

Joy

By: Dr. Pearl Ketover Prilik

In the way of the Craft,
The young girl awakens
At her anointed hour,
Juices thrumming,
Teetering on the subtle
Slide of Woman

To walk the cool passageway
In the dim of dawn,
Stones cold on tender feet,
Her gauge of the rush of rivered time.
There in The Windowed Room
Completes the prescribed steps,

Tall, supple, certain,
Shining, in spilled first light
Spreading sensuously
Across the wall of Acumen
As she surely selects
From breath blown crystal
Canters of acid,
Sparkling in sweet sinister surreptition,
One.

That one, single shimmered
Beaker of waiting oil,
Lifts in the circle of slender tapers
Of her forever forbearer fingers

Sprinkles solitary goblets
To fall into concentric centered circles,
Watching with her gazing eye
For the arched gnarled foot
Of the Alchemist appearing at the splat
Of the final drop,
Arriving in precise promised punctuality
In that sun surged joy soaked room
To sweep the sudden swirling filigreed
Forgettable flotsam of her Innocent's yesterday
Into the coalesced certainty
Of her sun spun Tomorrow
As light engulfs her nodding now.

Bio: (Dr.) Pearl Ketover Prilik is a psychoanalyst and published (non---fiction) book

writer. An online daily submitter to various poetry sites, she has had several online publications and a blog “Imagine” <http://drpkp.com>. PKP edited and has several poems published in the anthology *Prompted, An International Collection of Poems* (RLYB, 2011). *Beyond The Dark Room, An International Collection of Transformative Poetry*, another such anthology (RLYB, is projected for release Summer (2012)).