

Innana in the Goldmine



Down now, to the quartz mine of desire -
long derelict, rat-abode, damp as soul-rot.
Up here - lazy hum of mud wasps, frog croak
and bird chatter as the populace assemble
for the Queen's descent. An old ceremony -
though the Kings deny her sentience.

Lazy hum of mud wasps and frog croak as
'She casts off her girdle and descends
from the Great Above to the Great Below' -
and tokens of civilisation with her - though
Python Sister - authentic incubus of
time - waits patiently with implements.

'She casts off her sandals and descends ...'
There are seven gates in all, to the seven levels
of the abandoned mine - though all the gold
long since crushed and sluiced. Just her
brooding sibling as treasure, in the gloomy
tunnels - sharpening her meat hooks.

Seven gates in all, seven levels to the psyche's
paleolithic bedrock. Shaman bait - the promise
of renewal. She descends long before the
warrior males, and wills a confrontation -
gate by gate - with accumulated shadow:
the price of corn and urban living.

The lovely one is snared - becomes a carcass
of flesh-rot (in the goldmine silent). How long
hanging: A season, a lifetime, millennia? Sister-hooked -
oblivious to shadows (in the goldmine derelict). Until
the day the spirits come - to liberate Mistress Seed
and bid her: 'Live! ... Ascend! ... Thrive!' ...

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