

Daniel Anderson

On Having Said Something Cruel

There stood Helen on the sun-bright bow
While she was being spirited away.
There were filaments of rainbow in the spray,
Fresh counterpanes of foam. As the ship's prow
Cut through the warm, blue sparkle on the sea
The mainsail popped and billowed on its mast.
She might have guessed the thrill could never last,
Or that her suitor would not always be
A suntanned, handsome version of a boy,
But who among those mortals could foresee
The bloody, long unpleasantness at Troy?
Ecstasy if brief and unrehearsed,
She may have thought this too, though probably
It seemed to be a good idea at first.