

# Rain of Statues

By Sarah Lindsay

*From the Mithridatic Wars, first century BC*

Our general was elsewhere, but we drowned.  
While he rested, he shipped us home  
with the bulk of his spoils  
that had weighed his army down.  
The thrashing storm  
that caught us cracked the hulls  
and made us offerings to the sea floor —  
a rain of statues, gold, and men.

Released from service,  
done with war,  
the crash and hiss muted,  
we fell through streams of creatures  
whose lives were their purpose.  
We settled with treasure looted  
from temples of rubble Athenian Greece;  
among us, bronze and marble gods and goddesses  
moored without grace,  
dodged by incurious fish.  
Their power was never meant to buoy us —  
our pleasures were incidental gifts —  
but, shaken by their radiance in our dust,  
we had given them our voices.

Their faces, wings, and limbs  
lie here with our sanded bones  
and motionless devices.  
Little crabs attempt to don rings  
set with agate and amethyst,  
and many an octopus,  
seeking an hour of rest,  
finds shelter in our brain-cases.  
So we are still of use.

