

Lyrigraph for Ice

Forming on a Bucket of Water

**SEAN
BORODALE**

To know the silence between two cars
the river volume, the still, pale field

the hunger

BRAND 55

Very hungry, very quiet

*cannot cut meat
cannot lift water*

Very quiet, just a vapour

*There she leans, getting drunk
there she goes*

*She's mending the window
she's cleaning the woodwork*

Puts down bucket, water hardens

There's the sponge

No use
is it

Lyrigraph for a Road at Midwinter

**SEAN
BORODALE**

Enter man, followed by the shortest day of the year

70 **BRAND** *He's watching the shortest day, he's saying
'It's like watching an old woman.'*

*Enter the image of old woman, dressed in black,
bent under a faggot of sticks*

*'She'll never make it, look, she's almost dead,
listen, the breath rattles the bones,
she's disproportionate to her flesh.'*

*Voice of a shadow
'It's easy enough to be afraid of the old.'*

*Old woman stops, she lets down the wood
'She's stopped, look! It's a worn-out piece of tarmac
She brings out a box of matches, some paper handy,
she sets it alight under the wood*

*'Now look, she's lifting the flames onto her back,
look how they flap.'*

Enter a low wind from the North

'She's going. The plants are black.
The river sweeps South like a vein of lead.
The rocks are black.'

*She stops, takes out a grey card, pricks a small hole in its centre,
props it up on the road, she walks on with the flames going this way and that*

'Look, there's a small light on the road.'
Either side of the road: scowls of earth, scattered hillsides

'I've an idea,' he says,
'Let this small image of the burning faggot be the Sun,
and the card's aperture, the Dusk,
and let that old woman represent the movement of the Earth.'

*Enter the death of Evening, enter the Night,
they pace short stretches of the road for several hours*