

## Daedalus

I grew famous

forging metal

What was wrought, annealed,  
complete  
Leaped my hand and lived a little

When he gained in skill  
breathing vital motion into form

rivalling my mastery  
Rumour crowned him  
jealousy stifled my craft  
twisting my heart

The accident was unplanned  
perhaps opportune  
a loosening of chains  
sudden crushing force  
and a wind rushing the forge

He lay, perfect in every limb  
but for the slow red flower  
above his eye

Naturally  
I was blamed

## Apprentice

Love is this slow flower

gold and red

A shower of sparks  
a cooling of the mould

Perfect in every limb  
Like a child  
I pleased him :  
always competent  
inventive too  
an ideal partner

Pressure is like this  
invisible until released  
unforgiving,  
a devastation

Love is this slow flower

I blame no one