

Figura Rerum

It is sprig-simple, spade-shaped:
Oregano from the herb garden,
that arbor's door.

Lavender lines it,
sun drying against the wood's peeling lime
Chamomile reaches and Wort steeped in Rosemary.
The tendrils are strong enough,
vine of a heart, branch over branch,
Olives are the ceiling of.

They unearth a cloister, those treasures
of tapestries, and more than one thousand
stained glass books, each cover a Rose Window
opening in.

Further, further, are the scripts for our lives
which we do not know we illuminate.
and at the center is a shadow naming us better
than the names we've been called,
but with a finger to the lips.

Now we can see the ruby mouth
of Artemisia's blood
where the court's cords cut her fingers
and she was raped once more to bleed out
Judith's legend so we also could learn.

That canvas restored her
as will the painting at the root of this pain,
this landscape of words arch-loving
as carvings are
charitable to scars.