



This is a repository copy of *2 poems from Haverthorn 2.1*.

White Rose Research Online URL for this paper:  
<http://eprints.whiterose.ac.uk/104159/>

Version: Accepted Version

---

**Article:**

Malone, M. (2016) 2 poems from Haverthorn 2.1. *Haverthorn (HVTN)*, 1 (2). pp. 13-14.

---

**Reuse**

Unless indicated otherwise, fulltext items are protected by copyright with all rights reserved. The copyright exception in section 29 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988 allows the making of a single copy solely for the purpose of non-commercial research or private study within the limits of fair dealing. The publisher or other rights-holder may allow further reproduction and re-use of this version - refer to the White Rose Research Online record for this item. Where records identify the publisher as the copyright holder, users can verify any specific terms of use on the publisher's website.

**Takedown**

If you consider content in White Rose Research Online to be in breach of UK law, please notify us by emailing [eprints@whiterose.ac.uk](mailto:eprints@whiterose.ac.uk) including the URL of the record and the reason for the withdrawal request.



[eprints@whiterose.ac.uk](mailto:eprints@whiterose.ac.uk)  
<https://eprints.whiterose.ac.uk/>

### 13. *Legacies*

Christmas Past is Christmas Present, strolls Mesopotamia mobile in hand, buffering the orange bundle of a man beyond meaning. So at Kut we stick it out with the Poonas, waiting on the RFC's hand-dropped payload; tight in the hair's breadth between whizz-bang and telegram. The text-speak of a Field Service Postcard says enough: *we dnt cm in2 yr cts as konkrez or nmes but libr8rs*. Though, if needs be, we'll be back in black with a South London twang, in biplane or bomb-vest, to stroll into markets or drop in on uncivilized tribes. Repeat then, repeat: *Kill them all. God will know His own*. Each man blessed with just enough afterlife to teach him they were wrong.

### 20. *Vine*

Free of the 'Birdcage' in the lee of a hill, three gardeners of Salonika stand easy. Across the valley, he watches from an open tent; roots a vision that will propagate on walls for a time beyond the field gun's range. Nativities are now and the Tenth Irish Seraphim. Cookham reaches for paper and starts to work as they lay down kit to pick the first grapes they will taste fresh from the vine. Macedonia gifts a minute's joy. Then the good shepherd whistles in Golgotha for the instant that wreathes his terror in its six-second loop: Giotto, grapevine, blast and burnt-flesh, Giotto, grapevine, blast and burnt-flesh, Giotto, grapevine, blast, burnt-flesh...