

The New Criterion

Poems

November 2004

Ovid old

by [Geoffrey Brock](#)

As a pale gauze
rose over Asia, he awoke
surrounded by, not Rome,
but huts, hanging
like tattered effigies of home
from threads of cedar smoke;
Europe was dark.
The woman by him also woke,
gently helped him to s ...

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This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 23 November 2004, on page 27

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