

Law & The Sacred: Three Poems

Paul Virr

Circumsolar

Forgotten gods
Are buried under the city.

Fragments of their splendour
Are recovered from the darkness
In new foundations,

An immortality forever incomplete,
Displaced from the written surface

Where temples have been overlaid
With offices and houses.

The faithful masses,
Are now just
So much dust,

A few words
Lost amongst the stratified unconscious.

These are invocations in the margins,
The dead ends of energies that could not last:
SOL INVICTUS MITHRAS.

Light ever deferred.

In the cathedral,
windows intercede.

The sunshine through coloured glass
Transilluminates divine figures,
Contains within its circumference
The refracted glory.

Tourists take photographs;
Expose selected images
To the light
Through circular lenses.

Click.

Bishops posed
In marble piety

La Cueva De La Pileta

Took the underpass
Where the
U.
V.
Stutter

Flashes surfaces
Encoded with hectic aerosol.

Like the caves we visited,
Where impressed hands
Of black manganese
Externalised first identities,

These tags of the estate kids –
Like the rest of us,
Unable to make a mark
Other than this;

Writing on the walls

I am here.

I exist.

Outside

Walking home
On half a line,

In wayward code
The fixed stars shine –

Sown across the cold inane
They circumscribe sane phenomena.

Terse lights in the black abyss,

I stop to piss
With extreme clarity.

Leaves crush in detail underfoot,

Light glows behind
Blue curtains
Which hide other lives.

Above us,

Impossible suns
Continue their mute wonder.