

Scipio

yes I'm Scipio
no doors to my tomb
maybe semi-sealed
like the entrance to the honeycomb

bees of the goddess
browse in the garden
they'll sting you to death
but they're not really bad

nonspecific coronas
orbiting the flowers
in a language unlike
these words of sand

for if men are ruled by words
which words offer freedom
and if men are ruled by dreams
which dreams are visions

these are the words and visions
I have sought in the vast body
of the sea and the desert land
and from the woman of the star map

I stopped and asked at my tomb
there were some travelers there
they knew some funny proverbs
but had nothing for the sand man

so I went onward into my wheel of wind
my body of rags and silk rivers
where geography becomes poetry
and each grain of sand is a star

Tony D'Arpino's most recent book is Seven Dials. His poetry has appeared in Crossconnect, Pavement Saw, Poetry New York, and The Portable Californian. An excerpt from his novel, St Bonaventure's Island, appears in the current issue of Terra Incognita (Madrid). He was recently writer-in-residence at the Djerassi Foundation.