



Lore

a collection of
writings, worlds and
visions by Pete Foley.

content

to my folks.

who fought to keep me little.

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The pretty; the pointless

When I opened my eyes I was standing in a field of intricate workings. Every inch held another device of such infinitesimal significance I was humbled; pointless and trivial. Each hair width of this field had more purpose, more use, than my entire life.

But then, as I came over the hill, I found a shrine. Made of steel, but fashioned into shapes not owned by that type. Twisting tubes and little trivialities that were, if nothing else, a complete contradiction to everything I had seen so far. Sitting in the centre, protected by a wall of glass, was a bud. Still green, still living.

It was a tribute to that which they could never understand. The pretty; the pointless.

An ink jar

He told me that his job in heaven was putting the black dot in a baby's eyes. I only just discovered how important that is. And it wasn't until I met White-Eyed Ophelia that I realised why it *wasn't* his job anymore.

It was only when I learnt its importance that I learnt his part in her tragedy.

He forgot to put the dots in her eyes. Seeing was something she didn't understand. I found that sad at first but then... she tells me of some things that I don't understand, so perhaps we are both missing out.

She died because of his forgetting. I think he came down here to apologize.

One day the word will find me

He stepped into the hall, he could hear a lone hand playing slow, deliberate strokes on the piano. The joins of the walls and ceilings were accentuated by masks of the black roots dripping down from an unseen forest above.

He stepped forth out of the doorway, the hall reeled around him and he fell.

He awoke in a garden; all black and silver with snow.

He'd found his _____.

She says little

The moonlight hit the grass creating stippled shadows across the lawn, lighting the smoke curling out of her open mouth. Her arms lay limp at her sides. She closes her mouth holding in the rest. She drops her head and steps back disappearing into the night.

I don't ever remember seeing anyone move but she was standing next to me. She opened her mouth again. On her tongue quivered a locust. It had my eyes.

We don't go near her yard any more.

Of steel

Petals of tin fall down around me; drawing little red lines on my face and arms.

The old clock above me wears no skin and shows its structured turmoil to the world; a world of foil hearts and sterling silver tongues.

The petals turn and mark up my chest. I let them. I have no place here.

As my flesh gives way I see a locomotive's movement. I analyse its means and learn its pattern. I envy its progress. I can only dream for its stoic striving.

As my head hits the bitumen I see the locomotive watch my fall. It can't understand my feeling. I envy its heartless steel. But somehow, as ebony grasps me I feel warm... And it wouldn't understand that either.

Waiting for mr elm

I was sitting on the roof of our house waiting for Mr Elm's final leaf to fall. The sun was getting low and the afternoon reached the time when all optimism is quenched. I had given up all hope of ever being able to thank the old elm for saving me.

I HAD given up, yet there I was perched three metres up stubbornly waiting for the towering shadow in front of me to wake.

You have one opportunity to speak to your favourite tree. You must be ten years old and waiting for him to shed his final leaf. I am this, I'm doing this.

And perhaps that is why I am standing here now. Still on the roof, still ten years old, but the final leaf no longer lingers and now I'm stumbling over my thankyou speech to a grinning silhouette two metres above me.

I am old enough now to start growing out of fairy stories and legends of tree folk waking once a life-time. But I think I'll put that on hold for now,

I guess hearing the voice of an elm will do that to a boy.

Mrs ratchet's kitchen

Mrs Ratchet's kitchen was an art piece. Balanced from wall to wall, floor to ceiling. The green stain that had grown from her leaky ceiling dripping down her west wall is in content opposition to mint she has growing on her east window sill. She insists she has never pruned it, not even for her overly bland cooking.

A bed to stay

Laying in a bed of overgrown grass I watch the blades rise up high above me. I sink down and meet the soil, still cushioned on a layer of green of whom I am now offending with my weight. Blades lick my face and arms. Warm moving down my brow, liquid metal on my tongue. ...

The knowing and growing

If I ask, Grass will tell me things. It would tell anyone things.
If they ask.
Because Grass Knows.

Sun is jealous of Grass' quiet popularity. There was a time when Sun
tried to kill Grass.
It almost won.
But it didn't.

The tree of nine tenths

The tree of nine tenths stands tall. The lowest of its
limbs almost in the sky. Its bark is hands and faces;
but wood all the same. I look up, searching for the
angle that is the final tenth. An angle that, when
found, the branches seem to form XXXXXXXXXX.

It will blind you instantly. But finding ten
tenths even for one instant pays its price ten fold.

Van dyke

"Chim, chimney, chim, chimney, chim, chim charoo,
I'm looking at your baby, what will you do?"

A beanie figure stands over a cradle.
Five soot fingerprints. Baby's cheeks, baby's forehead,
baby's temples.

Every second month.

growing of grass

Grass doesn't live because it wants to. It doesn't *not* want to. But it lives because it has to.

People need Grass.

And Grass isn't selfish.

Clouds embrace Grass and it will defeat Sun's cruelty for a time. It's sad; all this bargaining and no one is willing to know.

You could Know.

Grass Knows.

Grass would help you Know.

Recipe for the blind

∞

Recipe for the blind

In her palms she holds a 'shroom unlike any other. Shaped of star, dripping life... If she could see she would keep it. She wouldn't throw it under her shoe. She would add it to the Recipe for the Blind.

But nay. Blind she will stay.

Seven hundred ants forming a perfect circle. Their queen in the centre; a pin driven through. Outstretch your hand and open your fist. The butterfly there shall not move. Pull off its wings careful not to spill the dust. Hang the body from a single spider's thread. When it has returned to a cocoon cut the thread with scissors of pure silver. At that, a blue flower shall bloom; the only of its kind in the garden. Only its pollen has enough of life's turmoil to return your gift.

She smeared her lips. It tasted of blood and honey.

Watching him become ever

I killed him because I loved him so much. The red ivy grew down his throat so cleanly it was as if its life until now was training for this one moment. I stood mesmerized by its lethal precision. It burst from his finger tips and ankles. It forced him back against the tree and wove itself around, establishing his new ever.

His glassy eyes broke fleetingly for a moment only to be drunk by thin black roots moving up his face.

This way he would be beautiful forever. He could be there for all generations to adore. If only he wasn't a mere carving they'd say, I wish he were real.

He was real. And he was mine. But I'm not selfish.

So God can correct it

So God can correct it

Find an **elephant**.

It will know the way to the brown door with
ivy in the keyhole.



Back when the ivy grew from the keyhole
and announced its master to the world,
calling, advertising,
it was the elephant who took it
upon herself to guide boys and girls.
How else would they find some-thing so precious?
...

Behind the brown door with ivy in its keyhole lies a single room.
In this black walled room sits a red typewriter.



It is a fresh, early morning, its shadows strong and light stronger. It
beams through the gap in the door and welcomes this morning's
occupant.

He is of the *exact* age (down to the second)



that the room will allow/ask to enter.

His head is filled with the **tickings** of the world.

It is his **lack of expe-rience**
that holds off the chimes
that seduce the hearts of men.

y.

He **h e s i t a t e s** over the red typewriter.

His back arched under the weight of his first responsibilit

The light now staring through three edges of the door offers the boy a
glimpse of an **elephant** outside.



His mind set, his hands dance with the red typewriter's letters,
gently placing on its paper what it is that he finds wrong with the world

so God can correct it.

"It all doesn't hold together,
it is held together."
-Leunig

Recognising voices that aren't mine

The Doctor held a stethoscope up to my chest. He chanced a concerned glance at me for a fleeting instant. He put the scope down and took a step back staring at me unseeing. He unbuttoned my shirt and pressed around for a while. I think he was stalling. He looked up at me again. I felt his fingers move down to the bottom of my ribcage. They felt around... and he reefed up. He tore my ribcage open like a car bonnet, snapping and crunching vibrated up my spine, hitting me with a wave of nausea. Suddenly there was steam billowing out into the room, scalding and thick, clouding out from my chest in plumes.

Amongst the steam, flying out and rushing about the room were little voices. Voices that I recognised; voices that I thought were mine. The room was whirling with tiny fragments and dense clouds, wet and grey. The curtains stressed at their holdings, paint was flecking from the walls and chairs were violently smashing about the room like dice.

Then the room calmed and the steam stopped. I slumped back onto the bed exhausted. The Doctor pushed my ribcage back down and strapped it shut with a leather belt, pulling it tight.

He handed me a glass of water. I was thirsty.

Water of the sky

Fat boots splashing through the submerged grass, crowns of water raising at each step. Lightning rod in hand pointing to the heavens high above her hair. Fringe glued to her forehead. Panda eyes running down her cheeks.

The top of a hill. A single dead tree, life torn by fire. Scrambling from grass to branch, limb to limb, to the highest moment. Lightning rod held up, the highest in all the land.

Clouds empty of light, flooding the air. Water bending their paths having learnt from cousin light. The clouds bend; all focus on her upward stretch.

The taming of clouds; the seeding of a future mutiny.

Droven raso

I sat on the edge of the hill face looking down at the crowd wondering 'What are the Droven?' They parted down the centre like a cell dividing. Up walked a girl. I guess she would be the Droven Raso. I have no idea what that implies. To be a Droven Raso. Is that just her name? A title? My country has a long and quiet past. To know is to enter a secret society knowing only the handshake; you deserve what they throw at you. To understand... that's different. I had a friend who one day just... understood. Her name wasn't Raso then, so perhaps it is just a title. But... she answers to nothing else.

Dopple

With knuckles white her black hands quiver on the hilt. Gleaming silver falls down from its source in her palms. Its weight sits in her chest with what the world will think of tonight.

Not even able to walk yet, they coo into the cold night air. Held by village women, but not birthed – little grey men are clever with their secrets.

By next moon they will be prowling and her home will be just another empty grove. But she knows, and she can stop them, she can cleave them from this plane.

They will not understand and she will be hung by sundown. She knows, but she will hang knowing she will be rewarded elsewhere. Little grey men are notorious in other elsewhere planes; planes where she will be going.

He leant down to look at its leaves. A bush of mulberry he thought he remembered his mother remarking. Perched atop its lowest generous branch he wondered if the tree looked this way before he climbed up. Everything felt different now, but he had no time for that, all that was in concern now was his touching the rich green leaves below.

The leaves at the top look the fullest, I want one.

Brown leaves rained down around him, all the tree bare but for that for which he was reaching. The more he strained the more the world seemed not to matter. As he loosened his grip of the branch he felt the tree embrace his reaching arm.

Your perception of distance changes once higher than ground. His head whirling it seemed the lush green had changed ends of the tree.

He was pulled from the branch ensnared in the firm grasp of mulberry. The dirt opened at his feet and other leaves thrust down pulling out his future.

The box was about his height and had the top two corners cut flat.

As it began to snow the mulberry leaves, now riddled with guilt of actions even beyond its control, let go of the last of life. The solitary shape drifting down passing its trunk for the last time where treacherous thorns of a rose began to stir and retract itself, hiding away again beneath the snow waiting for the spring.

Laying on snow

Contents of a cage

I have lessons sitting in my cage.

Involving the bumbling of bees;

'Twas merely the bumbling; stimulus for my envy. They visibly draw the hands of grandfather closer now and that, it seems, will solve all my problems.

the work of crystalline, white hands;

I tried to assume the working of the hands.

Never do that.

Simply say thankyou.

infinite cogs and intricate inner workings;

The grass; the trees; the chance meeting of old lovers. Coincidence is a perfectly oiled machine.

and brick walls, plenty of brick walls;

With every hit the bumbling was louder; the work was cruel; the infinite were ignorant; and the brick was cold.

Mrs ratchet's neck

Mrs Ratchet has a collar around her neck. It's not a collar from a shirt; it has a steel ring round the back. She usually wraps a scarf. I hadn't witnessed it until this morning, her shawl fell, caught on the edge of her table. It pains me to think that, because I have only ever viewed her from a distance, I have no way of knowing – is anything tied to that ring?



If you are fast enough to catch the first ray of sunlight bouncing from a dew specked leaf...

I won't spoil your reward.

Sprites' song / interview

[End of an era, end of a month, who prospers from this difference? A tree is burned, thrown to the ground. It becomes charcoal. Sprites live not in your homes; they play not in your beds. Sprites eat not your children's hair neither do they try to find where your eyes fall. Do you trust our promises?]

Spend no longer trying to wring the words from our dry, quiet bodies. Your surveys tell you that one in every four splashes of a raindrop hitting the road is one of us. If I had a hat it would be tipped; I hate to think how they came up with that number. But what could you do if it were true? You could hardly stop us. What's the point of trying to be territorial over rain? The Nymphs demand of a quarter of all rain fallen on your roads is quite reasonable. Think of it as a rental payment of their land. We are keeping you alive. Really, if we left it to you your ignorance would have lead the Nymphs to your hides. If you are going to accuse the Sprites you can't continue to ignore the true owners of your land! You can't pretend you hold rights, you don't even have numbers on your side. Hold onto this self-righteousness and we'll leave and you can see what the Nymphs would charge for overdue fines.

Under foot

Among all the environments in the world, the quickened sand is determined. I wonder if the sand god was overwhelmed with his task when God asked him to hide the UnderPocket. But God's trust is never misplaced. The sand god devised the perfect schema; he gave an intimidation to his namesake. Nobody is willing to let quickened sand take them so no one is willing to find the little pocket of countries that sit beneath our own. There's no stumbling across a remote shanty, no happening upon a random villager. No. You can dig as much as you like and you would never find that which you would if you just placed your faith in the sand god. I marvel at the cunning of the inventor of the quickened sand. He blessed God with his ingenuity. He separated their world from our own, and they're much happier without us. Sorry.

All this stillness, all this greying

His lifeless hand reached out across the grey, lifeless board. Where once were checks, there was now merely tone. The nails of his hand seemed invisible against it; the greys so much in common.

At the far edge of the board lay a single black piece; that which he sought. His arm extending muscles, pulling and stretching out to measures they had not visited since their death. Tearing. Snapping. Reaching the piece his knuckles clicked loudly and they clasped around the pawn –

All these years, all this stillness, all this greying,
for a pawn.

Pair

Standing next to an artist and his muse; a seed and her rain is the being and his music. As a neat pair torn apart, left to fight for each others company so sin played its part. The being of a man; the being of a woman, were, once, consumed by being of music. It played to their hearts, it responded to their fears, it enraged their passions. But they were torn separate.

With a drenching of its company the artist creates for his muse, the seed blooms for her rain; so the being feels for its music. Our beings are drenched once more with its kindred in our age. At any and all times we can reach out and let it take its seat in our chest, pulsing out its throbbing sensation, prickling our skin and shortening our breath. It holds a blanket that only it truly knows how to use – encompassing our being and touching us so thoroughly that only God knows its ramifications.

If music had an arm he would thrust it through my chest and grip my heart; holding firmly, ensuring I had no where else to turn. He would shove his fingers down my eyelids and shovel up wells. His fist would be on hold of my spine playing with the nerves so meticulously interwoven around by body that my being has no choice but to sit.

... but to feel

... but to weep

epilogue:

It enters my lower back. I stiffen as I feel it
caress my insides. I open my throat; it forces
open my mouth and it swells into the night.

Minor Mrs ratchet's company

She struck the violin, its resonance screaming minor. He fell to the floor; his warnings hitting the deaf ears he knew he would find eventually. The red from his nose met the crystal from his eye as it hit the tiles.

This was the day that her heart left. Her many remaining days empty and lifeless; dead leaves taking place in her chest instead.

No one visits Mrs Ratchet, yet tonight she sets the table for two. A line of silver stops Mrs Ratchet from leaving the house, yet she always has plenty.

The woman who visited last night has yet to leave. I fear for her. I also fear that the silver thread may be for good reason.

I no longer fear FOR Mrs Ratchet, but I do still fear.

Another ink jar

Tumbling, wheeling.
Lungs not finding their
complement. Foreign land
makes an unspoilt ink jar
treacherous. Ophelia dreams
of places without such panic.
And in time she finds them.

He stands over
her body and weeps at
the similarity between the
dates written on stone. 15.
Nothing.

I told him of her
favourite flower.

"I'm sorry" he said.
"What is saved ink if you are
spilled in its place?"

He won't pay

He grabbed a twist of time in his fist, remembering how much he hated time travel movies. He pulled it and the air stiffened. Frustration gripped his chest at the thought of him living a hideously paradoxical existence, involving him doing something to stop another, which in turn meant that he never would have done the something, which meant it wouldn't stop the another, which in turn... He loosened his grip. The air relaxed...

and the world is how it is.

