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<th>Title</th>
<th>A floating flower</th>
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<td>Authors</td>
<td>Hurley, UK</td>
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A floating flower
Ursula Hurley

‘some things we don’t need to navigate’

Not a lily on the Nile
but an Iris on the Mersey.

Grey metal.
Brown water.

A cathedral conjured
by the alchemy of mist and deep: we
cannot see the roof but we know it is a dull
orange sky, reflecting the blaze of Gomorrah. Vapour

hides the joists and in the dark choppy nave streetlight
votives glimmer. Floating pews are filled
with the faithful. Those
who believe

In
Rhythm
Engine
Lapped prow
Fizzing wake

In
Cold
Clarity
Resonance
Reverence

This is our litany
You shall know us by the leaves at our brows
Out in the flow
the hawsers of history loosen. Knots
slip, reality
waves a white flag on the far shore. Below
decks the shaman trance
begins; we are transported. Time
wavers, a monolith
made pliable:

this could be, free
of ground and archaeology,
the reasons why not have no
substance (do
not think of docking and the jolt
of gangway on concrete). Drink
canned lager. Breathe
oil and salt and smoke. Feel
the silence which beats through your ribcage. Gaze
at the river’s quivering sodium skin. Share
a look that cannot frame
disguise. Old circuits
reconnected feel the Power.