

Tim Liardet Claire Crowther

CB1 Poetry

Tim Liardet's fifth collection 'The Blood Choir' won an Arts Council England Writer's Award as a collection-in-progress in 2003, was a Poetry Book Society Recommendation for Summer 2006 and shortlisted for the 2006 TS Eliot Prize for the Best Collection of that year. He is Professor of Poetry at Bath Spa University, has written for such publications as The Independent, The Guardian and Poetry Review, and has performed his work on Radio 3 and 4.

Claire Crowther has published two collections, the first shortlisted for Jerwood/Aldeburgh Best First Collection, and publishes and reviews in journals such as London Review of Books, TLS, New Welsh Review and Poetry Wales.

**Doors open 7:30pm
£5/£3 concessions.**

Tuesday 9 June 2009
Michaelhouse, Trinity Street, 8pm

*'poems... as intimately limned as a Dürer drawing
... conceived out of an original mind and written
with a responsible virtuosity.'* – Peter Porter

*'work of extraordinary perception and honesty,
unsparing with the harsh detail'*
– Alan Brownjohn, *The Sunday Times*

*'Liardet can make us hold our breath as well as
cartwheel through his syntax'*
– Graham Mort, *Poetry Wales*

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Tim Liardet

Tim Liardet is Professor of Poetry at Bath Spa University and has produced six full collections of poetry. He has reviewed poetry for such journals as The Independent, The Guardian, The Independent on Sunday, Poetry Review and PN Review and has recently been the Poet-in-Residence at The Guardian. 'The Blood Choir', his fifth collection, won an Arts Council England Writer's Award as a collection-in-progress in 2003, was a Poetry Book Society Recommendation for Summer 2006 and shortlisted for the 2006 TS Eliot Prize for Best Collection.

'Priest Skear', a half-collection that turns the drowning of the twenty three Chinese cocklepickers in 2004 into a political and existential allegory, is due in 2010; 'The Storm House', a book-length elegy for his brother who died young and in mysterious circumstances, is due from Carcanet the following year.

THE WATER - HALT

The *sshsshssh*, the chambery smell of the dark
were borne from room to room by the Chapel official
in sniffs, her sideways glances, even in the look
with which she turned out of the candle's blue-ringed circle

with over-earnest tact: the crucifix above your toes
offered proportion to sacrifice-its striped dazzling image
waylaying the retina among the shadows
when I confronted your final, fuck-it-all visage:

you might have sat up, brother, but couldn't slip
the shackle of muscles which almost secured
a smile, thumbed and moulded to reshape
the malleable substance-your grim composure.

And for the more, there was only less;
and for your brow a freezing, terrible kiss.



Claire Crowther

Claire Crowther has just launched her second collection, 'The Clockwork Gift', from Shearsman. Her first, 'Stretch of Closures', was shortlisted for the Jerwood/Aldeburgh Best First Collection Prize. Claire has published her poetry and reviews widely in such journals as London Review of Books, Times Literary Supplement, New Welsh Review and Poetry Wales. She has a PhD in Creative Writing and was poet in residence at Dorich House Gallery for 2008/9.

LOST CHILD

Scrape the ditch that fits Hob's Moat
to Hatchford Brook. Look through oak roots,

the horse field, uphill to Elmdon.
Is she hiding behind that sky-blue Lexus?

Shout towards the airport. Planes rise
and fall as if ground were a shaking blanket.

Up there the air hostesses smile.
Inflate your own life-jacket first.

The small original airport stands
apart, a mother at a school gate.

Pearl was playing quietly alone.
My ear is like a shell the wind swept.