

# Bare Ruined Palace

*by* Bill Yarrow

These halls, these walls  
Naked sacredness is too much to bear

Not bronze nor silk nor bone nor pearl  
The cool embrace of the saffron air

The marble imagination transports the driest soul  
Every encounter is a dance, every secret has its key

Black kites screech in the varnished sky  
Rhino hornbills palaver in the trees

The future is bejeweled  
The past is unembossed

