## Maurice Scully



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# Five Freedoms of Movement 




An old house absence of sound trees
moss wildlife that feeling of surface
over surface with smooth spaces between
inside/busy the sky in the sky
in the stream moving
sunshine after long rain and a rich smell
rising from the steam
from the grass
a propeller on a wooden frame
taking a breeze's fancy over a hedge
in a field
nobody for miles
except one thin white line trespassing slowly

right forefinger held over left forefinger and holding right lace under left, left forefinger to switch left lace under right connecting right thumb compleating a twist; then forefingers and thumbs of both hands to pull both lace ends in opposite directions with equal force: there, movement one.
Now right forefinger to press on the twist, left hand propels left lace to right forefinger slips around laceloop passing to right thumb left thumb pushing through looplet under loop one to waiting right thumb, which pulls. Finally, both right and left forefingers and thumbs to grip again giving shape, and pull in opposite directions force and this time still equally, but also, forror, down: end of second movement, firstgo


It is disappointing to note that you have not responded to a previous communication inconnection with your account and that you are coptinting to avail yourself of unauthorised credit.


When
waiting begins
begins and
rain drops to the rooftop
that rose to meet it in the first place yours you find yourself rising - rising through time-tables
condescension in the corridors interconnected room-theories underground - to go -
go - the baby in the cot
caught waiting in the first place one and multiple, calling, breathing, abating, recalling, making that brief space breathe; for you, encircled, wide-eyed, moved. Cling to the lattice.

Where a building is broken away a broken support juts held down-pointing by thee floorboards broken at that point
 and shadows against the wallpaper that once just and under the brick cavity where a fireplace in a first-floor room
kept maybe the place warm.

Unless payment, with interest to date of payment, is received within ten days from the date of this letter, proceedings for recovery on instituted against you without further nowe


The soft down in the soft shadow, bright brown eyes, upcurled lash, smile scherzo but frail as the head tilts sideways casual even a bit/packing letters, stamped ends this way, to rotate on the belt the bones of the neck and jaw showing the skin, the tactility of the dance of ideas enveloped by a slower, bigger body-dance, quite small, sluiced, so many units that spark in the interplay attach to the memoryend: sliver of the True Cross, the Virgin's Milk, one phial, existent places, imagination (dog at large) addressed to pulped into to stylized and repetitive observance, Hardstone St, Wine St, Paradise Rgw, Misery Hill, round and round, stamp your feet! thgs Rasound, spaces in people's lives not gaps from post $<$ post sorted and evaporating under a pressiry kyow I can't preach but I did think, Pigeon was quite under the franked impression, the sque the blare and the tweedle, through quaint correxs of this look I think I wait! I......

mania: an abnormal elation
with overactivity and lack of insight.
The patient talks continuously, makes puns,
has euphoria and insomnia, is cheerful, arrogant and interfering, has flights of ideas one running into the next but easily distracted and seldom finishes anything $\mathrm{s} / \mathrm{he}$ starts; lack of control may lead to alcaholic and sexual excesses, obscene conversation and attacks on others. There may be delusions of grandeu


A brick or two against that broken door to keep my little daughter out. There. Rain. Twilight. That sound of traffic on wet streets some streets away sending a delicate intertexture of intermittent sound intact this far. And a baby's babbling. Intermittence. Tiddle-dum-dee. And a leaking roof. This too. Tap. And pattern : sitting down, taking notes, time, notice, drip, play, counter it though graceful bits fit over "the truth" awkwardly, don't they? (I'll retype this). Catch. Drop. Now baby's getting closer up corridor more excited (this end-room full of paper El Dorado) and I'm getting anxious for my work/in El Dorado. Three things on method: flexible, invisible, fast.

## Livelihood


for Mary




## THE PILLAR \& THE VINE

```
Rest
    happiness
    peace
why is the white so
difficult touched
suddenly
a tendril travelling
\& a leaf with it
hacks at
a pillar a gate the
facts chips at
plashes the
pillar at the front of
a house a hułdr
in rocks
the pirar vine
its cofy hite
wandering beyond the puny
into the light net
this pillar
this vine hard to in shadows
discard patterns that
smash their way
into yr face anyway to let go
the lattice \(\&\) as you've
seen it just as \& in
```

a flash you've noticed/frequency
times length/then smile
dropping ripples
onto a watersurface
where
tiny
eggs
fell
lightly
moving
in the
wind
edge of the

stopped
stone pillar beside
where to keep
putting
betterparts together
under pressure
against

Despair/rest
happiness/
then

```
(peace) in an access
of wisdom
sit
down shut up
the pillar
takes
the wind (times length)
whatever it was that
was possible to
```

be true to this difficulty
where $\mathrm{fl}=\mathrm{v} \& \mathrm{v}$
is velocity
the light in the heat
\& the Light Apart
from all
that too a
lands \& \&isapears
a goodre
years on yes (times length)
(good) the pillar the
vine
arched at a black dog
brown dog/in full/
the pillarvine
hacks this pliant
this pliancy
this young
vineplant attached
to the rocky
edges

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { of the pillar } \\
& \& \text { in a rain } \\
& \text { of names } \\
& \text { absorbency } \\
& \text { storyline }
\end{aligned}
$$

two-way
three-way
in section
vertical
cut across \&

white the pillar
the soft the
light
vine then just
don't think
don't
look don't
brea-
the.

## STONE

```
Suddenness of
the end of
things
of that end of things
freaked with jet
as if
a penpoint purred
then
it
did & thunder thundered:
NOTHING! at the
gate
```

gate

```
```

mass(|)ve far \& dispersal into the
(mesh of
(|) patter $+\mathrm{n}=$ )
has gone to the edge of need
has opened a book
///has closed it not I can tell

```
you things I can tell you this littleness
this door opened
or at least it swung on its hinges if that's not
quite the same reversal of the next thing which take us
home pleaded the dice inside tight on the floor
\& whingeing which I did against a slight
wobble in the ra \(\&\) my ber
judgemer
amethys - ruby -
small chipped
(/) script
(padded envelopes
to padded cells)
\& a
few clichéd remarks
about memory \& love
(eyes)(go down)
weedkiller + the
withering dry
what-not
```

of the plot (\& across)
(reading) I who
could never
read you of a sudden
reading yr
stone
reading yr
stone.

```


Take one, turn two, tack two, catch. Five. First bit.
Then switch over, jump. Hop twice, pitch twice, catch one, shout. End of second bit. Turn Death. Under the Circle of Life.

It's a long trek.
With a hoop.


Hammer tapping the root of the place
sick of the slick weary of theory
ball peen cross peen mark \& trace
the Glass Slipper \& the Tooth Fairy.

\section*{the basic
colstars \\ 3archman's log}


I think yes
I was touring the lattice
now that all the little cars were grey
ah yes he said she said
hey they said I'm
we've got a new book out
have you seen it
they said
quick! bus red notebooks in your
pockets I it's about
it I think they
said it's about
disparate/desperate
battles of a lifetime
(love, death \& the rentman)
fading/phasing
I could barely with grea
hear then
just the lips ef in the)
that aggressive g
Elsewher ferce
bric-ä
the night-the rain-
the mistakes I make
the delight to find in them
interstices
\& to make that too a delight
all that
to listen
to look
to you or else
one-two
where ash trees' leaves go
back \& forth in the breeze
then stop
then show back again
undergreen silver over shadowgreen
under light bright new leaves
on top
waving
tap
I was talking to you were
saying
our minds...
the dance
the cars had once been blue in the dust.
Books \& non-books.
Poetry (space) "is an activity
not a body of reading."
I wonder how the Gem School feels about that?
Click beetle or skipjack
everything wrapped up snug
in the importance of its own name
in a copybook
but when things get done
without prattle people pratt

we did it.
Invisible bedtrap
āttōrcōppe
illusion of a whisk
brushed off.
Then ... Robert Frost on a motorbike
in the snow hearing a sinister swish
of conspiracy on the fire-escape
growls
you cruel
heart-carrier I
feel myself about to
until a burst of the best possible
otherwords out of the blue
changes everything
(spider: weaver)
you were saying?

The wine farting in its jar.

\section*{Sonata}



In Swahili nyumba means back and mbele front but for Swahili speakers the front of an object is its far side, facing away from the speaker, and the nyumba is the side facing the speaker.


I

...the money I can see from here landing on the floor emitting little words is not for me [where's my home?
how house
my children?]
\& when breezes shake the leaves a little
they all fall over
into another country
evenly speaking
Utopian-Glass-Box.
oh I'll be there -
mouth wide -
interpreting off-key.
then I woke
moving fro hall
st hing hotel
arrangento us by
he school \& too
expensive anyway to what turned out
to be some sort of brothel \& then on
a few days later
on his insistence
to a colleague's place.
\(\&\) his collapsing
marriage.
drunkenness. fights.
a television
flung to the floor.
wed arrived - yes but not quite yet
to that distant spot of sunlight where to
disport our wings over a forest floor.

vines) then what?
gis a job - \& so -
down. (earth)
that.
land on it.
ignition -
back to the crannóg
for me...


> the angle of the neck the angle of the bill the angle
> \& elevation of the body the ruffling of the feathers on its
back \& the di splay of the tail.

swirl.
sculpt.
split.
dofheicthe
in braille...

If you open a door \(\&\) light hits the light on the floor but doesn't double it or fit. If you respond to her special look \& then it. If a door closes gently its tongue clicks shut ("shut") under-echoing along a hallway shut. If you wake in the morning overjoyed before a tide of worries in the dark. If the smell of rain in the air brings rain. If the Seamstresses of Steel become home-makers or widows at their windows at home in chrome \& leatherette. If a war begins \(\&\) then stops \(\&\) then begins again money \(\&\) blood pouring through - phase by phase - in gouts of/hey wait a minute - If peace is a gap within a gap. If a paintins fth to the floor then ... then ... //It should be creed Cascade - ode sac aubade - a glint of silver in ardm hen gone. Dwell. Fall. Time. Crushed butterflies. anping animal in a tree.

Tell that to the polic
This is the world.


Ah.
Your screen says no, says yes, says progress this way, no wait, that ... each problem yielding a new exfoliation of information itself ready to burst into further layers \& those layers further ... Tired, a sore throat. Tell me, tell me sweetly: I had melodies, then maladies - was it Xmas? - \& accurate pieces of language. Pip-pip. Yes, it is a blackbird across yr neighbourhood that calls, \& then calls. A child's voice, a child's mind ("Will my brain rot when I'm asleep?")
whispery verticals stab-slits tubular vivids draw past skin cheeks knuckles o must be in my other jacket
sshish go cars on wet streets
recuperating a blank below the moon device or something like \& obliquity in water
outside the calyx touch teach touch staying put my house collapsing cards on contact reaches home.

Ode sac - aubade - a glint of wisdom against the norm then gone. Less than no use. In that frame. (Hi, İm Miró, wing-commander Miró, haven't we met:) On the other hand, you turn to her for an explanation, \(\&\) seem to get the beginning of it. A Japanese basket peddler pulling his laden cart (a century ago) dwarfed by the enormity of the contraption, intent under his conical woven hat: that's you! she says, \& laughs. On the onhand...

Tig




I


\section*{[BLESSING THE ANIMALS]}
then
the spring-born population stays put in its region of birth
the Great Lakes of North America.
then
of the autumn-born population
\(1 / 3\) hibernates
while the remaining \(2 / 3\)
set out southwards
on a narrow unwavering route.
it's a journey of 3000 kilometres
down to south Texas/northern Mexico.
on arrival they gather in one or
valleys on particular coniffrs
in their millions
\& rest there till spring
\(\&\) mate.
then this immens izard of wings
begins tomer northwards
travelling in a mbre leisurely way
feeding \& laying their eggs along the route...
the train's shadow
flickering over the fields
the Monarch is a long-lived butterfly
each individual surviving approximately
one year.
their migration pattern is as follows

> a child nearby
> at a window
(migration pattern is as)
where the world tracks past a
very young child so happy so taken aback
she
sings. (follows) \& it beats
disclosing enclosing
flash! fold flash!
close slit show shock
blind shock black shock/light exuding over the visible

are as
follows.

\section*{map.}
patterns
\begin{tabular}{ccc} 
map. & stop. \\
count. & & upsurge \\
immense \\
white & & red
\end{tabular}
the need for flattened bark-dwelling insects to get away from predators on tree-trunks may well have provided the selective pressure that led to the evolution of wings - between rains we lay listening lay waiting - you know me...
rain on glass to the side of yr face

a door shut in a corridor
```

