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Through Leaves and Fragmented Light

Jon Silkin

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and weeping father, divorce, the church’s legal knife. There were chairs and heavenly cups; a man, with unclenched fist blessed me and vanished; it was as if I thought I could not die.

**Through Leaves and Fragmented Light**

Through leaves and fragmented light the cricket flakes her shaped notes off wings. Crouching by a woman in pain, in the hair on my arm, on wood, or its faecal ash, she has made visible the idea for a spring hardened to tear, slowly apart, our bodies. She is not that idea: a contralto, her oily discs twanged into our lives. If what it is to make pain, what more

to clash this soft battering consequence, lyric percussion, a pebbled softly rattled water, that unfastens the two selves of one mind, to stiffened facing flighted wings. I search for, find your body-sound flickering winter in ash’s doldrums, the atomic drowsing in a hearth. And with you waiting is remembering, where none need rise in the dark. Tell her, it is so.

_for Margaret and Michael Mott_