

PATRICK KINDIG

Themistocles Enters the Marketplace Pulled by Prostitutes

From the chariot's
small lantern room Themistocles

looks at the crowd, the white sea
of eyes, the legs before him beating

the air. In most ways today
is unremarkable. The sun

is there, the sky
a patchwork of breath, the street

a knot of polished bodies
hesitating between lead

and gold. *This*, he thinks,
is an ending. There is nothing in this world

left to bridle. He carries his weight
like the crest of a wave.