

Old Movies & Iris

Murdoch, these are
the most necessary balms
wrapping swathes around me for a slumber
after tea with cognac, whatever remedy
is necessity to bring life through-----
Marrow, marrow, my bones
could be x rays of glorious
Cinemascope, or 1940's blacks & whites.

Such film fills my eyes, the comfort
of tales, & I mum for days with an inner
dialogue of Cagney, of Bogie, 'til I turn
over, prop a flashlight, to find Magi print:
Iris M., radiant, that light of the mind's
heart rising to baptize all the consoling
characters amid her plots schemes
of redemption...

I dream of this to keep faith, night
by night, 'til the returned world escapes
back to chaotic managerial heels
clacking, & I, not Bette, not Marlene D.
enough to slips from covers, acting like
I write: a book of nerves, a curving spine,
with page after page turning reels to a gun

of blanks