

L'Orecchio di Giano 2019
Dialoghi della Antica et Moderna Musica

Ilari Laakso [1952]

WRITING THESE POEMS

*quattro canzoni su poesie di Chrys Salt
da Greedy for Mulberries?*

PRIMA ESECUZIONE ASSOLUTA

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foto Maarit Kytöharju

Writing These Poems

When all the words are congregated
and say "yes"
and the metronome tocks
to a beat I recognize
and the orchestra, tuned and ready to play
for countless angels poised upon a pin,
scrapes no chair and focuses
on the moment to begin,

IN

she will burst through the double doors,
say,

"Here I am!",

and here she is indeed.
So predictable.
So inevitable.
So precisely as I would have expected.

Punctuation

The Comma is a common butterfly.
It pauses on a leaf
finishing its sentence
mid air

At the Casa de Redolfe

Singly.

Spiralling down a plumb-line of gravity
a polished leaf

descends from the orange tree

We talk. Read books.

Beyond

the tamed and passive Douro dreams
reflecting on her reedy glass
all she consumed; a drowned geography
of farms once hoed,
homesteads and terraced vineyards,
olive groves, that drop to where
her turbulent original
spumed over granite in the valley cleft.

We talk. Read books.

Cherish the shade.

A dragonfly settles,
measures a turquoise inch of time
between grass-blade and grass-blade
as if in time, he could measure all of it,
afternoon by sultry afternoon
under the planetary oranges.

It landed on my page and I killed it with the Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry

A fly, no bigger than a crumb -
no match for me.

The very worst it could have done
was make me itch, but then it seemed
to me to make the world unclean.

And that is why it had to die!

Now on my empty page it lies.
Such little deaths epitomise
the cruel and senseless things we do.

I am sorry little fly,
I wasn't thinking about you.

Chrys Salt *Selected Poems* 1989-2007
Greedy for Mulberries