

The Temenos

This neutral room, enclosed and left to books
Subdues the terror that my thought regains.
These myths I read diffuse it—paradox
Pervades to blunt the evil that remains:

Brusque summer sky—blurred wind and sun composed
The air, and dark was all we waited for,
Threshing the grain from dust and straw. We paused
Before the cool point of the evening star.

With horses fed, relaxing stiffened eyes
And skin, I moved down to the sheltered creek—
And found the snake, total in coiled daze,
Beneath the calming leaves. My mind seeks back
To try again the old repulse, to think
That lifted circle on the darkening bank.

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