

LISTENPONY CONCERT SERIES // COMMISSIONING BODY // RECORD LABEL

30 OCT 2021

EXAUDI + SAMUELE TELARI + MAYA YOUSSEF CRYPT ON THE GREEN, CLERKENWELL

3 MAR 2022 // JAMES LARTER + EXPLORE ENSEMBLE + THIRD ACT TBA 9 JUN 2022 // TENTH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT, DETAILS TBA

I am Become a Man by Jack Underwood

with fats around my organs lightly hair grown on my shoulders lightly death in all my actions as I build a log-store shirtless in the autumn.

I hate this gathering and deepening beneath my pale tabard; boyhood gone and with it all my girlishness: handson-the-headphones-dance-move/ lasso-move-and-shimmy; now my hips thrust solemn as lorries gather in a layby to discuss my remaining options.

I cannot leave the barbecue unsupervised as I focus on ignoring my body in the changing-rooms. Not one of the maximum eight permitted items fits me nicely. Handsome is for horses, house plants, hotels, tall and deco in dreamy pastel shades.

I've never wanted to fight anyone ever, or be real this way and mean it. I just want to bellow love unbridled, an elk beneath an overpass, and retire my life gently, so that capable hands need not lift much soil or sadness.

from A Year in the New Life, published by Faber and Faber, 2021

The Yellow Bittern from An Bonnán Buí by Cathal Buí Mac Giolla Ghunna

It's not for common birds I'd mourn: the blackbird, crossbill or the crane. But for the bittern that's shy and apart and drinks in the marsh from the lone bog drain.

Oh! Had I known you were near your death while my breath held out I'd have run to you till a splash from the Lake of the Son of the Bird your Soul would have stirred and waked anew.

In an Island wintering a bittern calls from a wineless place. And tells me he cannot come till the summer is here and the sunny days.

Oh! Had I known you were near your death while my breath held out I'd have run to you till a splash from the Lake of the Son of the Bird your Soul would have stirred and waked anew.

translated by Thomas MacDonagh

