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After Cavafy

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P. H. Liotta

AFTER CAVAFY

This evening on the porch an ant struggles past with a huge blade of grass. I wistfully hope for such determination. The house needs paint; the grass cutting; the porch to be rebuilt. My cat sleeps next to me. I know that, somewhere, even now, others will burn for belief, and die for believing. Once, long ago, Odysseus knew how to deal with such struggle: he would never have noticed this ant. He would see only the color of sky turning to blood, dream only of wars to go mad at: the evening of conflict. I'm bound, like him, to Ithaka, and to its ruins.

Fiskardo, Kefhalonia