Winter 2006

*from Helsinki*

Peter Richards

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from Helsinki

In time I came to see death was the hay binding one soldier to another and my own death would appear partially lit as during a nighttime operation the moon barely attends whereas I with new density carry on as before again I go razing Atnana so plainly familiar to me that it does sit upon my own reflection and about me on deck where my double does well so the spoils and I can finally make it just this or that way for a while never mind the snipers and charges and this lose cloud of animal gadgetry eating air and chrome alike until absent any ship garrison or wish to remain we set out with our lancets on idle command
I do remember as a small boy being brushed by a black man in the courtyard feeling the small of my back lightly brushed so that it sank deep into my imagination and partly the initial deathblow Helsinki prepared for my boyhood drawing an invisible orange line at the base of my skull leading to this villa my parents shared between them each room holding a portrait of one of my parts and one room wrongly represents the cyst in my knee another captures my chin before it was mended a third stretches to the evil side of the room where this tear sits hard and white and so I think it must be cold so cold the cold outnumbers ice from when the ice was young no tear has taken its place so it must live beyond the great doors of winter and sing as many flesh and blood songs as a frozen tear can sing
For gulls sitting a score at a time
my mouth carried a broad arcade
and so rich was the slaughter
afterwards nothing could imagine
my body a late plentiful number
saying would that I was your true
cause to love your rose so deep
was the torchlight in consultation
with itself that dawn was that
twice tied odious trumpet
my tent did fetch itself a city
and to his mood I let out the gulls
thinking it unnatural as his mouth
sought out my fingers in the metals
ribbons and bright hooks I undid
She came previous to herself and knocks those things in ignorance I spoke about questioning if she were the ghost at play in my dream and pressing leaves in a book so that I could observe them not shattering aging beautifully knowing they were oak leaves touching on violet but also tinges of falconry brown the hood that is or glove though by royal decree not the same leather for the hood there is thought to be endless with it's own stars sanctums and fragrance and a darkness that collects on the finger in thick spirals of harrowing shade
How did I actually become one of them choosing polar quarters is one thing I mean I’m hardly moving here unruffled by the waves still I do feel other times might exist or at least another clearing of equal deviation the animals seem familiar contiguous and at the same time my column stretches over a range about nine times the normal range and released at the center of the clearing gradually there should be no tapping for five days no interruptions no captures a few wild ones finding their way back if I could just carry one and release it to a place very faithful laid in light growing older it moves about as another direction THE WHITENED SKY yes but I just want to see one sleeping fathoms away from where it was done