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## They Say Caesar...

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# *They Say Caesar . . .*

M. KRYSL

They say Caesar spurred his horse to a gallop,  
riding with his hands behind his back.  
Undoubtedly countless Roman eyes  
watched Gallic dust swirl into his Roman dawn  
and as I stand now watching  
a fumbling hand  
grasp at some bit of silver  
in the rusty can  
and finally, clutching something,  
place it unsteadily  
for the hammer's false and trembling blow,  
I ponder how age comes to every man,  
reclaims the sureness that he has from life,  
takes it along with teeth and hair  
as casually but surely as a suntan goes  
and Man becomes unbeautiful  
so that instead of watching  
a mighty Caesar rule his men,  
I turn averted eyes uncomfortably away  
from nails, chipping paint, and quivering blows,  
the panting, almost frantic breath,  
until caught, trapped, chained, held  
by late light through a cracked window  
I must take Thor's hammer  
and pound my passion into rotting wood.