

Volume 34 Article 14

2022

Letter to the Past and Plea to the Gods

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Recommended Citation

Eubank, Equinox (2022) "Letter to the Past and Plea to the Gods," Calliope: Vol. 34, Article 14. Available at: https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope/vol34/iss1/14

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Letter to the Past and Plea to the Gods Equinox Eubank

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From me, for you.
The you that kneels,
Holding the weight of the world;
Arms shaking, shoulders forced down.
The only one holding,
Those that you love.
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The you that tasted freedom
On the wings of paper and wax,
Strapped to your arms, flying to Apollo.
His rays warming your skin,
melting the wax

The you that tasted freedom
Refusing to be any less than a god,
F
a
1
i
n
g
Towards your lover in the sky,
Sinking into his freezing, wet embrace, soaking you to the soul D
a
r
k
Then light.

Head down, feet twisting
More than a ballerina during the Nutcracker,
Avoiding the cracks and jagged edges
Of the b r o k en and nearly gone sidewalk.
Rushing to catch up
To your friends and the conversation.

Eyes dry and grainy, tear ducts boarded up, 4am lights up your phone, Convincing a stranger online, To live another minute hour day. Eyelids heavier than the weight in your chest, From the hole created by being ignored, Forgotten, Alone Filled by sacrificing yourself.

You already have an Atlas, Why do you need another?! You have countless of those that call themselves Icarus Pick one of them to take as your lover, This one is mine.

Let them be,

weak, soaring, themself.

Please.

Sincerely,

Someone that has seen
Too many Atlases be crushed,
Too many Icaruses be burned and taken too soon
Broken people with purple crescents stamped under bloodshot eyes.