Atop the Topless Towers

by <u>Michael Shindler</u> (June 2023)



Atop the topless towers
Of a violet Ilium,
Can you mark the shade of Helen?

No meter renders those hours Or verses ad nauseam, But they round her like Magellan.

We all go as we would
And don't come to the point;
Our whistle, our war drum,
Our hum—are out of joint;

In the red heart of Paris Fair Helen stood Like white flowers On the banks of Elysium.

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