

## IN THIS SQUARE ROOM

I listen to a round rain  
falling on the anarchic trees.  
A car or two is stitching  
its mechanical progress  
up the hill. The wheels  
sound like zippers being  
opened. Athens I hear  
has put up a papier maché  
figure of a discus thrower  
in Syntagma Square  
assembled slowly from  
the ground floor up—  
the thighs, the crotch  
a flying penis pointing  
toward American Express  
and there it stayed  
three days exciting  
tourists to photography  
Greek women to their private jokes  
and men to say it's time  
they put a prick on a pedestal  
in Constitution Square—  
three days and then  
the project was complete  
the head the torso and the disc  
the whole thing painted bronze  
three other copies  
in the squares in town—  
and slowly slowly  
rain came down.  
The orange trees  
in Athens bore their fruit.  
The windblown flowers  
in my yard hang on.  
The slow cars zipper up the street.  
September 5, winter began.