Mathematica

with thanks to Lisa Martin

Laura Eleanor Holloway

Her voice is, first, a tsunami
of Long Island sound: pitch and timbre
loud and sharp as roiling debris,
the unyielding gift of tongues,
a fierce rushing. Translation
is a furious shifting of vowels,
violent swells hauling
r's out to sea, scattering
them to the depths, and then
accarezzévole:
the vowels are still shifted,
the r's still scattered,
but they have become reverent, a hymn.

Who was once priestess is mathematician.
This is no Eleusis, no Qabalah,
no illumination shrouded behind
vague predictions and jumbled quatrains,
curtains that won't be pushed aside.
She scrawls the mother tongue across the wall,
cosmic ciphers of serpentine integrals
and ancient alphabets, cryptic as cuneiform,
beautiful as Lascaux. Graphite-black
fingers smudge the edges of the cosmos,
the twists and bends of space,
light, darkness, depth –
and everything is more astonishing
than could have been imagined.

Washington Crossing
PA 18977
USA
e-mail: lauraeleanorholloway@gmail.com