

Scorpio Rising

by Kate Meyer-Currey

The year's tail
Is curved taut
To inject its
Last venom
It must watch
Its back against
Poisoned dream
And memory
Turned inward;
Infecting blood
Stunting growth
Betraying future
Promise. Here
Is the antidote
Fixed in the stars:
Trauma wanes
Like fading moons
Sinks beneath
Time's tide in
Pain's last gasp.
Power rises to
Warm cold bones
And frozen hearts
To steady beat
As the eagle's
Wings span
Far beyond
Outworn days
As the phoenix soars
To burnished life
From gritted ash:
Never to forget
The firestorm
Of nightmare;
They still feel
That scorching heat
From the ruined
Landscape
That chars
Their feathers
If they fly too
Close to the
Sun or the wind:
There will not be
Another time.

