

## THE DISCIPLES

At least I have, I think, this companionship.  
On account of the impending blizzard  
the friendly tender at the friendly pub  
lines up free pints all night long.  
We take the golden ore and leave the glass.  
We take the copper ore and leave the glass.  
We even take the heavy iron ore. Then,  
at two o'clock on Tuesday morning  
Ovid and I, sole patrons of the night,  
head for home from the corner bar.  
But home is nowhere near this corner.  
Suddenly it's clear: there's no safe place.  
I'm too drunk to find the truck, and Ovid  
the Roman becomes barbaric in Wisconsin,  
charging always into what he cannot know—  
using the flash of high Latin, for example,  
in a bid to impress a laid-off farm hand,  
our last chance for a lift. Ovid, full of grace,  
you'll never survive a night in this snow. So,  
when the drifts take your legs and you call out,  
may I know enough to know it's too late,  
that the time has come to leave you behind—  
those heroic feet in sandals, dancing in agony.