



**Three Red Things**

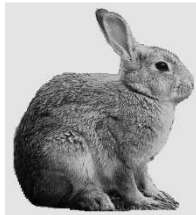
**Christine Murray**

**Smithereens Press**



# Three Red Things

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Smithereens Press 6

*Three Red Things*

is first published by Smithereens Press

<http://smithereenspress.com>

on 4<sup>th</sup> June 2013.

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Cover image by Kenneth Keating.

Author photograph by Christine Murray.

Text set in Calibri 12 point.

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## Three Red Things





# Three Shorts

I

Roadlake rushes to pours  
its pools onto the pathways.  
Mercury-mirrors dot them  
imaging the trees' dark sway.

II

Dawnsong onesong a lonesong  
of blackbird wren or thrush  
note rises. Pipe-up to crescendo  
at tree's apices spring's green-rush.

III

Onesong arises dawn's aubade.  
Two songs lonesong or more  
sweet the air. An after-storm.  
From the tree the bird soars.

# Glendalough, at Iseult Gonne's Grave

subside the rocks  
archback  
silica of bird leans into

a granite stylus  
a grave bed  
green sea-bed of flowering heads.

shatter of tree hacked-through/  
windmills beside an sruthán geal  
gold coins in-stream-glitter out to me.

a small a cloud there  
her gulfstream ruffles my feathering (toll the ...)

blood-thickener sloughs blood against.  
let her eat the disease

a gelid-thaw  
clysters the blooms

all that glisters is not white / and  
not laden with small-griefs

# The Blind

## 1. Unleash The Skein

red thread the open wound  
and from it the red rivulet

will drain into the metal dish  
and curl into water

no more now  
it is just a stitch  
stitches

the wound gash drawn in and thread  
dust of glass in the wound ground in

round the heel and spiral down into  
blue glass pummelled beyond crystal

a useless moon dust  
pounded to glass  
the red thread

lets no light in  
the shards are small

## 2. And Loosen it

unleash and loosen the skein,  
umbilical in red  
the thread that will lead you into the city and where it began

amongst the blind  
amongst the furies

where pain is pummelled to red dust  
where pain is pounded to blue dust

dust lies on the deserted library  
it lies in the threading of the shoe  
and spirals down to the heel of

‘How beautiful are your feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!  
the joints of your thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands  
of a cunning workman.’ \*

you are too far gone to let in the light and those are the worst words  
words of desire

maybe.

\* Song Of Solomon 1:7

# reed songs I-IV

I

whistle-in  
    sing the hollow-pipes  
of bird-bone    or leg-tube  
jointed to

leech into soil's black trauma  
a double-reed will always carry down

its muffled tune  
from contort of leaf to nub of root

there is bone substance to  
the fallen bough as  
there is to the winged-bird  
    both perfume

a maerl of  
    barely encloses both  
    the feathered and  
    the not

a shell maybe –

II

Euterpe, muse of lyric poetry  
I can hear your double-flute's song

those reeds tremble even here as  
*An Doilin* emblazes her corals from

red, reddish  
to pink  
to salmon pink  
to warm peach and

eventually it stagnates to a sense of  
middling yellow  
a sickly kind of yellow  
to brownish cream

The maerl is never bone white

III

there is a horse there on the hill  
a Connemara

She had tumbled down the stone walls in flight  
in frenzy  
the men caught her

amongst the strife the orange flame

the yellow strife  
the white

white grey and cream : her  
mane and tail is against the wall

the bone-beach is sometimes called *Trá na Bpaistí*,  
a monument there

a famine grave is nearby

the maerl holds the names of the nameless dead  
the places of their graves

and even here  
here still -  
Your twin reeds tremble a song

IV

I'd rather it were a muse dangling above my head in her purple cloud  
dress  
than a crystal chandelier of gaudy pattern floating in the many-  
coloured sky

a painted backdrop is between the vanished bookcase and wall  
each breeze brings the noise of tea-cup-clatter a loud tea room

separator of light

I am scraping my bare foot on a bright tiger claw  
and I am agitated down to my bruised flesh

give me the muse  
the reed song  
song of the bones  
a hollow bone a  
twin reeds' tune

anything but this  
noise



# Dark Pool

Ripple-skiffed by bird and stone  
Tree is held in dark-water

The flowers fight up.

## Flame or not

Leaf-detritus is pool-clung  
Held in

Rankled-water  
Battle-aftermath,

Winter beats a hollowed-drum.

# Jewel-box

the claw  
the egg  
the jewel-box  
blue-burnt through

(and through)  
the glass shard remnant  
- an opulence of sky

shell did not conceal  
blue blue sky  
or this feather dream  
wind-wrought brought-down

its red-swollen out  
down in the mud  
a point in blue  
burnt through

wind caresses white  
secret-in

nor awaken to spring

I saw the claws  
the hands coming  
the frosted gloom

# The Zeiss

from that 13th moon you'd to fight for breath :  
eyes , vagina, your lens was cold.

But then our shadow-plays were always red.  
I awoke with the word musculature in my head -

the primitive Zeiss dilated  
with the mathematical implements of your pornographies : meters ,  
lenses,

colour-charts, grey spectrum-sheets,  
and white -

all these rotated in your skull-disc, and I  
spread wide as cut-fruit onto a plate-fallen

dilated

and captured you.

I wondered which of your screens I was playing on?

## appeal to the dying

I am working to a point that is always there  
I turn and discern it in the heart of the mountain

it appears grey blue burnt ice as indigo  
as almost black but not quite -

this centre of the circle I restlessly trundle is a compass poised  
at that exact and irrefutable centre of my wheel and you found it

it is nothing :

it is a tiny hole scratched through white paper  
it is a gordian-knot in the ring of rope  
that will break a neck

it is the leaving from bodily-derangement  
that you could not unhinge your skull from  
you meander restlessly round its perimeter.

lorn /  
    from  
lament /  
    and not

# Three Red Things

*the three red things are:*

a red umbrella with a black lace trim  
spoke-shattered it belongs to my mother  
does not match my abstract and faux  
snaky blouson jacket

Alfred Schütze's, *The Enigma of Evil*  
a memento-mori from his old library  
its red cover is rain-glued-sodden  
I bind myself to a tree

a shopping bag, berry-red  
not much to say about it  
it is the third red thing

and I am in the park  
moulded to the body of a tree

its roots are moving beneath my feet  
I am afraid it will tear up from the  
soil's hungry drinking as

*form crystallises*

and assumes its  
almost shape

within the silica of  
the holding-skin

beneath crystal swipe  
and tungsten-lunge

into the exact point  
and drain

then seep  
from the vessel-encasement  
not sustainer

until  
form becomes

..... *A Stone Dress*

Fossil 1.

press-to

drop-by-drop  
raindrop-and-sinew  
the whole woman

not tamp-in

onto the still-living-soil  
a new shape

embed-in

the bone and the  
living-sinew-of  
the still-warm blood

slowly-so

and infinitely blue  
the milk-flow from crystallising breast

a stone-dress

material as silk-soft  
(as) caul or veil  
can be sweet as silk or rain or



blue

rain sinews against and into  
chalice of womb.  
half-into the wall  
and often not

still

a lone bird night-sings and a

## *A Tremor of Rain*

### Fossil 2.

tremor of rain runs liquidly down the bodice and gather  
as gradual operation of hand-upon-hand hand-on-stone  
make a pleat a stitch a fraying thread on bodice-sequinned  
for silica-plinthing



## *Acknowledgements*

Thanks are due to the editors of the following publications where a number of these poems first appeared: *Bone Orchard Poetry*, *Burning Bush II*, *CanCan*, *The Galway Review*, and *A New Ulster*.





Chris Murray is a City and Guilds Stone-cutter. Her poetry is published in *Ropes Magazine*, *Crannóg Magazine*, *The Burning Bush Online Revival Meeting* (Issue 1), *Carty's Poetry Journal*, *Caper Literary Journal*, *CanCan* (WurminApfel), *Bone Orchard Poetry*, *Women Writers Women Books*, *Southword Literary Journal*, and the *Diversity Blog* (PIWWC, PEN International Women Writers' Committee). Her poem for three voices, *Lament*, was performed at the 2012 Béal Festival, in Smock Alley Theatre,

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