



*Under a crest*

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## *Preface*

Although a subset of these poems, including the first, were written while still living in Coventry many of the earlier verses were composed during my first prolonged stay in London. I hence like to think that they reflect something of my response to the scale, pace and variety of the capital and the impacting academic time spent there. I noticed as well during this time that my creative output, mathematical and literary, began to display an almost involuntary upward curve towards involving and recording elements of my faith. Previously poetry had been a largely secular activity for me - rather, as ‘secular’ as any activity of a believer can be! – with occasional excursions into intentionally religious verse. Contrastingly, while composing almost all of the poems in this collection, I observed a distinctive tendency towards reverence and rejoicing as each individual work progressed that I was almost unable to control, in that it seemed to become a natural feature of my writing:

“...and in the same breath encountered the instinctive upward

Curvature of my thoughts and words; o I know that I am changed.”

A noticeable process of writing also began to emerge for me: the typical pattern for most of these poems was that they started with some scattered phrases that had appealed to me ‘abstractly’ – on their own phonic or semantic merit rather than as objects of conveyance – that were then woven together by experiences or sensations that were present in my mind or evoked by these initial phrases to form something poetic. I like the fusion of two core aspects of language that this entails: structure and communication, though at least at first this method was far from deliberate.

I regard the following poetry to be more ‘honest’ verse: freer of pretensions and with influences behind rather than within the text. I hope that the reader agrees.

## *Under a crest*

In moving on, on moving in, I transport the memory  
From being unconsciously lived to a wide-eyed  
Commemoration; distance and unreality coincide  
And together allow the field between us to grow  
Fallow. Perhaps I claim too much: as if I am the only  
One to patrol the freeway, suffer birth-pains at the transition.

The surrounding dialogue serves to incubate a string  
Of words, formulated under a crest or a motif weighing  
Heavily with sanctuary or consolation in a purity of thought  
And a pewter tongue. Yet this climate airs questions borne  
Out of fiction; necessarily peopled only by attendant ears,  
And found in sounding the movements of words and men.

## *Some grains*

It stands, feet unsplayed, unfeeling  
The earth, a marker of some sense  
Resembling distance and troubling  
The silent dispensation of stasis,  
Unauthorised but understood, even  
Sympathised into the fabric knotting  
Veils into the carriage that sways  
With industrial refrain and harbours  
Purposes like illusions for entertainment,  
A false solemnity: dirge due for repetition  
Metamorphosed into great round bells  
And named by a time; only sparsely  
Inhabited, a collaborator in a mutual  
Functionality; an ergonomic face for a  
Tempest studied into the fissures as if  
Unavoidable, a cold joy unwrapped already.  
But lightness comes in stanzas, both always  
And never untimely: there is

No need for castellation, crossroads  
Are engulfed by orchard-ways that  
Lane a holy city, and bear authorship  
In copper weathered with the walker,  
Known in coin and now an undivided  
Currency set out in acts and parts  
All uplit from above.

## *Smith*

The epiphany is rendered an everyday phenomenon

As the surrounding crafts take form, loose the censure of flight,

Viewable also as the elected stability taking hold when

Kneeling or bent double: either suffices as an anvil

For it is the skill of the master that is alone material.

## *Return*

Potato is planted out beside felicity

In series, below speech like incense.

At leisure an eye can oversee its city,

Mullioned by a festive gravity,

And return: finding joy in residence.



*'And the different heats...'*

And the different heats

Draw us further from what is basic:

In the mist of semantics I feel that I am found

And see that I am lost, phrased by words

Pretending to be ambiguous.

The exodus has finished; I can tell since

We were not so far from desolation,

Startling: the perception of the end of my

Songs in the night<sup>1</sup>, when I can only feel the

Tremors of its refrain beginning,

Unsettled by siblings thinning

To lithe lines projecting into

The wilderness of green-eyed oases

Flecked by sandy humours.

It is easier to impose a philosophy on the

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<sup>1</sup> c.f. Psalm 86.

Past, untimely ethereal past, than regard hunger

As a need for illumination, to clamour for

The attachment of epithets and return with

The same vocabulary as before.

## *Rafters*

The desire to express, set out in clear terms,  
An approach to circularity or sympathy with  
A family of fiction, is like redrawing the horizon  
Line or taking up charcoal from the embered  
Precedent. Closed windows ventilate the role  
Of onlooker; my desire is instead to, in honest  
Contact, excise the root from tower-top, rail  
Satellite-like on tiptoe and be justified in speaking  
Verbatim. My expectation is gated, unconfined  
To the terrace, resident in savannah, with the joy of  
Temporality unfounded in echo, serrated not by phrase  
But by the returned solitary captivated gaze.

*After reading from Thomas Mann's Buddenbrooks.*

## *The critic at rest*

The town was, in a word, provincial and it treasured  
Its marks of progress worn like acrylic clothing:  
For instance, the clocktower that austere measured  
The time since its founding and had attracted loathing  
From the older populace due to its sleek detachment  
From the surrounding rural land, but its catchment  
Of offense was not restricted to the reactionary.  
‘It distils the fractured sense of neighbourliness that maims  
Our times’ had written the town critic, himself nary  
An institution of modernity. As if to vindicate his claims  
He had resisted inviting his newfound neighbours around  
Upon taking up residence in the outskirts of the town,  
Yet we find him unhappily delved into commotion and sound,  
An unwilling social miner, smoothing the tweed surround  
Of his cherished hat that accompanied him to auditoria,  
Distinguished him as discerning, pen demarcating euphoria,  
And replaced even as the ovation began. He was addressing  
A child, reluctance overcome by an unexpectant audience,

The party line broken with headgear quietly witnessing  
As he began to describe criticism to a receptive silence.

And he said, as usual speaking around his hat,  
“I am seeking the right words to perforate  
The circumstance; let loose its present odours,  
Seeking after mannerism like a shoulder  
On which to base an infant masterpiece.”  
The child, not yet comprehending, asked  
“But what is there of you in this?”  
“Those not there should see it unmasked;  
It’s their right as potential occupants  
Of seats and stands, and I am their deliverer.”  
Thoughts of artists and viewers, pilgrims and flagellants,  
Accompanied this remark, whirring words astir  
In the desire to wield a justifiable eloquence.  
“Is it only music, or is the meat of another sense  
Worthy to hold forth upon?” the child queried.  
“In truth the critic’s voice finds little rest:

Perfection is for some an idealised sanctuary,  
But from crouton up to crevasse there is a test  
Of articulation, to a solitary attendee or a crowd  
Bearing newssheet-blackened hands.” This was alien  
To the world of honest appraisal of light and sound  
That childhood thus had borne, and even the  
Role of scholar had seemed an natural environ  
In which to reconcile assessment and a clear  
Existence befit with leisure, hope, and aspiration.  
“Does it not tire you so?” the next query appeared.  
It was the critic’s mandate now to ponder  
So the child pressed again his soft artilleries:  
“Does a loose or absent adjective label you ‘absconder’?  
Are epithets a currency, as necessary as capillaries?  
What role do silence, appreciation, numinosity receive  
In this verbal comedy you direct; no I must believe  
You only advocate a weary sort of tragedy!”  
  
The child grew in years and honesty, and was employed

In the critic's place: he became known for words deployed  
That induced a simple, uplifting vitality.

*An impulsive attempt at narrative verse.*

## *The quarry*

In brushing past slate waxy like leaves the play of  
Light suggests fragmentation, but we are no piecemeal  
Tribal politik: we are hewn out of clean rock,  
The land boundary unblemished by its sheerness, its  
New frontier with the air populated with tolerant  
Dust, designating creation by definition, pressed like  
Wine beyond dormant, and settling on individuals  
Indiscriminately: one cannot leave the quarry not  
A worker, or at least indistinguishable.

The product of this labour is untitled in a native  
Language, those nests of foci in the hills around,  
Sensitive to the touch and prismically tactile.  
At contact the view itself becomes concave,  
And the question becomes one of pursuit rather  
Than nativity.



## *Portrayal of a method*

The points are wayward – plot-like – as viewed from a place  
As passenger, alongside others harvesting the shade by  
Expectation, and still others seeking to entirely colour their  
Own configuration. Instead I prescribe awaiting the unfamiliar  
Movement of reception, indifferent to its own description:  
This is portrayal of a method, bearing a resemblance to finding the  
Richness of a meal to be synonymous with the grain of the  
Components, almost strangely. Perhaps one can recognise that  
They are making imitation seem accidental or striving to perturb  
To a new resting place; facing opposite directions with the same  
Destination. Perhaps leisure is beyond critique and when so  
Subjected becomes philosophy; to me this is the same as  
Sage indifference and sturdy intimacy with the perennial audience.  
And, if every expression is provincial, maybe these words are  
Inherently uplifted from the bark to the canopy: the lower branches  
Are emptied, the green plateau encompassing. I oversaw the  
Inherited nostalgia of renewed train seats contrary to their weary  
Frames, and in the same breath encountered the instinctive upward

Curvature of my thoughts and words; o I know that I am changed.  
There can be no room to vacillate, in leisure or philosophy, for I  
Am engraved with a graceful hand like a signed steeple of Wren,  
Exist amongst a global parish, but experience a sample of locality  
If only to make sense of distance, verify the theory, therefore  
It is important that space is allocated: to unveil a natural arena  
Where the words themselves are straining to communicate.

*On visiting the Tate Modern.*

## *Carnival light*

The wayside seems to change contrary to the static  
Road misplaced by stillness: amphitheatre to humbly  
Lasting voices defined by the wilderness, surreptitiously  
Carved out by the silent appraisal of noise.

It is irrelevant how it is phrased; walking remarks  
Deposit dewy chevrons, a fleeting demarcation of  
Distance inhabiting a space for echoes, pockets  
Carrying part of a reflected corona.

Our literature is a new technology of revived contents:  
Hearing words written within a theme, a soundtrack to  
A movement, retrograde to shrunken conflicts:  
Slight depressions in view of an incline.

## *Elemental*

Instead of fragments drawn into a single composition  
The artistry, whole and homogeneous, has been shattered  
From its original stability and restored, framed lovingly, to an  
Elemental state, composite only in deliberate recollection.  
When the ethos precedes the phrasing it speaks with an  
Unrationed tongue, teaches from the gamut of previous  
And anticipated sensation: it is prophetic in that it exceeds  
By indifference the sense of passing time and is rather  
Transported by an internal source, locked in its identity.  
The smoke refracted by opposite eyes, a marker of the  
Inner acts of conversion, gently revealed in striving for  
Shorter words than 'revelation', is a product of the  
Industrial quarter within; from some perspective each  
Factory is a city, and yet all are identified by their  
Direction, inclined perpendicular to the compass, and  
Inextricably led towards a different type of magnetism.

*After reading from Aldous Huxley's Eyeless in Gaza.*

## *Barely glyphic*

Unfeeling to the pressure of its fruit, surrendered to the need for  
sunlight,

The foliage appears to have exceeded an overuse of the first person.

There is a gulf between its contents – listed by dry titles – and the sight

That it conveys: the ground is ambidextrous, it offers more than one  
light

By which to visualise. Yet this impression is a worn fresco from

General admission, which stucco flickering as a half-heard missive

On the same leaf-lifting wind.

The consensus is that new decipherment is needed for the barely  
glyphic

Script of events and ungentle being, a stranger pen writing only in

Freshly dried ink, voiced like a commendation. From this position

The sound is unimpaired, alone unquieted, and the exclusive illusion

That it cannot last. We are called to participate in all that

Endures; it predates out interaction, offers a climate for wholegrain

Crops, all instead of the previous vistas of cloud taken as summits.

The thread moves along now-charted waterways; reception is no

Longer delayed, where passages read like conduits in consequence,

And no ambiguity in article exists.

The above suggests a component of endurance must be a sense  
Of the invisible in order to outlast almost all eyes, but this seems  
To be the tautology that things are different posthumously; we are  
Not evaluating in the appropriate vocabulary. Slender willow reeds  
Draw me back to the matter at hand: the earth tolerates many lees  
Sustained elsewhere that come with the realisation that the wind is  
Ahead and victory is scored into uplit trees.

## *Blue night*

It takes a vacant beam to discern mellow cyan clarity  
From cloud cover on a blue night; shall we adopt the same  
Principle in distinguishing deeps from shallows, or even  
Its more critical converse, making light of a name  
In order to brandish the apt pedagogy aloft, to city  
The receptive air with words stronger than written.

By sight the hand is unaccustomed to the pen it holds  
Yet doubt undermining response is somehow repelled –  
Inspection reveals there are extra features to the terrain:  
Canals, mines, outcrops read by the eye like scrolls,  
Symbols of a gentle renaissance in the shallows,  
And untamed revolution amongst the prior silt  
Murking the deeper regions that feel no rain  
Until the same question asked of the sky applies.

## *Ward*

I am comfortable with the silence into which you speak,  
Worded so to be rudder-like, landing on a double layer  
Of reed so that what elapses beneath the surface is  
Minimal. Stilts maintain a distance between the earth  
And the ground, a distance surpassed by sieved water.  
The flow of heat is sideways in a terraced congregation  
With only outward insulation, blurring of community.  
We humbly cling to the moving thread and learn that  
It is upward, structured, passing over untroubled seas  
Since another ankle has already felt the toil of the waves  
And, driven tree-ward, has pronounced my self.



## *Nearness*

The pattern of exposition, apparently unangled, reads  
Diagonally across the page, written in a hand jagged with  
Conviction and inseparable from the prepared feast:  
Unmistakeably a dialogue.

Some lines drift unaided, abetted in the crime of communication  
By no-one; they form a rigmarole played out under the mast.  
So much of the effort is invested in weaving the fabric for the  
Sail; assumed from evenly sprouted crops, now become  
Garments for the wind. And such a wind. If I am cryptic it is  
As a byproduct of wonder, a personal key  
Asymptotically unnecessary along with all its fellows,  
Forgotten when caught up in the tension of the landscape,  
Which is marked by the open-mouthed flow of the rivers  
Gathering their strength to return to the source of their  
Propulsion, flicker in new lights: they are estuary-near.

### *Christmas verse*

The very concept of sovereignty,  
Conceived for final sacrifice,  
Was bedded on straw like kindling  
To char the frenzied offering  
Of all uncertain symmetry:  
Now all is weighed for He who  
Plucks for you an unabridged  
Channel of wholesome life  
That is through Him refracted.

## *Citizen*

The horizon-line is banded, stratified  
By a sediment branched into behind and  
Before like a tree-line forested on both  
Sides of the divide. There is an onward  
Search for chapel-quiet; leaves in the  
Process of falling enter formation of an  
Arch, carry their decoration intrinsically,  
And discover that the light is following.  
The grey seeps as a watermark at altitude  
But the space is untided: subject to impressions  
Alone; it endures beyond pane and principle  
Leaving a citizen of those cloudless clouded skies.

## *The night watch*

### *I. Hence*

A wave-lined expanse ranging from alien to familiar  
And back again is part of the yearning for a voice  
To end the night watch, bring the wind to splay  
About a central figure, correct unfurnished remains  
To a dewy streetway with locality mislaid or unencoded,  
Presented with a paved fingerprint now set in  
Amethyst in place of royal tender, a wooden record  
Of holding the fast, and scored accordingly with  
Pen skintight to emaciated paper, tanned by distance  
And an unobstructed view – requiring a coincidence –  
Of epics in miniature, porously worded; the  
Unencountered is absent, the tapestry a forensic piece,  
Full-blooded by another's finesse, hence there is no  
Space for indistinction when clarity is untimely offered.

## *II. Curiosity*

The steeples take on a different character at night  
Like wearing allegory to a masquerade to subject  
Pages to a form of ornament plastic to the curiosity  
That animates upon them. The contact is marked  
By relief, taut in definition, and voiced by a common  
Quaver found according to position along the divide  
Between fiction and what passes as fact. I see it  
Now along the migration route: albatross bearing  
A pilgrim aspect under starlight unobscured by  
Constellation, tracing veins of skybound mineral  
And drawing them all to a lonely timber fascia.  
The skein is resolved, falling uncomplicated,  
While spring is liberated from the strings and  
Finds itself at midsummer already, a harvest of  
Abstinence. Every day is a festival lit by conclusive  
Rays as the night watch is abruptly ended.

## *New year's eve*

A front is ahead, indicated by a starless before,  
An oblong stage is presented with cloudy furrows  
Demarcating stalls from seats, deeps from shallows.  
For new climates, old meteorology suffices for  
A time before a novel sense of weather demands  
A stricter diagnosis; the rain-clouds could, say,  
Precipitate in a moral tone, allow an ethical  
Irrigation to take hold: shifts in behaviour change  
The choice of crop, and preclude the later stage:  
Uninhibited flow from summit to leigh  
Gently cleaves a tor; light upon light,  
Brilliance in locality, unfurls different  
Buds to face the same weather as before.

## *Floodlights*

### *I. Flood*

To be reminded of the sense of being anchored, the feel of  
A vessel carved in sandstone, labelled with a glimpse of a name,  
Able to produce wakes – even a sense of justice – can grate  
Like its parent sediment in a fruitful friction. The offshoots,  
These maverick strands, are inattendant to the central plot,  
Remain a quirky Guildenstern, aloof and bewildered in equal  
Measure as ultimately a ruse from nature. The cupboard  
Of salves is dispatched in favour of a stronger remedy: to  
Linger in the chamber of forgiveness seems no foolish thing,  
Not coped but studied and comprehensively explained;  
Dismissed by the subsequent footsteps away, better informed  
Of the taste of honey. Not fooled that the dawn enjoys  
A resurgence, the heather testifies that it is part of the  
Self-same process – the familiar brightness – undistracted  
By the burning on the moors, the equally familiar melancholy  
Routines. But there is residence in abate – a temporary stay  
Becomes prolonged – and hence the first flood begins, the

More detailed response to the precocious call of self.

## *II. Lights*

Fog was dwelling in the circuit that, obscured by bricks,  
Simulated sunrise in a winter-drawn evening hastened  
By the tighter inclination of its parent season. Instead  
Regard appraisal that pushes past synthetic skylscapes  
Forced upon the eye – floodlit in that the only light for  
Reading is found in the shallows – but takes the  
Salt-clear water on board as passenger, declines  
The musical for the instructional and finds it stirs  
A melody regardless; illustration here is not enough  
But delicately wrests an intangibility to earth.

Return to the honest floodlit sky and find  
A purer spectacle; the seer is unconfined.



## *Sapling*

Inclined by a notion of seaward, reeling into the interior  
The characters realise that they cannot be independent  
Of one another to form a readable line, a furrow in ground  
Foreplanned and planed along its contact with the air.

Enter a tighter narrative, where an unfixed sense of  
Displacement is key to the plot, mirror-edged. At varied  
Paces the pistons relax, allowing the newly released  
Geometry of the situation to become fully-fledged.

A gentle extreme is reached; the height of the summit is  
Irrelevant so long as it is unshaded, and hence is fully  
Pressed against the sky, commending its ascent, granting  
The incline a farewell lilt faithfully free of sorrow.

The humus has expired,  
The roots exposed, so  
All that remains is for  
The peak to grow.

## *Vividly plain*

The pathways, even those that inwardly resemble tunnels,  
Splay lightwards with the curvature of a shepherd hand,  
Attracted by the same compulsion to which all media are  
Alert. Permission is synonymous with pursuit, occupying  
Both ends of the stave and burning with piccolo-light  
Footsteps entirely safe on the earth that is not earth on  
Which they land, leaving the periphery beached, as  
Furious roots scrabble into the jealous soil unhoarding  
Its alphabet onto a tongue designed to speak it in a voice  
That can only declare and explore the air like a script  
After catharsis has been attained.

Not a matter of relief, but etching cast visual  
By daylight, best perceived at fullness instead  
Of any partial phase, when the dust splinters  
Off its prey; the frame is optional and, with a  
Hive of like-truths, this becomes vividly plain.

## *Stage and shadow*

Centre-stage is vacated, producing an impression of  
Emptiness, like the murk of portraiture in absence of  
A face-like figurine. But this is only the anticipation:  
My genealogy of exploits is overshadowed by a single  
Sanguine garland, my under-shade stimulating growth  
Only in collaboration with the greater canopy. And yet  
The bit-part player is accredited as a full protagonist:

His word cuts through and to the bone,  
Marking a recipient of hand-tilled joys.  
Through direction gladly not my own  
I am upstaged; applause a hardy noise.

## *Forecast*

A thistle wept and a carousel came to life

Suddenly, its threads grew animated as

Its desire to remain unnoticed subsided,

Occupied in a different formation like

Unforecast cloud cover.

Their juvenile roots lay claim to the land

But their claim is buried amongst the

Submerged forestry surveyed by

Roots alone. There is no peak or cleft

In such terrain, no space for a fairground

To till and uplift the parish underfoot

With tense and well-lit beams, muscled

Out in a local set of measurements.

After time the landscape is unchanged,

Only the skeleton of the justly taken

Ground remains.

A single icon, made in wood, that is

Flesh and bone and light itself harbours

Written progeny from which the shell  
Is refilled, the land reminded of its  
Provenance and the carnival resumed,  
But now entrenched; forecast.

## *Setting*

Hands are placed on roads not meant for feet, the response  
Is warm like cardamom; it feels intrinsic, supposed.  
The last dabbling of an amber sun marking out the end of  
An episode; the setting sea, the cloud-wafer, is serrated,  
But still here is solace in media res, garbed more quietly  
Than the sun, quiet from its constancy that cannot go  
Unheard like some crustacean myth; involuntarily  
Enthralling instead. One tries to push beyond the artifice  
Of illustration but finds that one is exchanging media –  
Chalk for charcoal, or any higher device – and the model  
Is amusedly unmoved, presenting all-spice to the recipe  
And not only the meal, completely unencrypted yet  
Leaving space for discernment guided by taste  
Rather than by chevrons scrabbled over by hands  
As language intended for feet or wheels to read.

## *Blue night revisited*

Surroundings, masked by signs of recent excavation, host the  
Pedestrian need for motion, the stylised fracture admitting  
The same omission: the absence of a different sort of within  
To which the ground is receptive – finding the inclusion  
Reversed, the treasure at home – because it is bound to reflect  
The airways like some dormant creature assessing the silence.  
Finding oneself without is the prelude; not some tidal flaying  
Of circumstance, but a round impact of the gable tolerated  
And unprotected, for being subject to the downstroke allows  
The central directions to take hold. This blue-nighted Easter  
Day sounds an end to undergrowth, a rejoinder to the canopy  
That cannot exhaust its forward excavation, its utter role.

## *Every valley*

The glass is frenzied in its depiction, yet the sun pivots  
And, as the morning ages, the animation is unmistakeable  
Making light of the task of rebuilding, what was once  
Foreign is commonplace, the land is bladed with uplifted  
Palms – unfooled that gesture is only the theatre serving  
The greater work. Even the bricks are extracted from the  
Same earth in a different way: their part in the conglomerate  
Is not passive, they can be placed innately to their origin  
Like Dutch brick, except their riverbed is not so seasonal,  
Nor the guardian forestry forming a transition from the  
Source to the platform, a preposition allowing the language  
Of abandonment to meet the established stonework and  
Furrow it, lining the shade it subtends but not diminishing  
Its heat; that comes from before, from incubation, and now  
From onward steps in the harrowing work of likeness.



*On finding a dead hawk-moth*

On finding a dead hawk-moth, its attempts at  
Impersonating a predator – elevating itself in  
Nature's esteem – now at an end, I am reminded  
That my own attempts at imitating ascension  
Are unreasonably tangent to the course plotted  
By a different navigator; they conspire for my  
Good despite their intended direction, become  
Ceremonial carriers of subsumed earth, clearing  
The bare and catalysed space for reception.

*An attempt at plain-spoken verse.*

## *Undivided*

When wood splits, exposing its inner architecture,  
It is comparable to slender branch-tips dissected  
By the evening overlay; pastel supplants acrylic.  
Strange how a slight alteration in hue grants the  
Eye some leverage to work with, departs it from  
The clinical air of deco and shapes an emotion in  
Response. Nearby, pieces of unpatroned land  
Complete an encampment; this undecided space  
Is jagged so that attachment – forerunner  
To nostalgia – can find some purchase,  
An epithet in mind, or some lines of verse.

### *Fire. Tender. Path.*

The plants wear their leaves like a satchel, enclosing  
Air in proportion to the business of their avenue. I find  
The entire route explored, each corner's choice of palette  
Known in totality, which asserts that trust is more than  
Decoration: we are past the stage of regarding eloquence  
As key, no longer enchained to the penumbra. It is time  
To return by continuing along the path well-known by  
Proxy, guarded tenderly, where fire blanches ink fallen  
Upon water-face in new lines replacing worn;  
Even our calligraphy is simplified, airborne.

## *Unobscured*

A sudden interlude gambled upon by past-contained light,  
Dependent upon the breeze as a lofty contingency: such  
Is the matter of allusions, releases a peal of understanding  
Between the earth and unfettered sky,  
A reminder that the current residence  
Is not more or less than a caravanserai  
And therefore not more permanent.  
Here I am not speaking of stability of footing: such citric  
Emphasis exposes the rafters of the cloud layer sedately  
Forming terraces or assuming dramatic attitudes; their  
Mode is prescribed but sometimes counter to the climate –  
Phrygian in winter, say – yet all is subject to an honoured  
Gaze, insight to which is unexpected and generous.  
Upon the bedlam of the afternoon  
Is bestowed a tight control, the evening  
Lifted to a state of proximity soon  
Dissipated but that the cloud is not  
So thick as to be able to obscure.

## *Movements*

Limbed by light, the fusion between knowledge  
Cast over earth, searingly, and movement is  
Absolute, exceeding even comparison in its  
Likeness; I am tutored by the truths given air  
To, they speak chorally and lead me likewise:  
I cannot move with you and be unchanged.

Gratitude takes place in movements, some  
Cherished from the litter upwards, all attendant  
To the surgery that has been enacted, read  
Into stonework, and exhausted paraphrasal;  
A glorious dissection into a straighter heirdom  
From which song and wooden machinery remain.