

## A POUND OF HISTORY

After Gertrude Stein

### GIVING

The wind is breath that is laughter not in wind but in storm, in storms of laughter. A kind of grey in a cloud, a form of mist framed by the sky, a hue of lonely-black smudged above her. She is nothing still. Nothing quite still floats. And floats with grace. Oceans fold at her sides like sheets gathering. Seasoned sheets fold like autumn leaves falling. All this and salty lips not unnoticed.

Seasons unfold as they stand and watch and want and want to take what is not theirs. A softly scented season is not theirs. Not theirs beneath an origami moon. Not theirs a drifting barren figure. What is there is what there is in what there is to come. That is theirs.

### MATTER

Sunny *terra nullius* dissolves the night sky. Only in darkness do shining stars shine. Closed eyes see visible invisibility. They matter. In her palm they squat like brail.

From her palm green-frog leaps, stick sticky pad hand. Through space green-frog leaps, stick sticky pad feet.

The space in that is that she is the space they see. There is that which came before. There is that which cannot be seen. A history in land is that in that that is her, hers, her and hers. She is invisibly visible. In that she sleeps. She sleeps. Asleep, sleeping pregnant with her future's history.

### STORM

Ice-breath lingers but does not blow. If breath is not windy then a dangerous laugh is not heard. If wind does not blow then danger is silenced in a wind that deflates. Winded by a single gift already given, her breath catches slowly. In dawning doldrums her deflated frame sits. Her wind is not defeated, not defeating in not conforming. Her wind is not tangled, not untangled in nothing like entanglement.

A breathless wind slips through fallen sheets and gathering leaves. A flame is fuelled in loneliness. A flame is petrified in a lonely breath. A breathless orchestra's

wind burns in arpeggios. In birthing breath of windy passions laughter is born. The wind is born in that space that is not wind but in space, space of wind. The wind is born in storms of laughter.

#### PENALITY

Prisoned in floating prisons are prisoners at sea. Unhulled in a dark space, only touch to see. Light blinds the sightless in dark places. Forsaken spaces. Captive convicts. Convicts captive but not captivated by deserted desert-blazes. Unbelonging blaze. Petrified flames. Boats float prisoners don't. Blinded prisoners sink in seas of uncertainty. The uncertainty in that of searching is that uncertainty in that that is hope. The search was over and she was lost. Lost is not only to lose but to locate. And to occupy like gravity unexplained. And colonise like blood dripping. Dripping. Dripping and filling newfound space.

#### POUNDING

Ten-pound handed, not only handed but taken and not only taken but navigated away. Ten-pound empty pockets, ten-pound per piece, children free. Ten-pound per piece, twelve pence per shilling, twenty shilling per pound, pounds of profit, pounding profit, children free. A piece was not a pound, not a bit of it. A piece was pounded. A piece was not exchanged, not a bit of it. A piece was taken. A piece was not left over, not a bit of it, not at all.

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