
7-15-2000

Eve after Fifty of her 900 Years / Ozymandias Redux

Joe R. Christopher

Devin Brown

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>

Recommended Citation

Christopher, Joe R. and Brown, Devin (2000) "Eve after Fifty of her 900 Years / Ozymandias Redux," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2000 : Iss. 23 , Article 11.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2000/iss23/11>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Eve

after Fifty of her 900 Years

by Joe R. Christopher

After her birthing of Cain, Abel, and Seth,
and daughters never named in Torah's print,
Eve had her menopause: and what it meant,
she knew, was coming of predicted death--
expected since the apple, with words of wrath,
"This day (or this, or this) you'll die." Thus sent
to her, a message carrying its flint--
someday, someday, an end will come to breath.

But strangely slow it came: her belly sagged,
after those births; her breasts, past milk, were flattened;
her face was wrinkled; her hair was streaked with white;
her arms, now flabby. Her husband strutted, bragged;
her children fought, as if on envy battened.
"How long," she cried, "till death will cure my blight?"

Ozymandias Redux

by Devin Brown

"Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.
— Percy Shelley

Like a single engine plane about to go into a dive,
Professor Fillingham sputtered and stalled—
a third of the way into his elaborate nine-part distinction
between Comedy and Tragedy, just then realizing
he had given the exact same lecture
to these exact same students
the semester before.

He looked over his rectangular glasses
around the great lecture hall filled with English majors
frantically taking notes for the mid-term exam,
and he nervously cleared his throat.
And then since no one, not even Mitch,
seemed to notice, he prepared to go on.

But just for a moment,
he thought of his sabbatical in Sicily—
how on Sundays he would walk with his daughter
to the Palazzo Del Re.

There they would stand holding hands in the surf,
letting the breakers batter their legs
and knock them backwards.
How for hours they would work
constructing elaborate castles,
intricate turrets and lofty spires
rising from the dark volcanic sand.

When they were hot, how they would retreat
into the shade of the Grande Allée
for a shaved ice, and watch the people pass.
Then how they would gather up their things
and walk together back to the villa.

Even as he launched into the next distinction,
his mind was on the beach at the Palazzo Del Re,
its retreating tide shimmering,
the slant of the setting sun
casting long shadows upon the perfectly leveled sand.