

Nautical Prospects

AJ Hannigan

the Homeric verse of my adolescence
taunts with each rustle of this impotent sail.

must I walk with a swollen foot?
must I hobble along
 this concrete shore?

my route: charted
I trace the compass pockmarks
stippled across the antediluvian map.
my course returns to this sterile beach.

one must abandon pelagic dreams;
the terminus has been drawn
by the shadow of the trireme.
so, I take the coppers from my eyes and await the ferryman.
reading once more beneath the bevels
a cartographers lament,
-HIC SVNT LEONES
and weep,
because I know they are all dead.