

## Todd Sanders

cyclops

I stir with the wind. Chase lightning with my hands. The air, haunted with ghosts who go hurrying on around me, I am solace only when in forests. There I know only the embrace of branches. The whisper of bark against my mouth. I bury my dead now behind a whisper and though your soul resides in the left of my eyes I bleed still the scent of language. All I am, I leave, for I would be done with it again this last time. You are no one.

juno reactions

There are fables in matter, in places where there no longer linger  
deserts, glass smooth and calm. There I build evening empires and  
sing elegies of thunder as they crush me sweetly, secretly between  
those polar opposites of wanting and having. You are the devil in me  
and I remain the dance in you. Have I not spent my time shouting in  
the stones as the world unwinds itself before me, have I not become  
again, only to find life beautiful in my hands. Have I? Not?

Bury my body down by the laughing sea. Hold me in esteem, if you  
may, among final spaces where light gathers in pools of liquid amber.  
So much dust and rhythm has beheld me in all my forms that I look  
upon you now in wonder.

the paths that guide us down

Shadows drift like veils this side of formerly. With what abandon does light shrink from us now, leaving the rest to the quiet world we learn to forget. How many shades did you number on your way to free beauty. How many columns of elm and oak bent to cross your steps as you strove deeper into the realms we decline to remember.

”Gradually become what you are”

Devour your moist honey, swallow the dream slowly as you sleep among the pines. The pomegranates, colored promise of the darkness, flood the sunlit pastures of seven days.

”I want to row you back from the shores of Lethe.”

shores of lethe

When before the seven houses were we forgotten in the journey. When yet still there was a night that had no day claimed its own. Then always each of us was married to an angel tied upon our backs. You carried giants in that place. You told the earth its name. You held me against what I lacked. And I. For my part. I led the way.

wooden horse

Perhaps that is all it ever was. What I sent to you. A lie? No not a lie. I think instead I was only trying to lessen what I felt in order not to lose you. Trying to hide, trying to misdirect you, thereby gaining something. But I am always too transparent at these times. I only fool myself into thinking no one else is looking. And now I wait for nightfall, wait for the gates to close.