

Dido's Curse

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βαρ,
βαρ, βάρβαρος,

babbling
avant la lettre,

come barbarian, tell me
of yourself, so far from home,

말이 없는,

stammer and

sing just

einmal, mit stumme Stimmen

말해주세요:

tell me

of the Egyptian

god's gift,

translated by Ulysses,

left on the shore, in the dusk
of dark water on sand, ships torn apart—
sing to your Phoenician queen
of the folly, the desire to dominate

the love of symbol,

of scansion and σκάνδαλον,

how you stumbled upon the beach,

upon hollow form

that came to life

in the silent night—

niant, en mal de mot,

말이 아니다:

there are no words

for a broken world,

for the fall of your city,

for the flames,

the pain of your people,

extinguished

ex animal.

So sing

in my kingdom

where refuge is granted

of love and hospitality,

for you know it not,

but soon you will lie

with wolves and eagles

to make new promises,

καὶ πιστὸν οὐδὲν μᾶλλον ἢ καπνοῦ σκιά,

gifts of ash and shadow,

of malverse, turning,

upon the back of your old
horse, reborn in my stables
at Hippo...