

Michael Stone. Grigor's name

The monastery is gone,  
except for parts  
cut out of bedrock.

A cistern,  
deep and dark,  
raised stone edge,  
round mouth,  
no cover now.

White, crumbling mosaic,  
missing partly,  
frames for designs  
marked but empty.

Grigor left his name  
in coloured stones,  
at the cistern's edge.

Hot, sun burns,  
desert spreads below  
all the way to the Jordan  
and the road to Jericho  
past Euthymius' lavra  
at the Red Khan.

MY 2009, Jerusalem