

Museum

Of glass and white-of stone
light-struck with sun, spare a particle of dust
life of the Art is beautiful
up there
above the hazy city
the Museum holds off
smart with the knowledge within its interior
in paintings of the old masters
with the wisdom hammered into shape in marble:
the passion is beautiful, when at last congealed

Anna Habryn

Museum 2

A big white sterile space
Filled with sculptures of the Ancient MacLaine of Loch Buie Greece
Marble people with their blind eyes
You go from one to another
Their beauty not to be reached
Your life efforts are like waves of air
Your song glides amongst them as a breeze
A scent
Yet
They are lifeless – and you still alive

Anna Habryn