

and weeping father, divorce, the church's
legal knife. There were chairs and heavenly cups;
a man, with unclenched fist blessed me and vanished;

it was as if I thought I could not die.

THROUGH LEAVES AND FRAGMENTED LIGHT

Through leaves and fragmented light the cricket flakes
her shaped notes off wings. Crouching
by a woman in pain, in the hair on my arm,
on wood, or its faecal ash, she has made visible
the idea for a spring hardened to tear, slowly
apart, our bodies. She is not
that idea: a contralto, her oily discs twanged
into our lives. If what it is
to make pain, what more

to clash this soft battering consequence, lyric
percussion, a pebbled
softly rattled water, that unfastens the two selves
of one mind, to stiffened facing flighted wings.
I search for, find your body-sound
flickering winter in ash's doldrums, the atomic drowsing
in a hearth. And with you
waiting is remembering, where none need
rise in the dark. Tell her, it is so.

for Margaret and Michael Mott