

Little hall

by [Elizabeth Rivers](#) in the [February 9, 2010](#) issue

The labyrinth here, as well!

A canvas floor

copied from Chartres, brought through
the open door,

unfolds its whorl (and stains,
old wax gone gray
with candle soot or soles
that walk to pray).

Long formal curves begin
a common pace;
my shoeless feet take off
through living space . . .

So many rooms—for me—
a vast hotel—
eternity's
reserved a little hall.