

AUDREY LONGBOTTOM

HAUSKAT

She sits on the balcony rail
still as the Sphinx; yellow eyes
intent on the morning spike
and jab of town birds.

She is familiar with their jargon
but belled, without communion,
she partakes of canned liver
unspeakable heart and, sated
sleeps firm on the earth

her mind roaming
a tamed landscape.

DEBACLE AT DELPHI

Let's walk, my beloved
in the footsteps of the Ancients
along the Sacred Way
which leads to the remains
of the Temple of Apollo.

— the guide says the bus
will pick us up in an hour
behind the souvenir shop —

Let us halt
where the Pythoness
sat on a tripod
and delivered Oracles
in a state of frenzy.

— beyond the group of tourists
the ones in the funny hats
singing beautiful Ohio —

And later, my beloved,
I shall capture your smile
with my instamatic while you
stand with your hand
on the Navel of the World.