

# 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.