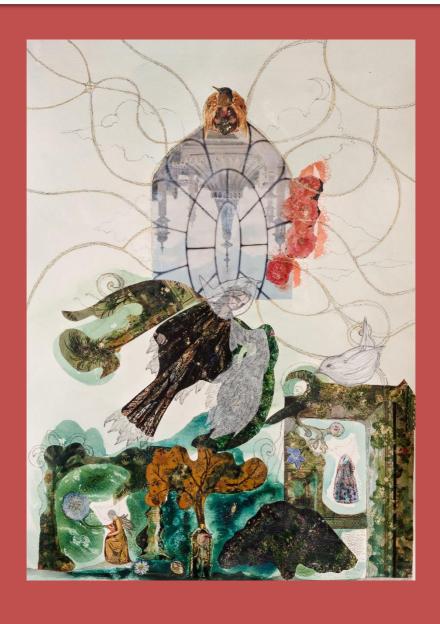
A Hierarchy of Halls



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Christine Murray



Smithereens Press 23

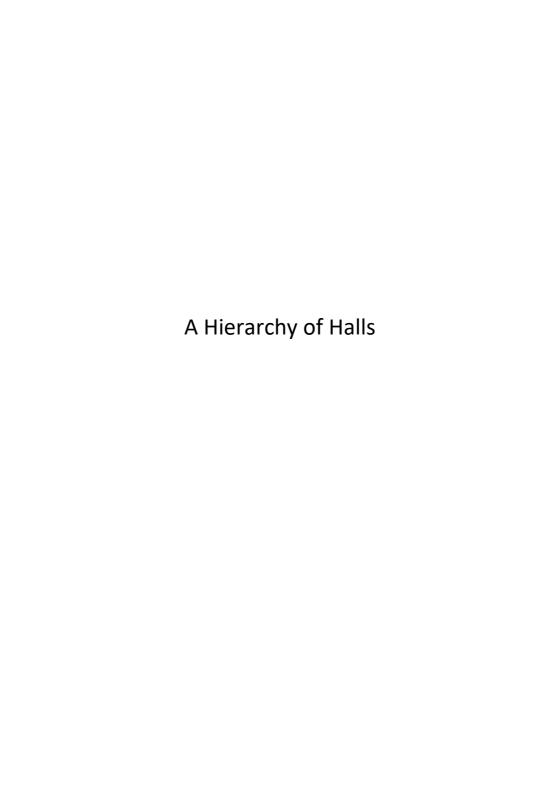
A Hierarchy of Halls is first published by Smithereens Press http://smithereenspress.com on 5th February 2018.

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Cover image: 'Den of Sibyl Wren' by <u>Salma Ahmad Caller</u>.
57 x 76.3cm
Watercolour, Indian Ink, collage, graphite, gold pigment on acid free paper.
Author photograph by Christine Murray.

Text set in Calibri 12 point.

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A hierarchy of halls, halls, a universe to sing.

Wren

Wren leads the charge, her small soldier heart,

follow her flitting sound into the lowest corridors

This is not a universe, it is a garden.

Trees,

a hierarchy of halls, halls, a universe to sing.

Follow wren's sound into the lowest corridors.

There, a huge gap, fox-made, is where blackbirds sing.

Stone-plateaued, daisy-garlanded ground-held.

Tree looms above it all.

All descends to metaphor, a leaf fallen is always a poem.

This is a place for birds.

Wren wingtips an ancient hedge leading us into her halls,

always up, and up, she flies

fleeing into clematis' swing rope, still, I hear her song –

Clematis petals fall, and this is a place for birds.

```
Fox runs
wall's length
                   stone / tree
sun reveals
garden's clock
                      radiant / radiating circular
left
to
      shed
right
to
      wall
sun
to
      stone,
to bleached wood,
her garlands revealed.
sun
to
     moon,
```

My starlings,

housed here beneath this sleeping roof are tree-flown,

tree's wood is applewood fruit(ed) -laden.

Rook calls

fox runs wall's length.

Early Summer

Early summer occurs in a calamity of falling young -

petals, birds, the bright souls of birds.

A small dead bird is at my feet, tree looms over this soul-ossuary

dignifying the small body with her dark needles,

bird-map-lost obliterate.

A small mourning

Shadow passes over grass, just long enough to hide the living bird,

shadow moves against it tipping it to a tremble,

as if it were fly-flicked, wing-tipped.

Hierarchy of halls, halls, a universe to sing.

Wren leads the charge, her small soldier heart.

I can never write you!

Let us go into the small quiet poem

It awaits our blue hand, yet we do not trespass on its silhouette too soon, it looms against the blind,

tree sigil, indecipherable – It awaits our blue hand our dewy trepidation, word-machine in bird tongue,

leaf tongue. A thorn, hook, for a frayed jumper it awaits our blue hand, Eschewing our monolingualism –

Dark gathers the hour in, blue the hour, blind obscures our shaping – Small poem, it awaits our blue hand.

I can never write you!

I can never write you.
I can observe your soul's dialect.

Tree, a darkness silhouetted, war-torn, limbless,

there.

Wren leads the charge her soldier heart, flitting

and always up,

she always flies up and up!

The ancient rattany vine shreds, where clematis was

upstretched, maybe down past

its rods dried to fingers tipping the soil

garden's clock is a swing rope or small birds

Garden's clock is moving

Past snowdrops (dawn) to seven's forsythia through morning's narcissi, bluebells, daisies, clematis at eleven, to St. Ann's lace, ragwort, peony (roses) fuchsia, by late afternoon — the whirling roses hips jut to nightfall scented with apples and rowanberry tea.

Clock persists less so at night until the hour strengthens again,

still almost and pungent the flowers.

Robin arrived at three speckled by four and red by seven

Pipette, piccolo – She awaits her full scarlet,

her red flight is a hop that branches right, tipping the woodwind –

Her flight is not breathtaking, a miracle yet.

Walking under orange

Wind came and lifted the leaves wind came and lifted the leaves right off,

the tree,

the tree did not bend when the wind came and lifted those leaves,

the tree did not bend when those leaves lifted right off their branches,

orange, blood-stopped, murmurations purple-tipped, curling grey,

they held in air when the wind came and lifted the leaves, lifted them right off.

lifting up,

A leaf fallen is always a poem.



Christine Murray is a City and Guilds stone-cutter. Her chapbook *Three Red Things* was published by Smithereens Press (2013). *Cycles* was published by Lapwing Press (2013). *The Blind* (2013) and *She* (2014) were published by Oneiros Books. *Signature* was published by Bone Orchard Press (2014). She has published widely in literay magazines and her work has been anthologised in *And*

Agamemnon Dead: An Anthology of Early Twenty First Century Irish Poetry (2015), All the Worlds Between (2017) and The Gladstone Readings (2017). Her critical work has also been included in Eavan Boland: Inside History (2016).



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