7-15-2016

Poem for the lost library of La Mancha

Gania Barlow
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Abstract
After the books are burned there is a hush and then a flutter of ashy syllables out into the world

This poetry is available in The Mythic Circle: https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2016/iss38/11
Poem for the lost library of La Mancha

by

Gania Barlow

After the books are burned
there is a hush
and then a flutter of ashy syllables
out into the world—
to be read
by the bottoms of our shoes
their black phonemes smeared across
pages of dirt and stone.

(There in the courtyard a knight
no longer
and his lady
doesn’t).

In the still solemn manner of madness
each Manchegan among us
spells out the remains of the story
in muddy war lines
down our long gray cheeks.

Tell us again,
Don Quixada, Quexada, or Quexana,
what the fire read

because if you tell it
with your whole body
in a line like a string,
a chain, a graph
of hoofprints in the dust
like a line of music
we can’t quite remember

if you tell it as though
it is still here

it is still true

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About This Publication

*The Mythic Circle* is a small annual literary magazine published by *The Mythopoeic Society*, which celebrates the work of C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, and other writers in the mythic tradition. (For more information about the Mythopoeic Society, contact Alicia Fox-Lenz, Communications and Social Media Manager, E-mail: correspondence@mythsoc.org)

Copies of the next issue, *Mythic Circle*, #39, scheduled to appear in the summer of 2017, can be pre-ordered through the Mythopoeic Society’s website, <http://www.mythsoc.org/mythic-