

HISTORY

At dawn
The Greeks sat on their porticoes,
Eating figs,
Scanning the ocean with cold eyes
For warships that would not return.

It is evening now.
Here in my basement room
I sit among the ancient manuscripts,
Massed in rows like useless troops,
And listen for the Bomb.

We will be part of a future dig:
Me, manuscripts, and fig.
Waiting for war,
I bite this gnarled, brown,
Dowdy, wrinkled thing,
Sucked-in as a ruined ball,
And taste bright seedy sweetness,
Cool and small.

Martha M. Pickrell