

## Ayten Tartici

*After Rilke*

I sit in a roofed space.  
Ceiling patterns prosper, an outward likeness  
the light from the vents ages to white silence.  
The big trees on the frescoes catch all the rain.  
I listen too, to the rhythm  
of exterior things, of the water-lit  
grass at night & how upon an-  
suspecting leaf  
a broad-winged katydid whirrs  
but here one is not even carried  
away by the non-self, the  
rhythm of exterior things.

This is the cathedral I am building truly  
Without name, without ambition, without help.  
On scaffolding close-knit, resting  
on *terra firma*, the beams held  
together with wooden pegs and iron straps.  
No swerving, the corporeal, the kerneled:  
This is the rhythm of  
interior things. I will sink deep into  
the houses that abide in us.

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