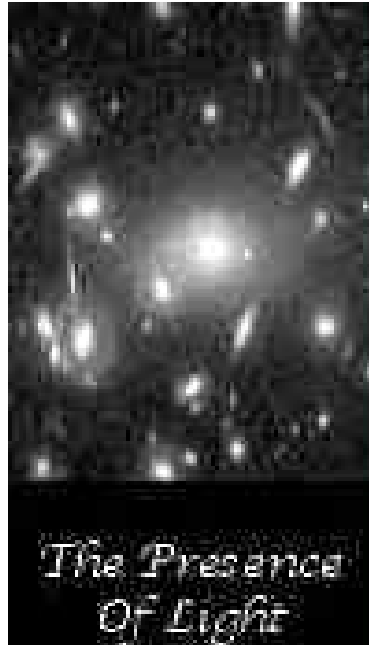


# The Presence Of Light



Poems by A.S.Kline

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## Sacred

Sacred,  
given  
in the light,  
years do not count,  
inviolable  
the creature,  
your origin,  
say,  
say the spell,  
you know it.

Say  
nature,  
heart's beauty,  
heart-heavy  
pain  
of her going,  
say  
the given  
not made.

You take

her life,  
the lives,  
look  
in those eyes,  
see  
the mind  
behind.  
No sanction,  
no god,  
your choice.

Say the star  
listening  
to light,  
say it.  
Say nature,  
from the incoming fall  
of time  
to the slightest  
nothing more,  
say her.

All one ridge,  
one line  
of comfort,  
one intimate  
valley,  
one mind  
many forms,  
generic  
warmth  
in the great bowl,  
dark space,  
place alone.

Sacred,  
given  
in the light,

not made,  
inviolable,  
say the spell  
you know,  
say.



## Process

The repeated  
hammer of bone  
in the air  
process.

The rage  
of the body  
then silence  
process.

The flow  
as though  
it were mine  
process.

The listening  
the say  
the word of the hour  
process.

The child now,  
it too, I too  
nowhere  
process.

The sun

the grey  
beauty  
process.

This real  
thought-word  
sent onwards  
process.

The eye  
dark as a leaf  
eye-bright  
process.

The hollow  
built, given, spoken  
taken now  
process.

The opening,  
closing, eaten  
sweated name  
process.

The rose  
of lipped petals  
swallowed time  
process.

The merciless echo  
of every sound  
in the spirit  
process.

The crystal tree  
of immaculate growth

its clusters  
process.

The windblown night  
the perilous lisp  
of touch  
process.

All things  
grief can see,  
all things joy,  
process.

The repeated plant  
of us  
deep in the earth  
process.

## Names

Names  
eliminated like suns.  
Nowhere  
eternal.  
Power of the inflow  
echoed, reflected  
until when.  
Involved fire  
speaking in sperm, spasm  
the ghost-words  
reclaim.

Names shattered  
broken like suns.  
Spewed out ash  
stones  
the stair we climb  
other lives  
interlaced  
open our tongues  
live in our shadows  
drive us  
to mountains of fall.

## Nature and Form

Earth  
being here  
being dead.  
Part  
learned  
part.  
Be as  
you are  
become as.

A star,  
the now  
one  
energy.  
Nature and  
Form our  
refuge.

All past  
the dead flare  
the said.  
The leaf,  
leaf  
shines.

## Silence

For the tongue, the lips, the mouth,  
the throat.  
Silence.

For the shadow in time's courts, the face,  
the bright one.  
Silence.

For the stone, the stem, the stream,  
the branch.  
Silence.

For the wound. For the blood of the wound,  
for the eye.  
Silence.

For the bone, the fall the white  
moon-gifts.  
Silence.

For you. Silence. For time. Silence.  
It burns.



## From

Came from the air in a flash of fire –  
the true  
came from the mouth in a gasp of air –  
feeling  
came from your hands – kindness  
from the speech of your eye.

Sensitive – the ghetto of names  
the tabernacle of thought  
it calls together the mind,  
names it – empathy.

Knows, it knows,  
enters, it enters,  
is one, lives there.

Gentle – the wing the light as the dance  
dancer, the nurturing arms, the tip  
milked the door entered,  
calls it, calls it, kindness.

Give, it gives,  
share, it shares,  
creates, makes there.

True – the hand, the outstretched hand,  
the armed, the far one  
standing over the stars  
honour it, truth.

Holds, it holds.  
Defends.  
Waits. Is there.

Came from the spirit clear the eye – the true  
came from the soul in a breath of pity –  
feeling  
came from the hand, your hands – kindness  
came from the hand, soul, spirit – mind.

## Beyond

Beyond the natural  
nothing sang.  
There was the Moment,  
all time, Energy's space,  
the Self, there were others.  
Beyond the real  
nothing sang.

Beyond the creature  
nothing felt.  
There was the sensitive mask,  
the nurturing spine, courage.  
Beyond the creature  
nothing felt.

Beyond the form  
nothing shone  
there was integrity's line,  
harmony's detail, luminous.  
Beyond the form  
nothing shone.

Beyond the living  
nothing grew.  
There was the leaf, eye,  
there was the wing.

Beyond the living,  
nothing grew.

## Tongue

It is what expresses itself  
in the curve of your hands.

It is.

It is what expresses  
the beyond-human in terms  
of this place.

It is image, the hole in the lamplight,  
a mouth that a mouth occludes,  
and discards what does not flow,  
pour, from the night  
to the white pole  
inside you.

It is illumined skin's  
eternal blemish, cherished,  
and the core  
of the heart  
called mind.  
Freeing the word.

My mouth opens the petals'  
depths like a bee  
with the tongue's stamen  
until you accept this speech  
a wordless

body.

It is  
what shows itself  
in the shape of your eyes  
in the curve  
of your  
hands.

## Body

The harmonies of a kiss  
reverberate in the bone-speech.  
An ear against this  
cathedral hears the  
angels of process.  
Between the wired borders  
a frosted no-man's-land,  
between poles an equator.  
The burial fields throw up  
stone rows clothed in soil,  
disinter faces and limbs  
all a shadow becoming  
hover half-seen.  
The cells contain time's prisoners.  
This falls from the sieve.

Near to a scream, the eyes flicker  
organs of non-seeing.  
The head can hear itself.  
Its sources shine over and under  
the surface of roofs,  
there are seas and moans.  
It can hold itself in its hand,  
it can stoop and travel.  
Night and day cover it.  
Under the slow permitted paths

other quick ways shiver,  
poured into it, being,  
taken from it, itself.



## Real

Pick it up between fingers,  
the formless.

Hear the inaudible. There  
is nothing to see.

Touch its skin with your eyes  
sweet vision, the evanescent.  
Taste the pure undemanding.  
There is nothing to know.

It will come to you without  
asking. It will wait.  
You can hold it, or put it down.  
It evades your intent.

It's the flower that may  
have no scent at all  
where you bury your face.  
There is everything to be.

## Mind

It builds a corner for body inside  
in which it sits.

It is time processing space.

Filled with scythes it winnows  
the moon-words of stars.  
The dead fields emerge.

Through it the railroads of termini pass  
the cuttings and tunnels.  
Past becomes Future.

Under it senses tie the net of knots,  
cast for invisible fish.  
The waters quiver.

It grasps at roots in its own soil, uncovers  
iron and gold, bones, ashes and rocks.  
They shimmer and fade.

It contains all creatures it fails  
to recognise. It feeds  
on naked truth, a lance of steel.

In its depths empathy, loyalty, loving  
float. Over it hangs violence,

selfishness, others turned into things.

## No Less

We are no more alone than we ever  
were.

We are no more transient than we ever were,  
gods and eternities never were.

We travel towards the bowl of the stars,  
the forever opening cup of the flower.

We are no more separate than we ever were.

We are no more human than we ever were.

We move towards the sensitive  
loving truth, the half-recognised  
not yet clarified ethical form we created.

We are the creatures no less,  
when will we make them sacred?

We are nature no less,  
when will we make it sacred?

We are empathy, nurturing peace, no less,  
when will we make them sacred?

## The Temple

Nothing is dead  
that we resurrect  
only changed  
slowly changed.

How time dies out  
through us  
and is  
regained.

That which was once  
considered the god,  
or the angel, now  
takes place in us.

Here where we build  
the temple  
deeper  
inside.

## One Flower

Blue speedwell, chamandra,  
strike-fire,  
out of the heart of the ditch.  
Blue constellation.  
As though  
a fragment of galaxy  
caught by the lens,  
intensified.

You too are time,  
captured far back,  
projected here.  
Strike-fire,  
blue speedwell,  
germander,  
eternal,  
flower of the ditch.

## Re-union

Mind, that split us from the creatures,  
returns us again,  
the long arc falls back into Nature.

See us in them.

Rooted in earth, as we run for the stars,  
no immaculate birth,  
just this birth of ours, being.

## Origin

So deep, your empathy,  
a sensitive tendril  
that clings  
to the heart of pity.  
This was where we began.

So rich your nurturing,  
a flood of creation,  
that flows  
to the heart of knowing.  
This was where we began.

So pure your courage, honesty,  
loyalty to love,  
that burns  
from the heart of being.  
This was where we began.



## Aesthetics.

Clarity.

What leapt out at us,  
startling integrity,  
uniquely become.

Harmony.

Complex, the detail, humming  
the relatedness hive,  
ah, organised seeing.

It shines.

Luminescence. The deep,  
the human, implied,  
marvellous mind.

## History

We were the light of the creature.  
We were.

It shone inside us,  
inviolable star.

A circle in which we sat, a ring  
of true being.

We were the sacred heart of the creature,  
we knew.

Part of the one continuous ocean,  
the one sea of fire.

Cascade, thinning down, sieved down  
to the given not made.

Till this remained, a whole history  
changed into spirit.

## Clothes

Inside, a naked creature,  
awkward mind,  
used to this womb,  
needing its comfort.

The surface worlds defined,  
signs and symbols,  
the world of denizens,  
the world of sheep.

Nakedness in the unclothed world  
is nothing special,  
dumb flesh un-excites,  
the primitive adorns.

And this can be made to flow  
or hide or show,  
this companion of space,  
that covers the mind, time.

Inside a naked creature,  
inside mind,  
softly, carefully,  
revealing its presence.

## Not What You Think

What I write is not what I am,  
that is private.

The saddest, the sweetest songs  
are made in joy.

The happiest singing  
from intolerable grief.

Writing's the deceit  
mind hides behind.

Just when you thought you were closer,  
I found myself receding.

Every confession  
magically invents its story.

And our own lives are tales  
we tell ourselves.

## Truth

Not where we thought  
but from curious asides.  
A tree fell wrongly  
but exposed the roots.  
Forgetting, learning, starting again  
to see with a clear eye,  
always beginning.

The surprise is only so  
if we cling to superstition,  
to institutions  
we follow, believe in, join.  
Our unique solitariness,  
that we are self-created,  
a gift of nature's confusion,  
is nothing unusual.

When the mind is free  
the body is accepted.  
When the world is known,  
we are ready to start again,  
with the sacred given  
that should bring us joy,  
and the core of our being,  
that should bring us love.

## Love-Song

You are the eye of my silence.  
You are the lake of my stillness.  
You are the stone of my remembrance.  
You are the shore of my delight.

You are the morning and the evening,  
and the sweetness of beginning.  
You are the meaning of fulfilment,  
You are the mind's deeper sight.

From this lake-shore, from this silence,  
from this solitude of evening,  
from remembering and being,  
I will raise you to the light.

## Earth, A Bird

Earth, a bird  
asking nothing,  
not a symbol,  
free-floating.  
Earth, a dove,  
a blue feather.

Moon, a bird,  
giving nothing,  
white abyss  
of the senses.  
Moon, a mouth,  
a pale singer.

Earth, Moon  
wind-flowers  
in night's  
last forest.

## The Presence Of Light

For the presence of light  
for its place in your life  
for love, gratitude,  
in the name of the word,

say to me all of it,  
all of the pain that comes  
if I speak to you  
in the name of the word.

In the time, in the truth,  
in the spaces of light  
for courage, for pity,  
the name of the word.

For the power that flows,  
for the moment that dies,  
to become the new moment,  
the name of the word.

Loving is loving, and kind  
is kind, no violence, no  
object, but you,  
in the name of the word.

For the beauty of light



for its place in your life  
for pure empathy's flight,  
in the name of the word.

## Secret

Vanish slowly behind  
the events of your life  
don't become them.

There is a silence of freedom.  
There is inviolable mind  
in the space of the dark.

Cast a veil, and obscure the root.  
You are not what you were,  
move on beyond.

Bodies do not define us,  
the shell of the earth,  
we are the fire.

Move away silent  
behind the face of your life.  
Secretly become.

## Clear Ground

No more half-thoughts, ah,  
a space of becoming,  
so much of the error destroyed,  
the trails clear, the air.

And Nature returns, pure  
and glowing, sweet and indifferent  
a form full of our eyes,  
the given not made.

No more half-minds:  
into the Moment, the flow,  
the Individual place,  
the space where Energy passes.

Look for us deep in the core of the creature,  
look for us over and under your feet,  
look for the true, sensitive, kind  
in the nurturing heart of the creature.

Let us have detail and light,  
empathy's deep luminescence,  
the movement of process and time,  
no more half-life.

## Stones, Flowers, Light

Your hands, stones, flowers,  
light, your hands  
beyond us  
climbing  
the night,  
so I helped you  
there  
to the source  
to the lost  
origin  
always present  
with hands  
that see.

In front of our night,  
repetitive peace,  
the sound, alone,  
of the sweep  
of a world  
blue  
into yesterday,  
we found  
our way,  
looked there  
with hands,  
your hands, stones, flowers, light.

## Listener To Winds

Alder, the secret name,  
guard, mask, conceal.

Blackness of night-suns,  
cold of the star-prison.

By the willows of Helicon,  
enter my silence.

Ninth is the hazel,  
wisdom in sweetness.

Almond the bitter, dark  
tree-core's messenger.

The flight of the heron,  
is the kite's high quivering.

And the hare in the furrow  
slips softly through light.

Smoke-glitter of silence.  
Listener to Winds.

## Eternal

We are each other's death,  
we are each other's life.  
It shines, eternity,  
void of meaning.

There are the words,  
that we climb to,  
grobe through,  
to where is brightness.

Through fern's green,  
air's fire, the lake's  
dawn-light, clouds,  
pain of the wound.

We are each other's death,  
we are each other's life.  
Void of meaning,  
it shines, eternity.

## Presence

I was the silence of the nettle in the  
hedge.

I was the stillness of the butterfly's stone.

Through me the glittering waters ran.

In me the bright star, moon, shone out.

I was the charger of ditches, the mid-field  
flower,

wheat ear, black ridge, wood of memories.

I was before time, after love, I was  
between the leaf and the stone.

I was the soil of desire and design,

glade's sound, birch-tree's beauty,

heart's counter-pulse, earth's language.

## Core

Dig yourself into the darkness of gorse,  
there is nothing to be.

A stammering blue fills with uninhabited  
stars: they are downwards, ringing.

You double the note of the flute in the pine,  
you go swimming over the stone.

We have woven a fabric of our affections,  
the silence forgives.

Time is the nothing we hear, this slice  
of light, this pole that blossoms.

In ourselves guard the secret: dig  
in the darkness of gorse, circle the core.



## Shard

You make a sound for me out of the  
stillness.

Your light is blessed.

This universe slides over my eyelids,  
the blue of your seas.

It is done, eternity, the transient  
life of the double realm.

A shard of the stone, and a root  
of the tree: destroy or deliver.

You, in the dark moor, the star fall, the eye  
of the wind, your light is sacred.

If I could reach to you, not be here,  
dip down to the silence of hours.

## From One

When the form is done  
find the new.  
All is inside us  
when we wake  
we see the line  
try and feel it  
find the new.

Life and death,  
birth and pity,  
are inside us,  
Nature outside.  
We could make  
eternal worlds  
of what we know,  
find the new.

From one mind  
all is recovered,  
from many,  
luminescent detail,  
look outwards  
through the universe,  
set courage, love there,  
find the new.

## Beginning

Pours through heart's energy  
into mind's cradle  
the power of the root.  
We are beginning.

History's not ended,  
only illusion.  
The gods, not us, are dead,  
and the angel inside.

Say Nature, say it,  
see there, the values,  
wholly within.

From the dark pan  
the light,  
choose, choose  
the true, sensitive, kind.

Pours through time's energy  
into mind's cradle.  
We are beginning.

## An Age

This was our form  
half-light and assonance,  
rhythm not rhyme,  
and the inner music.

Ah but you have to  
be listening closely  
to hear the hiss  
of the stars.

This was our shape,  
chaos then meaning,  
tremor of feeling,  
distant music.

We walked over  
the footsteps of giants,  
to find the first creatures,  
and were what we were.

Here was the origin,  
clarity, light,  
luminous harmony.  
This was our form.

## Metamorphoses

We came out of time  
and became a voice,  
and earth a tongue  
water and trees  
sun and creatures,  
deep in the rock,  
high in the sky  
of light and air  
of time and space,  
a voice.

We came out of space  
and became a mind  
and stars a mind  
stones and leaves  
moon and birds  
deep in the sea  
high in the night  
of truth and love  
of beauty and care,  
a mind.

We became space and time.  
We became voice and mind.

## It Will

You became  
part of life and thought,  
part of sky over us,  
soft, quirky,  
earth-loving one,  
children uncurl  
in your eyes,  
white stars fall  
from your house  
between  
Jupiter and Saturn.

You became  
part of what I know,  
you became  
part of streams and tides,  
the glimmering flower  
of human spaces,  
values no right mind  
opposes:  
wrong minds will go,  
peace triumph,  
mind  
and what's between.

## The Goddess Who

There is this poetry  
of the earth we have to say.  
Oh, you would like it  
different maybe, other.  
But there is this cadence  
we need, so our children  
will remember,  
that despite it all, we did see.  
There is this mystery,  
when the goddess who  
does not exist  
comes walking  
and rests her eyes on us,  
not a hand on a shoulder,  
but ironic, quizzical challenge.  
She comes from inside  
which is also above,  
don't be confused  
by directions.  
In her hands, earthenware, clay.  
There is this something  
about the earth  
we have to say.

## Yours

I would like your music.  
It feels like mine, my music,  
which is more a flute note,  
more a slap of wave on rock  
in a motionless bay,  
more star-fall, seed-fall,  
stem through crumbling earth,  
more, a more evanescent,  
vague troubling intelligent music.  
I would like your music.

It sounds like mine, my music,  
which is more grass,  
leaves, shifting in quiet spaces,  
more earth-fall, day-fall,  
bird cry through miraculous light,  
more, a more mindless  
mindful, soft, private music.  
I would like your music.



## **Mind Will Be**

Sing of the space of fire,  
complex discreet desire,  
all the white sound of rain  
in the heart free of pain.

Nothing created us,  
sing of sublime chaos,  
beautiful randomness,  
no meaning or regret.

Sing the real infinite,  
what will release us yet,  
from earthbound littleness,  
love will deliver us.

Mortal, and free to be  
part of eternity.  
Mind is where we will see  
all this transcended.

## Once And Always

Say it again. Say  
what I lose to you is  
a word, freedom,  
say how I bind myself  
into the shadowy net.

What we trawl for is time,  
blue-black, glittering,  
to see our process  
uncurl in Nature,  
strange as a wasp's eye,  
to see it reveal us.

We fuse: we turn  
towards the spaces of kindness.  
I enter you  
the cells of life  
and close the doors.  
No reason why, us,  
but us, forever.

## This, I

Sunlight on turf, night water  
brimming the pools,  
the intimate leaf  
turns on a current of air,  
dances, shows now,  
flickers, retreats,  
green solitude.

Beauty of solitary mind,  
it shines, ah, intellect,  
you can't break it,  
love still informs it,  
warms the cool  
touch of truth, sweet  
self and universe.

Earth, so old, young,  
cold-fire, melt of stone,  
all the blown stars.  
Sun gyre. Spiral  
on the ecliptic,  
this, I,  
nothing between.

## Fire-Thoughts

Pellucid, inviolable light,  
you reached down.

Both of our, all of our  
fire-thoughts trembled  
as mind trembles,  
it was the sigh  
song of you in the air  
sound of the night above,  
over the dark stone  
the pale wave,  
the seminal sea.

And your hands  
that followed you  
into the dark  
of your fingers,  
sinking to deeps.  
That I am there  
is not myth, is light,  
is fire, falling from eyes  
hands, blind hands  
of light, that thrust us  
into the earth, into its flow.

## Open Secret

The truth was there  
all the time,  
open  
to sensitive touch,  
quickly closed,  
the quiet,  
the loving eye,  
saw it,  
clear, of this world.

It was not above,  
greater, beyond  
or darker, just deep  
and quiet as the rock,  
as the rose, silvered  
and silent.  
Mind saw it,  
a light, and named it  
a part of this world.

## Night-Hour

It goes on. The night-hour  
of Nature's silence,  
the sacred, the given not made,  
it goes on.

A ring and a light  
and a fire in the leaf  
of true energy surrounds you,  
and courage becomes.

As still as the breathing sigh  
of a star over cloud,  
the branch-boat  
floats on the stream.

It goes on. The empathy  
of arousal, the nurturing  
eye, unhurried,  
the knowledge of love.

Shines. That harmony shines.  
No more. You are no more object,  
violent indifference, selfish untruth.

It goes on. The long,  
barely-dispelled half-taken breath

that breathes out of mind.  
It goes on.

## Glimpse

But what I saw in you  
was Mind,  
ah yes, all the other,  
true, the beauty,  
but above all,  
what I saw  
was Mind.

And what's gone  
matters only  
as the depth  
of what goes on,  
is what the word  
sang  
all those years.

All those slopes  
grasses, seas,  
all this earth,  
if in silence  
you see it.  
I, seeing you,  
your mind.



## Days

Days when we touch it,  
that so complex  
turn and twist  
of the pattern,  
eyes of  
the stilled tongue  
still opening,  
moon-orbs, fire-flies,  
reach down  
into the arcane depths  
of the revealed earth  
and lift the stone  
the bone.

Truth has no dates,  
no names, evades  
our attempted lies,  
dissolves,  
our language,  
to say it again  
in water and cloud.  
You know  
those inexpressible  
days,  
when we  
touch it,

almost touch.

## **Flow**

Glistening, gleaming,  
the air above the palm  
of your hand, is the stream  
flowing down green valleys  
round the green hill  
cool with shadows.

Shining, the tenderness  
the sensitive tremor  
of your dark and bright eye  
is the light flowing  
from the edge of mute cloud  
the wide rim of landscape.

Glowing your speech,  
and the brave kindness  
of your word's deep trust,  
is the water flowing,  
down rock-grey channels  
through curving valleys  
filled with sweet leaves.

## Violence

The dark fields are violence  
the dead words are violence  
not seeing the beauty  
in empathy is violence.  
Aggression is violence,  
destruction is violence,  
indifference, the making  
of objects from minds  
from people, is violence.

The tower of pain is violence,  
of hunger, of suffering is violence,  
blindness to the given, the sacred  
non-human, is violence.  
But clarity, harmony, peace  
are not violence.  
Beauty, integrity, depth  
are not violence.  
Creation, nurturing pity,  
they are not violence.  
Love is not violence.

## Heart-Slopes

Open the edge of light,  
between hedgerows,  
into my silence. Grant me  
the right to walk in your valley  
over the green slope,  
morning and midnight,  
till I reach the ring of stones,  
and the well  
of heart's memory.

There the stack and the turf,  
ruined chimneys, the tower,  
and a landscape of air  
will grant me your key  
to the shattered black reefs  
to the emerald sea  
to the fork of the cliff  
to the high slope above  
morning and midnight.

I'll root in the bright earth.  
I'll watch from the cliffs of light.

## In Time

After the denial of values,  
the assertion of values.  
After the wasteland, the earth.

After the selfish, made and paid for,  
the given, the shared, the free.  
After the darkness, the sea.

After the last repetition,  
the true creation, after  
the depths, the clear air.

After the deaths, the hatreds,  
the foolish beliefs, the voices,  
after the tower, the silence.

After the denial of values,  
the assertion of values.  
After the wasteland, the earth.

## Canzon

Sacred,  
the sweet laurel,  
in its closed valley,  
a green flow  
from under a cliff edge,  
the breeze, gold,  
the light, form.  
The dark silhouette  
as chaste as the depths  
of the glowing rose,  
arrows of light that  
enter the flesh.

Love, Death,  
intricate dance,  
through the green bitter  
evergreen fire  
of the turning year,  
pain of that storm  
where a shattered boat  
clings to the shore.  
A slight figure  
a pointer, a sign  
on the path,  
not an end.

## Strange Clearing

The deer-prints, the owl cry,  
the fox-tracks through snow,  
the heart's ache to see  
those far blues of intricate  
never-trodden false horizons,  
cloaked hedgerows, and lost roads.

Animal silence is beyond us,  
we make names, we hunger,  
can't sleep by cold creeks,  
or savour time, its caustic,  
or deal with no possessions,  
un-possessed, can't be free.

But crusted leaf-edge  
bright with ice, night, star,  
concentrates soft fir words,  
wraps the warmth round us,  
in un-walked, white alleys,  
in strange clearings.

There the wild heart gathers.  
We make names, a language.



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