Grounded in Mythology
J.R. Louden
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We questioned everything
when we were still freebirds
fiery and young
--
High as prophets
we ravenous few flew solo
on great and wide campfire wings
--
And gnawed loose
starving and half mad
from Liberty’s Promethean bosom
the manifold inquiries of desire-unbound
---
And now
more afraid to fly than fall perhaps
we pigeon together on desperate psychic ledges
--
Our childish questing-why?
lightly fell away unnoticed
like night-times childish tooth
--
To be stolen
by P.R. fairies,
totalitarian swine
and the domesticating mythologies of parenthood