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They heaved and levered rock
into the pattern of a mystic dance - a cypher.
A fusion of tomb and temple:
the spiral of stones radiated out,
and swirled in,
to the hieroglyphed slab at the barrow's core,
with the red jasper beneath,
left to smoulder for thirty five centuries

And when they felled the great ox,
and buried it there, with its head turned
to watch, always, the maw of the portal,
were they honouring the cosmic mother
and remembering a future
when the primitive magic of science held sway,
observing, perhaps, our benign grave robbers
brush detritus from the scorched bones
of young ancients?

Our conclusions reached (of sacrifice)
reveal only our passion for hideous drama,
clutching at puny parallels
with our shrieking violence,
keep us uninitiated - even into the first degree,
of exhumed mysteries.

A skull here, a votive object there,
wrapped and despatched... trickles of knowledge:
while wisdom lies cocooned
in the moon's and the mayflower's white flame,
and the Goddess gathers dust
in the silence of countless museums.