The Martyrdom of Santa Eulalia

For Martha LaFollette Miller

Put your arms around what’s coming to you, feel it tight along your belly, thigh pressed to thigh, wrap your arms around and pull it so close you smell your fate’s breath in your face, so when you inhale your ribs expand against fate’s chest. Oh, hug your fate hard, like you’re really glad to see it and love it once more, the fate you thought you’d lost touch with years before. Now hold your fate’s face in your hands and give it a kiss.

Claim living in this world and no other, the now that never was until now, this place, with meadows and streets choked with fumes and flagrant blooms, snow and granite outcrop, at one with your eyes, your toenails, tonsils, torment of soul leaving body, goodbye to life as but one part of being animate and inanimate the same chemical song of day, night, fire of the sun, cold of the moon’s dark side, being where all things are and being one thing —
this is existential integrity
to which you must be true
or try dying.

The rain, the cloud, the fog, all things gray
with no gracenote of detail,
the pines and hill soft and wet and still,
silent as the grail
hidden, formless, are stirred into opaque cataracts
which gently fall unknown into the eye,
no fear, no thrill, a gray that fades to dark
over the earth, down to the sea to pray.

When the Other views her, it is without our human concern,
her passion here over, owned by no other;
it is not stirred,
it is not anything.

Otherness is total, a thing unto itself.
Her experience is strange, unique, complete,
as rooted as a vein of quartz in granite.

What shall she say when her voice is stilled,
what shall she do when she is killed?
Starlings ablaze in the trees shall sigh,
"It's Santa Eulalia here who's died.
Fly by her bier, come and see,
it's Santa Eulalia could have been me.
Oh, what lucky birds are we
to be birds instead of thee."
Bruce PARKER

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* Disponível em: https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Bernat_Martorell_-_Martyrdom_of_Saint_Eulalia_-_Google_Art_Project.jpg

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