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Martian Temples / Gardeners

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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Abstract

Martian Temples: across the sere red plain the monoliths are drawn in purple angry gold Gardeners: high in my city's streaming towers the wind pipes echoes

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Martian Temples; Gardeners; Mary E. Choo

MARTIAN TEMPLES

by Mary E. Choo

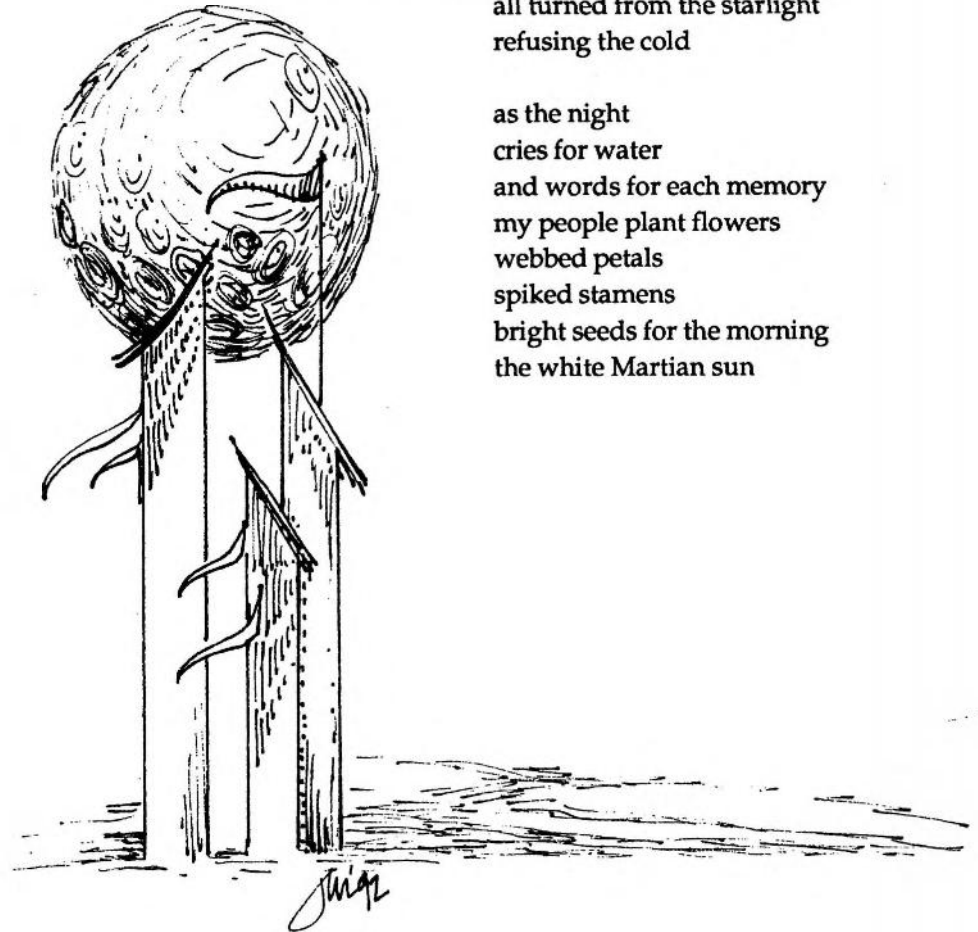
across the sere red plain
the monoliths are drawn
in purple angry gold
as penitents
we press our heads
along the ruined rainbows
of their stone
and braid our hair
like severed grain

we are the last
the ancient children
we have piped our fingers
raw for water
crossed our palms
with vanished grasses
sung
for kinder winds

and yet
the sky burns ever nearer
the sun drifts dim and far
along its darkened rim
as land-ships founder
on our phantom oceans
strain their tattered sails

we have no word
for terror
or for ending
no song for cold our blood
will not deny new seasons
forsake this wound
that was our land

and so
we build dark altars
holy symbols
reaching high
to fold our love
our failing hearts
among the silent stars



GARDENERS

by Mary E. Choo

high
in my city's streaming towers
the wind pipes echoes
of redstone flutes
while the moons drift
dappling coral
rolling the desert
like dying fire

passage on passage
the streets wind shining
past slender turrets
brilliant doorways
all turned from the starlight
refusing the cold

as the night
cries for water
and words for each memory
my people plant flowers
webbed petals
spiked stamens
bright seeds for the morning
the white Martian sun