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Sonnets to Pyrrus

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Cover Page Footnote

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Sonnets to Pyrrus

I

A million years ago,
In a land that always was,
Dedalus gazed forever,
At sulking grey clouds,
With gulls floating by,
Caught on a slope of wind.

*He built a bird with stolen wings,
Heated wax, attaching them,
To a splintered wooden carcass,
Ran across a crisp sea of burnished leaves,
Flew to the sun,
And fell melted,
Oozing blood and wax.*

II

The wind whistles through wires;
 that once carried voices of Wall Street,
Held upon the outstretched arms,
 of pock-marked telephone poles;
Which carry them to the cities,
 where they submerge beneath a sheet of concrete.

Upon the rim of a rusted can of refuse,
 hangs a plaster-faced doll,
A cast-off plaything, its spine of broken cotton,
This remnant of some forgotten Christmas Eve,
 looks with one unopened eye, the other staring,
At a popcorn box which stands upturned and empty.

III

The bleary-eyed drunkard stares at signs,
 which plead the cause of moments,
In the midst of a jungle of broken crystal goblets,
 while the traffic light,
 swings in its rusting squeaking cradle,
High above the street in safety,
It winks a bloodshot eye,
Thirsting for its power to move men.

The bleached bones of trees,
 crackled in an exoskeleton of winter ice,
While the wind scratched its throat,
 upon each silvered carbuncle,
Watched by the smiling face of concrete looking down,
At the asphalt labyrinth that lies like black lichen,
 The monarch of a last ambition,
 Of some lonesome city-planner.

L. C. Fleckenstein