

# *Ajar To The Night*

Autumn Richardson

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# You Came To Me

you came to me as a song  
that I could not sing

it broke the branches  
of the tree in which I rested

it broke my rest

you came to me as a torch  
that devoured me

I was relieved of leaves  
and left with blood-  
brightness and with thorns

you come to me now  
as a wind that assails me  
with fury and with salt

to purify the wounds of my  
own making

you are a horn  
lifted to the sky

a howl piercing the blue  
cells of the air

all is restless  
all is current

there is nothing still  
upon this earth

the incessant emanations  
of the Sun

sing life from stone

you come to me now, a torch  
that consumes me

I am a wick of bones  
floating in an oil of blood

I am mineral-smoke

released of my previous form  
I leap, a hare, into the violet rocks

I slip through perforated stones

my body is burnt amber, the gold of stalks

within the innards of earth  
I am unseen

within the bright pigments  
of grasses I am unseen

I am the grasses, the stalks, the stones

I feel you as a current

as dark, as sinuous, as  
a cormorant slipping through  
the belly of the sea

in the caverns of the earth  
I recognised you

and in the veins  
of smoke of birch

you are the dweller inside  
the atria of hills

I lower myself through  
oesophageal stones

into dens of scent

sightless, seeking bulb  
and frond

I lift from unlit passages  
medicines proliferating  
in darkness