

They Say Caesar . . .

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They say Caesar spurred his horse to a gallop,
riding with his hands behind his back.
Undoubtedly countless Roman eyes
watched Gallic dust swirl into his Roman dawn
and as I stand now watching
a fumbling hand
grasp at some bit of silver
in the rusty can
and finally, clutching something,
place it unsteadily
for the hammer's false and trembling blow,
I ponder how age comes to every man,
reclaims the sureness that he has from life,
takes it along with teeth and hair
as casually but surely as a suntan goes
and Man becomes unbeautiful
so that instead of watching
a mighty Caesar rule his men,
I turn averted eyes uncomfortably away
from nails, chipping paint, and quivering blows,
the panting, almost frantic breath,
until caught, trapped, chained, held
by late light through a cracked window
I must take Thor's hammer
and pound my passion into rotting wood.