

Gradus Ad Parnassum

Ambition, my long-toothed animal
I defang her with calloused hands but she still gums my jugular
A line of fire down my neck, I bury her at the mouth of Parnassus
Ambition see – my heart is weak, my hands are small
A twig can snap in half but still be green
A mind can churn like a wine-dark sea
Endlessly, endlessly

Wide-eyed and spit-slick and spliced green
I claw my way up Parnassus and the steps are warm and wet
This climb is carnal, this is no ascent
Ambition, I could build cathedrals with my fear
Ambition, I stand alone under the sycamore
Ambition, the wine-dark sea could claim me entirely
For I am an open palm
Endlessly, endlessly