

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

