

This issue of *EnterText* is dedicated to the memory of

Zara Bruzzi

14.5.35 – 30.12.00

who made an invaluable contribution
to the work of the English department
at West London Institute and subsequently Brunel University
over many years

Cosmologies

(for Z. B.)

“Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.”

Small candles in tiers flicker a wavering faith.
You loved the poetry of myth, its steadiness.
We turn to go, ephemeral as your flowers
banked frail and unknowing round the dry font.
Outside we pull January round our ears, soft
and dark. You died last year. *Quick now,*
here now...

Above, the shadow of our greedy earth
begins to eat the moon, her shrill cries
inaudible. Everywhere people stop in awe,
always... In total eclipse she's still discernible,
a disc of different dark, a shade, a body
inching the unfathomable void, not blood this time,
not blood.

Brightening the solemn service your two grandchildren
toddled the aisles. Mothers learn that children,

grandchildren, can thrive without us, though we
would not have thriven without them. For you
the boy's round head, corona of flame curls,
the girl's pale oval framed in flax, were sun and moon
enough.

Paula Burnett – 12 January 2001