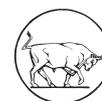


Michelle O'Sullivan

**THIS ONE
HIGH FIELD**



Gallery Books

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THIS ONE HIGH FIELD

Elsewhere

They were hidden, the unexposed clefts;
indistinguished water ran to flatter ground.

There was a garlic-rich scent, close but distant.
From a small pool one fish surfaced and flared silver.

But we'd left it too late —
the gold we travelled with had been milled

to a graphite dust, the car and the meadow we'd left
it beside, bossed pewter.

The moon thinned for veins in unyielding trees,
summer gibberish issued from autumn's tongue.

Night swallowed us whole.
We were silent for the drive back.

Black Sun

There was something absurd in the cold and the quiet,
those mute hours of anger, how I'd thought I'd taught myself
to quicken, quicken in the way a murmuration of starlings
quickness, hastens to higher speeds of flight seen in sepia
or black against blue, a seamlessness of utter abandon
working an illusion or sleight of suspense of having no air
between one body and another; that no matter the number
when one changes direction so do the others.
The Danes call this *sort sol*.

Eclipse

An accountable order. The timber left to dry
beside the coal shed uncharmed an evening rain;
the months-not-cut grass lay sodden. There'd been
the night-birds, their pale songs ascending
from the strand. And further along the estuary story-
telling between river and sea and field.

Back door locked
and black-hooded lamp beside the kettle turned off,
the split in the breadboard was obscured by jars
disinterred from a field in Kilmessan. Abridged to fractional,
slighting to narrow, everything relatively night-hushed —
like a part-calved ice block threatening a surface.

Abuttals

Children heard earlier have fallen silent.
I lean, put my ear closer to the water:
damp minnows so lightly to rest on my skin,
a marginal give.



This magnitude — the unkempt meadows and wind.
Beyond, the bight drones like an engine submerged.
I am compelled toward the moon-cooled tarmac,
its negative space.



I can't hear it rightly, the dream-talk rising:
the populated shore between wake and sleep;
sometimes the tide doesn't claim but salvages
a metal-worked taste.



Scalp-close as I am, there's the urge to feel for
the drum of lungwork; the urge is pressed elsewhere,
touching everything, not touched by anything,
night taps a blind hand.