

## **Work Process Statement**

While a resident at Can Serrat I focused on completing a group of poems that would become a major part of my first collection of poetry. I also sought to develop new work and experiment with sound poetry; the use of soundscape as a form of poetic expression.

Over the course of the three weeks my work changed. By the end, the group of poems which were predominately concerned with themes of memory and family became their own self-contained work, which I am now seeking to publish as a standalone pamphlet or chapbook. My work with sound focused on recordings made at Can Serrat and the surrounding area. 'The Arrival' is the first in a series of soundscapes that came from my time at in the residence.

### Project Sample

Sound:

[\[https://soundcloud.com/beninchaos/the-arrival\]](https://soundcloud.com/beninchaos/the-arrival)

Poetry:

### **For James Simmons**

I dream steady now and where I am led,

I find you adrift in an old, garden chair.

Your face is a memory of words you said

You repeat lines from a book I've read,

like my own eyes they are so familiar.

I dream steady now and where I am led,

is the small pond beside the flower bed  
and for some reason I love it there  
'Your face is a memory of words,' you said

Then I see the pale wound on your head,  
I extend my hand slowly, as if it were a dare.  
I dream steady now and where I am led,

is to the moment I remember you are dead  
As I face you, I am fixed in a stare  
Your face is a memory of words you said.

You repeat lines from a book I've read  
while I am asleep in a wicker chair  
I dream steady now and where I am led,  
your face is a memory of words you said.

## **Infant-esse**

White tipped wings lap against me,  
gulls cry 'mother' from my lips,  
a trailing skirt held below the knee,  
dips into the cold steel water  
from the slope of the shore to the sea

A left hand red and ready, grips  
some unknown life she had before me  
smoothed by water, sand forgets her  
steps through shores of drifting memory,  
the tide reverberates against the quay

I am chased into it by the ships  
balanced on the curve of the earth.