

DID ARCHIMEDES

Did Archimedes

Have a word for relativity, for the elasticity

Of ordinary days? Here in los

Certainties of time and space

Slip in and out of the blue air. They change

While you are toweling

The Adriatic from your hair or admiring

A naiad rising from a beach chair

To check her I phone.

Perhaps nothing is impossible. Yesterday

The white-washed church on the distant hill

Slid toward us as we walked the cobblestone path.

Suddenly its curving white walls like a pale

Frank Stella, were present tense, silent, textured,

Majestic and a blink away. Today

The beach beyond the bend runs away

Like a six-year-old pulling a prank

And then reappears below us.

Out of nowhere a primitive stone staircase

Extends an invitation to the rock-bound sands.

In the water danger swims beside you

Tugging you into deeper impossibly blue depths

Or not. Perhaps it was just a foreshadowing: three

Teenage boys in scuba gear emerge

20 meters from you, so close to the jagged edges

Of the cliffs, you must stop for breath. The Adriatic

Holds you tenderly in its rowdy tea party.

And above shines the sun of childhood.

This road's return is half as long. And you wonder: Is this warp

Another invisible tide,

The sea's double?

There are so many things

You must do and you will do them

Tomorrow.