

NOW, TWO ASPECTS OF YOU

Whenever you come
it is always now
matterless, beginningless
and without warning
and the present is
so full of your presence
nobody notices
what you wear
is your nakedness only
your own shadow
unadorned, unattended
by measure or likeness
but unveiled in lightness
infusing, invading
lightness with measure
likeness with lightness

like a beautiful Chinese
paper lantern
holding fire moulded
in wholly contrived
conditions of landscape
pastels, congruences
of now with then, this
with whatever passes
in which seeming
so unplanned, so
complete in gesture
moment and panic wear thin
and out, and thisness
and promise flicker
for ever, or so
appear, that gone
centuries still blow
back in with you and
scatter around you

gone, and not yet come
confluences, divergences
salt waves contained
in a weightless and
invisible membrane
impermeable to chance
and fire but nothing
else, and also those
unborn sons and daughters
ways, ripples, arcs
that obey no known law
that no screen will stop
you focus and envisage
here, among your own
blue beams and amazing
arrows, where time too
falls short, now memory
being loss and most
sunningly irrelevant

memories are the simplest
of two-way travelling
creatures, they are born
this instant only, they utter
now only their first
babbles and whimpers as
inevitably they fall
into wherever space
is divided from gaps
in space, to thread
back the continuum
to wherever you are now
with rich opaque stuff
and to burn right through you
with no flame or shadow
and unmeasured lightness

Richard Burns