

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