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They Say Caesar …

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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.