"And the Stillness is in the Key All of it is" (Wallace Stevens, Autumn Refrain)

For the right mark largeness shakes
out its blossoms on the white page.
Round the little mouth of 'O' appropriately uttering
silence folds its wings.

Stillness—this is where the stubborn swimmer clawing lengths from metric pools turns merman suddenly and sports in oceans far beyond the grasp of didactic scrutiny. Stillness is the river overflowing

courses, sources, destinies; the view our fish hook wits refuse to fasten on; the polished water we perceive only where a snout protrudes to snag the surface. Rotting limbs or surmise of a rainbow trout to tickle up; these are the river's keys.

Above our heads - a vacancy, until a speck of crow cries SKY and mansions open.

Settle for a blemished and a brief lucidity. But pray
the necessary symbol
may be pleased at least to lie
light as white petals on the white page.

Elspeth Bradbury