Paestum Thunderstorm: Twenty Years On

It was otherworldly. You’d have been rapturous:
ligh \textt{ning over the temples \ wine-dark sky --}
no one in that drenched expanse but us

unless you call the thunder a god’s voice.
We were soaked completely through, the girls and I.
Even without the storm, you’d have been rapturous,

demonstrating your girls your most beloved place
(that’s how I billed it; it’s why they came with me)
from our honeymoon travels. No one but us.

But you’d hate the new confinement to the grass.
Back then, we wandered each antiquity;
there’s a whole roll of photographs: me, rapturous,
posed at column after column, my face
a likeness of its likeness in your eye.
Of course, it wasn’t really only us.

Our girls -- you should see them; they’re rapturous --
were there as pure desire, standing by,
just as you, pre-disaster, pre-psychosis,
came briefly back in those drenched ruins to us.