like blank speech bubbles.

## II

The midnight skyline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
He outpaces his dream-self down the salt marsh's length,  
Thinning off into the brackish water.  
A bat bursting through the rainfall's angle of descent  
Splashes about for fireflies and moths.  
The wind's flight plan collides with cordgrass,  
Uprooting a human-weathered path.

Thinning off into the brackish water,  
He out spaces his stream-self:  
a scissors cutting through the rain's birth angle.  
The marsh's lifeline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
The flow plan of mackerel and mullet  
Reroutes a human-watered past.  
Air pops from his mouth like blank speech bubbles.

### III

The midnight skyline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
He outpaces his dream-self down the salt marsh's length,  
Thinning off into the brackish water.  
A bat bursting through the rainfall's angle of descent  
Splashes about for fireflies and moths.  
The wind's flight plan collides with cordgrass,  
Uprooting a human-weathered path.

Thinning off into the brackish water,  
He out spaces his stream-self:  
a scissors cutting through the rain's birth angle.  
The marsh's lifeline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
The flow plan of mackerel and mullet  
Reroutes a human-watered past.  
Air pops from his mouth like blank speech bubbles.

## IV

The midnight skyline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
He outpaces his dream self down the salt marsh's length.  
Thinning off into the brackish water.  
A bat bursting through the rainfall's angle of descent  
Splashes about for lilies and meads.  
The wind's flight plan collides with condensation.  
Upsetting a human-weathered path.  
Thinning off into the brackish water.  
He outpaces his stream self.  
a schism cutting through the rain's birth angle.  
The marsh's decline withdraws from him, withdrawing from it.  
The flow plan of mackerel and mullet  
Remotes a human-watered past.  
Air pops from his mouth the blank speech bubbles.



# V

Copyright © 2017 by Adam Rudden  
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher, Cambridge University Press.

**VI**

.

## VII

*Memory's charted flight plan vanishes.*

The  
midnight  
skyline  
withdraws  
from  
him,  
withdrawing  
from

*The elsewhere animal marks its newfound territory.*

The  
marsh's  
lifeline  
withdraws  
from  
him,  
withdrawing  
from  
it.

*Air balloons thin off into Deathlessness.*

## VIII

The midnight skyline  
behind  
the elsewhere animal

the dream-self  
before  
the elsewhere animal

the salt marsh's length  
toward  
the elsewhere animal

the brackish water  
above  
the elsewhere animal

the bat  
below  
the elsewhere animal

the angle of descent  
inside  
the elsewhere animal

the fireflies and moths  
beside  
the elsewhere animal

the wind's flight plan  
against  
the elsewhere animal

the cordgrass  
between  
the elsewhere animal

the human-weathered path  
outside  
the elsewhere animal

the stream-self  
by  
the elsewhere animal

the scissors  
past  
the elsewhere animal

the birth angle  
across  
the elsewhere animal

the marsh's lifeline  
around  
the elsewhere animal

the mackerel and mullets' flow plan  
near  
the elsewhere animal

the human-watered past  
of  
the elsewhere animal

the air  
from  
the elsewhere animal

the mouth  
to  
the elsewhere animal

the blank speech bubbles  
through  
the elsewhere animal

the him  
without  
the elsewhere animal

still keep their form.

## **IX**

A withdrawing memory  
replays itself:

*Once removed*

*Twice removed*

*Three times removed*

*Four times removed*

*Five times...*

The elsewhere animal encroaches upon him, encroaching upon it.

*Adam Rudden*



LAPWING  
PUBLICATIONS

ADAM RUDDEN

Adam Rudden is a latter-day Gerald Manley Hopkins. Like Hopkins, Rudden experiments with language and the fractured narratives of our lives become replicated in his poems. Whereas Hopkins articulated the aspirational unity of existence based on the premise of an omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient deity, Rudden writes of a post-Edenic human nature in constant turbulence and conflict where each of us is an Adam or Eve, a Magdalene or Christ.

Rudden challenges our expectations and the comfort zones we find for ourselves in aspidistra parlour poetry and Ikea-shelved status symbols. Central to Rudden's thinking seems to be the ideas of Teilhard de Chardin. Just as Hopkins tackled language in his sprung rhythms and concept haecceitas and Beckett challenged concepts of existence itself beyond language, Rudden has brought Chardin's Omega Point into the pixelated age of computer realities in which we cannot be sure where and when reality and unreality split and/or merge.

In dealing with conceptual poetry such as Rudden's, the Cartesian 'I think therefore I am' is possibly the safest approach to the poems 'poetry this, this poetry'.

Dennis Greig

“Thought-provoking and with a craftsman’s touch, Adam Rudden’s poetry takes risks with language and form, and succeeds – which is what the most interesting poetry does and has always done.”

-Alan Garvey

'Solar Winds and Ions captures the fractured lives we all lead, caught between new technology and our natural selves, leaving only space for blank screams, cartoon speech and a trudging footfall that echoes on these pages. Adam Rudden taps into the uprooted voice that we have all suffered from.'

- Andrew Oldham

*The Lapwing is a bird, in Irish lore  
- so it has been written -  
indicative of hope.*

*Printed and Hand-bound at the Winepress, Ireland*

ISBN 978-1-907276-75-0