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.

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

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 descant
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