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## ***Martian Temples / Gardeners***

Mary E. Choo

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### Abstract

Martian Temples: across the sere red plain the monoliths are drawn in purple angry gold Gardeners: high in my city's streaming towers the wind pipes echoes

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; Martian Temples; Gardeners; Mary E. Choo

# MARTIAN TEMPLES

by Mary E. Choo

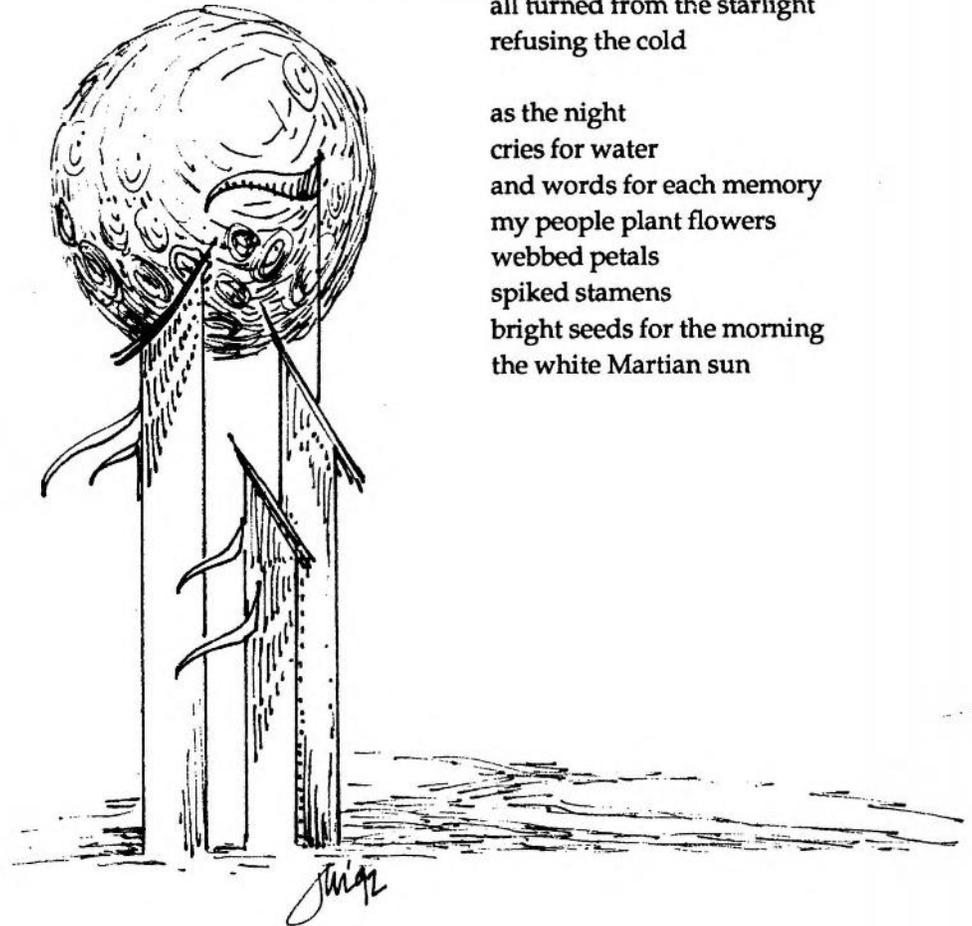
across the sere red plain  
the monoliths are drawn  
in purple angry gold  
as penitents  
we press our heads  
along the ruined rainbows  
of their stone  
and braid our hair  
like severed grain

we are the last  
the ancient children  
we have piped our fingers  
raw for water  
crossed our palms  
with vanished grasses  
sung  
for kinder winds

and yet  
the sky burns ever nearer  
the sun drifts dim and far  
along its darkened rim  
as land-ships founder  
on our phantom oceans  
strain their tattered sails

we have no word  
for terror  
or for ending  
no song for cold our blood  
will not deny new seasons  
forsake this wound  
that was our land

and so  
we build dark altars  
holy symbols  
reaching high  
to fold our love  
our failing hearts  
among the silent stars



# GARDENERS

by Mary E. Choo

high  
in my city's streaming towers  
the wind pipes echoes  
of redstone flutes  
while the moons drift  
dappling coral  
rolling the desert  
like dying fire

passage on passage  
the streets wind shining  
past slender turrets  
brilliant doorways  
all turned from the starlight  
refusing the cold

as the night  
cries for water  
and words for each memory  
my people plant flowers  
webbed petals  
spiked stamens  
bright seeds for the morning  
the white Martian sun