On a Pose of Virgil's

Zach Savich
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Near its peak, the mountain requires nearly no effort to climb. There is no sky behind the flags, barges of pretty silt. Some wrestlers oil themselves to prevent a grip, others rub grit to their skin to help it. In the cartoon, Orpheus puts glasses on the back of his head and walks in reverse. The pastor’s white collar is a foam neck brace. I am sorry to hear, this morning, as I can’t see the mug top through the pouring steam, that there is nothing new in philosophy: I meant to tell you a story but cannot keep myself interested long enough to describe the ski lifts exactly. I can never remember jokes, but there were twenty-four flavors of syrup for the soft-serve, as though an entire day of ice cream were possible, and a man near the summit holding his palms fast to the thistles, waiting for dew to come so he could wash.