

Walking the Pines
by George Vukelich

I walk the pines
not far from home
and hear the lines
of ancient Rome.

Circuses and bread.
Arenas for dying.
Mobs must be fed
too bloated for crying.

Our legions scattered,
their standards unfurled.
Their formations battered
protecting our world.

Let there be whoring.
Let there be drinking.
With passions soaring
what lions is thinking?

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of ancient Rome
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not far from home.