

the long walk home to
omelas

by Edith Lyre

at face a crisp, astonishing hallelujah
the tear of a plastic packet that's how
- from under, out - the sky's bough throws wide
that daily, sclerotic tremble breaks loose
the silhouette's answer, gasping for
how it shook through, to the course of

all these endless decisions we've tried to make

i want to / i want that / beg me / we'll go in,
in a minute if that's really what i wish
you were there (i, here) only
'there's no going back' only, o interjector
only, o naïve half thing, you wish but
really you can always go home again

the founders, too, were homeless
when first they struck upon

the girl who would be king
in whose soil were reflected
the cities and rivers of memory
what's spare in the unfocus
'you'll know what you know
and you'll always' besides
the lapping, insect dread
the legacy that's no one else's
that spans the night like a sun-
lit ocean in a sliver of mirror

it doesn't call but it is a light