

## Begin

The house echoes  
a confusion of sound or clarity  
The still rug and two bodies  
half-lit        remote

It is plain the way that the hours sharpen  
and the blade of you unreachable  
Blood divides us, the rivers  
and pulsebeats  
The world ripening unreal

Entwined in the absence of syllables  
the punctuation of every breath underscored  
by a quiet lift of the ribs

This gulf is the opposite of death  
and time is a creature with fifteen heads  
and no heartbeat

## Begin Again

Will the man find his love dead or asleep?  
Will the sky be dark or light  
murky with fog?

Will the shadows arrange themselves  
convenient to interpretation  
a tall bird strangling a mirror?

No bullets can wound a shadow

They are the undrawn portraits of the present

A narrow line and evil does not fail to sing  
The Germans never really existed Folklore undoes itself  
is its own suicidal memory  
The aluminum shiver of  
so many  
recombinant  
childhood fears

•  
Love is a bright form of murder    It is what we cannot see  
endured like any intoxicant

A brutal wave of thought

Rest rest we shall redress the beautiful movements we  
shall learn to touch everything again

with fiery radiance and rockets of quick noise

hands like wind over the long grass plains  
all the tigers let loose at once  
We cannot hear    We cannot smell

And the adornment of the sun  
possessed a harpish glow a deep intake  
And each new evening brass and diamonds  
soften the purchase of wide green eyes

## Behind the Kindling Silence

Behind the kindling silence a girl's tears

the magistrate stern in his robes

footsteps retire down the stone hall

the wet heel of her hand against her cheek

the grey air the abyss

mating rituals of extinct animals

the hump and the spasm

a deeper silence

A shadow moves quietly out of the corner

the girl's legs as if they were broken

her open hands

'I could have told you how to make a man fall in love.'

Her shadowed eyes uncomprehending

It's awful

the landscape outside green and bright the trains still

black to walk so far

to tell you

behind her lips the rags of childhood

a lost face

a bridge of cries

the morning

she took off her dress and forgot herself

## It was a Rumour

It was a rumour  
that the great dark man they all suspected  
had been after her

A little red blossom on a thorny tree  
His hands were bleeding  
and she stared at him

A crescendo of thunder  
collapse of the sky beneath the rain

And they hid together  
in an empty barn

Her brothers scoured the landscape  
a train of dogs in the farmland harbour  
Cornfields washed away

Her mother listened for her  
knowing her little heart as if it beat in the air

And she turned on her side  
away from the long heat of his body  
and began to cry  
Infancy resurrected  
just before it disappears

He held her shoulder quietly  
and listened to the rain  
The end of the world a long time in coming  
The morning an unfathomable distance away

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At his arraignment  
the girl whispered into the microphone  
some uncertain murmur of love  
A niche of flesh  
and in the waking light  
the position of her deepest want  
given away in the newspapers

The easy intervention of one history within another

Because when he recited his crimes  
his only defence a puny parachute:  
'I could have waited to marry her,' he said  
'I could have drunk more wine.'

## Interrogation of a Small White Room

Don't approach me  
the clandestine sun

and what the soldiers wanted was their father's return

permission  
to interrogate the sky

a churning under youthful skins  
Clarity of your pupils  
the well

afflicted eyes avert  
Don't look at me

I am a fever

and for the last afternoon I open my mouth  
and you place a skinned plum on my tongue

I caress your fingers  
your strange front

words in the water words like subtle fish  
swallow the movement of the wave against the sand

diminutive

your heart comes to know defencelessness  
lead forward out of the frost  
a hand in your hand  
in your hand a wet small hand