

The Heiress

My daughter lit the wick of the sun.
The sky was blind, but I saw her do it.
She held the candle like a crayon.
Those clouds moving along the horizon:
she put them there with her fingers.
They are cumulus, and full of puff.

That was only my imagination.
I have no daughter born, really.
A princess. My kingdom for a princess.

Poetry, music, and other smooth rhythms
gallop like horses, unbridled over slope and plain.
In pastures, ideas graze like plump heifers.
Royal orchards are ripe with words
like apricot, persimmon, and lime.
But there is no child
for the kingdom's devotion.

What is the king doing confined in the dungeon?
His hands are shackled.
His eyes stare into the wall.
Perhaps he was blinded trying to see too far,
like the Cyclops who squints at the bulging sun.

The king, once pregnant and waiting,
births thru the womb of remembrance:
the self as heir to the supernova of the solar within.

—*Michael Gaio*
1991, revised 2007