THE CHAMBER OF WINGS  
  
'But is it not the case that when one   
loses one's way one gains a wider view   
of the world?'  
 – Anselm Kiefer, *Art Will Survive Its Ruins*  
In the chamber of wings  
hang empty white dresses.  
  
Where there should be heads  
are only twigs and sticks,  
  
a pile of bricks, nothing  
to help with ascension  
  
or escape up Jacob's ladder  
to our ideas of elsewhere.   
  
Those who didn't make it   
were tarred and feathered,   
  
steamrollered into painted  
memories of hurt and love.  
  
Despite the lines and circles  
you conjure up and draw   
  
to map out life and death,  
we will always get lost,  
  
distracted by recollections  
of ancestors and relatives  
  
who dreamt of the future  
but are now only ash.  
  
  
© Rupert M Loydell  
  
  
(from *The Frame of Understanding. for Anselm Kiefer*)