

the word *Begat* / *begat* | *The Great Book of Clichés* / *begat* | *Good* / *begat* | *God* / *begat* | *Shod* / *begat* | *The Word* / *begat* | *Nike* / *begat* | *I* / *begat* | • *Gabrielle* / *begat* | *Sidney Kealer* / *begat* | *The Guardian* / *begat* | *AZDA* / *begat* | *England* / *begat* | *Glass Lips Ltd* / *begat* | *Stainrail Viaduct* / *begat* | *Dark* / *begat* | *Mrs Kealer* / *begat* | *Meltdown Woebury* / *begat* | *3.D.* / *begat* | *The Book of Jobs* / *begat* | *The Queue of Dolls* / *begat* | *God Quid* • / *begat* | *If* / *begat* | *New Shoe Messiah* / *begat* | *British Trees* / *begat* | *Shewood's Forest* / *begat* | *Nothingman County* / *begat* | *Robin Blood* / *begat* | *Cindy Relative* / *begat* | *The Purple Prince* / *begat* | • *Said* / *begat* | *Allah* / *begat* | *Buddhists'* / *begat* | *Mirror Darkly* / *begat* | *Taoists'* / *begat* | *Brian* / *begat* | *The Son of Glass* / *begat* | *O* / *begat* | *Ever* / *begat* | *Adam* / *begat* | *The Good Shoes* / *begat* | *Sullen Suburbs* / *begat* | *Marion Madder-Layne* / *begat* | *Shor-Shine Psalm* / *begat* | *Good Shoes* / *begat* | *Mattshoe* / *begat* | *Shoes of Miles* / *begat* | *The First & The Last* / *begat* | *The World* / *begat* | *The Shodding* / *begat* | *The Five Thousand* / *begat* | *Ten Thousand* / *begat* | *Mandy Kealer* / *begat* | *Little Sids* / *begat* | *The Messiah of Shoes* / *begat* | *No* / *begat* | *Goth* / *begat* | *Punk* / *begat* | *Mud* / *begat* | *Monty* / *begat* | *The Son* / *begat* | *That Shods* / *begat* | *The Son of The Lost & The one Unshod* / *begat* | *MOTHEK* / *begat* | *Nothing* / *begat* | *Alum* / *begat* | *Termin Whiz-Shod* / *begat* | *Dead Day* / *begat* | *A Night of Harms* / *begat* | *Laid Waste* / *begat* | *The Silence of Spring* / *begat* | *A Fairy's Father* / *begat* | *The Sun* / *begat* | *The Moon* / *begat* | *The Back of Him* / *begat* | *Round Shoes* / *begat* | *Swirled Stone* / *begat* | *My Messiah* / *begat* | *Out on The Peninsula of Deer* / *begat* | *Shors from Your Cars* / *begat* | *Late Sun* / *begat* | *Late Rain* / *begat* | *The Evening's Grey Hound* / *begat* | *The Dog of Twilight* / *begat* | *The Again* / *begat* | *Night's* / *begat* | *Day* / *begat* | *My Vision* / *begat* | • *Land-fish* / *begat* | *Earth-Itchus* / *begat* | *Heaven* / *begat* | *Hell* / *begat* | *A Double-Sexed* • / *begat* | *The Spit-Shod Mollusc* / *begat* | *Behold* / *begat* | *The Whole Snail* / *begat* | *Wizard of Shod* / *begat* | *The Hardshod Wise One* / *begat* | *A Matrix of Grass* / *begat* | *A White Rabbit Down* / *begat* | • *Black Hole* / *begat* | *Alice Oswald* / *begat* | *Flesh & Bone Things* / *begat* | *Human Shins* / *begat* | *The Crossing* / *begat* | *The Yellow Road* / *begat* | *Your Son* / *begat* | *Father* / *begat* | *Your Father* / *begat* | *Son* / *begat* | *The Limping Shrimp* / *begat* | *The End of The Quest* / *begat* | *The Wasted Globe* / *begat* | *The Lame Lad* / *begat* | *Shoedonia* / *begat* | *Precinct of Shoes* / *begat* | *Ourshoerian Legend* / *begat* | *A Messiah* / *begat* | *King Our Shoer* / *begat* | *Mount Shoedon* / *begat* | *North Face* / *begat* | *Adam & Eve* / *begat* | *Various Henges* / *begat* | *The Golden Cairn* / *begat* | *The Dapper Tramp* / *begat* | *Solomon Binding* / *begat* | *Love of Shod* / *begat* | *Solomon of Now* / *begat* | • *Thee* / *begat* | *The Old Book of The Maybebutmaybenotgone* / *begat* | *The Song* / *begat* | *The Song* / *begat* | *Peter Caughost* / *begat* | *River Trench* / *begat* | *The Flowing Stone* / *begat* | *The Trench* / *begat* | *The Swoar* / *begat* | *One Spring Morning* / *begat* | *Shod's Weight* / *begat* | *The Shoddess* • / *begat* | *Bears* / *begat* | *Ghost-Lady* / *begat* | *Night Club* / *begat* | *Unbuckled Muse* / *begat* | *William Shapedears* / *begat* | • *The Syllable Cobbler* / *begat* | *Five Steps of The Bard* / *begat* | *Cloise* / *begat* | *Red Suede Shoe* / *begat* | *Mud Moaner* / *begat* | *An Animal Girl* / *begat* | *Barn* / *begat* | *The Sinking Moon* / *begat* | *Olden Stounds* / *begat* | *Mary* / *begat* | *Sylvia Laces* / *begat* | *Ted Shoes* / *begat* | *The Last of Literary History* / *begat* | *The Dancing Daffs* / *begat* | *The Canon* / *begat* | *The Dead* • / *begat* | *The Alive* / *begat* | *Shoe of Union* / *begat* | *Stayne Badlecross* / *begat* | *Sake of The Shod* / *begat* | *Sold Soles* / *begat* | *The Easily Led* / *begat* | *Sproarlin Nastly* / *begat* | *Longgone* / *begat* | *Greek* / *begat* | *Baader-Meinhof* / *begat* | *Middle Killer* / *begat* | *Kid of Victory* / *begat* | *Losses* / *begat* | *TSP* / *begat* | *The Park of Burnt Cars* / *begat* | *Longgone's Dock-lands* / *begat* | *Our Lord Sidney Kealer* / *begat* | *The One Who Shods* / *begat* | *Victory Kids* / *begat* | *My Shoe Dude* / *begat* | *Suede Blues* / *begat* | *Forgotten Estate* /

begat | AZDA-NASTY • / begat | T-Shirt / begat | Youthful Revolutionary
 Revelations / begat | Hard Pressure Press / begat | The Internet / begat | AZ / begat |
 NAZI / begat | A to Z / begat | DNA / begat | ADAM / begat | Shod or
 Not / begat | The Sermon / begat | Little Middley Boy / begat | Shod has Crodden / beg
 at | Spiritual Booty • / begat | The Booty / begat | England's / begat | Lo &
 Behold / begat | The First Booty / begat | Under The Viaduct / begat | For Our
 Shoes / begat | For Our Lord Shod Sure / begat | ^{Temp} / begat | The Zone Between / begat |
 Now / begat | A Brief Forever / begat | The Figure Forty / begat | • Reflection /
 begat | T'Other Shodder / begat | Shoddy / begat | Shiting Forms / begat | The Neon
 Lit Livid / begat | The T'Other's Others / begat | The Airbrushed Hable / begat |
 Her Glazed Laces / begat | The Final Game Show's Offering of Gifts / begat |
 The Utter Camera / begat | Eddy Vaction / begat | SATS / begat | The New Lord
 of Prosume / begat | The Last's Temptation / begat | The Postmodern Cobbler /
 begat | • Demon Hurtz / begat | The Livid Sole / begat | Hell's Stiletto / begat |
 You Shoe-Shagging Shite / begat | The Ground / begat | Stepping Began / begat |
 Song of Shoes / begat | The Shoes of Shoes / begat | Solomon's / begat | Scent
 Shine / begat | Shoe-Tree / begat | Daughters of Shoeshoppingham / begat | The
 Pile Beneath the Prophesised Viaduct / begat | The Wardrobe of Solomon / begat |
 Rose of Shoe / begat | Lilly of The Laces / begat | • The Shod / begat | The
 Polish of My Beloved / begat | The Round Window of Wisdom / begat | The
 Lattice / begat | My Loved Shod's / begat | Mountain of Shoedon / begat |
 Workshops of Acorns / begat | The Grubs of Oak / begat | Achilles / begat |
 Goddess's / begat | Love / begat | The Road to Dead / begat | The Go-Go Spell / begat |
 Sophie / begat | The Dark Shite of The Soul / begat | Holy Shit / begat | First
 World Midland City / begat | O Shoeherd / begat | O Husband of Hurt / begat |
 Me / begat | Lord of Untworn Footwear / begat | Enoch / begat | Big Black
 Book / begat | Enoch The Shearsman / begat | DNA / begat | Jared / begat |
 Noah / begat | Methuselah / begat | • Aletatron / begat | Cadair Idris / begat |
 Enos / begat | Even The Son of Man / begat | Eros The Lord / begat | Jesus
 / begat | The Whore / begat | Less & Blamed / begat | The Game / begat | The
 Woods of Baby / begat | The Lone Blood-Loam / begat | Maybe / begat | O Bless
 Her / begat | She / begat | Hawthorn / begat | Sophie Windsor / begat | Sophie &
 Sophie's / begat | So Fire am I / begat | Holy Tree / begat | The Great
 Mother / begat | Everyone / begat | The Caring Son / begat | The Cunt Mother-
 fucker / begat | Appearance / begat | Song / begat | Everyman / begat | The
 World's Oceans of Knowledge / begat | • The Queen / begat | The-Put-Down /
 begat | The Put-Upon / begat | • Earth • / begat | The Queen of The Old /
 begat | Forgotten Occult / begat | You / begat | Queen / begat | Obscene /
 begat | Unseen / begat | Her • / begat | An Other / begat | Her Far
 Out / begat | Councillor Sinner / begat | Councillor Barbarous / begat | Sheli-
 star / begat | Councillor Coffpot / begat | City Council / begat | The Splitting
 / begat | The Paper Wall / begat | Shitty Council / begat | Cunt Council / begat |
 Town & Country / begat | Middley People / begat | County / begat | City /
 begat | Golden Idols / begat | Easter Middley Lands / begat | American / begat
 | Illegitimate / begat | The Warr-Mart / begat | Shod Vagabonds / begat | Shoe
 People / begat | The Tramping Souls / begat | M e t a t r o n 's Cube / begat |
 Methuselah's Granny-Flat / begat | Ol' Nanny Natter / begat | Tom Cobbler / begat |
 Cronbling Vision / begat | My Shoe Alessiah / begat | So far so far so far / begat |
 My Lord of Shoes / begat | Shoe Shit / begat | The Stained / begat | Lost Dog
 / begat | Sid's / begat | Dali / begat | Longgone's Bombed-Out Pocket / begat | • The
 Old Dark Hole / begat | The House / begat | Presence of Patience / begat |
 The Presence / begat | Motionless One / begat | The Three Songs / begat | Lazarus
 Hollowshoes / begat | Gone Song One / begat | • Gone Song Two / begat | Holy
 Journey / begat | Gone Song Three / begat | The Site of Love / begat | Holy
 Loss / begat | The Last / begat | The Supper / begat | Shod-Followers / begat | The Cooked
 Shod / begat | New Shoe Avostle / begat | The Bitter Leather / begat | The Oil-

SHOD

Shod

Mark Goodwin

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Mark Goodwin's third full-length collection is *Shod*. He has previously published two collections with Shearsman Books, *Else* and *Back of A Vast*; and also a chapbook entitled *Distance a Sudden* with Longbarrow Press. He has been fascinated by religions and mysticism since he started writing; being much inspired and informed by the works of Ted Hughes, Peter Redgrove and Penelope Shuttle. Mark lives in Leicestershire, where he works as a community poet.

For Rob

Shoes? It's life and death to me. I had to go all the way to
Luton in these.

– Harold Pinter

Mi corazón tendría la forma de un zapato
si cada aldea tuviera una sirena

[...]

No nos salva la gente de las zapaterías, ni los paisajes que
se hacen música al encontrar las llaves oxidas.

– Federico Garcia Lorca

Give us five quid. My feet're bleedin' in these shoes.

– from *Sirens*, by Matt Clegg

Let it be known solemnly that the author of this shodspell is not a Christian, a Muslim, a Buddhist, a Jew, nor a Hindu but the author is a none-atheist, a none-believer of none-believing & yet a believer in not believing. Please let it be

known to those

of dogma & quick-temper that humour & its sense is its own form of reverence, for it is said in *The Great Book of Clichés: Mimicry is the sincerest form of flattery*. But let it be known the author of this shodspell means, intends & hopes far more

than the shallows of flattery. The author of this story believes, from his/her crown in the air to his/her feet on the ground, that her/his here given comedy & its tragedy is reverence

for all that rhymes lovingly with **Shod**

The author, being the kind of sinner known as ‘poet’, can only worship one good/bad, and that bad/good, for better or worse, is

The Word.

the word

is the said & the written & the heard & the read
is read & heard & written & said

word is
the narrow vast

word is
the expanse

yet limit of mind

only touch is un-
-touched by

words but words

may ease the strange
pains of touch. If

the word fits, wear it.

Good readings, and may
your God shod you!

Begin at ground

a human does
feet touch

then upwards
towards air

the body goes

•

begin by shoes

this story is
shoe-speech

the speaking
of feet from

their soft
leather shells

feet speaking
good in

the begging

•

each little black circle
between each of this

song's steps

is a hole
through which

to thread
laces like faith

remember

laces can be tugged
tight or not knotted

laces can be threaded
as parallels

like a ladder or crossed
as a sequence of cruxes

•

•

•

First Time

Kneeling
at my feet her hands gently untied
my laces; slipped

my shoe right off

in one neat
expert-shoe-fitter's movement.

My mum nearby but
this stranger was replacing her.

O, then the plastic measuring gadget was cupped
to my socked sensitivity; the little tape tugged
tight lightly tickled

my un-shod in-step in public. Lovely.

•

twenty-seven
years later

the tiny musty
& hard dry

shoe-seed felt
rain in a

man's brain
and grew

from his mouth
rooted through

his feet & future

•

it was Nike herself
she leapt at me
from a shelf

all white & daring
treading air

her robes glowing white
and under those her
glowing underwear

and her wings were huge
white feathery trainers
flapping on her back

I was daft
I asked
where's Gabrielle?

Nike just laughed

the clear gas
of her breath
smacked

Nike laughed at last
laughed

as I did then at every
dazzling white ad
every suddenly colourless
whiter than white
copywriter's line

I laughed

as a dad i did i
laughed as
a dad & a kid

as Nike said:
Sidney Realer If

The Shoe Fits

•

An article in The Guardian started me off.
An article about a homeless bloke. You see,

I noticed in the photo that his shoes, neatly
placed next to his cardboard bed, were exactly

the same as my shoes – shoes I'd bought,
red-hot branded-new, for less than twelve quid

from one of AZDA's nasty massive town-sucking
superstores, clipped on to the city's perimeter

like a fat tick on a once
sleek but now sickly fox.

A homeless guy in my shoes. The next I knew
I was in the small (tight brightly lit) hours, on an aisle,

in a twenty-four hour AZDA, lined
with shelves of cheap shoes. I

had an urge to buy

affordable footwear, a huge urge
to buy vast quantities

of leather uppers & rubber soles. Over
a period of thirty-six weeks of sleepless

nights I bought

shoes in bulk. Thousands of shoes
from sixty-six AZDAs I visited – spread across

just three of England's over
-crowded vacuum-packed counties. To pay

for this, jumping in with both feet, this sudden impulse
to get away with it, this wish to run free, to go

one step beyond – to pay

for this I sold my young burgeoning
advertising agency (Glass Lips Ltd).

And I left my house & its precious contents
of wife & kids. I left them,

my loved ones, alone & only just afloat on a suburban sea.

The first night in a ditch on the rim of the city, the first night I'd ever not been in a smooth clean bed, I slept through fits

of at first grief, but then, by morning I was warm with glee. I had unshackled myself from solid illusions, and I knew

that safe in twelve lockups, beneath Stainrail Viaduct, were piles of sleeping shoes. Now nearly a million of 'em, but

they were as yet ownerless, had never been worn. They were calm & soft & patient. (They were not

like the piles of worn shoes full of the ghosts of all those

poor souls lost to the ravenous middle of the last century.)

So what could I do? I had a secret trove of shoes, and I was a homeless one. I looked down at my feet's cheap

but neat protective skins. I thought of the skins of the beasts that my feet now sweated through. I thought of my

homeless other in The Guardian photo. I wondered – was he at that exact moment wearing the very-very

same shoes as my own? I knew I wouldn't be able to find him, whoever-he-was-wherever-he-was. But I could find

similar people with similar feet, but feet without similar shoes to mine. People with cold feet, & itchy feet, & shoes

with soles with holes in them. So, this is what I did:

I decided to begin
a kind pilgrimage
to all the desecrated temples
made of hungry flesh
& aching bones; the temples
of homeless bodies with souls
hunkered deep down
in the bottom of them. Discarded
people with Dark's secrets
kept in the cellars
of selves. Those with holies
of holies, unknown to them
or anyone, enshrouded within
the bile & shit
of their lingering
only-just-living carcasses.
I would go
in search,
on foot in hope
of finding
the gleaming ghost
of some hope huddled
in those tabernacles
of the hopeless hidden
behind pungent veils
of hunger & alcohol.

•

So, Mrs Realer, let's go
over it again. You say

you last saw your
husband, Sidney, in the car

park of Meltdown Woebury's
eleventh AZDA, loading

his car with shoes. You shouted
after him as he drove

off, but he didn't, or perhaps

couldn't, or just wouldn't,
notice you. Did your

husband have any cause
to disappear?

Would you say he has
disappeared, or in fact

has actually vanished?
How can you prove

exactly that he ever really
existed? Was he in debt?

Had he behaved
oddly before he left?

Was he agitated?
No. Are you sure,

there's nothing
you can think of that might

have caused him
to behave so strangely?

I see. Don't take this
the wrong way Mrs Realer, but

did you & your
husband have regular sex?

I am sorry Mrs Realer, but it is
my job, I do have to *dare*

to ask that question. Please
calm down. The police

have their reasons
for seeking evidence

of intimacy or
estrangement. Can I see

your I.D. – just a precaution
for your protection. We

have to explore all avenues,
and possibly even certain

orifices. Just gaze into the
retina-scope and we'll confirm

you're you. That's good. Now

Mrs Realer if you don't
mind, if you'd be so kind,

could we bother you for a drop
of your blood. No, no, you don't

understand; that was not
a question – it was a reasonable

legally-binding demand.

•

The Book of Jobs

and for nine months
Sidney did suffer

his Shod's Stamp

his stomach groaned like
leather ripped

as his Shod's tread left
tracks crossing his body

then did Sidney share
with his fellows

whose ghosts were laid
out on the sky's table shim

-mering like layers of ether
whilst their frames were made

use of

so Sidney did stand
in The Queue of Dolls

as a husk to be filled
by God Quid as

It

doled out holes for dosh

in return
for souls

and under a brown
winter-dawn fog

Sidney did shuffle

with the un
-done but not

quite yet dead

Sid bobbed
along in the flow

with the wooden-footed

shod in priceless
skins afforded

only through
poisoned mortgages

& the white noise
of digital futures

Sidney witnessed
all the poor transfixed

by the one

moon of one
coin glued onto

some billion palms

and Sid did know
the sins & miss

-givings & gnashings
& crunching of homes
& the sharp-tugged strings
of puppet-puppeteer

thieves

•

for a second

time Sid was cut
free from real's dream

through Shod
to ground

Sid's limbs hissed
as his feet- & his

wrist-strings burned

his scalp wobbled hot
as an egg on a sun

-seared stone
as he staggered

his soles made the sounds
of stars sucked

into dark holes

a dog barked
and Sid's head

echoed
echoed

as a crow blowing
up on a busy bus

echoed

as a sepulchre opened echoed

as thunder swaying through
smoke from some far

-flung volcano echoed

echoed as a street with homes

gone

•