

Apollo plucks
the gold tip
from his heaving heart.
A red river runs rivulets
down his chest,
down each paint-smeared bullion leg,
tinkles onto the ground,
runs to the feet of a river girl.

This daughter of Peneus
is all swells and salt air
all sea-spray and white-water.

Their eyes meet.
Just as Eros prepares his arrow
with a smelter's grasp...
nocks,
 aims
 and shoots
 a tip of lead
into the girl's crashing heart.

