Wounded Gladiator

Unconscious in the photo

snipped from History:

Frieze of what snipers left,

opera in the street, and, Somewhere,

West Side, which, the spirit, still

at it, sings

before the war in warrior,

before the circumstance

as allegory-----

Pocketbook, briefcase,

shopping bag as shield

nearby the yet beating torso,

the breath dreaming

of old radiators, how the heat

was coppery percussion in pipes,

the vents steaming comfort

to anoint ways of beginning…

Tea too eased the music up,

the flesh of senses getting ready

to greet the errands of moments,

their intimacy infinite and still felt

now amid the sirens,

the raids of air

and the great hush

after the falling