

Sixfold: The Vote Poetry Entry

Ichi-go Ichi-e

*Ichi-go, ichi-e,*

For this time only,

Never again,

Here you are once more, your head on my chest,

Did fate arrange this?

Or was it at our behest?

Fate,

A curious thing,

A concept some cling to,

It isn't for me,

But it is how worlds collide on a cataclysmic scale,

*Should we run, should we try*

For this time only,

It will never come again.

## **Ascend**

Icarus finished crafting his wings,

The long feathers plucked from the Pegasus sing

Pouring the final goblet of wax over them to realize his fate,

His future now sealed.

Icarus swung his wings onto his back

With a crack and flutter

He and his wings ascended into the air,

Dust swirled around him from the barren desert he left behind,

Nothing remained for him except the pain in his mind,

Without care he let his arms rest by his side and the wind rush past his long hair,

With a jolt he stopped his wings beating against a force that had suspended him midair,

A thin tendril wrapped around his ring finger,

A new love,

A large root burst through the ground and into his rib cage enfolding his heart,

An old lover reaching out,

Another grabbed his ankle and hauled him down into a now blossoming field,

Through the daffodils he spotted their truths,

Sand still flowed around their roots,

And with two great flutters his wings broke free

And he ascended to where he was meant to be.

## Hunting Clouds

The sky is

Falling

Try to catch it

Give it to you

My own wings

My own net,

I wish you gambled,

took the bet.

The sun is no concern

or Zeus's rain cloud,

Golden-silver lightning

More treasure.

Come in His city explored with glee,

Over there, flailing, swiping

mist with a net.

Me.

## **Dichotomy**

Let there be light,

darkness.

Let there be trust,

fetid waters.

Let there be humans

loneliness.

anxiety,

inhumane

Let there be aromatic wines,

Let there be a babbling tributary,

Back to the darkness

## The Finch

As I sat atop my perch, sipping my drink, derived from the vine,  
Trains rolled by underneath, carrying late night traders back to their enclosures,  
A black Finch fluttered over and settled for the evening on my arm,  
It took a sip of my wine and asked how I thought Sweden was, at the time,  
See, the Finch had never stayed in one place for too long,  
It wanted to soar but its flock refused to fly together,  
So it flew away in search of another,  
It asked whether I'd like to change into a finch and fly,  
I said I couldn't see myself staying here forever, though I'm scared,  
With a flutter and a hop the finch placed a stick in my hair,  
Don't worry I've decided to build my nest here; there'll be nothing to fear,  
I'll burrow in until we can begin our flight together.  
I woke in the morning and reached upward to my new wooden crown,  
She still wasn't there,  
She's a demon.  
My hand kept burrowing deeper into my crown,  
It descended like a spider dangling from its silk,  
Legs outstretched looking for something to build its foundations on,  
She's a devil.  
Rappelling down the devils hole my fingers caught something soft,  
A feather,  
She's a doll.  
She said "Follow me quickly, I'd like to show you my work",  
As she fluttered down an alley, fetid scents began to lurk,  
Through a door, down some stairs,  
Men were there,

All facing inwards with long dark beards and twiggy hair,  
Behind the men hung golden frames that captured their towering nests,  
“I’ve found you a seat” She said  
As I stooped to sit I looked up to the door, which was flooded with light,  
There on the handle perched a dove,  
It let out a coo,  
And I started to run.