Greek Passages
Also by Peter Riley:

**Poetry**
Love-Strife Machine  
The Canterbury Experimental Weekend  
The Linear Journal  
The Musicians, The Instruments  
Preparations  
Lines on the Liver  
Tracks and Mineshafts  
Ospita  
Noon Province  
Sea Watches  
Reader  
Lecture  
Sea Watch Elegies  
Royal Signals  
Distant Points  
Alstonefield  
Between Harbours  
Noon Province et autres poèmes  
Snow has settled . . . bury me here  
Author  
Passing Measures: A Collection of Poems  
The Sea’s Continual Code  
Aria with Small Lights  
Alstonefield (extended edition)  
Excavations  
A Map of Faring  
The Llŷn Writings  
The Day’s Final Balance: Uncollected Writings 1965–2006

**Prose**
Two Essays  
Company Week  
The Dance at Mociu
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ExoMáni 2002 (10 Preludes)</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argolid 2003</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argolid 2004</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ExoMáni 2005 (10 Postludes)</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bibliography</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
there must have been children sleeping
in sweet abandonment
as the unknown sailed into the harbour
and the world stopped

_Kelvin Corcoran_
10 Preludes
Exománi 2002
There was no journey. The moment we opened our eyes we were there: / the colours across the bay / the red on the blue / Trinakrian Sea, its / turning islands, and all thought of betterment in the world / Bringing trouble. That lives here like a stone. / Bringing upright posture, anxiety, and longed-for repose. That live here like the flowers of the mountain.

•
At dawn, a white light on the top of a mountain / things start to move / an old woman side-flank on a donkey, at dawn / wobbling up the mountain, picking over the stones / a Mercedes glides past, the light there / in her eye ever shining // Slowness of the dawn beetle / western promise / worth goat-dung.
And at evening the sky falcon stands over the bay / sun sinking into meaning. The lights go on in the houses / A man gets out of a boat onto the stones of the shore, walks over to the bar / and is recognised / A jovial shout goes up / embracing everyone, our welcome / A treaty is caught in the moment, and brought on into the dance / Slim as pencils, the leaves / throw themselves at the music.

•
Thinking simple thoughts, like a dawn bird in my niche
I / set forth, stepping lightly / walking the shoreline,
testing the stability / of simple things, words, stones,
against each other, the light radiating between sea and
mountainside the air hot as blood / the very living
blood that bears our histories.

•
Who was it, sailed from this harbour, who, / sailed out
/ together / Kelvin tell me / from this small harbour
that time / deep in the power / We threw all our money
into the sea // And what became of that / thing they
call love / what powers massed what quiet graves /
carried that emblem to the sides of the earth // Sea
surface tensed out, ultra- / marine against the white
walls, the wind ready, the boat edging out at the gap /
everything we ever owned / flung at eternity.
The sea noise ringing in our ears / the return a cadence of the departure or the song thus broken. Always at that opening to the whitechapelled sea the spirit enters its turbulence, and / little owls on the electricity wires.
Something almost forgotten, making possible a dazzling sanity / A buzzard swoops over an abandoned monastery garden in the hills, like a jet passing. ‘Whoosh!’ / Keeping an eye on the fig tree // Gods came this way and scored the earth / with our amalgamated desires / each for all / and the stars, struggling all day to get out of the sea.
Caves in the coastal cliffs, pirate storage or homes of acolytes, now bricked up / Tortoises plodding around in the undergrowth below // The geology down the coast echoing / the treatises of light, waves of soft rock halting against the void // Swallow at the door, sun’s red eye in the bay, compass leaves descending.
And such light I’ve never seen such light, all round us land and sea negotiating / over our blood, casting translucent banners across hard earth / Thin grey leaves fluttering, thunder in the hills, a new / wind across the harbour, the small boat setting out // The old women knitting in the alcove, keeping an eye on the mating rituals, threading the world into their harmony / The world watches, the small boat moving out across the wind / prow set for the world’s end / for a year and a day. / Small chirruping cries, echoed along the coastal cliffs.

•
Sweetly then / the whole thing / complete and / sailing away, singing: *Noë noë noë* . . . // Sings shouting: new, new born. // Welcome home, little turnip, welcome to the old song.