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MUSEUM  ARTS CENTER

Triptych Poem

Anne Dickens

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Triptych Poem

Anne Dickens

What happens to a place not forgotten?

That calls to the future.
The fragments of ideas and living meet
In night air
A place that launched a century
With tendrils to every next place,
Every breath awakened

What happens to a place not forgotten?

But also not remembered
Scholarly recitals, happenings
What duty do we owe?
The structures have moved on
To new life and new folly.

In time a shrine moves on.

When the worshipers leave.
Before the scholars arrive.
Where the past makes plans with the future
All who remember, encircle it
Sometimes a place takes on a weight of its own.
A process of restructuring our definitions

Resurrecting our memories, frozen, elaborate

The privilege of a memorial is short-lived.
It must be worked to have meaning.
The interiority of geography
Land not forgotten on maps
Remember

Is it like Carthage?

No, it wasn't destroyed by empire.
Is it then a Pripyat?
No, it wasn't taken by industry and ego
Then it is like Hegra, untouched for millennia?
No, it has never slept, cold and vacant,
Where the ghosts of ideas always linger.

Like Babylon then

Yes, perhaps like Babylon,
Ruins, scholars, and myth.
With the shadow of hanging gardens
Where I, like Trajan, pass through its gates
And dance with the echoes.