

## VIA APPIA

"Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentum."

1

For you who live and for you who die  
there is a time  
to shelve your thoughts  
and to harness your desires.  
For the time will come  
when you will flee  
the injured cauldron,  
cringing into the stale ashes.

life after life  
life after death  
life after nothingness  
death after nothingness

Brave Roman Soldier,  
you came to conquer!  
What cursed sword should dare  
to pierce your plated breast?  
And as you stroll along the VIA APPIA  
do you know that  
there will come the time?

All roads take to Rome.

Glory is; glory was.  
 And you will find  
 there is a time  
 to bend and to mend your crippled minds  
 in stuffy rooms,  
 sullen, silent tombs.

Rome was not built in a day.

The battle scene:  
 loitering pools of slimy blood,  
 thickening,  
 and fetid stench  
 of a thousand spilt warriors,  
 rotting and leathering in sunny stiffness-  
 intoxication of death.  
 Roman Warrior, you trenched your majesty  
 into the flesh of the foe  
 until the shrouded day  
 when the mountains and the forests say:  
 "This is the Time".

"Frangitur ipsa suis Roma superba bonis."

Dead Roman,  
 let me take you to the graveyard gate,  
 whose dry rusty creak tolls  
 of dirt and bone  
 all clothed in wood  
 and time  
 alone  
 no names faceless names  
 there is no need.

**W.L. MURPHY.**