

## MUD

Earth and water, primordial ooze we climbed out from,  
Blurred cast of Eve's footprint, fleeing. Mixed  
With straw: Amenhotep's antechamber to eternity,  
Or pure: Cleopatra's wrinkle cure. Articulating the way  
The wrist of David turned, stone in hand, clay  
Veins pulsing under Michelangelo's probing thumb.

What Mozart was buried in. Fingerprint of the potter  
In Brno. The silence of bracheosaurs sipping water  
From the dead stream; horses at Agincourt screaming,  
Elegant forehooves slipping in blood, the Somme gleaming  
Through mist, Gallipoli in the rain. Pronounced almost  
Like *Mother*. Hurlled along the road to power.

What, after all, our names are.