

# Ovid at the Beach

by Samuel Cushman

Reading Ovid on the beach,  
Soaking up Apollo's rays,  
Neptune lapping at my feet;  
Timeless are the changing ways.

I imagine turning from  
Man to tree or brutal beast.  
Would I spark the wrath of Jove,  
Dine at some Olympian feast?

Stellified or deified,  
Would apotheosis be  
My assigned and proper fate,  
Which the Fates, by Styx, decree?

Or might something lesser lay  
Waiting down the road for me?  
I return to life but feel  
Biting curiosity.

