

GLAUCON AND THE MOON

In this thin disc, wrapped in smoke,
Pale Artemis was seen
By Greeks who knew that circles broke
Direction in a line.
My mind is a line; face, breast and back
Are curved. This disc is a plane.

Now hard Connecticut will rock
My dark departing train
Past steel Bridgeport, wrapped in smoke,
And the moon will wane.
My mind is a moon; below, the track
Runs by where some girl has lain.

She was curved; the flat disc, round:
My road is a line along the ground.



97 at 1 km 57