LYCEUM IN RUINS

by G.M. Quinte

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

Sniffling 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.

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