

# TRIANGLE WALK



bleddfa - hurst - rodd - bleddfa

5 6 7 august 2018

kate green

the hills were bleached & the teme had gone to earth

my ankles ballooned & i cut hazel for support as i walked for three days & two nights between coordinates fancied significant in twenty years of life & landscape

sleeping on & under a tri-folded tarp, begging facilities, food & water, i tested myself without knowing the question

in some ways i became the landscape & the landscape became me

to prevent duty of recording from eating into being present, i carried an old polaroid which set a limit of sixteen shots & with reluctant responsibility to those who love me, i buried a phone in my pack

pathways have been rewalked & reworked

these words & images are my attempt to link life's switchback with time spent in the unmappable space that lies adjacent to a linear route

f r o g  
p o n d  
p l o p

Dom Sylvester Houédard



sunshine through red bucket  
in hawthorn, holding stream  
of white duck conversation

red  
pail  
sun



I met a man as I went walking  
We got talking,  
Man and I

A.A. Milne



on stonewall hill i met a man  
talking only joining words,  
walking only between

is talking walking  
with no point to be lost  
or the way forward

there you are, thank you  
man talking walking who  
went from my descent

My bread is sawdust mixed with straw;  
My jam is polish for the floor.

John Betjeman







playwright's silent squatter  
with winnowing trouser turn ups  
shells broad beans in the larder  
and unwraps sesame snaps

following a posh pot noodle  
she does not play tennis  
but sleeps on a slope just shy  
of the best view in england



I picked it up, and said,  
“Now. It’s mine.”

Mary Oliver

tap on the window  
for whitterleys water  
daisies are silver  
and buttercups gold,  
my dinted blue begging bowl  
filled with footsteps  
is destined to be lost  
at mitchell's fold

treasures lye low in ruts to the vron  
no mole tump thumbprint,  
flint, florin, buckle  
or pin dig shone

i mourn not the vessel but the void  
i search not the thing but the touch,  
and where the teme is cwttch  
in a dry bend tumulus  
i claim a three sided mudstone  
and a beached plastic pig

Walking such paths, you might walk up strange pasts.  
This in the hunter's sense of 'walking up' – meaning  
*to flush out, to disturb what is concealed.*

Macfarlane & Richards





released by footfall like spores of a puffball  
they are here in the raspberries and the haws,  
hazel stick hips  
gravid rowan bows  
sloe steep step  
by my side,

form  
meld  
stay



Each time they passed a gate, Amos made some comment on the owner: 'Morgan the Bailey. Very tidy person.' 'Williams the Vron, as married his cousin.' Or 'Griffiths Cwm Cringlyn what the father died of drink.'

Bruce Chatwin



ginger bear died in her bed  
so urine-soaked  
it fell through the floor

as a bestselling author  
poland nineteen-eighty-four  
buried bimbo facing the wall

at fiddler's elbow i weep,  
top of the pole meet  
malcolm price sorting sheep

while kids with forked sticks  
kill the kitchen-bound adders  
of pool house hollow

marjorie, said uncle frank,  
fetch me my eye  
in the blink of a butterfly

for an earthquake has blocked  
the bedroom door  
and black hill burns

pitch  
black  
cold





A sighted line across country must have two initial points, but never more, for an observer must stand at the first and, aiming at the second for a mark, produce his line.

Alfred Watkins

holloway rocks stow watkins sight notch,  
swollen ankles bryncalled swatch

not clawed pawed pestered, latched  
on to, just the google track

of her line to hagdom,  
horizon of freedom



I set off on the most direct route to Paris, in full faith, believing that she would stay alive if I came on foot. Besides, I wanted to be alone with myself.

Werner Herzog



stick two three four  
footsore from cold-oak-tree  
stick two three four  
woodgate to nant-y-corddi  
stick two three four  
just walk to bleddfa  
stick two three four  
and resurrect my little  
brother stick two three four  
road draws rare tears  
stick two three four  
dissolving ego  
fears stick two three four  
low battery warning  
phone stick two three four  
admit should not  
be alone stick two three four  
food bath bed stick two three  
four ashamed of need  
to be wanted







kate green is a short lady with dark hair

[kate-green.co.uk](http://kate-green.co.uk)