

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

*Peter Victor*

**Chalchiuhtlicue**

Cold and fast

And living

Warm

When dead

Nourishing

Loving

Raging

Threatening

All encompassing

All Embracing

Beautiful

Perennial being

Vital to all

And is killed

Continuously

Haphazardly

She then

Will form our tears

Ever changing

Never the same

Providing guidance

A model

That goes unnoticed

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Only she  
Cleanses  
Body, mind and soul  
Provides life  
Goes unnoticed

Loving  
But killed  
Continuously  
Carelessly

This perennial being  
She then  
In death  
Will provide our tears

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### THE CORE

Surrounded  
By luscious flesh  
Inviting  
And beautiful

And skin  
Red  
Tender  
And pleasing

It is the flesh  
That is sought, seen  
And tasted  
By all

Pleasing to the eye  
A pleasure to behold  
Hanging  
With all of its kind

In the sun  
Moonlight  
And seasons  
Of our world

Underneath  
Luscious flesh  
Covered with tender skin  
Lies the core

Insulated  
Hidden  
Embraced  
By - tender and tasteful - flesh

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Tough

Tasteless

And full of seeds

Of future life

The core of the future

Present

And past

Fruits

Is often discarded

Never found

Rotting

Within – soon to be - decaying flesh

Seeds withering

To a slow and lingering

Final

Death

Often realized

Found

Nourished, developed and strengthened

Within temporal body

Until with full life force

Taking root and seizing

Time, truth

Energy and light

Of perpetual life

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### THE SONG

Amid the emptiness  
And pale light of morning  
Something emerged  
Amidst the vacant buildings  
Deserted streets  
And vacant room of his soul  
He was slowly being filled  
By something far away  
But coming fast  
He knew  
For him  
It was long, slow and mournful  
Reflecting his sadness  
But with an underlying beauty  
That was unlike anything he had ever heard  
Soprano, falcon and alto  
Mixing, matching and overlapping  
In something he knew  
Knew his heart  
Moving fast  
Obliterating emptiness  
Filling his being  
With a song  
That no one had ever heard  
But him  
Until now  
It filled his body  
Every cell  
With a melodic cadence  
And his soul  
With eyes light  
He knew the song, sirens  
And deep chorus

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Had been waiting  
For him  
To sing  
The song and singing  
Were his  
His song of life  
His life song  
Rejoicing  
His being  
Both forward and backward  
In time  
To eternity