Echoes

Then

Echo

Chattered

Twittered

Her voice carried onwards,

Flowing like the tide

On lost

Spring

Breezes

Then

She bent her words

Played with

The truth

Spun her stories

Like the wind twists

The trees

Then

At Hera’s will

She hides like

A memory

In the dark

Lost and found and

Bound forever to

Another’s

Voice

Then

Holding tight to

Her last words

Soft as a butterfly’s

Breath

Clinging on

To a voice she once

Loved

Then

Like footprints

Around a forest pool

Sparkling with dewdrops

She fights, clutching

At her last

Imprints

Now

In dank garages

And back alleys

Through the side streets

And Webs

Of Erebus

She Tweets

On

Now

Finding home again

In cracked screens in

Crevasses and

Corners and ghost

Light

Now

And then

She glimpses Narcissus

Lithe, luminous

Captivated by a

Reflection

In the mossy pool

In the camera

Lens

Now

And Echo again

Repeating, repeating

Golden tinted

Lily lipped

In an Insta-

Self defined and

Self erased

Now

Us

Intoxicated

Each reflection

Feeble, fading;

Our own

Empty

echoes

Of

Echo

By Esther Clifford