

mythology

equal to lions and leopards in their fierceness,
Stymphalian birds devoured flesh, leaving trails of bones
crooked beaks tearing into screaming victims.
the sixth herculean labor, a heavy burden for any—
gift from Athena, aid from Hephaestus,
a bow and arrow fly, strike their doomed targets

the god of thunder was fed three lies;
a sacrificial trick, a stolen flame, a hidden secret
Prometheus was stripped and laid bare on the cliffside,
an eagle tasked with tearing at his liver
weakening limbs straining against unbreakable chains;
all he wanted was to set humanity's progress aflame

father and son construct wings from feathers and wax
hoping to escape a maze of their own design
folly from the son left the father doomed to watch his legacy
fall to pieces, mimicking his breaking heart—
the spray of the sea licked at tears coursing down his cheeks;
he had to continue, the king's golden hand closing around his throat

ash covers the cold ground, stirring in the wind
ancient rituals unseen as the powder congeals, changes
a golden figure rises from the dust, wings unfurling
sparks of red and blue feathers ignite, beady eyes glistening;
death occurs once for most, but endless lives stretch for this one
rising from the ashes, a symbol of promise and rebirth

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