

To open the mind

Ludwig Zeller

Buried to the neck in the sands
I hear the shriek of humming propellers
And the sky is covered and forever
Do I see the net fall over the waters.

Then I hear stones being moved there on high
And hands descend upon my painted skull
And open it in half to expose its bitter fruit,
Bitter without consolation.

The ivory raven is featherless
And waters fall into the ignored abyss.
Will there be no skin, no hand to break the fall?
They blinded me with burning embers.

I have no more remembrance, they took away the light
Of that memory, I want only to descend, to be one with the earth
To forget, to be able to close the eye they opened in me
So that I will no longer see the sun that boils.

Ludwig Zeller, *When the animal rises from the deep the head explodes*, Mosaic Press/Valley Editions (Oakville, Ontario:1976). Reprinted with the permission of author and publisher.