

Fortune wags its tongue
Along the walkways of the bathhouse
They say the monk returned from Iceland
Unearthly boon in stow
He who possesses the Pin of Quib
Is granted eternal beauty

I am tired of men
Of kneading the knots from their bulbous backs and necks
And rinsing their filmy water
From this mew of tiles
When I heard tell of the Pin of Quib
Straight away I knew I had to hold it at all costs

A storm like a drum
Encompasses the priory
As I go on mouse-toes
Into the blind man's chamber

And leaning over his bed
I push the blade between his ribs
But then in a flash he's got my wrists
And he's pinned me to the floor

I wake up gagged and bound
To a windless ochre forest
The monk's wan face inches from my own
His breath smells like pears

He asked me then
"would you like to see the Pin?"
Retching on his filth
I nod "more than anything"

From inside his coat
He fishes a brooch
A plain pea of stone
No bigger than a thumbnail

And I can hardly believe
How very ordinary it seems
Then it dawns on me
It was all mere folly

"Yes, now you see
The Pin's a pebble only
That which you so thirstily
Coveted over my dead body

Now it is yours to keep
You are its custodian
But first I must have your eyes
Then the circle will be whole"

I once
Could see
But now

I am blind

And all sense
Of the world is lost
Lost, lost

I once
Could see
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Of the world is lost
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