

INVASIONS
IN VISIONS
ONE VISION
IN UNION
INTRUSION
INTUITION
INFUSION
INTROITUS
NOT IN MY
NO TAKERS
INVITATION
IMPORTER
INHALATION
INSPIRERS
ILLUSION
IMPLICATION
IN RIVEN
INTERVENTION
SOMEONES
OUR

A NOISE
NATIONS
STATION
CAUSATION
POSITION
LAST LOST
VOICES SAVE
 NO
 SIN
 NONENTITY
 NOTIONS
 CONFUSION
 SIRENS
 EX
 BOATERLINGS
 WILDROVERINES
 RAVEN
 HAVEN
HOVER
LOVE
SAV I O UR
ORISONS
SONS

Questions

Who
cloudcloud
barrenbarrenbarren
counting sand&stones
grey lips shrunken
melting land bake
foot prints
man grove
salt gravel
gasping gas
gasp gills
seagreen
green house
water holes
turgid panic
me thanes
mosquitoes
dust storms
wild fires
eco systems
echo ozones
eros ions in
acid oceans
over all emissions
migratory birds exhausted airs
extinction instincts sphinx
is it too late today?

From The Triads of the Rubbishy People

Three codes of surprisingly little use

DNA: a triplet code for the human gene, each triplet is a group of three bases.

SOS: a triplet code for distress, the triplets tap three dits, three dahs, three dits.

RIP: the triplet code for nobody did anything to save us; the triplets rest in peace.

Three Colours of Mist

the red mist billowing across the eyes in the rage to beat off assault

a grey mist turgid with legends sucking the sight from the eyes in your head

harvesting the mist milks water from thin air greening the desert

Three Prostrate Chieftains dispossessed of their territorial inheritance

Carbon capture: the elusive molecule sings Aida in a frozen cage.

Bog drainage: the reclusive sods reticulate the runes of a sad topology.

Forest clearances: inconclusive lyres lament the passing of ex-trees.

Three measurements of distance between life and death

The length of your breath.

The distance it takes to tell yourself you're not dead yet.

How would you know?

Magic

the first battle

takes you by

surprise. It is

blue in sound

blood wound

run rip rapping what's happening synapses

snapping undone undoing keep low keeping

moving machine machine drip strip fast blur

the first battle

takes you by

surprise. It is

breathe in low

blow loud hard.

Intercession

Our further thought in maven hollowed in sly way

Give us thisday thatday anyway Thursday

Flower dayly nightly ever so nicely

Why king's things dumb come

Wills be done

Wonts be don't

N

P

Q

R

S

T

U

A

C

Is this the liar's prayer?

Was that the roars lair?

For give; For take; For sake;

Lead us not into temptation

Lead us into the field overlooking temptation

so we can have a fine view

and not have to spend all our

time worrying and caterwauling about it

We poor (and not so poor as you would notice) are now singers: passing through

(as it be in the wasginning)

Stand aside: passing through

Have we any idea what we are passing through?

A people.

PHI: The Golden Ratio

Turn to the
Left at the
bridge go to
right hand of the
father stop when halfway to

	todas	direcciones	not you
two		when I	take
roads		set out	another
diverged		for Lyon	high
way		esse on	road
ahead		the way	round
about		by here	exeunt
opposite		the road	stage
other		not taken	X right
lane		wrong	way
hazard		warning	ahead
	slowly	moving	traffic

turn to the road not taken if
you take
turn off
queue at
onwards

The Crossing

λ

one

lonely

heart taut

only now is all

a space is folding in

fish silver eye cold ever

in blink what will disappear

roaring silence engulfs prayers

hanging light crumbles under weight

λ

we are not swimming we are dreaming we are not swimming we are dreaming

hush a bye baby in the treetop when the wind blows when the wind blows

is it time what do you see sound do sound see you time it is is it

our god reigns our god reigns our god reigns god reigns

we are dreaming we are not swimming

Margaret Hannigan Popp (b.1959) is an Irish-born writer resident in Wales. She has had a working life in civil engineering in Ireland and the UK, and in the community regeneration and environment sectors in Wales. She has published two books of poetry, *Hope & Other Animals* (2015, Tuba Press) and *The Bindings* (2018, Tuba Press). She led a poetry project for Galway EU 2020, set up the Ballygar Eco-Culture Initiative and is passionate about community access to the environment. She is a partner in Tuba Press, a small press dedicated to championing poetry over the past forty years. She is currently completing a PhD in Creative Writing at Swansea University which focusses on the climate crisis using the lens of concrete / visual poetry. <https://www.mhanniganpopp.com>