

UNBROKEN TABLETS OF STONE

I walk the path of mosaic tile,
Monuments of pillars and columns of seasons,
The breakwater stretching out beyond the sea
A Boadicea stance of half clothed torsos.

I walk the path of mosaic tile,
Carefully striding toward temple end,
A breeze whispering for the gods,
And light from heaven through cloud descends.

I walk the path of mosaic tile,
And view her golden flowing hair,
Draped material, she glides on the wind,
Her smile alive and eyes azure in the Mediterranean air.

I walk the path of mosaic tile,
And realise I must take my leave,
God's open hand cradle my thoughts,
I now believe.

I walk the path of mosaic tile,
The angel sings and so it begins,
A journey to a place unknown,
To read the unbroken tablets of stone.

Author's note:

The forerunner of BBC4 was a channel entitled 'BBC Knowledge.' One rainy Saturday afternoon in July 2001, I switched on the TV and found a rather interesting art programme on the said channel that featured a rather striking painting – 'The Stolen Mirror' by Max Ernst. The painting's impact was immediate and I set about writing a poem. I had but fleeting moments to take in all that Max Ernst had painted on canvas. With the assistance of the internet, I have since studied Ernst's 1944 painting in relative detail; however, the poem written that day has remained unchanged except for the removal of the original third stanza (which made absolutely no sense whatsoever!).