June 2018

Epioinopa ponton

Declan Leary
John Carroll University, dleary21@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss3/23

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.
**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 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.