

Medieval Moments

In October, you are still half summer-young, not yet old—
It is time to refill the coffers before the days dwindle down:
Enrich, enrich—the air itself breathes gold.

It is the right occasion for artisan's aplomb—
You can feel the body filling up with ore,
And lie stretched out on a bed as on a tomb.

Perhaps one day you will have a place in some cathedral,
A corner, brilliant, lit, where bees can buzz
As if they came from everywhere to tend an icon of the fall.

This filling, carving process, this sense of matrix:
For an hour or two one doesn't even have to contemplate
That everything in life at last depends upon specifics.

It is wonderful to think a dream can last for ages,
But the heavy book keeps turning, turning
And men, like flowers, are pressed between the pages.

Let mine be saturate with pollen like goldenrod—
If not stone or metal, at least immortal print,
Specific as to how face, arms, body looked, and how
the feet were shod.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON