

# CB1 Poetry



## Clare Pollard Tiffany Atkinson

*'Both a seasoned observer and  
a master technician... like early  
Sylvia Plath re-interpreted for  
the Trainspotting generation'*  
– Daily Mail

*'Clare Pollard has so much  
youthful talent that it's alarming.'*  
– Mslexia

Tuesday 10 February 2009  
Michaelhouse, Trinity Street, 8pm

[www.cb1poetry.org.uk](http://www.cb1poetry.org.uk)

Poet, playwright, editor, teacher and broadcaster, **Clare Pollard** has published three collections with Bloodaxe, most recently 'Look, Clare! Look!' (2005). Her first play 'The Weather' (Faber, 2004) premiered at the Royal Court Theatre, and her recent documentary for radio, 'My Male Muse' (2007), was a Radio 4 Pick of the Year. She is a Royal Literary Fund Literary Fellow at Essex University. **Tiffany Atkinson** won the Cardiff International Competition in 2001, and her first book of poems 'Kink and Particle' (Seren, 2006) was a Poetry Book Society Recommendation and won the Jerwood Aldeburgh First Collection Prize. She currently lectures in English at the University of Wales. **Doors open 7:30pm, £5/£3 concessions.**



Clare Pollard

Clare Pollard was born in Bolton in 1978 and currently lives in East London. She has published three collections with Bloodaxe, the most recent of which is 'Look, Clare! Look!' (2005). Her first play 'The Weather' (Faber, 2004) premiered at the Royal Court Theatre. Clare works as an editor, broadcaster and teacher. Her recent documentary for radio, 'My Male Muse' (2007), was a Radio 4 Pick of the Year, and she is a Royal Literary Fund Literary Fellow at Essex University. She is currently co-editing an anthology for Bloodaxe with James Byrne, entitled 'Voice Recognition: 21 poets for the 21st Century', due autumn 2009.

### FIRST SUNFLOWERS

I watch them as they lean against the wall,  
like lads behind a bike-shed for a smoke.  
They nod, all skinny legs and awkward-tall;  
leaves shrug in breeze. Their pretty faces glow.  
And things rush back: a boy who taught me lust –  
my arid mouth, the sun behind, he leaned,  
his hair a halo caught and drenched with light –  
his sprouting tongue – his limbs – his teeth's warm seeds.

You see the way the florets are laid out?  
This is the golden ratio. They catch  
each other at the golden angle, meet  
as when our youth and fire and ache all match.  
Perfection's lost to me, but still the boys  
are beautiful, and laughing as they blaze.



Tiffany Atkinson

Tiffany Atkinson was born in Berlin in 1972 to an army family and has lived in Wales since 1993. She has toured widely in Eastern Europe for the British Council, leading both writers' workshops and academic seminars. Her 2006 collection 'Kink and Particle' was called "an outstanding first collection" in PBS Bulletin (Winter 2006). The Jerwood-Aldeburgh judges described it as "the book that really stands out" (Vicki Feaver), and as writing which "cuts to the quick of the contemporary" (Gillian Allnut). Peter Porter, nominating it as a Times Literary Supplement Book of the Year, described it as poetry which "humanizes theory and speculation" (TLS, November 30 2007).

### BAD KARAOKE

The wedding night of my second trip  
to Scotland two-by-two of us propping  
the bar of the Kilmarnock Travel-  
odge in something less comfortable

which happens to be karaoke night  
in these heels All day shy as a tree-  
frog in my patterned dress and now  
the whole room glitters Even my true

love says I shouldnae feel I have tae  
as I launch my high notes at the tone-  
deaf anaglytpa If the make-up runs  
it's just I haven't slept since Thursday

and I've lived on crisps for three days Only  
dinna make me drive back on a hangover's  
slipped gears the sun on my forehead past  
Dumfries still asking why indeed Delilah