

This poem was written by author and poet Jing-Jing Lee on the occasion of
museumnacht 2015: margret wibmer, *time out* at Oude Kerk Amsterdam

TIME OUT
(Oude Kerk, Amsterdam, November 7th, 2015)

It's something to see –
the dead stirring to life.

Watch how they rise,
shaking the frost from their limbs,
how they drop their shrouds
heavy with damp, eyes
minted over,
cool as copper.

While they take their first breaths again,
I mark the mariner's lines
veined through their skin,
touch the compass rose
etched into their wrists.
They say:

I've been away for years,
hiding in the ribs of a ship.
Keeping time
while they laid stone over marsh,
while they dotted light
into the eyes of saints.

I was a voyager,
a spinster poet,
an artist's wife, moons' away.
All of us,
laid into squares
dark as vaults.

They stop and I lean into the fog
in front of their mouths.
When they speak, the words are black. Soft.
Lie down, they say,
wait for it,
take your time.