

Edge sideways Athena, because

I'm here,
on the edge, for your trip
to the Midwest.

Freud's favorite god,
no matter if you feel
ignored by Wall St. and Founding Fathers.

You are athletic! Atmospheric!
And lonely for a room of your own.

So come here to steel town,
where even in the girlhood of you shields
the Aegean vernacular murmured in our locomotives!

Break through the trees where I camp
by Bethlehem Steel,
and on the Dunes you will disturb

the iron thighs of working men
who secretly ask for the fire of Olympus,
as they wait in their trucks for the green.

Talk to me.
I'm right here,
on the edge,
waiting in the bad company of my bones!

-William K. Buckley