

TRIPTYCH

By Juliet Myers

By Way of Dorothy Stewart's Bard

“Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?”

dervish – spinning, dancing

rolling words upon a page, keen wit.

Passion/Vision – Love of Language

Language of the Heart – Heart of Darkness,

no fool – no fear of pressing forth with letters

marching forth mocking thought – A manifest!

Cog meets cog meets cog – spinning tales of truth and myth,

like a camera obscura, upside down and backwards

with pinpoint focus, from dark to light – keen clarity, born at

last.

Mayan Warrior of Campeche, AD 55–850

Keen mockery is born of every age.

It is imperative – to be keen, to mock,
to mock keenly. The emperor has
no clothes – no emperor has
the clothes to cloak the lies that lie
beyond – beyond the pomp and circumstance.
Our circumstances are dire. Keening – can no one hear?
A bard for every age to mock the age
rage on Mayan warrior – what power imagined
set your tongue wagging?
Rage warrior bards agelessly. Rage on.

First Impressions/Lasting Effects

By what keen reading is this gift born?

“What about your books?”, she asks.

No books, I wouldn’t know how to begin.

“You will.”

Mocking letter pressing, I press the keys unlocking,
words tumble and right themselves upon the page,
no rage but truth – revealed, unmasked.

Come out come out wherever you are...

Museum As Muse

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