

### **Phosphorus (the Greek God of the Morning Star)**

There is a god called Phosphorus, who rides 'bove lands away,  
Who fells nightfall, ere journey end, and rises with the day.  
In the morn, when treetops glow and lakes begin to glimmer,  
While cool air warms and grasses weep and the moon concludes its shimmer,  
Dawn comes forth to herald light with fingers rosy red.  
Upon the sky, great heroes fade; stars dim with the dead.  
But one remains, and brightens all, who rides the night sky dark,  
With torch of pine and tinder dry and journey to embark.  
Who mounts an ever-soaring seat of moon-drop silver wrought  
And chases ever-soaring beast, who sails the skies uncaught.  
Who rides and tames a silver mare, ensures it is not slowed,  
On its trek-flight through the night, over the cosmic road.  
Who was a man of mortal kind and bound tight things of yore,  
And died of poison from a king of lands from long before.  
For he was then a kindly man whom villains dared not spar,  
And when he fell, his soul survived, which gods turned to a star.  
He received a sacred task, a noble, unknown charge.  
Yet unremembered for his job, to ride the chaos large.  
For though the honor of his quest is one of ever-note,  
The sun and moon shine brighter light and give more cause to gloat.  
But though these others beam much brighter, he has more caring hand  
And seeks to give a bit of calm to those across the land.  
'Fear not,' he says in whisper, 'for day will once more shine.  
'No dark nor shade nor skies unlit can fight the sun divine.'  
For though the darkness lasts a while, and seems to never cease,  
The dawn will bleed across the sky and all shall find their peace.  
And though the moon gives little light and is not always there,  
There is a god of guidance for those hiding in despair.  
Ere rise the glowing golden sun o'er seas of gentle sighs,  
There comes first gleaming Phosphorus, for whom the evening dies.

### **Proteus (Above)**

When I'm awake early, in the darkness  
right before sunrise,  
I go out to the center of the lake,  
and the water around me looks a single, deep,  
endless blue, like a sheet, impossible  
to dye with light.

As the sun rises, the single blue splits  
in half like a demarcation,  
the side closest to the shore lighter,  
the side farther, darker.

I wonder from atop my paddleboard, safe,  
if there really is a difference in the depth  
of the water, or if it just seems that way.  
Do the fish know they cross a border invisible  
to them, or are we the ones  
doomed, because we look from above?

## **Beneath**

Our people are blind to the daffodils,  
the way they live differently—  
low to the ground, plentiful, crushed  
beneath our feet, their blood and ours on our soles.

We call them sacred  
of death, yet they endure in seas beyond our reach.

*If only they didn't have to.*

Do we realize that we are not much different,  
that we both are desperate for the sun?

We are blind to them.

We cannot see that the daffodil, too, longs  
for divinity.