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.