



Andrew McMillan

NEW COMMISSION

topography: oxford road, map & key

Andrew McMillan is the author of three poetry collections. His debut, *physical*, was the first ever poetry collection to win The Guardian First Book Award. The collection also won the Fenton Aldeburgh First Collection Prize, a Somerset Maugham Award, an Eric Gregory Award and a Northern Writers' award. His second, *playtime*, won the inaugural Polari Prize and was a Poetry Book of the Year in The Sunday Times. His third collection, *pandemonium*, was published recently to wide acclaim.

In summer 2021, Manchester Literature Festival and Manchester Poetry Library at Manchester Metropolitan University co-commissioned Andrew McMillan to write a new poem inspired by Oxford Road and his own connections with the corridor.

MLF and MPL also commissioned Modify Productions to produce a short film capturing Andrew performing his work on location at All Saints Park, Manchester Metropolitan University & Chester Street. The film was showcased at Manchester Poetry Library from 21-23 October 2021 for the inaugural Corridor of Light alongside new co-commissions by fellow poets Hafsa Aneela Bashir and Reshma Ruia.

You can watch the film of topography on Manchester Literature Festival's Vimeo channel: vimeo.com/mcrlitfest

www.manchesterliteraturefestival.co.uk

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Oxford
Road
Corridor

**CORRIDOR
OF LIGHT**

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when I say I know this city I mean
I know it by its men I mean the giving
of directions is an unfolding
like an atlas like a parting of legs
I mean I know it by the long road
of my body laid down nightly
between home and somewhere else
or by the bus stop that was the morning's
quiet leaving or the last fight café
or the opened zip of the canal
I mean that I may not have ever learned
the proper names for anywhere
but their voices are still the dull traffic
when I cannot sleep when I offer you
my hand come with me let me show you
where it was I kissed him here and here and there

key

here against the brickwall cliff-face
of the side-street estuaries
Charles Chester Sidney

here where the snooker table in The Refuge was a bed
and I leant across it his head dipped to the back of my neck
a choreography of pockets

there top floor flat of The Quadrangle the city
on our bare shoulders through the window
and night coming in like a memory

Andrew McMillan