

A Kind of Transaction

When he spoke, the words seemed
to lie as rivers across the plain.
Heavy & meandering, lying in
pools of light.

When the wind wound through
the trees, the wind spoke of
autumn. The scent of small
animals.

We often walked over the
clouds, in our Italian deceptions
& muted fears, as the sky
shone against the heavens &
the wind howled all down.

You expect a memory, often
in the summer evenings, my
sister & I lay, mouths
open, tongues awaiting precipitate
upon the cool grasses.

Her speaking to him was
rather, a kind of transaction
between untrusting politicians. A
speech cast upon the waters.

Yet, dripping with envy, my
love, your fingers were above
anger & the lesser emotions.
As your mind rehearsed
in surfaces, in a tension withheld.

Leith Morton

The Broken Sky

The light, she reasoned, could be
Broken, & perhaps sold. Dismantling
A sky into various shapes; there
May be a dolphin's fin; there
A mandrake's tooth, over there
A small book. Reassembling
Them into a collage, for hanging
In front of bassinets or from a
Tree. All the
Work was located in the pineal
Gland, which itself
Shone a slow luminescence,
Grey shapes. In that way
The sky was replaced by
Partly blocked photographs.
She could see only a washed
Photograph, a lean image
In the mirror.
Taking off her clothes was
Walking under another sun. The
Sky here was a grey gauze which
Choked, not like air, more a
Mesh. A metallic carapace
Suited cloud more than a jacket
Of blue. So haze like
Rust over the flaked
Back of a large undefined animal.
Its grunts & snorts passed over
Her, the earth, holes in
The grey night.

Leith Morton