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## 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 (Perirrhantarium)

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 appalled 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