

Kenneth Rosen

HEART OF EARTH

It is the celestial ennui of apartments
That sends us back to the first idea—
— Wallace Stevens

O heart of earth,
Of love and mud incessant
Until it cease, sun on the sea
Advancing and caressing
The sand—*enosis, enosis*,
Whose substance is a key
Of foam and lace.

As it retreats, the Aegean
Obeys the moon and star's
Blood-red standard,
A turquoise auxiliary
All chrome and brine
And whacking its thighs
With graceful sabers,

Wave after wave
Slapping themselves awake
On the skull of a boat—
No fish here for years—
Taksim, lonely and small,
Taksim, for one and all,
And *ananke*, poison of fate.