Walking: Try Valley - Watch Croft - Morvah

Lawrence Upton

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by Lawrence Upton

“Study has become my prayer” -Karen Armstrong

passion is a large fortune
pleasure of riches
harmless for catching
a prehistoric far end

clean remembered
against intended vacancy

getting uncomfortable

a serious mind busybody

incredulity and outline

impossible melancholy

appearance against conjecture

light eyes of matter
finally irresolute
so intimately frank
breaking into outrage

the responsibility of large ideas
fixed up

more infatuated than perplexed

following in dark time
peeped out of
the adventure
to a head

in touch with some situation

nothing inconceivable

nothing in concealment

a number of
existences
precipitous
open, down
together and
accepted

an unjustifiable intrusion
in consequence

swiftly down

the moor path bringing us to small roads
smashed land curving upwards

incidentally truthful
in search of evidence
a fascination coldly broad

a dead body
withdrawn into
satisfied

there is nothing
as written

the moment, the written moment, movement

it is
upon the zigzag instant

the vast loudly
it's the mud or something
in upon the last

a question of the whole?

thrown above us each
the illuminated round
of the bright sky

behind and beneath
foaming
the risen sea

*Lawrence Upton* is a solo and collaborative poet; a sound & graphic artist & performer; and occasional story-writer.