

Ballet Rambert: 1980s

a seeking:
movement (she says: light)
unsurely towards
away from
 blue, white; search
 shrieks soundlessly
 high in the framework
 swaying — sightless, sometimes
(he says: night) moves
 in such a way
 and at such a time as to
 suggest movement.
a search for the sense, maybe.
(she tells him:)
 and, if necessary, to protect,
 to leave in ignorance.

*

 and high it was
 swinging
 loose and
yet connected. it was
there, watched.
I, watching;
the seeming surface became
 some sort of
 depth to it.
 out of sequence,

 a reversal? perhaps it
 seems to be imperfect
 (illusion, broken, decrepit) —
if I touch it, if I am
touching it, it severs the
 bond between sight
 and sanctity.
 its movement is
regular,
more or less in keeping.