

Eve labouring for 37 hours; the yes poem

Great

Monumental

*Eve* in pain.

Will bring

Forth a *Cain* /  
*Abel*

Cannibal.

Exhausted stretch

Rather/rather/rather

Rather/rather/rather

Dilate/ than die/ yes.

So just. Sous justice.

En vertu de la justice,

Pour :

*(In sorrow you shall bring forth children)*

Face. Yes. Present. Yes. Hands.

Yes. His image,

Who conjured it?

Eve labouring for 37 hours; the yes poem

Mouth of dry twigs

The/sticks/stones

Bones/buttons

A knee-piece/skulls.

*There are piles of skulls*

*Pushing through my grimacing cunt,*

All the pretty things.

Stones/ bones/buttons

A knee-piece/ skulls

*Sous justice.*

Merci !

Christine Murray

**The Burning Tree**

Mineral planes impinge  
surface embed glares red,

deep red.

    A scarlet arrow  
burns out on my white tile,  
        and cools.

*The Burning-*

Years' round brings Rothko light  
        - *Tree.*

Glass stained is a bloody  
    transparency.

Sun brings up the silica  
right to its surfaces,  
where they may glitter  
their red sparks.

**Willow**

Willow's wooded music is hollow,  
dead, or veiled.  
She awaits yellow spring.

Willow is first to don it.

*A tree,*  
plain and ordinary.

**Delicate**

We trace our path from the harbour to  
A dark stepped lane opened out onto  
The old churchyard. Green and blue  
Sea glass, a rough blush pink is clearlit.

We find small rib bones scattered there.  
I pick up the cap of a skull. Small, it's  
Sponge ossified to a mineralized honeycomb.  
I cup it's yellow cream in my hand. Delicate,

A sea snail, most precious egg, as if  
It had touched the ruby feather of a  
Bluebird. A most precious thing,  
Bird-egg-shattered, dust in my pores.

We place the bones down on a portico shelf.  
Are they human bones, those of an infant ?

We lay them under the wing of a sheltering grave,  
A small bone heap. We move through the labyrinth.

Christine Murray