

The Museologist

The trumpets sound
My carriage opens
I stride through corridors
Light beneath the weight of knowledge
I am in sea, and land, and sky
Oceans, earth and Heavens.

Or did I scuff my heel in the alleyway
Half way between the student and the institution?

My tender grip on this opaque film
Through which we view each sign of life
Each broken part reveals its path.

My brush and scalpel's skilful strokes in evenings lit by candles,
The lives of ancient folk laid out along a dusty mantle.
I am collector, archivist, dissectionist, explorer, teacher,
Digger, keeper, cleaner,
Fragments caught between my fingers.

And deeper down the ground sings softer,
Bass, tenor, alto
Angels sing songs learned by rote the ancients came to know
Then carved them into stone and scrolls
And codices, their leaves baked closed
Which I delicately unfurl.

And as a scroll unrolls, leaves part, another organism halves
Its second life unfolds, reveals its first
The murky water's haul
Some vile round my searching fingers found
As they raked across the ground.
Life discovers life.

I lifted up, I valued
I proclaimed ascension and gloried in my altitude
My vantage point with views of past, present and future.
My castle without walls
And in these halls
An Alexandria for all
Old and ground
But new and proud
Held in endless resurrection.

This hard earned insight
My desire
My need
My life
And, to you
All freely given.