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The dragon, in the end, is not much more
than catalyst. The girl, in hand-me-downs,
tied to a splintered stump, black
with dragon's breath, eye on his lance,
keeps her modestly venal eye alert
and helpless. Lance will prove solutions,
and the knight, knowing he's wanted now,
presumes. He's St George the Innocent,
knows nothing of irony, unaware
that heroes need maidens too, or else
the air dries up about them, and they find
the mirrors of morning stare back, sullen and cold.

The dragon dissolves, the lovers join
in a carefully equal affair. St George
offers to buy out the kingdom. The maiden accepts.

CORREGIDOR

The bomb's glib breath works well:
he strides out, the island's length instils
defiance in him, master of whistle and blast.
The man seeks symbols, plays self
against the pages coming. Perpetuity
is not so much stepping round craters,
the bare head, the adjutant's nervous tic.
Not the long dive down of the bomb,
being lord of allusion, Hamlet and Lear.
It lies in the instance, the careful skill
to regulate slogans and moments at will.