

The Sun Did Not Drown With You

Cice

The sun did not drown with you. It pours
its gold down the ploughman's neck still,
gilds the fleece of sheep that would not startle.

I carved those wings to outrace gods,
built a labyrinth to hold a beast, but the real monster
is the sea—how it opens, slurps you down,
leaves no scream to bury. Only a sandal, salt-stiff.

'Master of flight', they'll write,
as if my wax weren't clotting the tide—
white scabs on the blackened water.
'Genius', they'll say. 'He gave his boy the sky'.
But the sky was always a liar. It let you
graze its blue flank, then spat you out:
two pale legs kicking in the nothingness.

The ship's sail is stitched tight against your thrashing,
puckered like a cheek blowing a kiss to the horizon.
Look how the shepherd counts his sheep,
Look how the earth swells with wheat.
The ignorant fisherman guts his catch, silver entrails
coiled like the warnings I had choked back.
Only the gulls seem to scream with me.

What is a father without his son?

A loom with its threads cut.

A hammer ringing in an empty room.

I charted stars, but not this: the calculus of indifference.

The world grinds on, jaw set,

chewing your wings into chaff.