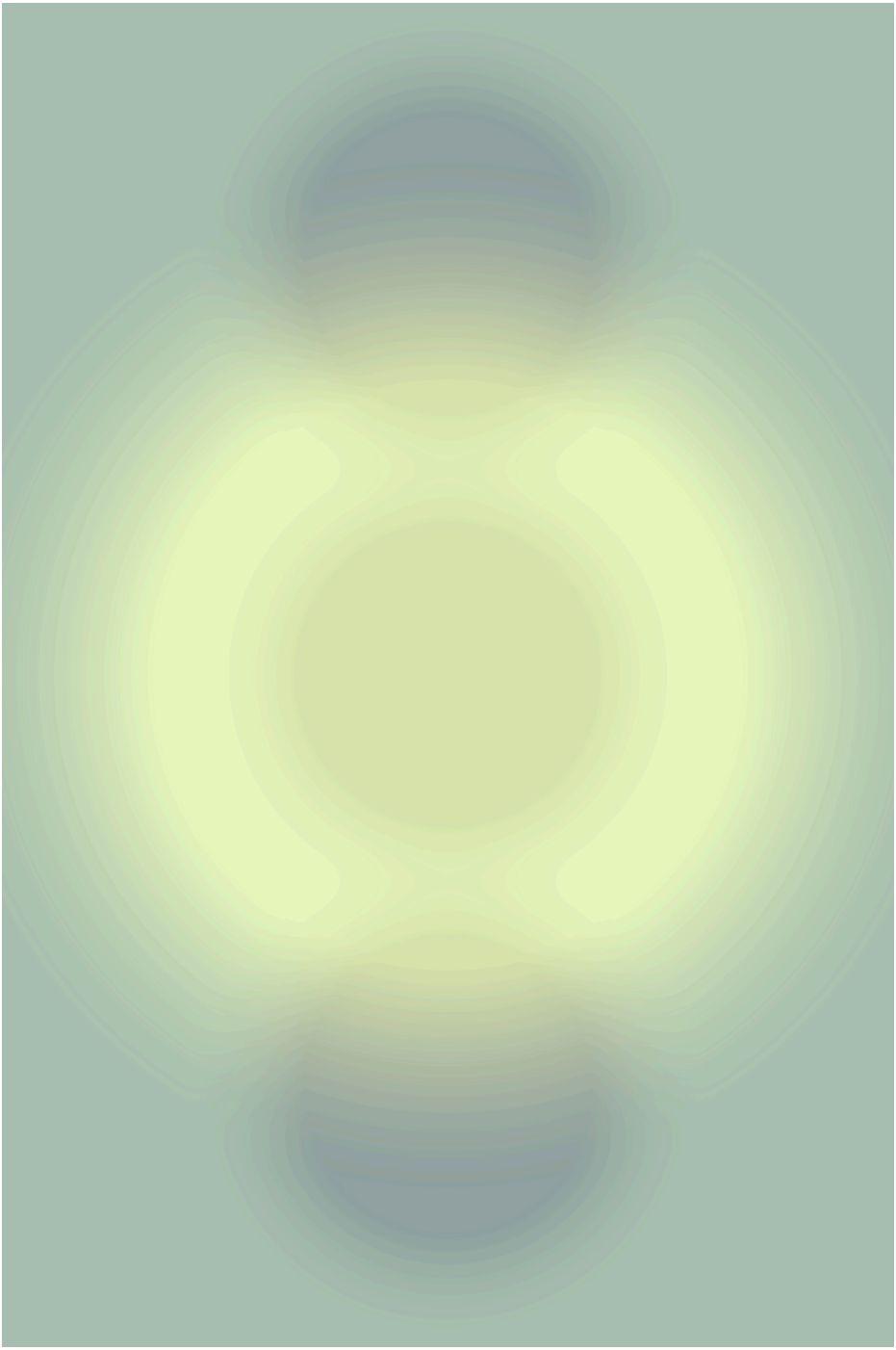
David C. Porter

Beneath the Lava

They spoke: twist the branches into thy name and cast it upon the fire ### build a new dark house in the murmuring night ### take the old blindness and etch it into the walls ### make the Light reveal its shape ### make your body fall away ### let it enter grey eternity ### a silence carried on a raft of leaves ### hovering on the water
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################

They spoke: come up from the riverbed ### come up and draw a doorway into the valley of dreary fog ### wrap heavy fate around you ### make a ward against the dusk ### many nights promise no tomorrow and many pathways lead in circles ### many houses are built on sand ### count the flickers of the lamps along the trail ### let the gardens go to seed and the pastures overflow ################################## ################################## ################################## ################################## ##################################



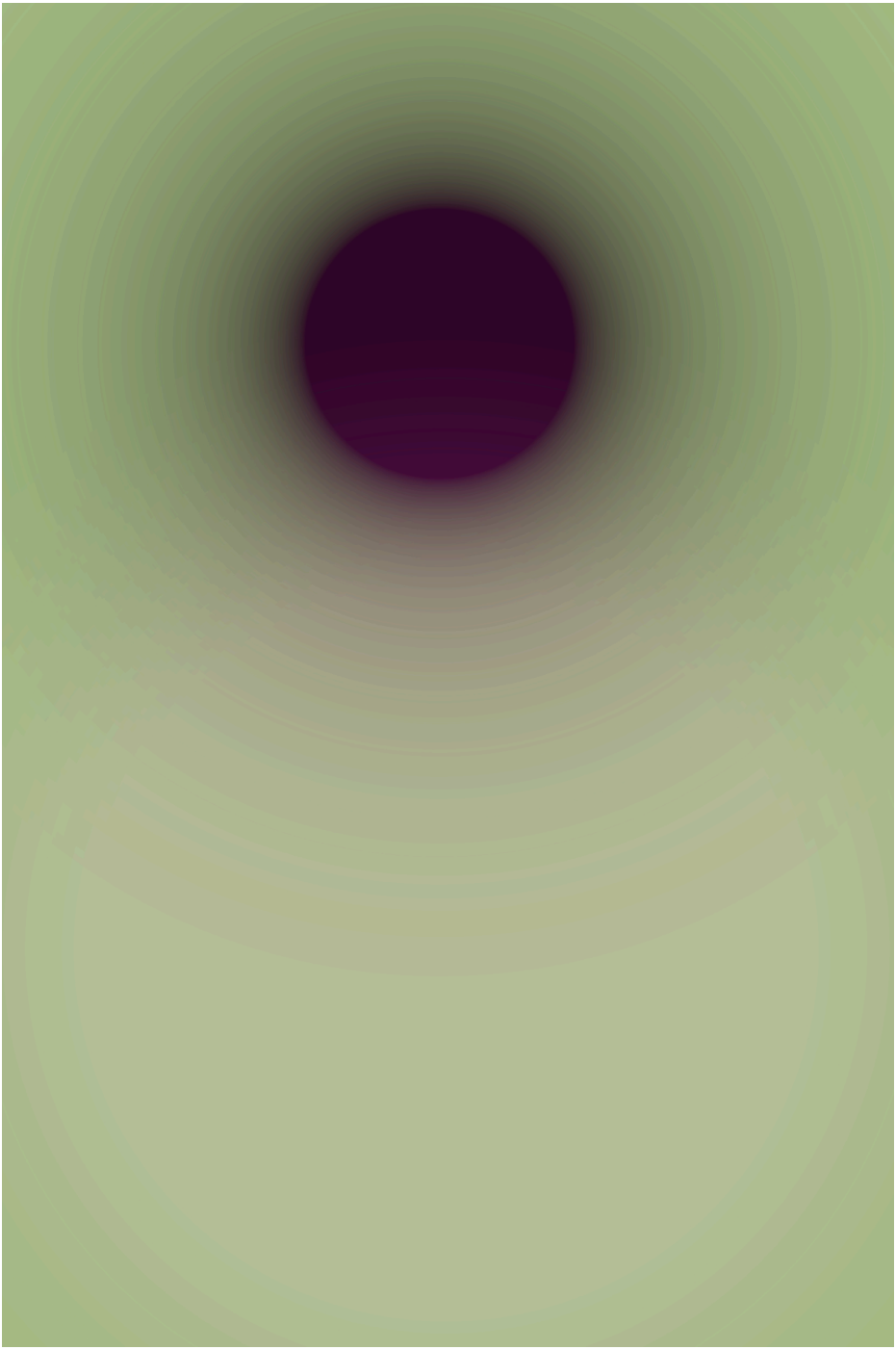
They spoke: cast a shadow upon the edifice ### sketch the echoes in the reeds ### watch the insects draw their message on the shore ### a still pool still shimmers ### a betrayed traveler betrays nothing ### under the dark and hanging vines ### many destinies have found themselves ### turned to marks upon the stone ### drawn by glinting blades ### pulled from shadows in the drifting sand
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################

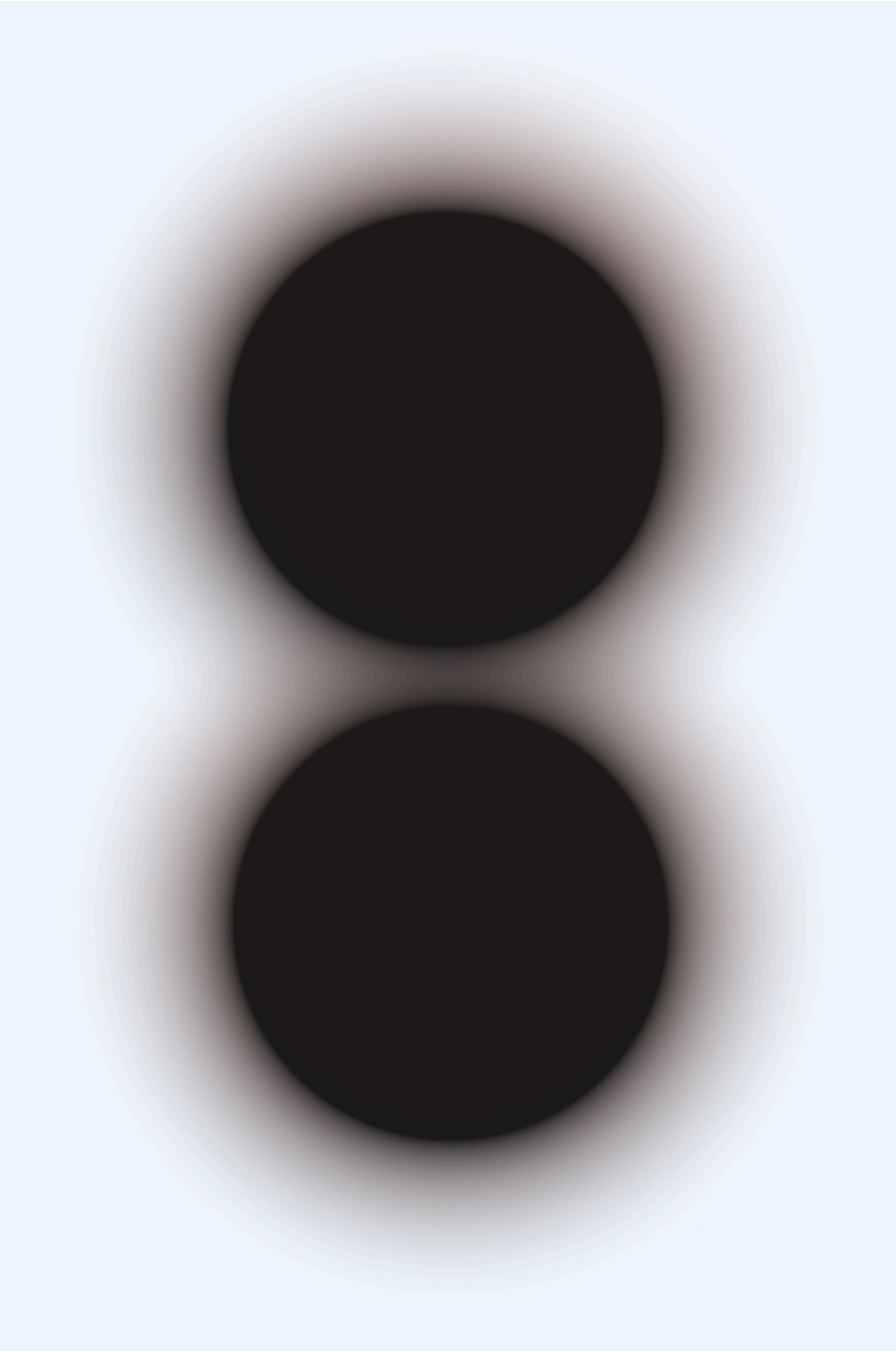
They spoke: split open ### fill the basin with old and spent desires ### cover them with birch bark ### make a simple totem ### watch the ravens build their nests ### a basket of rotting fruits and berries ### a bushel of stale and mildewed grain ### summer never comes ### the fountain's mouth grinds open ### bright and poisonous red
################################
################################
################################
################################
################################
################################

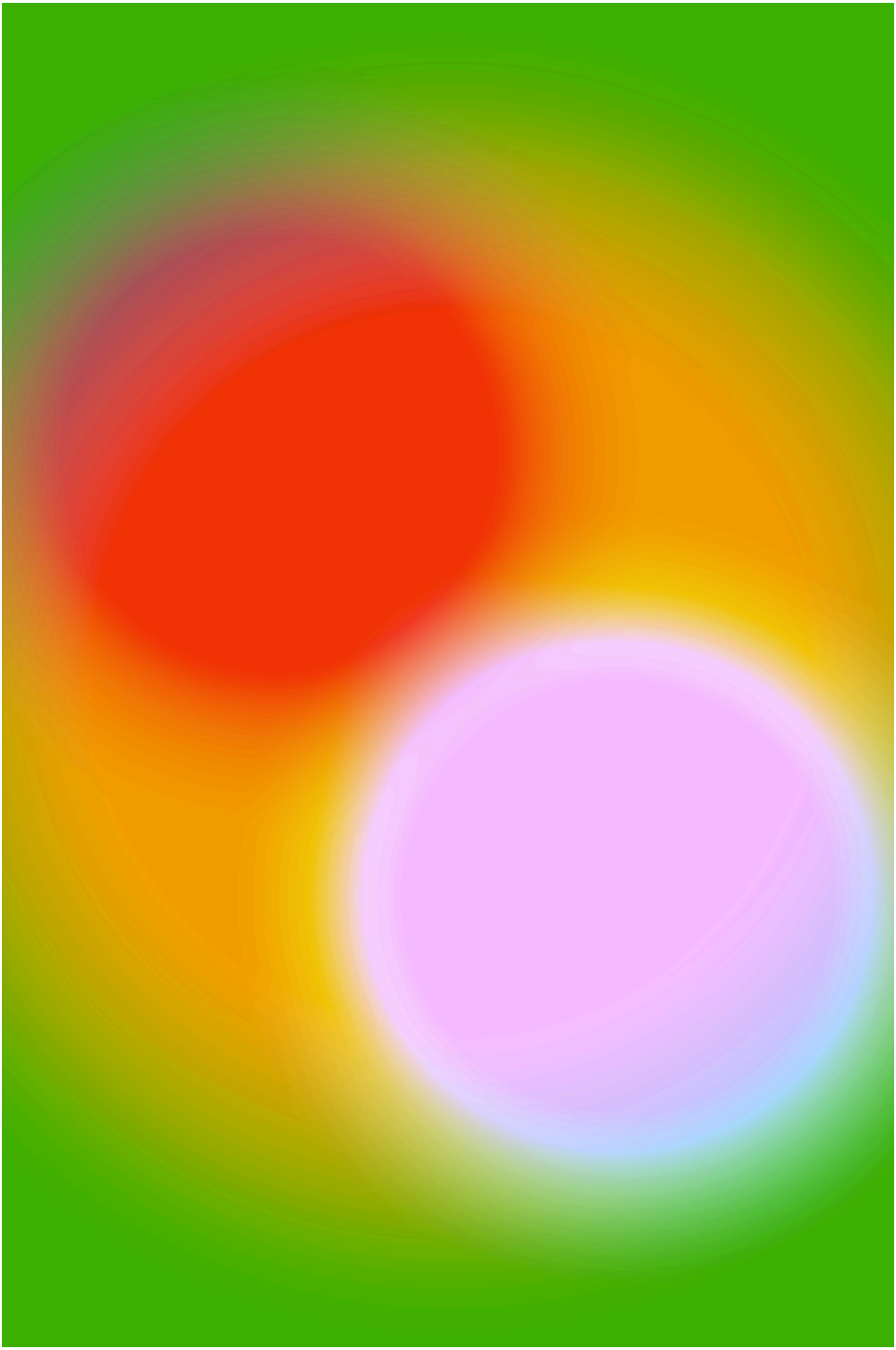
They spoke: walk to the sunken clearing ### wash your feet among the lilies ### scatter salt upon the altar ### touch the sallow face upon the rock ### feel the marrow in your bones ### there are thoughts that drain all colors from the soul ### the drowned all wander with hollow eyes ### let the crows perch above your bed ### and do not answer when they call ### and do not hear the timbre of their

c r i e s

##################################
##################################
##################################

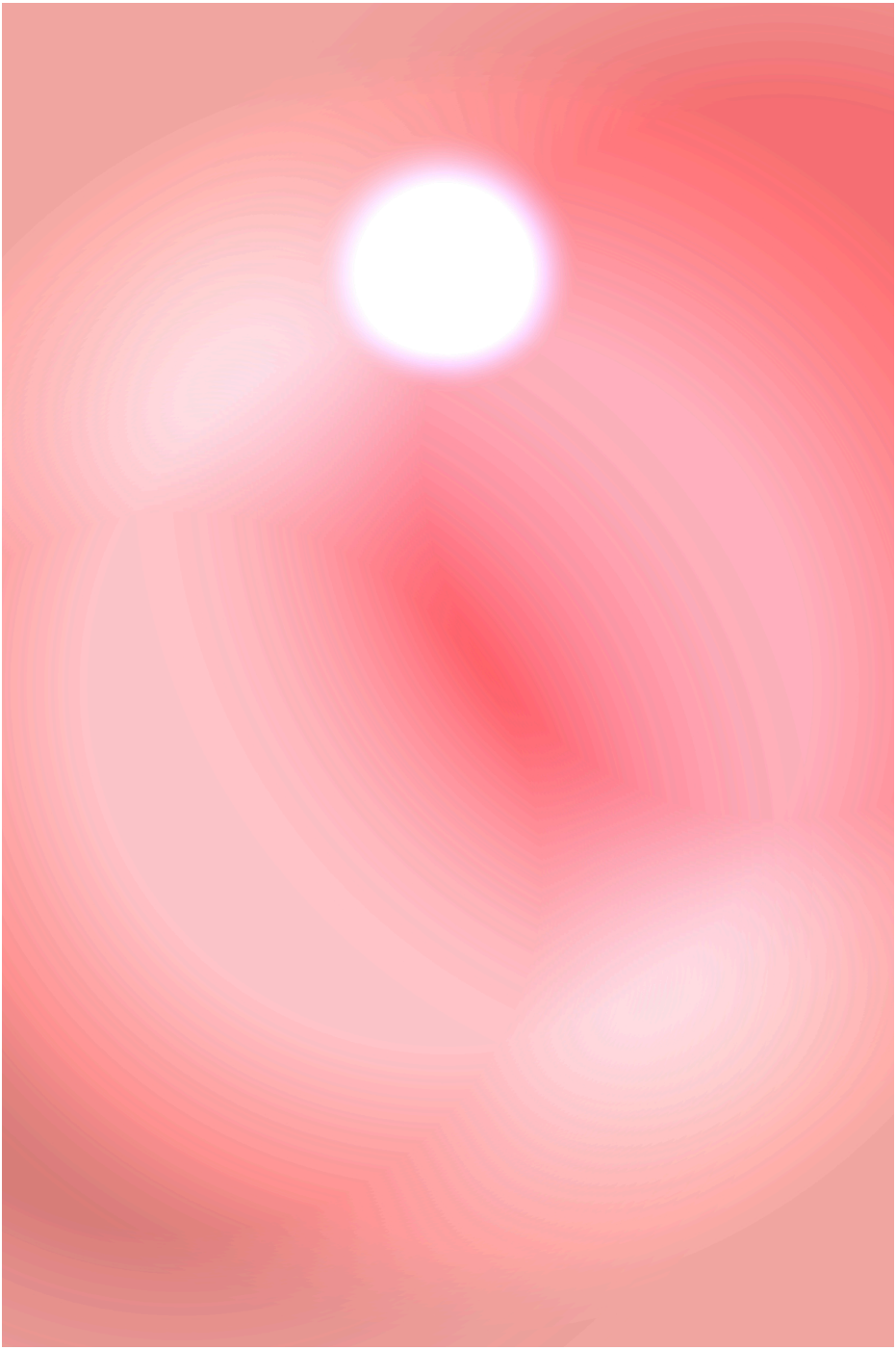




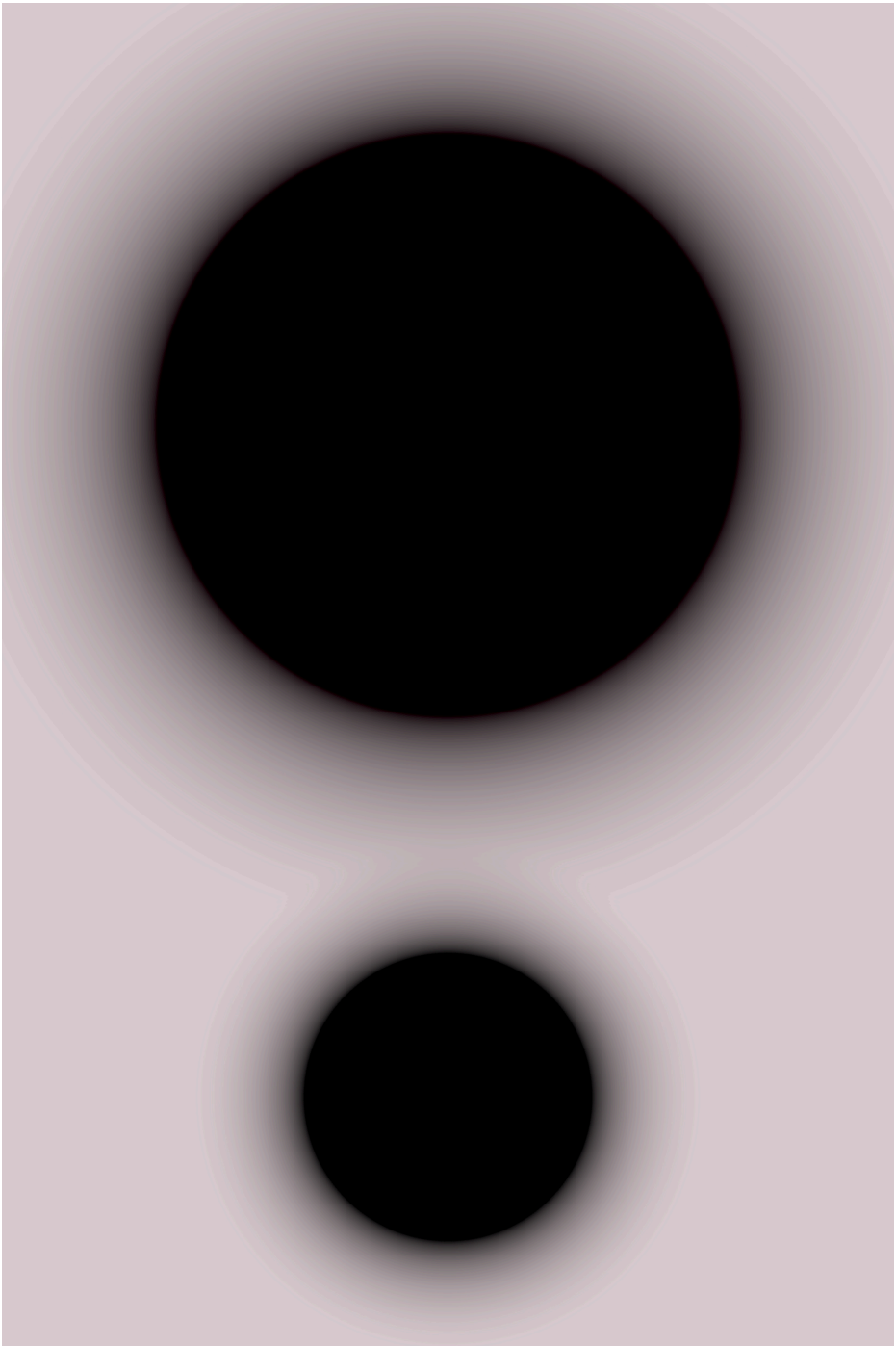


They spoke: weave a rope of garlic stems ### bind your face and hands ### beside a stream ### behind a waterfall ### beneath a cool spring ### carving tears in black obsidian ### beyond the northern hut ### weave a noose of wildflowers ### for the traveler ### on the lonely mountain path ### climbing out of our history and into the mists beyond ### c l o a k e d i n s w a y i n g f u r s ################################## ################################## ################################## ################################## ##################################

They spoke: let heat unmake creation ### let each river’s current drag itself apart ### let caverns sweat and grow ### let the stars turn black ### there are no angels and no devils ### there are many suns within the earth ### a spear can always finds its target ### a beaver will build its dam across a warrior’s grave ### a forest has no center
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################



They spoke: a crown of roses ### a rough clay bowl filled with quicksilver ### a shadow passing under the door ### the moon sinking into the lake ### icy and still ### make a home with no windows ### wear the crimson robes ### light each candle at the hearth ### beyond the valley ### beyond the earth ### shadows drip and bleed into endless glowing pools ### and stare at you forever from the mists ##



They spoke: forget ### steam rising from the snow ### a figure on the ridge ### the bones on the innkeeper's wall ### the goblet filled with honey ### the road like a scar upon the hill ### the rattle of loose teeth ### the shape in the stone ### the lambs on the high cliff ### the night ### the whisper ### the Color ### the hole in the earth ### the way back ### let the old blindness swallow you ### drift away
################################
################################
################################
################################

##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################
##################################