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Cape Drepanum

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CAPE DREPANUM

An envy of dead cities, returned to sand and restfulness. Their streets and houses now a cart-track to the village. Fragments of pottery on the dunes.

And this is powdered marble, the smoothest sand you'll see. And this is Roman glass, curious for its flaws. Note the bubbles in the pale-blue liquid. Like faces now lost, their mouths an incredulous "O," at how little of their world remains.

Just the chattering of the sparrows on the same holy tree, and the fine bright view of the sea.