

ORPHEUS SCORE OUTTAKES

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all praise is by necessity
praising the Sun
as we see it
not fear of death's chaotic mask
not fear of night
is clarity
dawn
as we see it
and when the next light comes
we kill the old light

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Eurydice
is more herself in death
she has come into herself
is free

for Orpheus

it is the moment of his own mortality
Orpheus looks back
because he cannot walk on water
pulled
by the dark
water

he's got a head

the head is the human thing

the story a song

that won't go away

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My friend says

she feels like she's crossing a bridge to her mother

but she can only go halfway

and then she has

to let her go on alone

but while she's on that bridge

she's not quite here

and not quite there

do I know what she means

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she travels back and forth across the Severn

how did you get on

on the far side of the Styx today

£5.50 for Charon's fee

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the Maenads

(call them the English people)

groaned

when Charles's head fell off

that's it
that drives the Argos between the rocks
it spurts between the crags of available language
that is what's happening now, right now
a groove that is going on
oblivious to the rage of being sold

a dazzle that'll get us through
that'll keep the course
of unravelling skill

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the thump of water
in the dandelion's stem
its whisper
or the way she said your name that time
from the front of the van
one night in Splott
just that
and years back

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the god that is in you singing
the man lit up
with the light of her
and this is singing:

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the animals move towards him
and we are all involved

the daddy long-legs in the bathroom!
fuse-wire bundle
stuttering for light
with his flyball black of meat

courting owls in the back of the night
their trembling
the only sexual world
the cat on the edge of the sink
in his funny silence
an Egyptian-blue dragonfly
over the unkempt grass
give me some more of this day
more endlessness

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the music is never the same place twice
from a twirl
or drift of diamond fingers
to the next

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a termite, Daniel tells me, reliably,
eats twice as fast when listening to heavy metal
what's more a duck's quack doesn't echo

nobody knows why

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Orpheus leaves Eurydice wrapped in her perfect death
but he emerges to distraction
his body distracted
torn to shreds by crazy women
tossed around the entire world – Osiris

it's got to be something like that
the music is crazy and everywhere every
one's

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his glance not gaze was fear as much as anything
being human enough
impatience doesn't do it
desperation
terror
get this: he's bringing his woman *back to life*
he's insisting that poetry do this
contra natura
the gods of music have led to him to believe this
might just be might be possible
being capable of moving lions,
rocks
and commanding even the ants
so why not?
reach into the heart, black heart, itself

but it isn't a heart
the heart is all Orpheus's

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the human moment defies the pointless, self-defeating injunctions of the god-
authority
he *has* to look back
of course he does
being *he*
told not to think about elephants of course we do
the Catholic clergy are instructed to live impossibly, inhumanly
and thus behaved so maybe
of course it's the fear that
we can't tell the truth
in the first place

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the hero wears 1000 masks
speaks 400,000 languages
we all live in the myth-swarm
making it impossible
therefore to do anything
but improvise life

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Antaeus's bees
struck dumb – their hind legs
weakened,

mid-day too much for them,
humming downed
by a dark
voice

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Rilke wrote: *a heaven of mourning*
with disfigured stars...
she was already loosened

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don't say no, don't go
then go –

didn't we want to breed ibises?
cultivate violets?

didn't we want
this life?

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GH
16.11.10