

It took five years to carve their faces.
 Such lovely columns so rare
 Are meant to shine in public places,
 Not pose in grave-like despair.

Their loosened grace grows strangely warm
 And Jason says the dead
 Enjoy regaining human form
 Through marble veins of red.

Their agate plinths catch pearl-like tears
 As Jason rubs their hands.
 They speak of a future full of fears
 And disappearing lands.

A necromantic haruspex,
 His is a Dark Age art
 From somewhere on the parallax
 Where time and death depart.

This simple-minded man, tongue-tied
 Till ghostly essences free
 Occult dimensions hidden inside,
 Was once salvation for me:

When I lay dying years ago
 He came and touched my cheek
 With a small carnelian cameo.
 It left a mark in Greek.

I'll stay until his wizardry wakes
 The caryatids anew.
 And his own departing spirit makes
 Them speak whatever is true.

I can't explain a moment of this.
 Some unknown presence is here.
 Who knows what inhabits the vast abyss
 Or where prophets may choose to appear?

--Glenna Holloway