
APHRODISIAS

Raynald Nayler

In the shifting shade of the agora
we cut the customed square for playing dice.
And in the theater, with a denser stone
we wore down pits in marble for our cups
or for (between the tragedies) a place
to game in bones. Arms tired from carrying
the banner in the procession, we sat down
and found, in a column's shade, a place to sweat
and mourn past strategies. The priest whined on
and we yawned into space. Admired the summer
cling of linen to a quivering flank.
Bored and hot, we waved away mosquitoes
in the stadium. And while the others cheered
we rolled our eyes and counted off the years.