The Firebird, Ex Post Facto

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Description (Optional)
A reimagining of the classic firebird myth.

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Sam Armstrong

A phoenix on the newly paved Roman Road, bubbling with post-power aplomb, says, in the slim crackling wings beats before his embered birdbrain dissolves, he’s charted migratory pathways to countless shambled half-churches, ash-ridden and fossilized, like salt.

This is a lunging after the wind.

Beneath all his subsequent splendor the muttering son in a near-crumbled nest, list making, tireless, laments: ‘We have no new ceremonies. I conjure all familiar rituals.’

This, finally, is rebirth.

The phoenix writes a pamphlet for the sputtering son:

IN THE EVENT OF A CATASTROPHE, WE COBBLE EXCREMENTAL MONUMENTS OF GLASS, TWINE, AND COTTON TOWARD OUR IMPASSIVE, STOLEN SKY AND WAIT, BURNING.

There is nothing to transcend.
Remember when my hollow bones were stronger than my rudder tail?
Remember when, in the split atom,
I was a bird of paradise prophet and,
in the same half breath, an insatiable raptor?