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The Stone Letters: Departure

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DEPARTURE

Galatea,

In answer to your answer: Yes, blindly so. At first light the silver service, eggcups in the pose of swans. Wafers with jam. Some sugared things, then the fine-particled studio air, the slab’s volcanic light and Russia full of scarlatines, stork-waisted, wanting themselves marble. They drag their foot scarves through tool dust. They drop their ermine trains with such performed privacy! Night is when Ivan the Terrible whistles through his teeth for Posnik Yakovlev. In question to your question: perhaps the wind perceives most clear because unexpected? Think of bulbed churches foiled gold, faded in the wind’s fits. A counterfeit flicker so seems to say St. Basil’s when near, its nine cupolas’ bright applause hiding the city’s fever, so that peasant women, their minds turned pure sail, open whatever they feel and who can argue, who can tell them? They move on unmoored and fade among the market canopies, voices, a voice paling in my slow-schooled ear: your name, continent-sounding.

Pygmalion

*Posnik Yakovlev - architect of the St. Basil’s Cathedral in the Kremlin. Ivan IV allegedly had Yakovlev’s eyes removed so that he would not create another as beautiful.