

Athens, Archaic Fist of Light

I

Here comes the city pouring out its serpent body

Eating its own tail:

The village.

II

New cannibalizes old

Smog settles its belly over the sea

The drill whines into marble ruin

Scar tissue, *all*.

III

Here is a restaurant that fries little fish

Here is clear liquor in a glass

And the man drinking it

Riding

The river of death.

IV

A dishwasher stumbles, drags garbage through the night

There are holes in the sidewalks and holes in the sky.

V

The docent

Mouth full of rosemary

Dreams the ancient gore of warriors gone

And of Zeus

Coming to smash fists of light upon the door.