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The Poem of Ellipses: Athenian Morning, Athens

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Athens

I can not stop staring
at the bust of Socrates—his lips
are parted slightly; it looks
like he might say something
about the injustice bred
in poetry, about modes
or gymnastics. ...

They say
that much of what we know
about Socrates comes
from Plato, his student. This
I can believe. His stone eyes reveal
nothing; no dead and dusty knowledge falls
from his lips, but I am determined
to get something; the hint
of a form ...

I close the drapes
on the Athenian morning—
the white robes of the senate whipping
below in snaps: sounds that ideas make
here on Earth. I crawl
on my knees toward the bed
and climb in. I won’t be denied
or turned back. Don’t waste
your breath on particulars, dear ...

tell me, tell me, tell me everything.