

as a star spurting across some muffled
horizon. Still, why don't we pause, open
doors? Maybe our engine *will* overheat.

* An archaeological site in Veracruz. Its Pyramid of Niches has 365 separate niches.

JENNIFER WOODHOUSE

MARATHON

in early spring

The mound bleeds red anemones
through gashes in soft grass;
the battlefield pulsates with life
of wings, wildflowers, bees.

Mountains since heroic times
watch over Marathon;
where Milteiadis' army fought,
the young boys play at sport.

It is the season of new growth,
a quickening of trees,
Apollo's laurels flowering
all over Greece.

The mountains recall Pheidippi's
epic, as if yesterday
he ran until his heart burst,
with news for the Athenians.

The mountains look on Marathon,
and bear themselves
with pride, like Greeks.