

The story of Echo came to me in an illustrated book of Homer's tales,  
(It was Turkish, his name the more regal "Homeros")  
I wanted to meet this Echo.  
I wanted to hear her words, which were, though singular, audible.  
Or, I wanted to hear my voice, disembodied like the voice of God (what colour was the  
curtain separating him and Muhammed?)

I went into a cave once.  
Apparently the home of early Christians,  
(Hiding from one or the other)  
Here — I thought — she must be.  
She will surely speak.

I stumbled over a rock, scowled at 'Mehmet' who loved 'Ayşe' enough to mutilate the  
Beautiful with a branded love-heart.  
I destroyed a spider's house (almost wretched as I rubbed my hands on the walls)  
(Is there a spider on me? I feel something in my clothes)  
And when I walked enough to warrant a 'Come back!' from my brother  
(who's lived in fear since his first nightmare),  
And my name, shouted out by my mother  
(worried enough to satisfy me),  
Here — I thought — she must be.  
I was wrong.

For Echo to speak, like must meet like.  
Sound should knock into sound should knock into sound for it all to tumble back around  
To find the Beloved.  
And here was this cave: alone, forgotten, and (to the historian's horror) pissed on.  
So no. There was no Echo.

But here was a light that slithered in as the sun set over the valley,  
Illuminating a shadow of smoke as it curled into the corners.  
A purring of myrrh.