

M A U R I C E S C U L L Y

Ballad

the expletives

Stop.

Walking through
leaves on a hilltop
was being will in

balance tell valency that
chance is a hand (step)
spread in the light, see

shade you don't
dread/thread where
you are/a long

time thing
shining
but

not a word

nervure of a fly's wings
to blur the lens, difficult,
working through, watching,

taking note, watching, puzzled,
delighted, in a presence
(never anything by rote)

beyond sense, sentient.
Black green

blue

all of the welkin well despite any
petty personal grouch under your
spreading canopy and—

pick an apple from a tree,
apologise—

like a bird
flit but

not a word

difficult. The broken
pieces the spoken
pieces

fleet mother
of like-
ness

twisting a glass
in a tunnel

the whisper-movement in the grass
quill-scratch trickle-piece
(click) but/The speed

the light, the space. Even your next
conception of the. Height. Of a.
Glass wall stops.

Not it. No. Move... a long life and
a quick death brushed by the
rhythmic wash of the rain

the rule is the pieces to wait for
the right moment
the pieces

the echo-places where the
smooth spaces
between

the eye of the net and the eye
waiting and taut
and

a love of watching a flower
matching the sun's face
following

a blackbird's silhouette on the last
branchtip note-bits finely
mapping the place/but

—clouding, clearing, clouding—
does teaching really
exist?

—stop—stand back—let me see—not a word—

ripples slip across the
surface of the glassy
water where

the flat stone dropped from
its flight from
me

to mark the spot in the lake
with precision
tact—

site normal, nothing to report!
cling to the lattice
in

a shattering rain of
names
and

part-names beaten out of/eaten
out of meaning
house home

and that planned future
mortgaged to your
systematic

Friend at the Bank downtown as
the Furniture Beetle's
audible

rasp over your head under
your very nose
busy/but

not a word—

stopped

ink to the paper dancing
vanished thy besy praier
in speciall

lift up your heart
and sing

*wingflash/finprint/loves-in-
the-storm/between
minute*

*& brief, & back,
the leaf arguing with the light*

where the rock splits in a palace
of despair-places shock
of mountain avens

taking my pen thinking to
put it down again

often

and pausing to having the real
eyes for and still not moving
a nearly not knowing yes

a lightning chrysalis

acrobatic
bright
cone

to the centre (infoliate
quiet) of quietness quietness
giving way to quietness

opening, entered,
spring/neap.

Drop.