

**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.