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Boy, Seized

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It's all about the drumrolls
and the big waves,
he cried as he blinded his way
out of bed, arms twitching,
in rhythmic morse, his neurons' message.

Roused from my own slumber,
I murmured softly,
Here am I,
and his small frame lurched
into the circle of my arms.

At one time, he'd have been
beloved by the gods.
Perched on a tripod, words parsed
by priests proffering laurel
and the fat of cattle thighs.

Even tonight, his oracle seems sent.
The snare and the sea—
relentless pounders, both.
So too, these spells that sound
self's fathom.

Having slacked the
ego's grip, he slips,
drops words
reverberates
into a hovering God's embrace.

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