

# taliarte

Poem by Jody Holland

Poseidon rises at the edge of his empire,  
His gaze stretches up to summit the cliff-face,  
he breaths. The air is bitter,  
warm and thick.

The waves lap around him  
Begging to be noticed.  
An eternity of noise for a god  
has hidden their presence

Yet, despite his longevity,  
there's novelty to the land.  
Once predictable coasts have contorted,  
The shapes of man,  
A twisted geometry outstretched he traces

The god's wandering eyes,  
Beckoned along the alien angles  
Grow tired - Getting old.  
Still the invaders conquer closer.

