

Peter Le Messurier

ARS VERBORUM

Words should jar against
each other

Like river through boiling stone the
thunder of dark utterances without surcease

Like castanets the
whirl and mounting frenzy of the dance

Like driver on pile the
pain of a first vision of great spans

Like lip on clapper crashing the
peal of phrases quickening the sweetened air

Like shattered calyx the
unfolding of colour in the silent flower

Like leaf on leaf the
whisper of seasons repeated over and over

Like wind on needle the
evergreen conversations of cold forests

Like petal at parting the
failing the final floating deathward earthward

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