Several Dances

Also by Maurice Scully

Воокѕ

Love Poems & Others
5 Freedoms of Movement
The Basic Colours
Priority
Steps
Livelihood

Tig

Sonata

Doing the Same in English

Humming

A Tour of the Lattice

BOOKLETS

Prior Certain Pages Over & Through Prelude, Interlude & Postlude Tree with Eggs Work

ART OBJECT

Numbers [with Coracle Press]

E-CHAPBOOK

Five Dances

CD

Mouthpuller

CHILDREN'S

What is the Cat Looking At?

Maurice Scully

Several Dances

(for voice)

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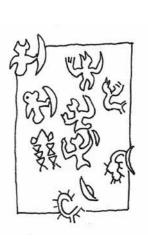
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for Bob & Daisy

Sunlight is on things.

Frank Samperi



On a Light Ground: Eye Dance

Dapple of mother-spider at the centre of its wet web between a hedge & a trellis. After work, the

wait. Place your foot there. Then place it there. Pitch a rock in the pond: hear that

difference over there. I-me-myself are moving forward

forward

to that left behind, through air, to that placed shimmer ahead. Forward. Carry your spinning circle, a drop

lands, little by/connects [pendent speck] reverberant. Hold still. I do. Move. Stare. Are you ready? What? To cross

which pattern a/pattern a/ [black] ripple of leaf-shadow over those books there restless surges & retreats

smooth fluid undulations that move across a vase sketched in to burn carefully across representations of small flowers on a curved ceramic edge complications. Pause. Meshes of energies made visible. A calm [autumn]

morning in which pollen or a calm autumn morning on which a drift of rich [yellow] pollen, a calm autumn morning

'outside [the community of] our perceptions' in which outside ... which ... I think (dab)

a fossil horizon, a dust horizon, a mud horizon, the recent rising of a nearby river, another fossil horizon, one on top of the other

(small paint-marks on my palm, wonder-swirl skin pattern, red giant, white dwarf)—yes I

think I'll live here for a bit not across no but along. One. Border. Forever.

On a Dark Ground: Work Dance

past a postage stamp stuck sideways to the side of a bookshelf going nowhere in particular just now

past memory-flashes in tight dark tangles open to the least access of light stopped formally in code in ink on paper in rows [blank]

wrapped up in stillness & expectation &/past a weather here then another there passing beyond past-future (coil'd)((2, 3))(together)

weathers hitting the roof with a red herring once in a blue moon white as a sheet in a black mood on a red letter day & so on a

jumble then two more (one ornate—one spartan) take note coming all

the way down to treetops laughingly referred to *as.* past that through several nests one in particular I remember *oh* down along an

uptilting branch through the bark the feathers the downy warm woven against the storm past that sun catching green cloth

through glass here we go thorns spindles twigs new & autonomous additions to the world not representations of it cackled an elderly stretcher behind a canvas all dried up scrap that sip yr tea Cranach the Younger Scully the Unsub-

missive a tiny scalded insect from a desk-lampshade for instance to the page-top until *he was wellloved* yr very breath disappears it

holding the falling world *he was* well-loved as an artist and as a man holding the falling world well. who is that figure turning into

the doorway to go? a skull remembers embers to re-invigorate me-me-me-me-so. I'll deal you plastic squares of the Absurd while

you shuffle the Possibilities-ofthe-Ridiculous over there, okay?

done.

intent at desk in shed. relaxed at table. reading in bed. working. dreaming. breathing. drinking tea. spearing fish spelling it out won-

dering wandering pondering weaving a willow basket or two on the damp riverbank billows of mist over water at dawn. rules:

the ludicrous. the fragile. the indefensible.

give me some money. give me some money to live. I'm willing to work. I'm willing to work well. I'm willing to work well and apply what talents

I have to the job. you will not get all of me no but then I'll not get all of yr money. give me some money. give me some money now.

Lyric: Bal/ancing

It's resolved.

This is what you need: the wheels on the road go then—then—then.

I draw the line you do too it's a blackbird on a rooftip addressing

the neighbourhood where all's in place moving apart & disappearing leaving a trace.

How's yr hearing? Pressed to the paper ink wet softest at the apical bud

rend-

ered into

alpha-

bet out of

the mouth

&

memory

seed-

pod

burst & ...

& stones settle into their foundations in silence again.

Watch them settle (no talking please) down here well.

Mountain Railway: Gavotte

Drop a pebble in a pool: listen to it. Its blue glistens. Black-gold-black. To glint, tremble, stop. I turn off the radiator, turn on the desk-lamp, sit, start. Here we are. Soft pulses of light threading a small hollow to contain the main phase in a fibrous nest & the next move, the next move, one true shimmering altercation. Then see. Oh all claim that. Then don't. Let liars work, enough is enough as they say (vexed proof), into their own dark trap. Drop a pebble in a pool, bow.

You plug the kettle in, hear it boil, is that the phone? Cup, spoon, milk. Good. Do you really know then what you're about? Say: work-shadow by screen-glow, here is the chorus that throws us more than (Who?) we can ever predict, crest on crest each ripple moving out carries light into its next receptive fold. Two crows fly low following their shape exactly in the clear sheen of the wet sand spread flat [tilt surface to reduce glaze] underneath upside-(beat for beat)-down. To land. Hello? Yes? By the wave's edge. Holding a lit match, its wavering apex, glint of sap below the heatline—each decisive moment, each precise flick—drop it in the dish & go.

Now.

Miniature

```
Listen: sip coffee from a china cup
still alive
look
good
[glass
good
luck
hot till olives
drop off that tiny tree up
there
till then. Still. Good.
Listen.
```

Tango

To know every branch of those trees beside that house & to climb each one as a little boy & linger up there, head in the sky

2, 3, 4 swaying

so that

in the year of Possibility, first Month of Release, fourth day of Abjection, if we step here, then there, then return & repeat that, tap block, here, look, step, too, there, feeling, wheeling along—what then? Thumb, middle finger, the little & ring acting as light supports to the wrist moving in its bony balance holding the stem & point inking across to thought & eye in a world placed bright way through.

Then what? One.

One year later into one year later into step by step it would seem the paper to the pen laughing, sip tea, said, think, feel the tension in the wires relax—your notebook on a pile of books open at eye-level slant-wise changing your writing to meet it nib-level to paper. Blunted blades, powdered shrapnel.

Then step down the corridor—underpaid cleaning staff spirited away—with a click of your steel-tipped cane & a dance, through time, why not—one-two, one-three-two-one—& (at the Moment of Impact & Passing Evidence) turn the lights off on your way out. Okay?

Then