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To The Fates / The One-Eyed Rooster

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To The Fates / The One-Eyed Rooster

TO THE FATES

by D. John Gangnagel

Good Clotho, I have lived the yarn you've spun
and never once complained of what's unfair.
In life, in love, I'm still without someone -
I beg you to, my tattered thread, repair.
Lachesis, you have strung me right along
and forced a life to live without a cause.
Each day I live, my thread becomes less strong
as I look forward to eternal pause.
And, dear Atropos, how you weigh my mind!
I sometimes find I look toward your knife
in hope that in my final hour I'll find
the reason I have spent this wasted life.
You Fates have been as cruel as you can be,
pushing me to an unknown destiny.

The One-Eyed Rooster

by

Lala Heine-Koehn

She feels harboured in his arms
but her eyes are somewhere else.
He would build castles for her,
each room inlaid with amber,
on each gargoyle carve a smile for
doves and other gentle birds to come.
Fill the gardens with peacocks and swans.
He would give her all these and more
if she would only tell him, who has
captured her eyes.

She dreams of other things. Blue-winged,

blue-necked swans that sing, birds
that dance instead of fly. And the castle?
She has one. Rambling rose and vine-
entwined. Silk damask on chairs
and cushions, pink and plump with the softest
plumules. Her eyes belong to a one-eyed
rooster with one swollen female breast.
She listens to the rooster crow sad and happy
children song, haunting airs, all day long,
all night long. She feels harboured cradled in
his wings, suckled by a swollen breast.