

Fiona Sampson

PATH

Breathe

Trees deal
deal come up flickering deal flip-flap
leaves on a dark cheek.

Dark

grasps lighter dark

whereas a path
(you throw out a hand to scratch)
is making space out of itself space

opening its side:

wound which is not-tree

where the green breathing of trees
the lurch of space

Where your hand going about murders dark

the sleep of space.

Your hand

refusing.

Where white is an hallucination

elder flowers are white gasps O O
opening like stings.
Everything drunk down to the ankles.

This is the not-taken
where we are
Trees flickering like candleflames
the path
open-close of reluctance.

Breathe

*

After-sleep space between the suddenly
mechanical eyelid and world:
*after a weekend's drinking I feel the depression
like a solid thing.*

Gestures,
turns to the left.

Voices in the dark.

A child sleeping under the coverlet of voices.

All night, arguments in a train corridor, bang-rattle-
pop of the compartment latch
ne razumem. Explain

couplings hinges ratchets pivots busily

explain cables and bolts
scratch-scratching against skin.
Explain the length of a night-lit corridor vowel-ing vowel-ing.

The deep beauty is in fracture.

This is the way shank fits
to groove. This is the black oil

which is everywhere and not.

Za-zooom. Under everything *the long retreating roar*
the long retreat under silky grey
under fields like groomed fur coming towards you
and away Over, over and

spending

Explain says the child standing at the window,
her breath making morning fog.

*

Blue-blond of headlights
making and unmaking darkness

like a jigsaw
(your hand under Grandma's)
on the hall table beside the rose bowl.

In that house
light here and there with its ruler

car engine closing its wings

while woodland moved
over the grass across the stream moved

its thick fringe. Look

Up and
up

