The Intrusion of Ovid

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The Intrusion of Ovid

Brother Ovid, my classical leanings run thin tonight, alone with weepy music and food less interesting than the politics of mollusks.

Catullus and his exploits in the front yard with the maid and one of his pale girlfriends puts me to shame, so it’s to you I turn for good company. It helps that you’re dead. Your book shuts without protest unlike my front door or someone’s mouth when I’m tired of intrusion. The stars blur the perfect darkness of the night. The moon muddies the shore where I go to think of its distant urgings. The crickets themselves should learn to dream in silence, without singing to the large world of loneliness. You, yourself, trample the sadness I lushly tend like a garden and tell me to come in from the rain, to laugh while I can, to get more sleep, good advices all, and at this window in which is framed the world that’s mine and once was yours, I’m inclined to listen, to put you down and shut my eyes because pain is ancient, and therefore classic, as you are and I am not.