

SEPTEMBER MORNING

decreed a light
whose beauty
stared the passengers down
like Shiva wearing a garland
of serpents and skulls.
Soon the queen of fire
and the king of ashes danced.
Towers fell.
From a pocket of air under stone,
imagined voices seeped out
like water from a fissure
in the earth.
Now they ask for nothing
in a world that waits for them
if we invent it --
mysterious like houses
they once entered, keyholes
squeezing in the light
every room abundant.

Colette Inez