Punk girl sketching the Parthenon frieze

In flowing black, down to black boots hard as stone
But hairless, shaven, like a gold-glowing dome
And one earring and one twinkling stud
In each nostril she sits sketching
Part of the drapes of the wall of frieze.

In the distance the torso of Iris agrees
A head's an inessential. Her carved clothes
Rush against her body during flight
Though hide the lightest beating of a heart.
Two headless creatures are making a sketch.

ELIZABETH SMITHER