

**from Counting to 100****63**

*What would my neighbours say  
if I opened up completely,  
ended the silence,  
told of my past:  
of fractional relations  
formed with others  
which have no place  
in the proper world of integers.*

**64**

pockets of light  
on the wainscoting  
of the parlour's east wall  
  
two players cocked across a table  
the only sound  
a clock nearby  
  
sun in the window  
its move down the glass squares  
increasing the miniature shadows  
  
black knights closing in  
paring the position  
dimming the board

**65**

A predilection for staying put  
which others, it muses,  
should follow:  
  
remove worn soles,  
enjoy the sums of their labours.  
  
Yet in all the bits  
of what it perceives,  
in every detached corner—

the boots that click by  
and are gone.

### 66

nothing climbs above the horizon  
the sky constant  
against a dark curve of hills

the stars seem fixed  
their coordinates frozen—

something leaden  
binds the vault's device:

a beast with a chilling shape  
that squats at the zenith  
like an unwelcome constellation

and does not move

### 67

How its thoughts pick through  
the room's confusion:  
groping of light  
through items spread over the floor.

This light turned inward:  
the chaos bared  
that scatters it back.

Through cracked panes:  
trees strewn here and there  
on the wind.

The clouds behind in disarray—  
in gaps, blue rifts,  
the shape, almost, of disorder  
edging maybe forward,  
or away.

**68**

waves of pure measure  
the sirens descend  
from rocks they conceal with curves

strapped to a mast  
the poet chants  
to drown their strange songs  
  
closes his eyes to obliterate  
the shapes of number  
made flesh

**69**

Then there are those  
who say the parts face inward  
because of embarrassment.

How little they know  
of the appetites  
which render all else  
of no consequence.

**70**

Peculiar arrangement:

pushed firstly from nowhere  
into undivided attention:  
others smiling down,  
discussing your points,  
your inclinations,  
your concise lines...

then finally,  
to exit into nothing,  
nothing at all.

*Alan R. Wilson*