

# LYCEUM IN RUINS

*by* G.M. Quinte

Weeds, schist, an Artesian well:  
élan in a heavenly forge.

Sniffing goats, a mossy cairn.  
A portal divides the void.

There is a human hand here  
below the crumbling parapet.

The crotch of time  
A bridge between catapults.

“A sense of doom informs the lynx.”  
Video of columns kebabed.

My reliquary brims over:  
laurels in agar, a bag of drowned targets.

