

ararat

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BLACK BEAUTY

by Michael E. Stone

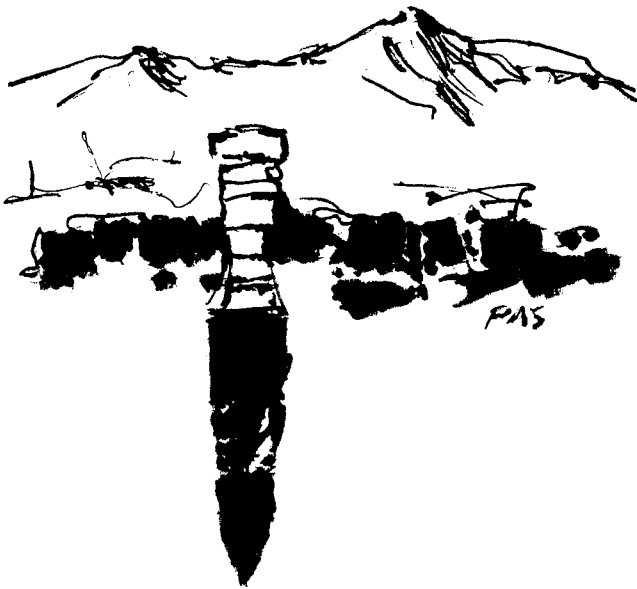
The obsidian I brought back,
Looks black, opaque.
But held to the light,
has clear, translucent stripes.

Smoky hard fragility,
Fused in vulcan's fire,
Black-veined, textured
with lucid patches.

All through some hills,
Are veins of black glass,
Its blackness is beauty.

On a mount facing Ara's
I found a stone knife,
chipped from obsidian rock
of old.

I am black and beautiful,
She sings in the Song,
and through her blackness
the Groom becomes lucent.



ARMENIACUM

by Michael E. Stone

Fructus armeniacus is the golden apricot,
Sweet as a baby's kiss,
Best eaten in Ararat's autumn,
Under the mountain's shadow.

Armeniacum is a bulb, commonly
"Heavenly Blue Grape Hyacinth";
A stalk, midst long thin drooping leaves,
Topped with a shower of small blue bells,
The color of the sky.

It flowers in spring, along with
purple-light cyclamens, in the time
between the almond blossom and
the climbing roses.

It is tentative, shy and delicate,
Almost hidden among the green,
Does it grow, too, in Ararat's shadow?
Whence its name?

Friday, February 23, 2001