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“Evening”, by Judith Kazantzis

Evening

Recent evenings at the red-gold mountain,
eroded hand swaying on a stick,
ingrown as a dogtooth,
a woman stands,
wind, rain, snow wrenched from the buttress.

Saying to me – without the shadow
of a look, so how does she know me:
‘Go on in...’ Like skin
a door is printed on the brown tortoiseshell
cliff face; but it hasn’t a handle.

She takes out her eye from her head
and clamps it onto the stone.
The alarmed watery eye gives a blink.
It swivels round to the left
It looks round painstakingly to the right.

Pointing her forefinger, trembling,
cocked up over the bone of her long stick,
she enters the stone.
The brimming eye turns round on me.
But every evening now, the dark shuts my own.

Judith Kazantzis

Re Spider Grandmother of the Navaho creation story

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