

Acropolis

by Anita Howard

He rears there from the pediment,
the horse of the moon.
One flexing leg close by

on plundered ground, its heat
the blood and fire of ages
who could not win. Time was

they met their gods, and chose them
when trees and water rose out of the ground.
The trees alone remain, among the stones,

the scaffolding, the crowds. The bones of time
are yellow from the iron. Marble dust
ingrains into our soles, to throw us down.