

A CENTAUR IN NEW YORK

You seemed to think it strange that I,
A centaur in New York, should speak of love.
You laughed when I produced my trove
Of periwinkle, kelp, and royal palm.

I wore a chain of hyacinths to charm
Your eyes. I wove a skirt of olive leaves
To cover my extremities. My hooves
Trod soft on rugs, the grass on which you lived.

Alas, I saw in your eyes I was two;
I saw that I was doomed to harry self;
I saw that nothing I could sing or give
Would shake the terror you would have me live.

Resolutely, I surrendered flowers.
My ancient four-foot passion was a joy
No biped could encompass or delay.
I clattered down Fifth Avenue, away.

Stephen Stepanchev