

A SUNSET CLAUSE

From the ash gray of her skin
you can tell that this body
is bent on banking its fires.
She cannot walk, or talk, but
her cuttlefish eyes follow you.
She types with her one free
hand word-processed letters
to Prometheus. She writes: Friend,
I have held dinosaur eggs, and
made myself osmium-osmium bonds
stronger than in pure metal. I
have watched the seal, and when
he dives I do believe there is
an edge to the universe. She floats
in a wheelchair, playing loudly
the two records Stan Getz and
Joao Gilberto made, playing
Theodorakis. Her eyes dance
to Mikis, her imprisoned mind
soars over aeons, anxious to ask
Prometheus in her next letter
what he did, where he went, after
Hercules freed him from the eagle.