

## Grounded in Mythology

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We questioned everything  
when we were still freebirds  
fiery and young

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High as prophets  
we ravenous few flew solo  
on great and wide campfire wings

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And gnawed loose  
starving and half mad  
from Liberty's Promethean bosom  
the manifold inquiries of desire-unbound

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And now  
more afraid to fly than fall perhaps  
we pigeon together on desperate psychic ledges

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Our childish questing-why?  
lightly fell away unnoticed  
like night-times childish tooth

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To be stolen  
by P.R. fairies,  
totalitarian swine  
and the domesticating mythologies of parenthood