

## In Medias Res · *E. Grosholz*

The whip of pleasure sends us all,  
our sensitivities bright red,  
delighted, lightly nipped, to some extreme.  
Herodotus observed that at the edge  
of the recorded world, things grow more strange.  
Hot spices and monstrosities  
are carried in by camel to the center  
where civil, solid folk are pleased  
to pay a lot for something from the corners.

Thus we who cannot travel very far  
but in imagination, sometimes fall  
deeper into the boundaries  
than tourists like Herodotus who saw,  
made notes, and came away  
all the more Greek for what they thought they knew.

Hard at the center, we undo  
the casks of Scythia and the serpent Nile,  
plunging through crimson, musk and wine  
to find what we are dying to,  
our secret folded there among the spoils.