

## Rain

Any number of incidents blurring the tiny peaks. Believing our own eyes watching the image, the fine film, the regular wedges. Watching what I see I feel uneasy suddenly because of the. It's the fragility. It's because Of The Fragility. Nobody else. Tiny dry gulch overhung with palm and cactus down there. Prickly Pear/Indian Fig in flower further along. Further along the eloquence gets dangerous... History-whispers, emotive mutterings, *do ghlam nach binn*. Ash-tree, crab apple, damson, hawthorn, bramble, the delight spreading, inchmeal. Click.

That was his life. After so many years away from it to read again the names in that language, his language, as any, anybody's, a "dying" language, a Braille following the mind to the spot where the finger tips, older, colder, bolder, more hungry, descend. To *nóinín, neantóg, bainne bó bleacht, feochadán, sabhaircín, fraoch*... It moves and flits. Bits stay in place.

Bits recombine. Bits underpin then vanish in the argument, *fite fuaite... An tosach, ar deireadh*.

Is one negative presented in the dark. The rains break on the tin roof, peeling a piece of bark to get the smell of the tree feeding, the imminence of storms, the next page turning, a flicker of lightning—graphite, cork, dust—just as the substance-strata stagger to the music when everything's evanescent in its timeblock before going on to pretend that. That the meaning of meaning (split) matters.

## *Responsibility*

Step into the wet garden under the leaves  
of the sycamore drenched in honeydew.  
Enter the garden by the black gate  
in the green hedge. The book is a  
paper object out of place in the garden.  
Contemplation's OK. Who placed that book  
at the back of the wet garden in this ardent  
picture of abstraction? What is a holy day  
in this context? Whose shadow is that  
in this nook? Without contemplation, zero.  
Ah yes. A mesh of surface tension. I mean  
a web. Of green of blue. Mind your head.  
And then something else.

A drench of energy crackling along the  
fibres on an island within an island,  
bridgeless. My father will die not knowing  
I lived as I did because I. But. Even  
here. Telling him. Listening for the  
no-answer that's always there. Telling  
him. What's my pen doing down beside *that*  
crevasse anyway? Deaf in the icy air  
another deafness burns through to where  
the vulnerable skin is bare. But that's not all...

## *In the Music*

Suddenly I could hear  
distinct each wingtap that  
a butterfly made quite  
clearly quite a way off  
coming this way

then about & past again  
around my head while the street  
I was in to amuse my son  
with a racquet & ball  
just as suddenly developed

an echo it never before had  
taking what I thought I was  
saying stopped by a web under a  
windowsill the (three-one,  
two-four, tap) the/this—

it's in the language, yr pocket,  
the back of yr head—silk-dab,  
paddle-dip—taking the  
sounds & giving them back ship-  
shape quietly into the world

where the waters slap & fan:  
a pink hand in a red cloth  
polishing a brass plate on a brick  
wall: DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSE/  
“Do you like it?”—

the/this spider failing with its  
prey sailing away, music,  
dance, winning out again (post box,  
gable-end, walltop) anyway.  
Write to me soon. Do.

# Fire

I was walking through the rain with the electricity money in my breast pocket, head down, past cinema, school, shops, houses, hotel, church—grey, greyblue, black—mist rising, Tuesday. Out of the sun in the red dust by the rondavel my daughter can do all the clicks of the language. Palate and alveolar ridge, energetic young tongue chops the breath-cells. Baroque fog. Recitative rain. Hope. Look! there! a Language Poet grins and flickers in the ghost of svarabhakti in the west of Ireland, risk misting the screen. Pushy, pugnacious. But there's no murder in my heart today. As I was saying, I mean, more lyrically speaking, and years ago, and elsewhere, of course, if still part of the same tune, and moving, as in a whisper, to the main events, this

*silver black sometimes lime the trees  
& all the time the roof of the annex  
is bright silver  
the top surface of the oiltank silver  
an adjacent roof greysilver greyblack  
as silver flies move quickly  
through other colours  
& back  
where everything that can gleam  
instantly can darken too.*

*rain pelting resistant windowpane  
wind on the roof  
& the narrow ceiling over where I am we are  
taking the trees  
talking to the trees speaking peace  
brushing the outer structure of the house  
kissing the wound of the cut tree  
somehow crumbling reforming not ours not despair*

The malachite sunbird by the minaret plant by the window, the  
flower  
of the Victoria Lily that locks the feasting beetle in.

## Point

Love plants peace. Not a catalogue of manipulative fairytales. The sky gives back. Gable-shape, tree-lines. The way the sunlight is, the way it comes down through leaves, and spider-silk gleams and doesn't suddenly, between lightly moving branches in the morning to be still. The order of the stones in the wall beside the yellow dust track magnified, the insect ready, then away over and through a light dustfall in the sideways breeze gone but, very small, is noted. *Gósta garbh-Bhéarla*: brief spillage of birdsong. The first second. The others are different. The others are written down. *Ah whoom* goes the orchestra, *spang* goes the Giant's buckle, *wisha-wisha* go the trees in the grove. Hope, it is hope, and a glow without a name, Mary, envelops all the places we've ever lived in, been to, but never—*let the cloning begin!*—presumed to own.