

Opus 40

Nuala Alvord

I have ventured to a landscape of chiseled wilderness.
I have seen an old god huddled on a pedestal of flesh.
I have touched a wall of limitless storybook pages
crammed into the cube exhumed from the clay wombs.
When I walk under that bridge, I am struck by the spear
of pure sunlight and the radio waves of Sumerian priests.
I could disappear into the chartreuse pool,
greet the saws and grinding gears
and painted faces of the underworld.
A spiral path for mule-back travelers,
a stairwell for the king of swinging braids.
I hung my legs over an altar, staring at the fern that
sprang lively from a crack in the stone.
I have fled from harvestmen on the shores of a pool.
I have heard the wobble of the blue plates.
Tea party on the ziggurat, wine and fire in our lungs.