“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