

The Law of Silent Things

Margie Cronin

The failure to provide a ladder was quite silent in itself
as to the issue of causation

the silent ladder caught between foot and hand
the grip of the climber in the belly
tightening and loosening the ribbons of betrayal
desire always halfway between things
unmixed, attenuated -

wordless roofs beneath birds' feet, crucifixions
smelling apple blossom, floating on fiddles
playing the angels and the selenites
falling off an evening of gems
into the delicious sky of Summer -

the idea, unfamiliar, not a part of things
unspoken under the stone
free from fine, from open
like the palm of a hand holding immortality
from the consequences of loneliness -

the quiet word like a marble in the ring
dark blue and choking
living and dying at the threshold of victory
gradually collecting the gradual
unmitigated, silently sobbing -

the mirror, eyelike, all we complain about
all that is not said
moving in the soundless ceremony of reflection
having it all done for us
and then renouncing what we have married -

the cup, the hairbrush, the murderer
the jumping cat, anticipation and moths eating
oh, pale mystery -
the solace that comes from uttering the self
and speaking these silent things