

Arachne

I despise the highest
gods of wounds and
parting flesh between my eyes
arranged anew

The tantalizing tiredness
seen of the brittle boned
mankind I leave behind
my eight-legged fury

Comb with limping finger
the riven shell of hands
curled up to caress
a wanness round my neck

Corinna Wolters

Aries

My brother died today.
A silent death for a melodious life
Morpheus held him tight.
Grief spills through every
word.
Every gesture.
Every look.
I know it will always be there
sometimes visible
often hidden, its sharp-edged fingers
clawing at my heart.
Melancholy could swallow me whole.

This is not life for the living.
I remember best
how he brought music into my life
how he never lost his passion
how he carried me downstairs
on Christmas morning
how he ran away from home
leaving his dirty running shoes
as a talisman
on our back porch.

My brother died today.
I hear him in the birds.
I see him in the trees.
I feel him in the rhythms
that swell around me.
He could charm the world
with his instruments
like that musical Argonaut
who lulled the Sirens.
Orpheus, hear me now.
Embrace my brother
as he plays among the Muses.

Laura Ntoumanis