

3 Poems from *Several Dances*



Maurice Scully

Parallax: On Vellum

Moving in quick-time its thin
body pulsing & searching
a little fly lands on my open
copybook moving towards
the letter “e” & a full-stop
then away quickly opening &
closing its shiny slices in silence ...
Water moving by the bank
& further out over the weir
black-brown white-cream
a fish breaks sky in it
rings repeating outwards our
words out towards another
over light invisible breeze-parts
slapping the sides of the corridor
its glass listen listen its glass case
sheet steel each minute a shiver

in the grass three drops on a wide
 blade run together ...
 I went to university for ten years
 & learnt nothing. Got a degree.
 That teaches you that nothing is
 something. I place a rock at a
 cave mouth. Who knows what
 it is, but it may get out. Trust me.
 Moving over the water & the
 water moving. One cherry petal
 on a snail's black back. Scratch
 & cross-hatch, dip, dart then flit
 through air-streams for take-off.
 Is that the sound of your hand
 on a page I wonder the very
 name whereof may peradventure
 drive into every head a sundry
 supposition/hey, where's my
 pen? Capture-strands, surface
 tension, rain pellets on taut silk
 reeled in. Just last week I got a new
 one, here we are writing with it now
 & it's ok. In fact, I like it. It flows along.
 That's what a pen is for. Slap.
 Yr glowing bristles in the dark,
 yr temporary arrangements in the
 larger Temporary Arrangement
 of interlaced overall design, pits &
 peaks, a piglet upside-down blowing
 on a chanter in the margin, its
 tune mute, moving over moving
 water, ripple & twirl, working,
 walking, working, walking off.

Heart

You watch a dream pause
 over a pool in a forest
 under a breeze rippling its
 surface reflections of inverted
 branches & a patch of sky where
 one bird flies by, upside-down.
 Let it slow down.
 Down.

A train is moving along.
 What stations are we coming to
 now? It feels like a late station.
 Clack of wheels on steel on
 wooden trestles that creak as
 the carriages go by slow through
 rocky overhangs somewhere
 on the outskirts of a shadowy

small town. Down. Out past
 Self-Dramatization. Moving across
 teeming alleyways, uncinat appendages,
 the wavering varieties & all their little
 dots out there where a clock stops at
 twenty past two. Twenty past.
 For an intervening year or two.

Where a herd of sheep & goats –
 bells clonking, pebbling the village street,
 snapping at greenery – pass by into the shadows.
 Gone. Wing-flap. Birdsong, tree-song, floated, tilted,
 moving away on its own scrap of independent energy
 where everything lives, however briefly,
 beating its one small heart. The person
 at 4310 does not subscribe to this service.

This session cannot be continued
at this time. Barking little chants
of love. How did you ever end up
making so many calls to call them
in yr twilight years-years (Please
try again later). And gimme the
voice-mail blues.

Years.

All the covers
of these books
were designed
by some guy
called Raw.

Why?

Minuet

This is a day.
This is a moment
in a day. This
is the point of

intersection of
a moment in a day.
This is its noise.
This is a series

of flashes. This
is a further series
bled into crevices
& burnt back on

to each other – like
 that. Crackling
 densities: one view-
 point wedged into

another & stuck on
 a plinth. Hang on a sec:
I'll get it. Threads
 meshed & taut &

the fabric bound
 down tight &
 wet: today's date
 & place – tomorrow's.

The next. Click past.
 Listen. Listen.
 Listen to roots grow
 into crevices of

what must be let's see
 yr name & – ah yours –
 & yours – a tin hat &
 a hard neck –

all those small vowels
 nestling among tough
 consonants

chipped & gnarled
 those pools of isolation
 among rock that swirl &
 dip along

the world-line
then flow on
to strange locations
in no time at all.

This is an ikon.
This is the way that
it shimmers. This
is its surface.

This is that surface
split open where
each split blisters
& each blister figures

a little as it were
canyon seen from above –
far – human limitation
(limitation limitation)

gimme the Huuuman
Limit-ta-tation Blues –
delve down then into
its jagged cracks –

shadows – spikes –
splinters – delight –
process. These are
the bits that stick.

One dewdrop
colliding with
& merging its
music into two

others in a tiny
tattoo of imagined
sound as they
swell & fall while

lines of bright
dots on a thin
apple skin here
fan out from

its black stem.