

# SUBLIME DESOLATION

A POETRY  
COLLECTION



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# FRAGMENTS OF A GODDESS

She crouches on her pedestal, etched

In ancient stone, her face half

Present, half lost to time as her lone

Eye stares into mine

And I weep

For her, for her broken arms, her

Broken head, for the ache she

Must feel in her thighs and

Knees and feet, holding

The weight of centuries on her back.



# PLAYGROUND OF TIME

Grey stone scattered around  
The playground of time, broken  
Pieces of past lives

Sinking

Sinking

Sinking



As the green passage of  
Days, decades, millennia crawl along  
The feet of these crumbled remnants.

Red drops of ancient blood  
Bloom from time's soil  
Sprouting and sprouting through the cracks

Of lives long lost, ages  
Long gone, they grow,  
From erased footsteps



Of people we can only  
Wonder about,  
Dream about.

But if we listen carefully, and  
If the wind pauses just enough  
We can hear these people

Cooing like the pigeons that peck  
And eat and laugh  
At their memory.

I look at them and wonder  
At these birds, poking,  
Picking through the dirt.

They trod the playground of time,  
Feeding themselves,  
These keepers of the past.



# R U I N S

Feet pressed into the dirt, I gaze  
At the memory of a poet,  
One whom suffered a sea-change,  
As the headstone would say.

Purple flowers bloom from his  
Absent toes, absent bones,  
Bones he would have if he had  
Not needed to be burned.

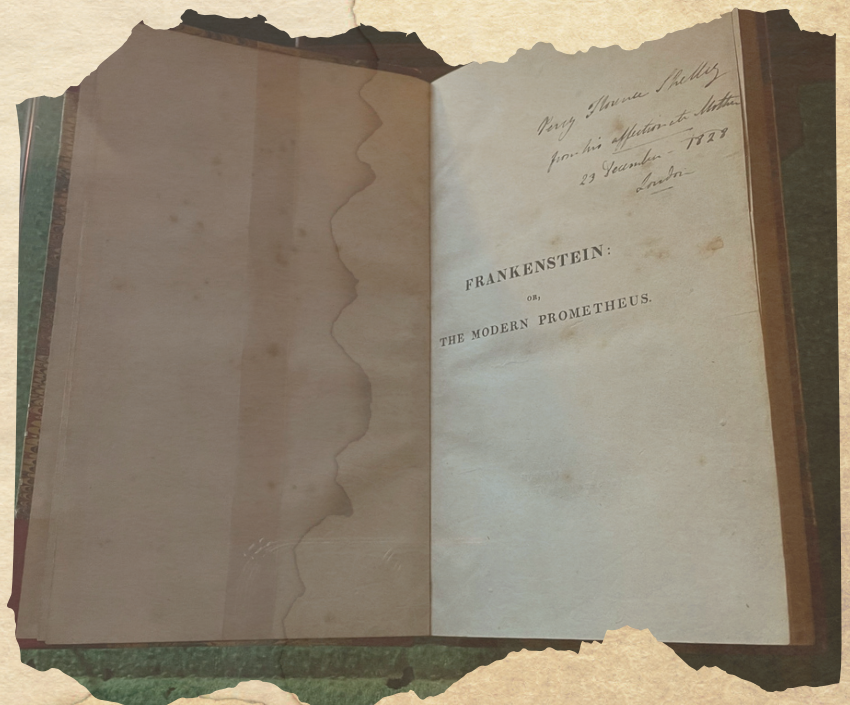
She keeps his heart even  
In her own grave far  
Far away across a channel  
Preserved in drinkable blood.



But the ghost of her roams beyond  
Death and the passage of  
Time, she wanders to his stone  
To gaze as I do and remember.

We all gaze so we can remember,  
The dead the living the lost, the  
Ruins of a person once vibrant,  
A city once whole.

Eternal City, indeed she is  
But eternal as we all are, immortality  
In mortality, in memory, in the cracks  
Of broken marble in the ground.



# DECAYING TIMELINES

What is bound to withstand time  
Is evidence of its decay, pieces of  
The past that remain in the present,  
But they are not the present.

We search for these  
Pieces of decaying timelines,  
With flashing cameras and wide  
Eyes, throwing coins at them,

In them, so we can be a part  
Of them and they can be a part  
Of us, and yes, there's a coin  
Of mine, sitting at the bottom

Of the Trevi's waters and my  
DNA with it, buried in the fading  
Remnant of my fingerprint,  
Lost in the gold of the past.



