Young Prometheus

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but not one truly listened

as she fell headlong through
evening’s sigh, a final breath
rising to be heard
above the yawning of a great distance

with each cry every part of her,
embers cast by flailing arms
of a gasping flame,
glaring but a moment in a rush of air before
drowning in stillness

and she dreamt into
waiting darkness, the horizon
clutching jagged peaks like a dagger,
bleeding silver and scarlet into the heavens
to conceal her rapture
beneath the furrowed night

and not one truly spoke

until he came, dancing,
a child traipsing barefoot through puddles of
her tears, his laughter
running on the wind to strike the cinders

when, his footfalls dripping light,
he sang her morning with
each and every step, his dance
weaving the sun
into the fabric of the earth