THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

Pilgrim
Eva Heisler
Eva Heisler

PILGRIM

The coal damp, you must nurse the fire with paraffin, candle-ends, sugar, margarine—anything that will burn. On your knees a stack of loose sheets: you "x" the commas, place-names, \textit{Vera}. Into the fire go snapshots and postcards. No trappings, but a turning—\textit{Miriam conjugates the verb} to be. The bleached day and the ragged night you pilgrim rooms stained by water and ink: like gold thread a crack shines in the window's upper pane; thin ringers peel an egg.

To "spend a life"—as if a life, its years, were currency ... What does one buy with a life? A stone wrapped in paper; words on the margins of an old map—