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Havenforge

Bran Blackwood

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by

Bran Blackwood

Daedalus cannibalized Ymir
an aimless-drifting long ship,
and built for himself a shell:
a fire in the cold wild waters,
an isle atop the waveless waste,
a haven in heaven’s starless space.

Clay fires, iron and bronze smelt
in dark forges found below.
The bellows bellow black lungs.
They cough in cast iron cages,
the will-o-wisp from their lips,
dim amber lantern’s breath aglow.

That black field of dreamless night
folded to the work of his hands.
A labyrinth rose from the depths,
inhabited with Scorpio’s seed,
metal sons and porcelain daughters
erected to amuse an ancient tinkerer.

A council of stars presides there,
precise stems and gears to keep time
and space, left to the aged ageless.
A crippled captain crowned in cogs,
is king of a newly formed New World,
a shelter of retrofitted nouveau.