

SAMPLER

AIRS

ALSO BY MAURICE SCULLY

BOOKS

Love Poems & Others
5 Freedoms of Movement
The Basic Colours
Priority
Steps
Livelihood
Sonata
Tig
Doing the Same in English
Humming
A Tour of the Lattice
Several Dances
Play Book
Things That Happen

BOOKLETS

Prior
Certain Pages
Over & Through
Prelude, Interlude & Postlude
Tree with Eggs
Work
Game On

ART OBJECT

Numbers [with Coracle Press]

E-CHAPBOOKS

Five Dances
Rain [signed piece]
Plays

CD

Mouthpuller

CHILDREN'S

What is the Cat Looking At?

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Maurice Scully

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SAMPLER

AIRS

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TRACKING

You take them differently
first by dense focus & rereading
then floating focus & rereading
then dense focus again
then rereading here & there
then sifting & weighing
then comparing & weighing
then rejecting
then accepting again
on different terms
& in part
deepening the picture
superimposing each reading
as you go carrying them along
lightly but comprehensively
in the small white notebook
under the olive tree on the table
beside a handful of olives
& a few leaves from the same tree
in the shadows moving in the
breeze in the sunlight
beside a white house outside a
village by the sea & – well –
you might as well live.
The apple I picked picked me
ticked poetry poetry picked it
& I picked poetry & skipped
with it till it fell to my
palm & filled it plump
to the skin it seemed orbiting
as it turned – tick –

with its turning heart
flitting through mirrors to the
back of the mind so that
pluck that string reacting
in the afternoon up
in the middle of a city
by the sea reaching
to where light
while light lasts nicks
hollows flickers
shadowing your still
papers & set it down there
by the pen on your desk
& the work.

SAMPLER

MIRRORS

Whisper-whisper
go the little
branches

overhead in the wind
hitting each other
& trickling into

the map in yr pocket
mountains rivers ravines
falling together

sideways through life
down all of it all over
again. *Wake up*

Patterns of
empty spaces
placed

together

apart

blue glare.
Matt black.

Did you get those
seeds I sent from
Lesotho by the way?

Turn round, bow.

He is dead now.

Suddenly one
morning early in
Soria

a blur of
brightly-coloured
figures

in the distance
in a park ...

& following them
their colours grew
& their numbers

too & excitement
streaming from
street

to street
down to
the centre

& the main square
& Machado
on a chair

beside his
child-bride
quiet ...

the Festival of
the Virgin of
Guatemala

dancing in a
bowing &
swaying

looping &
bowing motion
two steps

forward
one
step
back

while the band
flowed &
swayed

blowing a
short repetitive
melody

how
small
a part

yes dipping &
swaying forward-
&-back

a little
off-key too
how

small a part they/
mirrors/splintery
bits of

mirror/yes/
to our
ears

how small a
part (of time)
we share

the doll-witch-
mother-virgin
effigy

but gracefully –

shimmering cloak,
black wig, glass tiara,
plastic skulls ...

The elephant
in the room
is the elephant.

SAMPLER

AIR

down

through
noiseless
breezes

fall
gently
from

the trees
again

down

turning
in grace
ful contact

slowly

turning

in a
warmer
upthrust

up too
& sideways
light

then down

landing
in place again
without a I

went back
to/work I
dust rising

silver
& green
outside

went back
to
I

lifting

turning pages
shifting
boxes

3342

to get to
this
piece of –

persistent
piece of –
whose

SAMPLER

birthday
is it anyway
(dark)

& what
is it to/
what

is it
time
to

442231

(now)

throw
away
next?

this
persistent
piece of –

darkness –

darkness
on yr
desk

a splash zone
round a
crater

that sound of –
hold still –
failure is it? ...

whisper-whisper
go the
terminally

envious
in a sudden
run of

pent
malice.

.

that's it – decades – doctorates –
centuries
of the

woven babble
of the species –
let

the honey-
combing
begin

cada
mañana hago
mi

cama then
squirt a
splash of

Death's Door
estate bottled
darkly rich

its
black blood
hit bottom

as gates – windows –
bang in the
storm

(berry – fig – leather)
giving the
wind

its energy back –
threatening delighting
advising cajoling & –

scribble
scribble

shiver of richness –
fine-tasting
poison –

almost ripping yr roof off.