

Mary de Rachewiltz

The pattern in the carpet
The shadow in the stone
through a painter's grid

A composition of opposites
for song and orchestra,
believe me, would have been
beautiful if compass-layered
rock, *plis selon plis* had not been
split asunder and the fig tree
root torn from its setting

I heard her cry
A roar it was, of lioness,
the voice a sound of death
when the tree was wrenched
with root and bough
Torn from under her womb
and the rock-pool emptied

Now she lies bare
under my window and giggly girls
lie naked upon her
unaware that on dead stone
sunshine is sterile

After Tara all the rocks
rolled towards King Laurin's bed
leaving but pebbles
and minor stones in Erin
where in dell and meadows green
cows feed on heart fern and clover
and cormorants fish for eel

When the Rock King came
To win the Sun's fair Soregina
(as the Ice Man of Old to woe
and never reach
Tiresias's offspring, Manto)
a spark escaped
with Mithra's eye
into the Emerald Temple ruin
a heap of stones forgotten
Zagreus wronged and sold

The S was slashed
and not by I - but planted
the line, and *Schloss*
turned *Schloss*
sharp in the North
– scharfes ß into *s impura* –

The edge of the flint
blunted – perfect
Giotto's O decapitated
from the earth pyramid
that stood as model
for the perfect circle
as drawn on a stone.

The intention was there
but fate new better.
And homesickness
endures – even if one
is dropped on foreign pasture
And wedged between two women.
A wounded panther
loudly roaring.