

Asphodel Long – one poem

For Robert Graves, died 7th December 1985

If our women's prayers
Can help him cross that difficult threshold
Let us give him our prayers

If our women's strength
Will support him, stumbling, down the dark corridors
Let us give him our strength

If he has forgotten the music
Or can hear only a faint echo coming from no place he can find
Let us sing him the music

Who opened doors for us, cleared the threshold,
Lit the corridors, sounded Her music,
Swept the strings of Her lyre for us,

Who cleared shit and bramble for Her,
Who shouted for Her in the darkness,
Who swam in the reeds and currents and found lost pearls and gave
them to us.

May he carry our voices as offerings
And may She, may She, smiling,
Ponder, and hearing, turn;
And, light as a feather,
Flick open the gate.

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