

The Elgin Marbles drop from the sky

dusting England's neoclassical parks
with the nipples of goddesses,
fresh pebbled grapes, pearlescent
curls sheared off the pubic coil
of a beautiful boy. A perfect body
count is impossible. Torsos muscle
into the grass; desirable heads dull
to their sensual lips. A satyr's eye
rolls underfoot. Insurance men weep.