

2022

Caligula's Fence

Sophie Cassarino

College of the Holy Cross, slcass24@g.holycross.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/parnassus-j>



Part of the [Classics Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cassarino, Sophie (2022) "Caligula's Fence," *Parnassus: Classical Journal*: Vol. 8, Article 8.

Available at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/parnassus-j/vol8/iss1/8>

This Creative Works is brought to you for free and open access by the Classics Department at CrossWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Parnassus: Classical Journal by an authorized editor of CrossWorks.

I can just imagine him
Place his hand on a wooden fence
Or a strong stone wall
And say “this is merely a pebble
A piece of wood with which
To break a spine in
You can’t hold me
For I see
No lines drawn in my mind
No lines, no lines...”
A free mind had he
A free hand with free power
He says to himself
“I lived adult as a child
Now I play a child as adult
For any other method is fallacy
There is no other way that I can be
For I am he who is still as I once said
For I have no lines drawn in my head
No lines, no lines...”

He says on the city street
“I am he who shall be free
Draw your daggers down my skin
You can never win me
Though blood desert my body
You will never win
For I have no lines drawn in my mind
No lines, no lines...
Not a single stone wall
Not a single speck of wood”

Yet when I place my hand on a picket fence
Falling apart at my fingertips
I shudder
For my head is full of lines
And I would rather than traverse it
Kneel before every fence
I say “I love you, ancient fence”
I mean to say “I fear you”

For I have lines drawn in my head
Lines

Lines

Lines

Lines

Lines