

IN ANTIKYTHERA

The young, the not so young, gyrating,
Twirling, mermaid swaying:
I'm reminded how a muskellunge rockets
From shadow to gulp a spinner's dance.
In the saxophone's insistent flash,
In the murky undulation I long to break
Upon another surface, body, mind and soul
Pulled to a second light, a second life;
The one who said she liked my face,
The one from the Incline,
The one with an Irish river's name...
Instead I pack it in, sobering for the drive home,
Muttering to the Gretsch confined in its case—
No grandchild to carry on—
It's become so natural to be nonplussed:
The moon shining with its borrowed light,
Mourning doves cooing, the zodiac
Slipping overhead. I fumble for the key
To the Astro Van, my rusting cage of wonder.