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Theseus

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The mouth of the maze was skewed in reproof

As I tugged at my spool of perfumed thread;

A word moved in my throat its steely hoof;

A neighing dread across my thoughts was spread.

Beyond the mountain caps the motley dawn

In sacrificial clouds of scarlet hue

Combed leafy trees with windy fingers drawn

And redrawn in unusual ado.

Bear me in your songs, Ariadne,

And ferry me over the Minotaur's

Labyrinth of blood, to my destiny

Where valour and desire in due course

Melt in half-truths of dreams and golden myths.

It becomes of the king to wish my death:

Sloth numbing his vengeful head's laurel wreaths,

Incensed pride sputtering in his breath.

I shall not share the ignominy of

My predecessors – I have your ball of thread.

I sense moments undoing Fate's handcuff –

It's now that I should move my mortal tread.

The beast is hidden somewhere far inside;

Its deed but vaporizing in foul-clouds

Cling on every bristly bush that guide

Or misguide me who grope his way through clods.

Ah! Why must your love's yarn snap so soon?

Why, Why should these trees close in on the track

Like night closes its thighs around the moon

And stands up glistening on a low shack!

I see the horizons have come undone.

There is no salvation – no after-life –

It's ending Ariadne; as the wind

Howls, I half-sense your dark mouth me engulf.