

no roof only sky.

You arrived by chance -
Kismet, karma



I'm the uninvited guest,
The midnight knock at the door.
Seeds blown into a fertile soil,
Dandelions bursting in the kitchen garden -
Taking root midst the weeds and the dirt.

I'm the rain on your tin roof



I fled, but you followed
With adjournment, first, North;
To find things
(like so many)
Never to be disclosed.

And as hours bled to weeks, months -
Your likeness set, unavoidable
In mental avenues filled;
Hoardings, posters, frames



Pitiless at the mercy of time,
As you yourself would say.
A line stolen from another, disguised.
And I, mistaking theft for artfulness
Imagining no greater triumph than
Preserving a moment, frozen
The bubble, impenetrable, of eternal now -

The world, holding its breath.
Hesitant, the membrane trembles.



And like that - a catalyst

A chrysalis. Or fern, budding to life
Light air; or rather, a blast of cool wind.
And realisation - this siumlacra
This sham
This grey veil-ed figure, hooded and sullen
That *was* - not is, nor shall ever be hence
Replaced by true thought, shorn of bonds of denial.



Roots buried deep into earth fresh turned over
Sinewy branches pushing into stone
Mortar driven from the gaps, onwards
As branches encroach
Years compressing to days as green covers grey



The sickening lurch;
An inevitable fall.



Anticipation;
Potential energy building
Unstoppable momentum,
Brake handle snapped in the driver's hand



There's a sundering
A cleaving, maybe - that great opening
Rusty key turns in lock, jarring
With thud of weight released.

Untrammelled self, and
The flood of the need
To record. To memorialise,
To portray - this, with irony
Themselves trapping in amber.



A shell cracks;
One home lost, a cocoon
Replaced by a haven of the mind, or the sensate.
I remember a story told, my head on your chest
Of huge, impossible music
Born from the sky
But - I thought, as your breath
held rhythm,
Those arpeggios finally looped out of phase
Victims, like all, to time's hand.



Moments captured;
Waves on rocks, pale legs trembling
Lips cold, first, then warm
A hillside in summer, rocks damp from the smir
Lighthouse sillhouetted, a sentry at shore
Minutes held hostage, sliced across time



My mind -
So intricate, watch springs,
Wound to precision -
Doesn't work like yours.

I remember totality
An enveloping globe.
All moments ceased past
The translucent skin.

Precarity.



The folly, of course;
A perennial flaw
Seeing change from within, ascribed
Sole cause from without.
Burnishing a halo, assembling a crown -
With you, a mighty chariot
Or priestess at temple
Raised up in my eyes with unbearable weight
More abstractly then, Strength itself,
Or the paragon of Temperance.
But less glowing Sun, instead cast lunar, occulted
Luminous and serene lensed as cold and remote.



But - as I would tell you -
(And still would, with kept counsel)
Elevated personhood's an illusion itself.
To trace reality, use a pencil
Plain paper, straight rule.
Let the map greet the territory without adornment or
lustre.
A more earthly countenance then,
To match the real world?



A small island then -
Wracked by storms, sure
But a beacon for landfall in tumultuous seas.
Where waves crash and recoil, but ne'er overwhelm
Save my own -
And with time, even they ebb to shore



And other waves hence;
My island's my own
Determinedly neutral, independence decalred.
Islands shirk borders - nothing stays fixed.
Transience dictates and no sea can compete.



Time shifts

But some changes are never undone.

Nor should they be - freedom's not easily won

Nor oft offered up, and no cost is too great

Save the pain of what's been

And what's never enough



No rain then -
Indeed
No roof, only sky.
No tree to be boughed in the winds and the gale.
No illusionist, trickster
No artifice found.
Just the true, best and ultimate core of each self
Unto death



Your many names - at times -
Have been banned from my lips
But in truth -
As all things should be -
They will be called with

my

last

breath



Written & created by Ruaridh Law, North Ayrshire, 2024