

Myths of Drowning

And she listened for him, Hero did, from her tower
above the prison of the sea.

Above the storm she heard the entirety

of an unholy exchange of air for water
in her lover's human lungs. For he went down
unlike immortals, raging agape,

his sky-clutch and flailings unmanly and it took him forever.

And yet another forever

before she caught what a moonless dark missed—

a gleam of him afloat the roil. And somewhere
the lead feet of waves pacing off an expanse
of sand, accounting for each grain.

No reflected light, pure as bone, nor the galaxy's
tentacled physics, nudged her
to the stone-cold edge of her lookout.

What, then? Who?— Not gods again,
surely. They'd moved on. Were punishing even then
Echo and her self-regarding boy. Whom some will say

did also—in a limpid pool—drown.

Hero knew better. For she had nothing but grief
to launch her flight and fall.

Grief—. And her musings,
mid splashdown, on how this end's coming for real,
for her—. Fast, urgent. And silent as man.