

## Eleven Poems · *Radcliffe Squires*

### JOURNEY ONE

Motion, oh tidal Adam, was the temptation  
That eased you from your luminous arbor.  
Now, what you adore are the adornments of motion.  
The carapace of athletes. The shell of chariots. The skin  
Of a ship wherein we crawl in the sea's crawl among those  
Who, when they lock another's eyes feel themselves  
Become the gazing sea water—and look away fearful  
Of becoming the other's death.  
But they do not say, "Assassin and saviour fall through  
The eyes of the other."

We sashay in the jelly of the trough.  
We glide toward the wave-crest where we behold  
The meerschaum petals of the sea falling  
In that other sky beneath us, and while  
We hang there, the drive-shaft shudders  
As the screw tastes air, and the smell  
Of angina unnerves the engine room.  
But we do not as we again glide downward sing,  
"We are the sons who fell through each other's arms."

In the glittering calms we draw down the sun  
Like a blister in the astrolabe to show we are  
Stretched here in the same burning azimuth.  
But we do not say, "We are the strange brothers,  
Stalled in motion. We are the comets  
Whose burning bodies trail darkness."

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