

The memories lived in the house

by Deborah Oster Pannell

Each room she dismantled released the ghosts of an era
The stacks of books rekindled her memories of
the striving, yearning years of play structure
the ache to create a symbolic re-enactment
of a pithy moment
a graceful fall
or a bleak disappointment
where it would live in a cocoon of colored light
and artfully arranged set pieces
you can't summon the spirit of the muse
at will
each act of creation is a jolt of expectation
an unearthing of ancient belief made tangible
through spoken words
mathematically shaped sounds in rhythmic
rhyming, grinding juxtaposition
where emotional upheaval is but an Act 1 to
the great demise and rebirth
and there is always redemption
in the grand finale
if that is true,
and i am counting on it
then the years ahead may be
the grand payoff to the
years of liting sadness
of loss tucked into every bookshelf
behind the collected works of shakespeare
the grief and struggle of the arabic world
the defining battles of black people in america

and the women, always the women,
bathing the earth, reflecting the stars with
their moon magic
and still we struggle between eros and thanatos
each day a new battle of will and natural selection
our hearts and minds vibrating to frequencies of larger design
and infinite reverberation
i know you recognize my truth
because we speak the same language
though there may be vast fields of barren silence
between our moments of agreement

