

In Roles, Responsibilities Lie

When I said "fuck" to my class,
the Greek boy shook his head
and muttered angrily,
"Too much! Too much!" Trying
to shake out the temple,
I had tumbled the shrine,
and, as if I had cursed
some sweet, forgotten face
(some version of my name),
or flushed a sense of panic
fresh from the scent of Pan,
he shut the temple door.

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