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 bassinettes 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