

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 5 | 1996

Cape Drepanum Nick Foster

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Nick Foster

CAPE DREPANUM

An envy of dead cities, returned to sand and restfulness. Their streets and houses now a cart-track to the village. Fragments of pottery on the dunes.

And this is powdered marble, the smoothest sand you'll see. And this is Roman glass, curious for its flaws. Note the bubbles in the pale-blue liquid. Like faces now lost, their mouths an incredulous "O," at how little of their world remains.

Just the chattering of the sparrows on the same holy tree, and the fine bright view of the sea.