

Todd Hearon

Telemachy

As I get farther from the source I sense myself
returning to an ocean, itself a source
as though I moved away from one and towards another
mother, both of a common element like water.

My father is the sun, I rest beneath the shade
of a plane tree, sharpening a bone into a crescent

I'll use before night falls to kill a shadow
to sustain me under his intolerable noons.

Tomorrow was the day I was to be
where every son longs secretly, horizon.

He'll rise before me as he's always done,
lay out my shoes. It always was tomorrow.

