

Tomorrow's Clew



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Luminous Peak

Via Negativa

"The seas round Crete are dark blue almost to blackness, wild, bare, and empty... 'Sea Mother,' I said, Foam-Born Peleia of the Doves, this is your kingdom."

—Mary Renault, *The King Must Die*

There is still no answer
to simultaneity.
The wind pulls the ropes,
hoists the black sail,
drags me into your shadow,
while you wait to taste the salt
of my skin,
with a deep aching blue grief
for the sea.

There is no such thing as
definite place. You dream
your sleep surrounded
by the black fabric of
the Milky Way,
ripped in the middle.
The center of the labyrinth
is a hole in spacetime.

I sleep amidst a sea
of galaxies, in the belly
of the Foam Born, where
gravity stretches the night.

The fire in gestation,
the earth is quickening.

Each of us travels
in a cone of light.
The clew threads through
frozen shadows,
the bodies of those
whom the light has left.
The labyrinth is river
flowing forward. I ask
if there is such a thing
as redemption. The path
is strewn with these stellar
corpses, and you are
wondering, why we are
born into these bodies?
Why not become fire?
Encircled by death,
we live on a spinning world.

Time has grown long
in your prison,
without stories or skies.
Fossil light
travels back, scattered
like star pepper
in the foreground
of memory's photograph.
The earth spins ever
slower since it was born.

I am the first
to brave the frothy universe.
I am the first
to befriend the darkness.
I am the first
to return from you.
In the center
of the earth, you would be

weightless.

Each of us travels
in a cone of light.
I carry only a ball of thread
and the question
of what it is
for a life to be taken.
Our lives
are woven and bound
by this labyrinth.

Ocean music
is all you will hear
when fate takes
its final shape,
finished
by the line
drawn
around you.
What does it mean
for a life to be taken?

The universe
will never
come back
together again.

I will come in
dancing
to your fierce music.
*I will walk
lighter after,
when there is no
looking back.*

Dreaming Tracks

“As the pattern gets more intricate and subtle,
being swept along is no longer enough.”

—The man that passes by in the end
of the dream, *Waking Life*.

*I dreamt this whole day and woke up
thinking it was tomorrow.
Can you remember
when the earth began to dream you?
When your mother woke
to your voice in the night?
Whales dead in the water.
You were crying in your sleep.*

*I see both our feet following
the path laid into the ground.
Can you remember the morning
that we woke in this place?
The waves all broke in this place.
You were talking in your sleep.
Whales beached on the shores.
We made the shape with stones
we dug out from the sand under us.*

*I knew the dream was coming,
but I couldn't stop it.
The children lay bleeding on the labyrinth.*

*I remember you before you were a memory.
Are you dreaming where you are now?*