Since Now God Hath Impald Us

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SINCE NOW GOD HATH IMPALD US
by Kylan Rice

1 (The church-porch)
By virtue of the isolating canopy the light not readily
The light in the grouping the straining out of enough
And out of enough I come seldom either heard or seen
And in the pasture lost and in the light impaled
   Beyond the pale a surging of what
   Might be flags or am I only drawn to the edge

2 (Part of the main)
At a lower height as vector or as isolated habitat
Lapping over isotope and alder leaf or over-
Lapping forfeit and creation at creation's
Heart a lake divided from a lake and staved
   Therefore gently move across me
   It is called morning's light and fettering

3 (Perirrhanterium)
No gesture is alone nor seldom is enough nor is
Our fall forgathered our cataract through glass
And slipped from one hand to the next a tax
And crashed from one lip to the next a litany
    Therein I did not dare to intervene
    Nor freely swim the purling of the stream

4 (Sheepfold)
To clarify to study sameness sweetness to let my mind
Be bent still appalling by balsam and balmed by light
Having circled back through pasturage and turned
By bell and book to vector where field has fell to fold
    There I render and there I’m wrought
    And there I’m folded back and stopped