*In earth so it is above*

*a fragmented constitution*

*blossoming time*

*a word insinuating abstraction*

*until you know*

*what you don’t know*

*shuffle choose a card any card*

*you are a collage of possibilities in the quickening*

*of presence but find a life boat first*

*deep enough to stop you jumping*

*and sleep on pause for necessary adjustments*

*perhaps you can add visions as evidence*

*like Giordano Bruno who in 1584 wrote*

*Universo e Mondi (on the infinite universe*

*and worlds) now used by NASA*

*and what is the true logic of your situation*

*and do you care if there is none*

*the making of mistakes is holy work*

*the one thing we can be sure of*

*under this shade of shadows their shapes*

*hold yours marking your transit*

*meanwhile you’re possibly marooned in thought*

*you might be nothing in hand very nearly nothing*

*drifting tethered to the root of memory*

*It can be so deranging to consider reality*

*but hear the wind trough the trees*

*and the sounds of the undergrowth*

*snapping beneath your footfall*

*its the inhuman lightness of sound*

*and the clean knife of water*

*devotional to spring that fills every fissure*

*upwards through ferments of abandon*

*a gathering in the deep darkness the lacing*

*of life the fast ever fast hold*

*numberless reflecting the hard stars*

*across this veined world slip shod*

*we try to catch meaning like fish wearing*

*opera gloves leaving clues in the art of lament*

*how too well we know our own*

*bred in our bones enzymes of information*

*the orbit of Venus is mirrored in the core of every apple*

*whiwh is part of the rose family and the spirals*

*and vortices in the ocean and wind are similar*

*to the patterns of the planets and the parallel*

*lines of an oyster shell because they share*

*a mathematical relationship this is not sentimentality*

*this is the concrete symphony we breathe*

*Draw this world*

*where we are the suns*

*of our harvest*

*and the moon of our tides*

*under phrases of sunlight*

*long and short and the sugar*

*of the pure meaning*

*that we forget again and again*

*draw this world*

*of trees growing among themselves*

*weighing both earth and sky*

*their roots in each to each*

*history is humming in the veins*

*intimate as the bales of time*

*draw this world*

*glowing in the collar bone of noon*

*swallowing all our labyrinths*

*keep yourself dynamic*

*Come Close*, a poem by Kate Ghyll, 2015.