

*L. Ward Abel*

### **Autocracy**

What's left of Herculaneum is across the pond.

Through trees

along with my fear of death

live ruins, blending winter foreclosed

long since. There are instances, it can

be argued, when Caesar is welcome.

Then there are those days when he's not.

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### **Between Zebulon and Here**

Between Zebulon and here

my father loops. Highway Eighteen

accompanies the ridge

left and a few miles. We've been

to Barnesville; on Holmes Street

Uncle George's old house is

overgrown disheveled has worry lines

in its paint. The garage is falling

into a wound. My father

loops all the way

loops all the way back home. I removed

a door frame, no one can walk through

it anymore. Nothing to keep my ghost in

send me, send me from my room out away

the color of sound is something

with sails. I've become who I think

I've wanted to become

sharing fourteen acres with the

welkin.