Storytelling and the Years After

What happened to your lost stories?
Even with fine wax wings they
disappear from the horizon. A white limb, a
ripple on the sea. Remember Icarus.

Daedalus must have wondered at the
round breasted partridge
perched on a low limb chattering,
rustling short spanned wings as it
watched him bury his only son.

Enter Ovid’s telling. Inside, you’ll meet
Perdix, boy inventor who fashioned
tools of teeth and bones.
Daedalus, murderous builder of labyrinths
cast him off a precipice

Saved by metamorphosis . . .
Pallas transformed his flailing arms to
partridge wings. It’s the tale that
invented Schadenfreude.

Listen to your story, a June bug
hurling its thick brown body at your window.
Inside the living room of forgetfulness the
thud and scrape jars you awake.

You didn’t believe me about the June bug.
Its name is as pert as a toddler’s
sundress but every year it
cries toward your light,
calling you out into the night or
driving you under cover.

Drop those twine-bound bales of
notebooks crammed with words no
eyes will fall upon ever.

When words cease—
quivering, restless, immobile, the
volume fallen behind the shelf is the
very one you’ll need.

Go outside. Now is the fertile time.
Stretch out your arms, allow the air to
move through you. Stories will
streak across the sky. Let them fly
toward the sun. Watch them land like
birds on a wire.

—Amanda Nicole Gulla
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