

burning haibun for penelope

Maya Walker

in a far away time there is a mother, a wife, a daughter. beside her a son, a hero, a warrior. in some distant place his father, her husband. the time is unknown. war is fading from our senses. i rewrite, respin: war is its own myth. the mother fights her own battles, the hero rejects his place as the son, the father his place as a husband. a tale as old as time, they say. a tale as old as yourself, i reply. the family is its own myth. the mother is no longer a daughter as soon as she gives birth. the mother is no longer a wife as soon as her husband leaves. the mirage of belief is its own myth: perhaps a star falls down in your place. perhaps you were never there. they have taken your name to mean journey, they forget what you left behind. my elegy, my eulogy, i cannot find the tune. i blink, you're gone again.

//

	mother	son,
	father	war
rewrite, respin		
		a tale as old as
yourself		
		the mirage of belief is
its own myth	a star falls down in your place	
		my elegy, my eulogy,
	i blink, you're gone again.	

//

	mother	son,
	father,	
		the mirage of
	your place	
i blink,	again.	