

When I Was Greek:  
Poems

(excerpt)

Kem Luther

## **Tomb 2, Vergena, Kalyx**

Now am I  
a silver kalyx  
cast for empty balance;  
deposited unquaffed  
I spill out blood-red wine,  
imaginings  
of partly-conquered lands.

O set me hollow down  
with such a ringing paeon  
that all who ride  
this kingly board  
may wonder  
by what god or hero  
I am drained.

## Demeter

My house is full.  
And yet you bring  
endless offerings.  
Shall I devise  
larger temples  
just to house  
a votive clash  
of love and things?  
Quit your lathe  
and wheel and loom  
Give rest to all  
the lesser parts  
and bring the best—  
your beating heart  
echoing in an empty room.

## Wolf

Only one wolf ranges  
where the wolf pack prowls.  
Through the throat of one wolf  
the newborn wolf cub growls.

Desire of only one wolf  
snarls in rut and heat  
along the forest traces  
where first the young wolves meet.

When old wolves seek the river,  
to sleep upon their paws,  
only one wolf rises,  
to lope through Asgard halls.

Rabbit seeks his thousand holes.  
Beaver won't come out.  
Tonight on moonlit fields  
Wolf begins to hunt.