

Icon Restorer.
by
Sara Jane Kingston

[This poem was inspired by the tale of something glimpsed
far below in a flight over Siberia that was told by Jim Forest
at the Southampton Conference in May 1996]

I am too old
to remember
the future.

Instead,
I work my way
back through
the candle light years,
feeling the grief
and the joys,
touching the shaded places
where one led into
the other.

In another life
this is my task -
to sit
in the Siberian forest
with one image
before me.

It makes no sense
to argue with myself
If I do,
I will have made
more work for tomorrow;
another layer to clear
and restore.

Sometimes I wonder
whether in the dark night
I am observed,
my light is seen
from above.

Perhaps in the future
if I could remember,
my own soul
would be flying.