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.