

**Rosetta Stone**

where does one go  
for translations of  
the ancient and arcane?

I come embarrassed by lacunae  
sheepish of my modernity

but the classics professor  
takes pity on me  
for whom all languages  
but my own are hieroglyphs

lines of a farewell poem

*you are entitled to happiness  
wherever you prefer to be  
in your new life, Galatea  
I hope you will remember me*

I have heard myth defined  
as the absence of anomaly

for him it is tales  
of passion and power

the burden of Atlas and  
the poison robe of Hercules

with a whirl and flash of green  
he makes me a page  
from the source  
to carry home

*Wanda Campbell*