

Justin Quinn

**WAVES AND
TREES**



Gallery Books

Waves and Trees
is first published
simultaneously in paperback
and in a clothbound edition
on 15 June 2006.

The Gallery Press
Loughcrew
Oldcastle
County Meath
Ireland

www.gallerypress.com

*All rights reserved. For permission
to reprint or broadcast these poems,
write to The Gallery Press.*

© Justin Quinn 2006

ISBN 1 85235 400 3 *paperback*
1 85235 401 1 *clothbound*

ISBN 978 1 85235 400 8 *paperback*
978 1 85235 401 5 *clothbound*

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library.



CONTENTS

Fury	page 11
Pool	16
Flood-Plains	21
Weed	22
I Wake Early...	23
Paul Valéry: Boating	26
Street	28
Petr Borkovec: Ode	30
January First	31
Flowers and Leaves	32
Affair	34
Rebirth of Cool VI	36
Even Song	37
Lost Dizain	39
Beech Section	40
Prague Elegies	41
Hotel	61
Tattoo	62
Danube	63
Speed	64
Coffle	65
Zoetrope	66
Floods	67
Summer Flies	68
Borscht	69
Solstice	70
Ice	71
Patience	72
Rembrandt	73
Lullaby	74
Familiar	75
Small Fury	76
Notes and Acknowledgements	78

STREET

On ne voit plus, on lit.

— Gilles Deleuze

A glance up from a book.
All still except the swoop
and turn of sparrows up,
a flurry of wingbeats,

small facets in a fury,
in flight around this fissure
that's topped with stunning azure
and open at both ends.

They ignite a silver flourish
two floors below — the sun
for one short moment seen
in a square of tilting glass.

Between the buildings, panes
and all the storied eyes,
reflections and replies
go rippling back and forth

into the future, along
the street's thick tarmac spine —
on either side they span
out to the hazy suburbs.

Verso. Recto. Two hands
weigh up the press of sheet
on coupled, fitting sheet;
they flex and spread the text
to catch a better light,

their body rearranging
things and itself, branching
into another body

until a further gaze
(the claim and counterclaim,
the months of waiting, the name)
unfolds from out of these.

PETR BORKOVEC: ODE

A great tit swoops down to a book in hand
in February, at a window screened by heat,
and standing side on seems to have just set,
the body's flash and tremor all for its eye.

The winter holds on tooth and nail through it,
stock-still, glazed over — as you say — in feathers,
beautiful and distinct, a moment measur-
able only by other shining things,

made out by gleam alone, which takes the measure
of rhythms and dark ratios, the spillages
of interval and edge — their likenesses
knock you back almost to the icy sill.

That eye's a mask. Of what? The warring frost
and forest which open far out to the margins
like sleeves, almost in darkness, and no emergence
of wrist or fist, just cold light breaking branches

on the horizon, where gazes go without saying,
chapped lip, someone's dry hand (almost), water
like eyelets from snow melted on a sweater,
and ribboned pine and quince above the door.

JANUARY FIRST

Not a sound across the land
when I step off the shore
onto the frozen band
of the river clamped like ore.

A clean break. The light
is sharp and cold and new.
The houses dwindle from sight,
the cars are far and few.

And as I skate and veer
out to the small island,
saddled on my shoulders

riding the troughs and rollers
is a child, tiny and silent,
carried over from last year.

FLOWERS AND LEAVES

Blue-grey auroral murk.
The bedroom's furniture
returns out of the dark:
mirror, table, chair.

The sun rises and hauls
a flock of pigeons' shadows
across the whitewashed walls
in rippling close strettos.

The birds fly out of view
and probably dissolve
into the massive blue.
Silverfish nod off

amidst the carpets, papers,
panels and old cloth,
in dark dead-ends, close neighbours
to the drowsing moth.

Flowers and leaves twine round
the different forms of wood
like shoots cut from the ground
and carefully brought inside.

Flesh rises into this
and marries here and there.
It sings large songs and these
go wandering through the air:

They met and loved by times

and from them came a son.
Lives stream out like rhymes
for river, tree and sun.