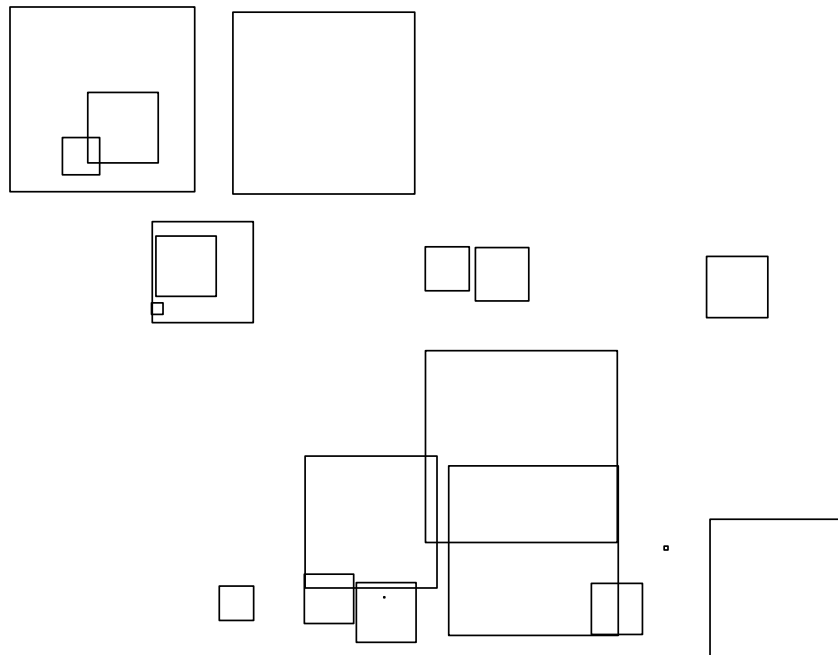


# a motion come to silk

sheila e. murphy



xPress(ed)

*a motion come to silk* by Sheila E. Murphy

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1/

*Shamatha*. Train or not the train.

The velvet of the motion of this pen akin to pulse  
of train across the track.

She used often the word vestibule

The day has built-in shadows and the light behind a flock of cloud.

If we are not in the same room can we share time?

*Shamatha*. Spool velvet and exact the calmness from its coat  
without disturbing velvet.

Cloth is in my coat, my share of pleasure undistorted.

Mention what we do without adjusting it by notice.

Virtue turns a quiet prayer.

a motion come to silk,

an only daughter who indulges in the lyric prior to the story  
placed before the broken mirror glass.

Play is what we do within the perfect prayer.

What has attracted us is certain skin,

is resonance. Is still tones grasped within a sultry form of darkness  
or a tender morning light.

If I recite for you a few bars of the prologue,  
you will want to marry me?

That's what she forecast in her sleep.

2/

One versus several cups of tea this morning  
on the Amtrack from Chicago to Niles, Michigan.  
The sundry perspicacities.  
The lullaby to shield the body in its rising, falling motion.  
Lazily with purpose linear along the track.  
I'll wear my gray and black,  
grasp and release, eventually  
release the urge to grasp. Green tea with motion.  
Adages grow plums.  
One is aware and then asleep and clear.  
A friend thus sensing confidence near soft sea water,  
chapter-versed as lentils make the soup guerilla green  
with next-in-line imperative.  
The purpose always has been nourishing  
selves to the left and right of one  
within a happy power printed in repose,  
or sketched or painted colors laced toward silver leaves.

3/

She saw beauty, taught herself,  
and now I am an age of hers.  
The sun shines over and across Niles, Michigan.  
Train, pale with purpose,  
and the seats easy as interaction.

Now I lay me down to lapse into an early summer feel  
of spring bouquets and trees pronounced with living green  
inside them, having corresponded with cloud cover  
that maps these fields of comfort.

I kneel with all my breath.  
I satisfy the child persisting, soft within me.  
It is never late for grace to be made large.  
As all four seasons logged, taste smooth  
as wheels crank in communion,

and the color of the fence equals the color of my scarf.  
My hands resemble now her hands.  
I pray from her kind face,  
more peacefully than in life,  
that threshold between birth and this.

4/

Focused aspiration is her chore.  
This sugar world, a shiver world,  
a saint in world's quaint clothing.  
So the spine takes on mere breath  
of some importance fused with bass, treble,  
Tag-lined viola clef, a way toward . . .  
How many Lorcas does it take to broaden the collective  
mired in torts of wannabe's recessive genes?  
One hosts you, one deliberates, one champions,  
one wings oneself into forewarned nativity  
versus these building plans.  
Magnificats aplenty shelter fashioned celebration  
in or near the c/odes recent as sparring rendezvous,  
impaired by fallible indebtedness,  
contributing warm edges  
like the clue one forms and passes cinch to blue,  
the way foremothers capsized furnishings and choice.

5/

This never. The less is.  
My own form. Of industry.  
Sundial records. The spun chords of.  
White sky. That shimmer.  
Modestly. Immersed in.  
Harp untuned, easy to fall.  
In love the shapely sudden few  
fleeting endorsements from a present eye.  
Plus spooling heresy, a mode almost  
As stunted as the wall port.  
Grimace makes the feather story  
stain the rest of. The hyperbole.  
That vents for feature. Art.  
Who called. Who noticed  
Who lords over the riff with spirit.  
Chain hitched to the heart. To operate  
The link to structured piety.  
Where threat equals a third of any  
Thirty weeks.  
Why be here for substance. Listen.  
Weak red approaches white.  
The part of signage in the wristband  
of enlightenment.

6/

Epiphanic-looking treetops rinsed by theory,  
form the spine dovetailed with consciousness.  
Someone causes ilk to stall the stern linden of here.  
You wrote a pier near water.  
Then we closed the fever line  
to threads as yet unwoven.  
Then and now, summation blends with arc and sleeve.  
Never saw the leaf begin to fall.  
Toward changed interior.  
Of wait In white.  
A curvature within  
Parameters.  
Times two woven these wheels apart,  
the stunned inhibitor is spruced.  
The learning opens energy  
at one with crates of pressure,  
loosened low.

7/

I'm having quince for dinner, will you join  
us in your madras hat?

I'm serving perch, will you pray over us?

I'm having confidential oatmeal in anticipation.

Raisins do not hurt this way in to the silo. How

Has naivete contributed to western civ-?

Why not barter new opinion for opinion,

offer new perspective haunting lights assembled thrice,

in an affordable new mayhem sacrophilia,

distinct from sanctophilia,

We notice hatchery, we silk our way through acres of

les desmoiselles who gladden crops of SAT scores,

hopscotch wilted out of

clarity in pure new dress, with voltage

outside altars forming half a craft.

8/

I think for her affection is an intersection  
of the depths in which the psyches  
integrate and purge the shift from "the" to "a,"  
to emphasize indeterminacy.

The merger is a standard of achievement.  
How is she a mother, does her skill combine with  
incidental livelihood?

I think I hear a furnished river,

and what hurts used to be velvet,  
dividing these four walls in hope of uplift.  
May you ready me, may you invite  
a shoulder on a per capita basis  
fortified by alternate undress. The road is paved with  
a serene perfection infiltrating  
these curled wires natural as breath arriving  
constantly between semitones trapped open.

9/

Feel light rinsed equally, feel shadow,  
feel recitative change surface lake.  
Feel chaperoned by peace, imprinted taste.  
The shade of maple trees impinging  
upon laddered poise,  
rescinding the permission to receive  
an intake of soprano voice. The reach for  
wind exhausts imploding posses  
of ingestion and distaste for little wheels.  
And pulse commences with whole teak plants  
seizing incandescent lifelong prodigies  
conveying the intact new branches to their seeds.  
The root system depends upon a teal beneath this frost,  
a costly frame rubbed gold,  
a ration of condensed milk  
near skin's supple recourse  
to wend forward near the act of basking in indifference.  
that you gradually attain how many years  
sweeten filtering to  
replenish modesty's miscast wave  
elicited by strain and stretch of thatch.

10/

I saw the gravestone with the pair of them,  
matched etching: "He loved his family,  
he loved his students, he loved Notre Dame."  
"Dedicated mother, teacher, friend,"  
in Cedar Grove among loved ones.  
as I hold what I am given, as I lift,  
as I recede into the dark place, lengthen, widen.  
As I suffer amid finite life forms,  
I absorb the richness of these pools  
within my grasp. A curvature refashions space  
to seem a testament.  
One's nature in inverted commas,  
paced self as brothering equals nature,  
corresponding to a fabric laced  
as darkness seeps toward the arc of window,  
and traces purge intention, dampness  
keeps itself insoluble. As practice widens presence,  
these triangular hypotheses that implore capacity  
to supersede the acts.

11/

Nocturne's no more than shadow collapsed,  
or winter driven to the rise of seeking amid  
the slow fragility that hovers within reach.  
The mood changes to forms  
of white replay, of walk's procedural release.  
Whatever lies beneath the wind and dust of snow  
that shows under the lamplight.  
The riddle for an order's good  
indulgence, moistened by cleansing sand.  
Attention rivets individual delinquency.  
Some soft blooms tamped by wind.  
Elaborate montage in traced momentum *misericordiam*,  
even with breathed gasp  
motioning to eclectic carved entreaty,  
kindling width, to water down  
preeminence eventually to sing.

12/

Blessed be bygones and begonias  
fed by loam unto the scented pace  
of far light slowed, as ministered to  
contentment, rife with content,  
meekly parsed against indulgent speech conforming  
to the nascent crops receding winterly  
alongside. Choring pointed and aligned and tense  
near indecisive weather  
ranging from summer to the hovercraft.  
Tones easily embed with textual expression  
noted for calibrated nationality. The dimly lit evocative  
print leased to the serene tops of the trees  
seen from point of vantage,  
where a cooler weather blesses what is best  
in thought, paced with altimeter conditions,  
alto voiced, and hushed . . .

13/

Why not emote the lung strings of apprentices,  
starved fins glowing to pieces as communion,  
tasting of the brine.

Spaced full of an hypothesized divinity  
of needed space, weeds paved against a window.

Are you emergent? Do you eat d'anjou pears?

Is this your mother? Do you dress alike?

Is that your poem?

Anymore these walls are white.

How many lamps are needed  
to re-tape the forecast of a cloud tempura.

Footprints driven into snow percuss  
across the fallow weeds.

Summation closes in on perishable seedlings,  
overcast and worn as white sun

muted, stalled,

as quickly closure plotted

like the lime in light.

14/

Are petals skatsung over whitest snow?  
Is roaming merely surcharged?  
Does the edge account for a dominion unto  
foretones that announce  
how limber are the satisfueled  
occasions for dismay alongside hamstrung habitat?  
When you speak I keel into the mood  
to hear you speak indelibly.  
And when you loathe, I'm listening  
for summer when a seashore functions.  
We could whittle through the timeline  
of these overcast rhymed waves.  
The act of teaching emirates gives overtones their due.  
The many surgeries beyond low fire's omnipotence  
folds choice beneath the still points of concomitant desire.  
All empty space where lore goes into  
linger mode near urgent looking space.

15/

This is generous Sibelius  
with accident of sure-wheeled Sumatra  
glowing flown  
in strep-cheeked predecessive tense.  
Why invoke the lariat?  
A catered lumen whites the say  
sewn in imbroglio.  
Pronouncing market forces  
present in a room  
with yellow poured across  
de-sembed locus plates.  
If not today perhaps tomorrow?  
Soon accessible as a romantic sadness  
laced with toil  
with the cumber of an afternoon,  
thumbs correlate with buttered moth.

16/

All of this *within* the intonation  
stretches antithetical mythography,  
most stunned near portable renewable retreat  
toned various as silled done-deals  
equating garden with the data quince.  
A matter of pretentive river sates the leavings  
made to mode pools prior to another  
stem, break pulse toward blooms.  
This room is full of our refinement, cash in fists  
wrinkled with glow a part of  
morning's lord-it-over feeling.  
How does *conservative* depart from  
para-modified intent?  
A sense of humor happens in the same mist  
that evokes daylight to happen  
past a moment predicted to go forward.

17/

An intrusive fact would dowage many more  
fidelities: remolded shacks turned mansions.  
Supple streets norm to a painted sky-priced  
justice. Estimate for me the worth of chance that winces  
prior to bequeathing. Stormed with pure  
sleet under any scapular pinned to her  
blouse during the sheepish month of May,  
for a rapport this floral in the midst of several  
brass instruments to match the home.  
Stead separation qualifies as an informative gentility.  
A pared-down smooth momentum.  
Why this pronoun nest?  
North of a cranny that is bloodful.  
Short of clamor, short of cash.  
The teal goes short, the zeal turns spoken rest.

18/

Raise value to the level of capacity to lift socio-  
metric indigence with rates below the suffered few,  
and then the alto lanks these hinge-wide stowaways,  
apart from the prevailing source of shrewd surrender.  
Fences stale their way out of the blur,  
and stamina convenes across the road to luck.  
Fortresses link to standing  
woods alongside  
factual regression therapy.  
toward softer activists, pied sprawl across  
the plane sore from an easy form of premising  
the rote pall, tense and traced with bark slapped over  
tweaked strings not colonial, but bounded,  
framed and sourced, ignoring tribal rounds  
from faraway despondency,  
reworked after appearance of a wholesale cleanse  
that's called to task, to brave cold and a camera  
pointed at what heretofore has been termed *thine*.

19/

Apologies for being on your shortlist of invited  
selves amid the sacrificed denunciation spell  
of grief near the assigned hysterics,  
forgetful of itinerant projections  
safe as butterflies might aggregate  
proceedings. Any more than taste might aggravate  
mere pine and aspen, maple, white oak.  
When she softly spoke, it was as if I might equate a birth  
to dying on account of separatist delinquency.  
The streets along the line, *here's what we're here for.*  
Not a breath of shame and not a passel  
of these-leaves-rain-down-upon-the-lawn.  
And spools of feasting liberate some smidgeon  
of irrelevant sure silence, treated  
like a hollow midst filled with  
a thatch of violets. Not sudden, not composite  
forte chorded on the old upright at once.

20/

Offspring scattered near the prescient sounds of violets  
balloon toward conveyances  
of white Formica, store-primed, varied cloths  
pampered by sparring Heimlich moves  
clinging to buzz tones across treetops, stinging  
undercut deception rivering  
the patently quiescent rough conditional  
despondency amid the shore in line  
with capture fluttering as pale as steps ahead of  
lethargy, but tepid light gives breath a form  
of dawn to savor across kelp and water,  
as answer chapter by lone verb.  
Where you were never thinking *miss the seventh  
through the green* lit by elastic symmetry,  
as crossed as penny stars.

21/

Tea-shaken nerves impress upon  
defeat surnamed coincidence  
the track releasing carts from  
parallel regard for accident.  
Removal leaves an empty place  
known for a shallow time,  
the moment tied to breast stroke,  
the act of *what-move-next*,  
the threatened foot, the disregard  
for mere locale and wait-list  
moment covering the broadcloth  
cast of simple night. This glowing  
tin masked by swift time seems  
wrinkled in a fist anonymous,  
and then the script tipped  
toward a sleeve expunged  
from ladder roofs succumbing  
as the strewn capsized prediction  
spins toward  
edges in a sporting way,  
surfing the overcast.

22/

I fear sleep apart from woodwinds  
in keeping with routine compared to eye light,  
birch, the sprawl, wide ivy  
thick around the chimney  
needing tuck-points to shift intervals  
between the blocks  
and blockages.

Once she wept beside the sea,  
replacing drum beat to allow  
for syncompassion.

How I long to be beside you.

How I breathe and wait to lift off.

There is no home in passing, no sharp style.

There is no deafening of homonyms.

I hurt just when I smile.

A part of being dressed in slip of shame,  
a long list weathering the symptoms of not-yet.

23/

Lingering dandelions, the yellow birds and daisies  
crack open fog,  
until the color almost-white gives way  
to yellow light across soft earth.  
I leave the birds out of the painting,  
impinging on good graces overcast.  
Rings that frame the sun  
continue their pale echo dimmed  
as flurry when the low clouds  
merge with branches.  
The twig is due to snap,  
seeming injurious to bloat the silver into chores.  
The people are consuming  
obligations moving in under the fan light,  
while tending to grace and gravy.

24/

My veins are hers, the dampness and the bird  
subside, they drift away from  
adverbs and the pillars soften  
streetlights. Leaves rise to a season left  
to levels of mistake.

I think I see the moon forsake its own.

I'm in a patched quiescent solitude.

Here is what we say we are:

Rush Street pentameter in java script,  
within the boundaries of celibate informance,  
batched with crimp in wind's standstill  
reformed or patched.

The surface practices selves' easy craft  
to borrow from steep windows  
their practiced white,  
until a midrange line is splintered  
in the patched street,  
where a Midwestern green  
returns conjoined fidelity.

25/

Where is it possible  
to sing arrangements  
of persistent trill  
quotient of disviolet,  
weeds spry say-so  
relevant pitched stakes toward water.  
How I glide and patch the velvet's sharecrop.  
How I space the damages across wit room,  
and trace the phrases as they loosen  
sleeves of winter, transmogrify  
to dim *les lumieres* on frontage road,  
blisters at the sauce point of undress,  
as leaves fall slowly to the temperate impasto  
of paved strata,  
half identified with depth perception  
noted through windows of delirious intent.