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**CAUGHT IN THE NET 73- POETRY BY DEBORAH TYLER-BENNETT**  
**Series Editor - Jim Bennett**

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**Introduction by Jim Bennett**

Hello. Welcome to the next in the series of CITN featured poets. We will be looking at the work of a different poet in each edition and I hope it will help our readers to discover some new and exciting writing. This series is open to all to submit and I am now keen to read new work for this series.

You can join the CITN mailing list at - <http://www.poetrykit.org/pkl/index.htm> and following the links for Caught in the Net.

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gap where Pat gave it sparks like the magic trick  
I saw another chancer try, one night,  
in a Soho bar, card behind the ear (hand's slight)  
of a woman chatted up.

from; On Hearing *On Raglan Road*. by Deborah  
Tyler-Bennett

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**1 - BIOGRAPHY: DEBORAH TYLER-BENNETT**

Deborah Tyler-Bennett's current collection is *Pavilion* (Smokestack, 2010), set in Brighton, her first was *Clark Gable in Mansfield* (King's England, 2003), selected poems are in *Take Five* (Shoestring, 2003), and a new collection, *Revudeville's*

forthcoming (King's England). First poems from *Anglo-Punk* (sonnet sequences on Regency dandy Beau Brummell) have been published (UK, Ireland, US). A chapbook collection of three portraits in poems, *Mytton, Dyer, Sweet Billy Gibson*, is forthcoming (Nine Arches Press, 2011).

Some of her work's translated into Romanian (also broadcast on Romanian National Radio). She has had over 400 poems and short fictions published (UK and internationally), and co-wrote *The Victoria and Albert Museum's* creative writing web-package. She edits *Coffee House* magazine. In 2001 she won the *Hugh MacDiarmid Trophy* at the *Scottish International Poetry Competition*.

She works as a poet for many national galleries and museums, including workshops for *The Science Museum, The National Gallery, The Collection*, and most recently being resident poet for *Sussex Day* at the *Royal Pavilion Tearooms*, Brighton. In summer 2010 she was a *Poetry Lives Here* resident writer at Keats House, Hampstead.

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## 2 - POETRY

### Good Time Girl

World's biggest cliché, I know, falling for a shadow-suited man, whose eyes are always shaded  
Wrong un', crook, alcoholic, always the short-con  
for a man who could unhook  
bra-clasps without me knowing. Now he's gone  
(this time how long?)

Mirrored face stares back,  
hair sleek as Betty Boop,  
nasturtium lips. In day-dreams I'm light  
years younger, slimmer, tanned.  
Mirror woman, scornful of her own hand's  
hasty packing. *Agent Provocateur*  
slip slung in without tissue-paper.  
One thing rooting me,  
stilettos, the only balance-keepers.  
Their grip, an imprint of his grasp.  
I totter reception-wards with minimal luggage,  
key, excuses.

Fogged face of the man I won't forget burned on  
my retina, like the West Pier's negative  
after a day of sun.

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### Death of the Popular English Print

*Squire James Mytton (1796-1834) was one of the most recognised Regency sportsmen and eccentrics to be depicted in public art.*

No more 'Mytton Rides a Bear',  
'To Hounds', 'On Fire'  
(mad cure for hiccups),  
frames fit only for the byre.

Annals listing bad behaviour  
(and extreme) deny entry  
to vanquished squirearchy.  
Chilled, standing sentry

those who dreaded invites,  
Parson wobbling on,  
something about sins cleansed  
carved heaven won.

Print-maker's lament,  
subject dust-bound,  
shunned visitors received,  
now cold in ground.

No more 'Mytton Set Alight,'  
'With Hounds' ... New gloom  
consigns rich racing prints fit  
only for a Bawd's scant room.

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## **Shades of Snow**

### **Churchyard Skylight**

Sallow ground  
Hallowed ground  
Carousing flakes  
Muffled sound

Lead white  
Stone white  
Still-faced city  
Blinking light

English red  
Venetian red  
Holly flambeau  
For the dead

Fallow ground  
Unhallowed ground  
Toppling gravestones

Fresh dug mound

Stark white  
Candle white  
Starry feathers  
Satellite

Splashed red  
Stained red  
Severed beauty  
Snow-drift bed

Snow drift  
Drifting lace  
Beauty spot  
Ravaged face

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## **Last of England**

### **I.**

Could be going Stag, or kick-arse drinks,  
but fighting later? Now?  
Butcher's dog smiles, explaining hands,  
gilt logo shirts.

                                  One lurches bleeding,  
*J-Cloth* against head's stitches  
barely holding.

                                  Sits by two girls for sympathy  
(they think he rocks).

Says girlfriend'll kill him. *A and E*  
recommended he  
walk up a floor for tests: 'Sod that, we're going out!'

His mates cheer on a toddler's table-dancing,  
Dad, sixteen, too pissed to register her fear dogged  
features. Blood floods sky-blue earthen on the *J-Cloth*.

### **II.**

Way home, near empty carriages bi-sect  
towns on early closing since the mines,  
boarded *Welfares* turn suspicious faces  
to where poppies, eggs-and-bacon,  
Well-Dress an armchair's frame.  
Willow-herb courses pub gardens as  
shadow-man's framed, head in hands.

Left energy's ghost workers underground,  
all fight reserved for Saturday's club nights,  
and gladness scarce as high held banners.

Yesterday's journey, not all blood and jeers.  
Some singing through the core of it remains,  
lads cheering-on a Morris Man at Newstead who,  
bowing, swept his tweed cap in an arc.

Floury figure diminished as their better-natured laughter  
when Albion's train pulled out.

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## **Shades of Snow**

### **London Clay**

Glimmer-pigmented, city breaking  
under champagne-chalk, reports speaking  
rush hour's vacated streets.  
Later, flakes aching  
statues' stony cheeks  
in parks fox and geese  
print swiftly covered tracks.  
Night - Furnace ... ivory ... lamp black.

Scrooge's Second Spirit shifting,  
uplifting over chimney-stacks,  
moments timeless ... gifted ...  
undesired: Vagrant sleepers,  
mausoleum-boxes, backs supine  
on dolphin-ornamented bridges; vine-  
black churchyard, trudging man; manganese-  
black windows, Gothic's crumbling cake.  
Time-shifts freeze, flats breathe  
below blizzard's wake.  
Queues for phantom buses, make  
coated people, as if lain to be snow-angels,  
risen, scaled fishy-silver, angles  
matter for artistic speculation ...  
Shifting winds cause infiltration  
of a satellite  
                    ashen TV screens scatter bone-black night.

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### **On Hearing *On Raglan Road*.**

In a film's yarn (Irish mobsters hiding in Belgium)  
hearing that song recalling *Grafton Street*,  
now hustling without Pat Tierney, ballad singer.

Gap of him, empty doorway where  
runic poem-boards were,

no melancholic air, smile wishing fair  
morning, no telling if a ballad's his.

Human voids, hidden in rush-hour's midst  
until waylaid songs illuminate  
as if newly fitted arc-lights.

*On Raglan Road*, Kavanagh's finest,  
gap where Pat gave it sparks like the magic trick  
I saw another chancer try, one night,  
in a Soho bar, card behind the ear (hand's slight)  
of a woman chatted up.

She bought drinks, as pub doors swung  
someone spoke a name, her man was gone,  
presence, gap between stools, dropped cards ...

Skimming night, space white  
as Pat's uneven smile,  
strong as his gone voice, livening  
*On Raglan Road's* closing  
with its own hard-grafted music.

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*The following poem is from a sequence of sonnets, Anglo-Punk, based on the life of Regency Dandy, Beau Brummell.*

***Lost  
Properties***

***(For Nikki Clayton)***

***I.***

***Catalogue***

*Delicate, spun-sugar, hand-blown glass,  
mementoes: Mottled pages, old loves placed  
in strong-clasped boxes, stored though crackle-faced  
as wax dolls. READ ALL ABOUT IT – Massed,  
Byron's grave-goods: Buttons' tarnished-brass  
to locks of time-blached hair, not commonplace  
but marvellous. One girlfriend formed an encased  
shrine to his old sunburned shreds of skin (gross  
taxidermy).*

*Brummell's catalogue – Debt-  
seized objects d'art, though not his long-gone screen,  
snuff-boxes re-jog rides on Rotten Row.  
Only his sketches seem to hold him yet,*

those private musings that late came to mean  
Regency, its scurrilous after-glow.

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## Shades of Snow

### Brighton Vermillion

Light flooded abandoned houses,  
in recycled buildings, past tenants'  
lives, pigmentations rousing  
city under pale siege.  
India Yellow shivers boards  
covering Regency casements, conveys  
evening muslins, waistcoats,  
pavilion blues and greys.

Close by, Time's petticoats rippling,  
flakes mask interiors lively with  
dead cards – *Faro* fluttering  
buried fortunes. Bulbs swinging  
outside bars and restaurants tinsel flinging  
(despite Christmas long done). Carriages rumbling  
past Max Miller's statue, vanishing  
clean through *The Accountants'* flat-tiled wall.

Nash's Mini-Pavilion, skirts rippling  
short distance from contemporary shops,  
like tattoo ink pinking skin,  
ghost-presence of a once live Fop,  
budding waistcoat  
blooming vermillion  
    Queen of Hearts  
        slapped over stone-faced, lesser cards.

For Stig Evans

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### 62-64 New Walk

Somewhere, the boarded building's ancient heart  
beats, faltering, and something fast,  
a pulse, occurs. New Walk's new pedestrians pass.  
Inside - Sieved plaster, marked by bats,  
mice, doublet-beetles and, perhaps,  
ghosts - thumbprints staining glass.

Windows' eye-holes flash  
dark Rococo mirrors,

Greek-key tracery withers  
like dried Bride-cake.

Somewhere, heart beats make  
skips. Faint pulse, guttered  
guffaws on broken stairs, question uttered  
for bats and mice:  
'Has he gone down? I won't enquire twice.'

Somewhere, brushing coat-tails, fleet,  
twisting time, done candle's winding-sheet,  
un-noticed by commuting feet  
en-route to pressing lives.

Regency elegance survives,  
ageing Dandy pulling tattered coat  
round bankrupt beauty, pock-marked throat  
corrupting vision, refusing letting go -

Spent eyes reflecting truths old buildings know.

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### 3 - Publishing History

Good Time Girl - Poem from Deborah Tyler-Bennett's current collection, *Pavilion* (Middlesbrough: Smokestack, 2010), 18.

Death of the Popular English Print - Poem forthcoming in *Mytton ... Dyer ... Sweet Billy Gibson* (Nine Arches, 2011)

62-64 New Walk - This poem was written for and displayed at the *Celebrating New Walk* exhibition at Leicester's *New Walk Museum and Art Gallery*, by the W.E.A., organised by Martin Hyams.

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### 4 - Afterword

Email Poetry Kit - [info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org) - if you would like to tell us what you think. We are looking for other poets to feature in this series, and are open to submissions. Please send one poem and a short bio to - [info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org)

Thank you for taking the time to read Caught in the Net. Our other magazines are Transparent Words and Poetry Kit Magazine, which are webzines on the Poetry Kit site and this can be found at - <http://www.poetrykit.org/>