Moonmonths synchronized with solar years,
cycle-paths aligned, the Zodiac belt—

pebbles for patterns, for lattice-logic looms;
our lettuce-leaf-, our reef-hyperbolica, these we crochet.

The overhang, never to forget! To remember how with fire
we lost night—we who perjured dark,
cursed the cold. Now winter’s lost. (Fire became the stake.)
Each day we ask: will new body-brain emerge?

But whose? How stowed? A portal mind? A gated world. We learn to diffract

restrictions super-imposed by the surgeons of light.
Realities, we re-create daily,

moonshine rules. Many-fingered time has come back
to our dock. Its twisted braid, enacting Morwen’s
coded knots, stops. Awestruck before Maryam’s incomparable openings of body—

Maryam Mirzakhani, 1977-2017

— first published in Touch the Donkey, 2018