

Shattered Image, Fallen Breast

01 November 2021

At midnight in the basement
of a museum, some forgotten grotto
deep in Mediterranean soil,

I walked slow and silent,
deep in thought,

When lo! the image of a woman,
be it Aphrodite, Juno,
or some other, rose before me.

I came to her side
and noticed lying at her feet
a fallen breast of stone,
hers surely, lying prone,
as though some vandal strove
to make her pure.

I put it back where it belongs,
and held it there,
until her firmness made me sure,

But sure of what,
I do not know.

I thought I could discern
the faintest sigh,
but only she would know
who fills the mind with wonder,

so I wondered
if the earth could be her home,
or if she comes from some far-whispered plane
that only makers know.