

You loved your last book...but what
are you going to read next?

Using our unique guidance tools, Love**reading** will help you find new books to keep you inspired and entertained.

Opening Extract from...

The Shipwrecked House

Written by Claire Trévien

Published by Penned in the Margins

All text is copyright © of the author

This Opening Extract is exclusive to Love**reading**.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

The Shipwrecked House

Claire Trévien

Penned in the Margins

LONDON

PUBLISHED BY PENNED IN THE MARGINS
Toynbee Studios, 28 Commercial Street, London E1 6AB
www.pennedinthemargins.co.uk

All rights reserved
© Claire Trévien 2013

The right of Claire Trévien to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patent Act 1988.

This book is in copyright. Subject to statutory exception and to provisions of relevant collective licensing agreements, no reproduction of any part may take place without the written permission of Penned in the Margins.

First published 2013

Printed in the United Kingdom by Bell & Bain Ltd.

ISBN
978-1-908058-11-9

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

CONTENTS

Origin Story	13
The Shipwrecked House I	14
Wreck	15
Whales	16
Entrepreneurs	17
The Shipwrecked House II	18
La Frégate	19
Journeys of Evaporation	20
Endnotes to a History of the Sea	24
Poem in Which You Ask How You Can Tell Real Pearls from High Quality Fakes	25
Communion	26
Bread Cthulhu	27
Mushroom Picking	28
Falls	30
Vagrant Fantasy	31
Belleville	32
Novella	33
Telegrams	35
Suzanne Valadon Seen by Toulouse-Lautrec Seen by Me	36

Rotting Anchors	37
Rusty Sea	38
Glas	39
Beg an Dorchenn	40
The Cornish Owlman	41
Fest Noz	42
Mélusine	43
Métro	44
Impression, Sunset	45
Past Simple	46
Introduction to My Love	47
Sing Bird	48
Ruff	49
The Great Indoors	50
Head Start	51
I Heart You	52
The Night We Saw a Glow-worm	53
Death of the Author	54
Cyrano de Bergerac Takes a Last Bow	55
Saturday Night at La Mars	56
Erect	57
The Fates	58
In the Garden of Death	59
Good God that's a lot of shake	60
Wipe the Blade Clean on the Grass	61

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to the following magazines, websites and anthologies in which versions of these poems have previously appeared: *Best British Poetry 2012*, *Birdbook 2*, *Clinic*, *Coin Opera 2*, *Dove Release: New Flights and Voices*, *Epicentre*, *Fuselit*, *The Great British Bard-Off*, *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears*, *Lung Jazz*, *Poetry Cornwall*, *Pomegranate*, *Under the Radar*, *The Warwick Review*.

Six poems originally appeared in my pamphlet *Low-Tide Lottery* (Salt Publishing, 2011): 'Entrepreneurs', 'Belleville', 'Novella', 'Rusty Sea', 'Beg an Dorchenn', 'Sing Bird'. The poem 'Métro' originally appeared in my e-chapbook *Patterns of Decay* (Silkworms Ink, 2011).

Special cheers to Tom Chivers, Lucy Ayrton, Katy Evans-Bush, Paul Davidson, Tim Wells, Claudia Haberberg, Emily Hasler, Lindsey Holland, Amy Key, Sophie Mayer, Ariane Samson-Divisa, Tori Truslow and Helen Weldon. Thank you to my family, especially Charlotte Coatalen Lambert for the cover art.

i.m. Anna Delicia Coatalen

The Shipwrecked House

Origin Story

They were to place seaweed in my cot
so that I'd grow with nets for hands
to better haul mica-strewn salmon.
Mistletoe-of-the-sea raised on the back
of crabs, collected at midnight for luck.

Instead, they brought me heather's bells
dangled noiselessly to taunt the crush
of my potato fists. They sewed its scales
into my skin, hushed my cries, taught
me that it grows where others cannot.

The Shipwrecked House I

The ceiling is tugged by the moon
it expands above us, an opaque dome
through which we guess the stars.

Other ships will be built from these rooms,
other seas and currents eroded by a figurehead.

Walls tremble violet-blue, weave the song
of seagulls into their granite veins.
An empty wine glass fills with cowries.

My mother twists her ring like a weathervane,
east to west; still the sun refuses to set.

Cowries are claimed from the sand;
fingers sniffle through broken claws.

We hinge the stones in pools to watch life
dart out and hide beneath other shelters.

The glass fills but is still half empty.
Ironed darned sheets cover old mattresses that spill
over the frames of beds.

And Cesária Évora sings of homesickness.

Wreck

After George Gunn

no Atlantis this forest of debris
twigs dulled by the sanding of stream
trunks edited by the tenuous

ships have been misplaced in its filing system
traces of light fade fast
smells are swallows too fast to track

opaque but not peaceful
the skittering of memories punctures
and steals another layer of paint

or another thread from the curtain

Whales

Whales lived under our house,
making the hinges rock, splitting cups and cheeks.

Stray socks melted in their comb-mouths
their fins sliced through conversations,
we found bones in our cups of tea.

Most of the time they just wanted to play
bounced against bookshelves, snorted leaks,
threw bodies across the room.

No one believed me of course,
the carpet looked too smooth to hide a mammal.

At night, I'd listen to their song
beat through the floorboards
like slashes of headlights.

For days they'd circle the house
take a dive into the cellar, press the doorbell
and run, I'd sometimes forget then trip
over the carcass of one beached
in the gutter.