PAMELA RICHARDSON

Small Black Things

i.
This morning as I trekked sun-blinded across a field of delphinium, the black iridescence of a slug caught my eye.

Sole of rubber boot suspended – I stood and mimed her impossible slowness, thick and unctuous.

I wanted to merge with her then, be tucked in a sweep of tall grass. Sly as a comma in a José Saramago novel.

Time slips past like the slow hand on the clock.
Like molasses in January, my mom would say, when January lasted half the year and molasses made every dish a French-Canadian specialty.

~

When I got home, plums, small as kalamatas, beckoned me to pick them before they fell. I could only reach a few.

ii.
Read to taste the pleasure of entire worlds submerged in a single letter.

J’avoue avoir avaler mes ailes, mes ailes pour voler,
I confess to having swallowed my wings, my wings to fly or steal away. (Crook, caught out, abject bird!)

Right there then now L splits. Half flies upwards the other half is left behind to fall, fail, flail.

L

L like an elbow soft and sharp, a folding over, bending in, a lever of bone, wrapped in skin. L is reunited in a lullaby.

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