

Robert Gibbons

Ancient Present Time

That's a fishhook scar on the index finger of right hand typing. She greeted me at the front door after a full day's work at the factory, pouring a glass of wine accompanied by olives, cheese, & flatbread. Conversation spread far & wide, circling back to our own concerns. Balcony dahlias listened. Then, she said, "Look at that big boat," transfixed as I was on her visage, "should I get the binoculars?" When she left to get them, I turned around to see the huge *Patroklos* with its appropriate black hull, (after all, *he* wore Achilles' armor), flow downstream past the wide-open bridge with the agility it took to kill Sarpedon. Problem was Sarpedon was son of Zeus. We can all trace the origins of tragedy, *afterward*. Sun kept afternoon at a steady seventy-six degrees, while shadows & shades plummeted toward unfathomable depths.