

Broodcomb Press

Newsletter No. 1

[nbc01a]

Edita Bikker, *The Night of Turns*

If the wakeful night remains dark despite human yearning for the light, dawn approaches nonetheless—

Someone travelling by caravan through the lightless night in pouring rain does not know the route, the places passed or the distance covered, yet when day arrives the path taken and the miles travelled are at last visible. *Some-where* has been reached—

Rumi, *Fibi Ma Fibi*

Broodcomb Press releases *The Night of Turns* at the turn of the year. Originally

J.M. Walsh, *The Port*

During a period of absence
I woke on the stopping train.
When the carriage halted, I
stepped unknowing onto the platform
at the Port, nothing there
but the unending wharf,
distant figures, voices frail
as lace; the only light came
from the erratic fireflies
of cigarettes lit across the water.

A friend drowned here once
in the black metals of the harbour.
Afterwards he said, “The hell
of desolation is less the illusion
of being trapped under a net
sinking into the lightless water
than remaining locked in that
instant of drowning for weeks
or months or years, and yet no
ending comes. You don’t die.
You’re held in an instant of
airless despair, an absolute
zero so bereft of movement
even suicide hangs out of reach.”

Despair does not know itself.
If a doppelganger is a stranger
the spit of you, despair is
a familiar never recognised
from one meeting to the next,
a porter without uniform
whose function is only realised
when he’s beside yourself on
the station platform saying,
“It is I who have your things.”