



'A Vast Hour: *After Genevieve Taggard*'

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A Vast Hour
after Genevieve Taggard

Rowland Bagnall

*Now only is there certainty for me / When
all the day's distilled and understood – the moon
drives at the present –
the light from here un-
yous you.*

I want to shoot myself in the face
with love – a beautiful thing in a strange
and beautiful place. Something something
“sweet unrest” – the huge night
an enclosure.

*So stir my thoughts at this slow, solemn time –
the short-haul flights of evening: beacons of winter,
continuous air – what if you could
read up on the day's thoughts
about you?*

Strike up music! Scope tomorrow's printless straits!
I slice the tomatoes, saving their skins – their seeds
freckle the countertop. No ideas but in
No ideas but in things – tell me
about it...

I stand and watch the pewter darkness. Snow
here is self-cancelling. Muscular
planets, unread
-able moon – now *that's* what I
call emptiness!

Cast your minds back – dredge it up: ice on
the river, mud on the trees, dataless for many miles.
I sleep and I dream of
the previous year – and possibly (I hope)
the next.

*Now light meets darkness: now my tendrils
climb / In this vast hour – wilderness backwards,
wilderness on. Release the hounds
of opal night, whatever you think
that means.*

This much I do know: light on the housetops,
alluvial plains, the old heart and its loyalties.
And the evening disa
-ppearing – first the ending, now
the end.