

1992

Uncreation

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Uncreation

He had her lie down, naked, unashamed
in darkness. He called Phoebus to dissolve
the veil of shadows, "Illuminate her."
He could not believe what the darkness hid;
But she had warned him of what would evolve
if he would not be pleased with a darker
love. He decided, then, to betray her
for art. Now loving her more than ever,
he took the soil of the earth and began
to shape it in her image; with his hands
he ribbed her, then moving his thumbs from her
eyewells, he smoothed the apple of her throat
and hung from his own tree, eyes stabbed out.

He lives yet, moving amoebic through cold
darkness. Is this just the way things would be?
The clay is cold and wet, his fingers swim
through shadows, groping, like a man returned
to the place he called home to find nothing,
nothing there for him but a smug fool's dream,
a bartender's story when closing lights dim.
How to paint one whose canvass is barren?
She cannot nurse him for his universe
is created in dust, and his love verse,
the second testament, he had written
by men, but his last vow is best and still,
and no one knows how long his silent vigil.

– Richard Croft '93