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Epi oinopa ponton

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Epi oinopa ponton

By: Declan Leary

The morning sun had signaled dawn,
the dew blessed gravely thrice the tower.
The ivy kissed the stony walls
and in the lawn a little flower,
petals red and broken stem, sat
in patient^[T]_[SEP]
expectation.

A rowboat on the rocky shore
weathered wood and battered oars
sat resolutely evermore
beaten by the
waves.

The tower set back from the shore
stood silently and watchfully
still awaiting some unspoken
prophecy of
dawn.

Upon the stone floor at its height,
teased by early morning light
dimmed in shade of stormy clouds,
soft the first rain
fell.

The storm clouds moved above the waves,
daunting over great grey waters.
Water returning eternally
to the waves where all began
falls upon
the wine-dark sea.