

The Phoenicians by Arthur Vaso

From turbulent seas
rise mighty noble Phoenicians
sailors and masters in commerce
twenty two constant warriors
ancestors of our language
four vassals, thriving Phoenician pride
furnished the Persian kingdom
from the mountaintops
tall cedars, sculpted to fine ships
humanity forever
sleeps in Byblos
ancient city bathed in
supple cream soft moonlight
sea winds carry messages
ancestors whispered to me

Fragmented, listless
an abandoned seashell
split in pieces
like Phoenicia.