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M O N A L I S A

after Walter Pater

She's aged well past what rock lies near that seat;  
Like some Myth,  
She's been dead many eons;  
She's seen what amid that long dark lies;  
She's swum down into deep seas,  
Held onto that pale blue dawn;  
She's worn rare webs from Silk Road sons, paid them well;  
When she'd been Leda,  
She'd held that fair maid from Troy;  
When Anne,  
She'd held Mary;  
Each past life she's felt only like airs from some lyre, some pipe,  
That live  
Only with what ease  
That they mold that pale face,  
That they tint each dark eye's lids, each soft hand.