

handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according
to thy Word.”

The dark servant-girl placed beside a
temple column in the architectural scene,
with her muscular arm around its shaft, has faith
in her, so the resplendent throne of gold with its
red velvet cushion, keen to receive her, while high
the vermilion winds of Time blow – relentlessly.

Stefanie Bennett

THE CROSSING

And now that you have reclaimed me, Fiumfreddo,
I climb to the ancestral vantage-point
Overlooking my wild peasantness and accredit
The grand wash of mediterranean fever.

Below, a mule still steps out in early dusk.
Swallows are a swarm. The rosemary
Spikes up as if sensing a vendetta
Owed the north wind's too calm and central eye.
Narcosis sits within the wine quart tied
To my hip. Sickles lay at the perimeter
Of the oat fields. In the town
Is the tail end of a prefixed saint's feastday— and

Far off, faintly, the old men sing
In time to the church bell,
Scraping their work boots upon
Greying dust leached from the cobble stone.

Like some nautical sheet, I sway. Wind and height
Unfurl what was once sailed aside.
There are candles to be lit
In the midnight shrine of a new day
Where I'll burn again, astride the ancient torch
—Dark daughter to this last infinitesimal dimension.