

ORPHEUS AT THE WINDOW

So. I'm on my own,
squinting at the snow,
the tissue which has grown
on grass; and shadows cow
those footprints drawn on
the lengthening lawn.

Dry frost, delicate as
the eyelid of a pigeon,
blinks slowly on the glass;
the light of my dominion
cringes, nearly blind,
deep in the mind.

'The world is small, but long.
There flares a soft commotion,
Wings! I glimpse her going:
My strings are still in motion.'
Now is the poised, the calm
dissembling time.

A yellow sleep, a loose
dust muffles the house,
accruing on the hiss
and *cling* of pipes. A mouse
has flicked its naked tail
down a hole.

Executors are numbering
things my wife can't touch —
from where I've lately sprung
small shades are peering up,
appraising my warm bones,
and throwing stones.

James Scully