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## The Firebird, Ex Post Facto

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## Description (Optional)

A reimagining of the classic firebird myth.

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Sam Armstrong is an English major at Cedarville University. He is almost always hungry.

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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-crumpled 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?