Walking on Scilly

Lawrence Upton

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Walking on Scilly

by Lawrence Upton

One can’t be said to walk here as one can of that setting free on the wide Cornish mainland. There isn’t room. A few steps and the rock makes way for sea. Naturally, left to the self, connection is by boat; and has been since two islands became an archipelago, garlic chopped and chopped again by wet knives; or ground cover and its life on cleared land; and we are as small arthropods, not sure what’s happening, unable to conceptualise the forces cutting us up. And yet there’s space. I’ve dropped the mass production of affect!

I walk more slowly than I have yet done. I spend more time upon my arse than’s good for the fatty heart; but I am observant when I am stumbling forward, round the stones. In lieu of space, I go through age layers or think I do. Time’s peculiar here though many want to make it beg and roll. It has its sacred gardens and passages for which I am self-licensed and alert.

One goes out through many tangled eras, ideas’ overgrown achievements derelict, into territory nowadays undimensioned.