

A Hierarchy of Halls

Expanded Edition

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*A hierarchy of halls,
halls, a universe to sing.*

Wren

Wren leads the charge,
her small soldier heart.

Follow her fitting sound
into the lowest corridors

This is not a universe,
It is a garden.

Trees,
a hierarchy of halls,
halls, a universe to sing.

Follow wren's sound
into the lowest corridors.

There,
a huge gap, fox
-made,
is where blackbirds sing.

Stone-plateaued,
daisy garlanded,
ground-held.

Tree looms above it all.

All descends to metaphor.

Here,
A leaf fallen is always a poem.

This is a place for birds.

Wren wingtips an ancient hedge
leading us into her halls
always up, and up,
 she flies
fleeing into clematis' swing rope.

Still, I hear her song—
 Clematis petals fall,
this is a place for birds.

Small bird voice

Pipette piccolo
in a tall,
the tallest tree

How
high it climbs,
How tall the vault –
small-bodied-bird
small-voice-vessel

La sua voce!
Her silver notes
at pitch
tip-tail-trill
she weaves
his threads round
she
reaches the loftiest branches.

Wren-warbler
carrying his small song
garden-wide

Thicket

Birds emerge from
by one—
by song—

their living voices rise,
tethered once—

This,
a songthrush

It held —

Maybe there was no yarn
and you hung the bird-bell
from a delicate thread
in branches
beneath scented leaves —

It took their weights,
and they gave you their low
flying wingbright song

Early Summer

Early summer occurs
in a calamity of falling
young

petals, birds, the
bright souls of birds.

A small dead bird
is at my feet,
tree looms
over this soul-ossuary

dignifying the small
body with her dark needles,

bird-map-lost
Obliterate—

A small mourning

shadow passes over grass,
just long enough to hide the living bird,

shadow moves against it
tipping it to a tremble,

as if it were fly-flicked,
wing-tipped.

it is dawn,

the nodding daisies mourn.

bent arc of its chest,

a birdcage

laid bare on dew

drenched

grass.

one velvet tipped glove is open,

suppliant on the altar of the rising sun.

World is low

I

Light wanes
her final flames
embrace tree
 -of-life
 tree-of-life,
a last fierce embrace
from day's cauldron
warms the roots the
perches of
 birds
 that
pressed the daisy-stem
mapped the grass once

II

Light wanes,
her final flames
desert soul-tree
darkening it to a
gun-metal-grey
light's last embrace
 warms roosts
for bird-slumberings
 in-warm-rings
 claw-anchored
 they sleep
feet that pressed
the daisy-stem-down
mapped the grass,
begin
to tuck-in,

It is time to step onto the threshold of another world

III

light travels down to
the root of it

Tree-of-life
Tree-of-life

evergreen—the
cold
needles shed

cross-stitch
into black dirt
warming to Red

light-tips-tree

light-tips-tree
warming it

in an intimacy of wings,

the earth below
stirs with birds

they rise with the day

*A leaf fallen
Is always a poem.*

Hierarchy of halls,
halls, a universe to sing.

Wren leads the charge,
her small soldier heart.

Imprint

Amber
halls
In the periphery trees
open
sky's lungs there
are small birds there
singing they sing her
boundaries: clay and
Blue this living thing
I touch her skin
It strikes white heart
-wood with
blood runs white light.
She tells her tale,
silver
Beech
a wren—

I can never write you.
I can observe your soul's dialect.

Tree,
a darkness silhouetted,
war-torn,
limbless,

there.

Wren leads the charge
her soldier heart, flitting
and
always up,
she always flies up
and up into

those ancient rattany vines
where clematis is.

Upstretched,
maybe down past

its rods dried
to fingers
tipping the soil

garden's clock
is a swing rope
for small birds.

Walking under orange

Wind came and lifted the leaves
wind came and lifted the leaves right off,

the tree did not bend when the wind came
and lifted the leaves,

the tree did not bend when those leaves
lifted right out of their branches,

orange,
blood-stopped, murmurations -
purple-tipped, curling grey,

they held in air when the wind came and lifted the leaves,
lifted them right off.

murmuration -

(of) wind
leaves
tree

tree
bends
when

tree
leaf (yes)
lift,

orange
bloodstop
red,

walking under orange
held-in-air
lifting up,

Sweet Night

It is sweet night
in a tall,
the tallest tree
I can feel the weight
of a Bird moving in
the branches Above
migrating from one
to the next moth
 wheels up
and up into the latticework
lacing his wing
self creating –
we are still when he
enters the vault of the sky

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Is always a poem.*

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