

Inside to Outside

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To Rilke
whose work always heals me
and helps me grow.

*... become the magic at the crossways of your senses,
be what their strange encounter means ...*

Sonnets to Orpheus
II:29
Translated by David Young

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Inside to Outside

Opening

I gradually find myself
 reaching for you, those of you
still looking out.

So long as this world spins,
 knowing best
its own tone, this thin wafer of us

drawn in a circle – we jump
 to look,
itching to the beat

of such separate stories ...
 Voices we have heard but differently.
Variety might come

inside a colour. But I can't stay
 inside too,
to help carry one corner: it teems

yet another breath beckons
 and maybe
we'll make some sense

in our chess, our chance ...
 I see someone's life is bent
into a question mark,

awake without an answer
 which
will gradually be felt –

my life taking its shape,
 the shape
taking its place.

I

(Figuring)

Mould

I am the still sometimes put hyphen
 between *non* and *fiction*.
Or I tremble within it, haphazardly boring

a way out, falling off its end only to
 swing from a thread and crawl on its
 underside, easily, spinning back and forth

between its buttresses. (I'm that small.)
 If I stake all my dreams it's only
 not to lose my way, the view I've tended to

chip into, the sky stretching out loud
 when you're part of the furniture.
Even after the sun ups and downs and after

the phones are put to sleep, the day's
 wounds are picked and licked and our
 ghosts tempted back in or out. No need to eat

but I'll weave a fudge to cast about.

Concentrate

What grim hardness it takes
to get into shape, form a breath
from fresh or stale air,
the old blood seeing new
and slipping out.

Ink spills. My hand it cut.
It can't hold a pen
yet the drift is vital.
Why plug, stiffen, or agilitate
this cycle of reach?

I would extend a foot
past the edge of my mind's eye.
It acts as a diving-board,
for a moment I'm unground
and sinking.

The sense of this stays.
It won't dissolve entirely
but the taste might change
to become unpopular,
as a guess is.

Shift

Privacy is a monastery –
you didn't know, didn't want
to know how much

I've cast and cut away,
this life and that, pegged upon
a different hand to strike

only here, paged in time
and left in time, ghost of another
couple of lovers who wake

to seek and find to explore,
not what they don't know but
what they do, now less

a mix, now again boring
into a habit of mine, one I
wear without you.

Angling

Who cares, give up, give in, breathe
and begin again, anywhere,
any thought, bounce from cost to cost,
say *no*, say *yes*, say.

I care, come here, look on, feed
upon my home, it moves,
spins, picks loss from life and asks,
needs a course, tops a course.

Why care, fall away, say away, watch
not and know another knot,
stay there, sound fair, soothe a sense,
be a part, parting off.

Servings

My mind is lucid
senses tremble on a drop
a new music arrives
lifetimes shuffle off to sleep
fingers crook to write

I wait on each step.

Talking takes time
a fly buzzes by.
Maybe I'm amazed
figures guess during chess
words play in trust

voices jump.

Eyes change at night
a painting hangs still but trying
a swing swings empty
this piece is tiring
love comes and cries

I stop to cook.

Broken

I broke my heart,
it wasn't working,
I've wandered off here, wandered off there,
I was split so I split it more,
I broke my heart,
I'm not asking.

I broke my heart,
because it drifted off inside my head
which drifted farther off,
I'm telling you this to help me,
I'm not asking it anything,
the heart I broke.

I'm waiting, waiting,
for its urges to collapse into me,
for it to house me again,
my tired legs, my never-ending thoughts,
I'm telling you this my heart
so faces stay beautiful.

My heart, my only,
I'm just as sorry too,
wandering away to let yourself return
is how broken I am,
speaking in restless dreams,
calling me out.

Notice

I see ...

you must fill the gaps in,
in this life before you,
given and upon you,

this empty space
speckling with a few squares
to cope by and harbour in –

even they drift
and shave the day away –
as life gives life unasked and needy

but lets you lay some holes
along the way,
and you zip them up,

perhaps capturing a gift
before being
replaced ...

inexactly.

