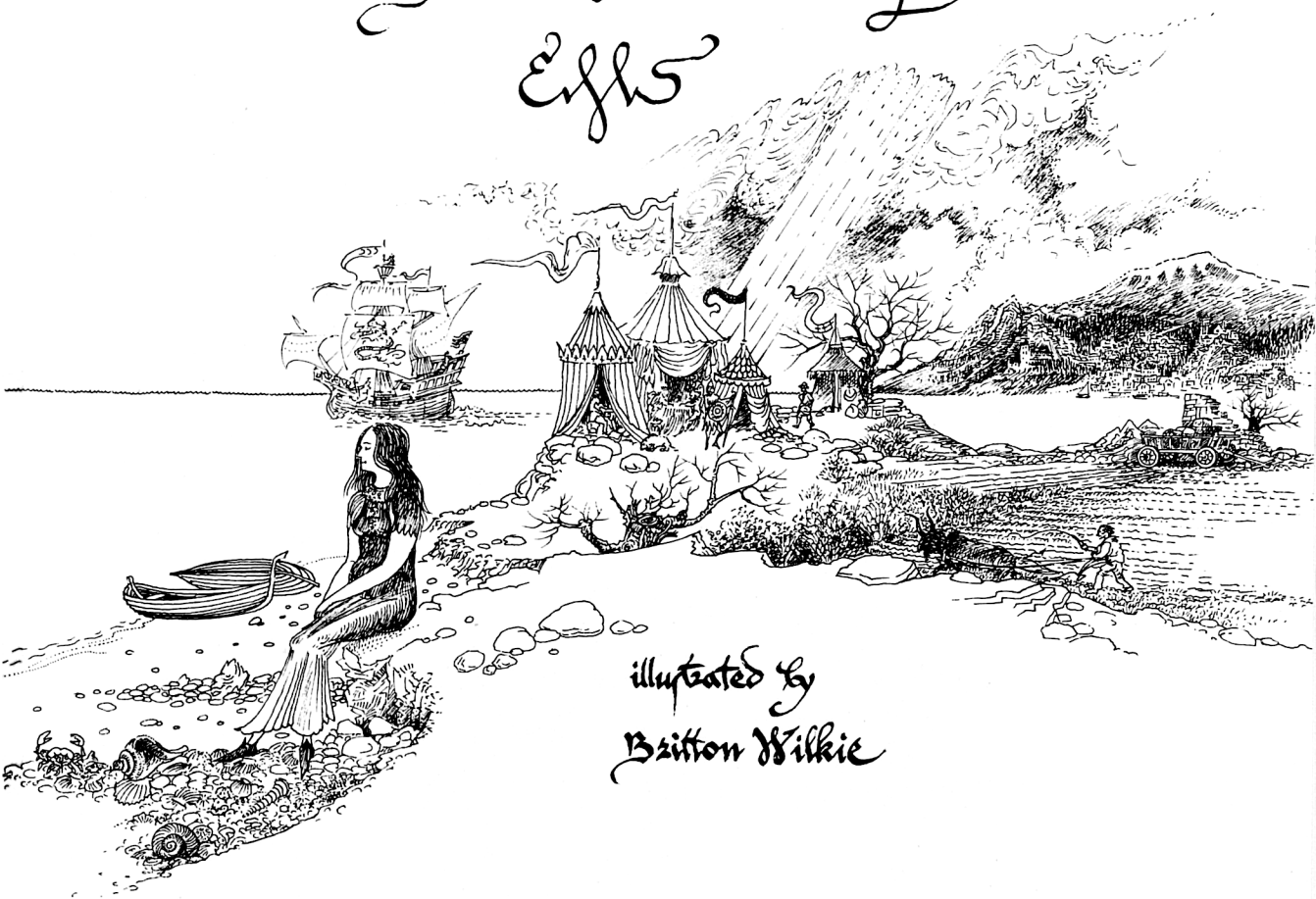


Excerpts from  
"Music of a Simple Journey"

a  
poem  
in  
Several parts  
by

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Edith



illustrated by  
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the calling

probably it was at the point of taking the journey homeward

when, looking down upon the waters, Daisy was reluctant to leave  
she did not want to forsake the sea  
and leave that singing forever behind her

so, Daisy sat for awhile looking down on the shore's side  
and then made her way back to the canopies

the azure and white canopies  
made not to echo, but echoing

all that strove in the bay beneath her gaze

where, from a height, the currents  
and depths were outlined, flowing

in whorls like the glaze on the pots of hard clay  
all colors which meshed like thoughts of a voyage

Daisy lifted a low bowl and drank to the morning star:

always that star shone over the desert

in the clear air, a beacon

steady beyond the restless and changeable

traverse of the sun

and now, at twilight, above the sighing of the waters

and the wet horizon

still, that star, promising to endure

beyond all seas and season

Daisy retired to her tent to cast the lots:

the vision was of a journey on ships

yet the general had scheduled return



and return they must

with word of the seas for the Emperor

shells, and the water-worn sand

yet all of the Destinies spoke of a Voyage

and ever the Destinies did rule the Emperor

Daisy was chaplin of this caravan

so, to solve this problem, they hired men:

traders, barbarians, merchants and pirates

sailors of the ships with the striped sails

those who knew of far Northern lands over the waters

hired they now with jewels, maps and a promise

to carry the oracle far out beyond the great sea gates

of towering stone, Northward journeying

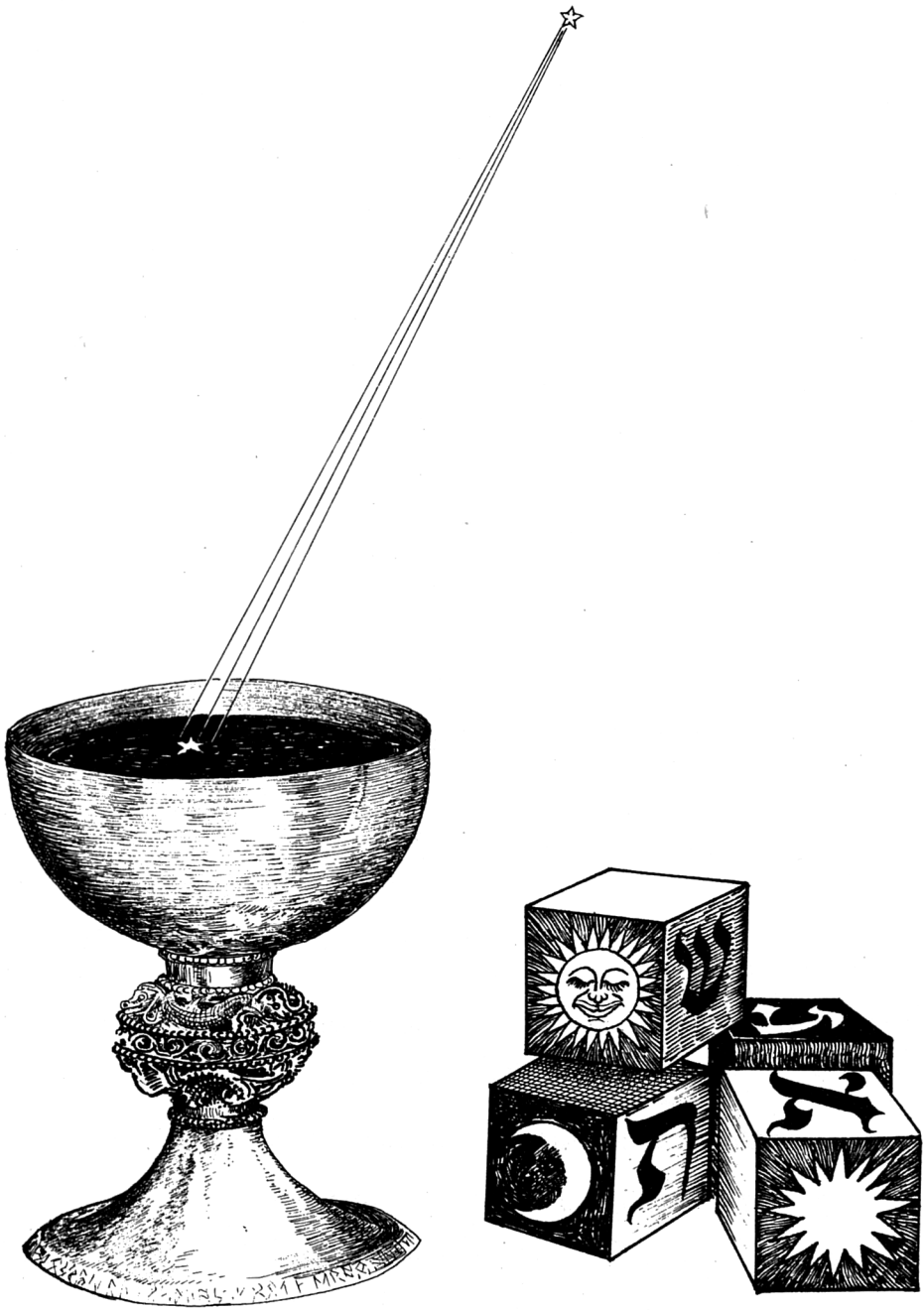
as the misty couriers of the gods had cast the lots:

the others to return home without their priestess

risking the governmental wrath

and bringing the pale seashells for commerce

theirs was not an easy job



the hole in the sky

the man on watch spread stories about the mirage  
and probably it was because of his tales  
that the sailors began to fear the horizon  
thinking that all ahead might be like that misty metropolis:  
an island to sail through and then drop  
into the black and crystalline depths of a hell  
something like the evening sky upsidedown

the captain himself came late at night to mention this to Daisy  
confused, she smiled and spoke of such visions, explaining  
that it did not matter much  
since some caravan would always be returning homeward

Daisy showed him the desert pattern in the magical rug  
woven with camels that were really moving  
and he, all discontented, went to sleep  
fingering the jewels of their hire:

the captain feared to drown this passenger  
and that night there was a strange light in the sky  
at first seeming like a comet's fall  
and then growing larger with a burst of speed:  
a triangle within a triangle and a circle within the third  
it lowered, singing, to just above the rippling of light  
upon the shifting waters, and then stopped:  
some immense and strange silent angel, meaning nothing

the waves grew calm and all the sailors came out  
to the edge of the decks to greet this thing

as the end of a voyage and the end of life  
imagining death, and a double death

for the weight that was in their spirits  
was a fear of the life beyond

and not just a flash against some painful ending:  
this wierd light in the sky was real

Daisy came out onto the deck into the silence  
just as the ship began to ascend

up a milky carpet of mist  
and through the heart of the triangles

jerking gently and swung through, it was held

by a golden net from a block and tackle  
strung from a cloud and lowering all down  
into a beautiful rocky harbor

once there, they found in the sky  
nothing but the sun blazing hot  
through a thin cloud, pressing rays  
like thread through the eye of a needle

they were amazed

and clambering ashore onto a jumble of rocks  
and up under the pines, rested  
in the sun-speckled shadows and thought  
of which way Homeward might lie

then by the rug where the caravan was always returning

Daisy consulted old gods, asking for a map and some reasons  
as night shadowed over the harbor, it turned cold

and the tiny caravan was returning now through the desert

newly-laden with pine boughs

all cunningly-woven of plush

while on the shore, carefully with his sextant,

the captain went on consulting the real new stars

as the men on the shore were building shelters

"I believe you now," he said to Daisy, "and according  
to the heavens which I know we've come

a good deal off the map and into our imaginations  
yet the ground here is real..." Daisy smiled.

"And what do we do now?" she asked him.

"I thought you might know," he replied.





shell piece

shells of the flat, pink nacred kind

one can nest within the other: all of a different size  
making a hard camellia-petaled

work with brittle edges her hands go on

placing and re-placing these things

to vary some lovely arrangement: the glue comes later on

fixing the tendrils of some hard sponge  
pure white as a frost into arabesques about a mirror

also the tiny fanned blue-backed clams

whorls of coral and lavender leaves and buds  
there is such a beauty of bones here

that the child does not think of pearls

her reflection above the hard pool is flushed

as she makes from these things just a frame  
for a pane of silvered glass

stringing the leftovers into bracelets

all of this beauty is dewed with her sweat

jewel-shells are the ships that slide on a thread  
star trails and suns held by a hardening plastic  
to the edges of a plain wooden frame

inside, she sees her own silver distortion

and, seeing herself, sees beyond into nights  
she will trap a reflection of dark skies

and moving her finger along this pane  
trace the path of the morning star

