



POEMS

Jason Storms

Tenebrae Factae Sunt

our brothers are
chalk shadows
the first stars
of twilight and the evening
wraps the city in threadbare linens
cradles her rocks her
lulls her sings
old lullabies
everyone has long
forgotten
and everyone will soon
forget
and no one will know
this
or remember
the events dissolve
in memory
the newspapers yellow
and the dead
have opted to remain silent

Clytemnestra's Choice

The knife must know
a lover—one is old,
his years with her
as legendary as his military
victories, the other younger,
his head all filled with lust
for her, for power. Her heart
straddles one of each. Her eyes
point towards one, her knife
towards the other
like a compass needle.

One lover makes his case
from the shadows
(a little nudge is all she needs)
while the other sleeps
in the light, glowing
platinum, bronze, rather
like a god, omniscient
to everything but her heart,
how to give it the nudge
it needs to writhe
in ecstasy or combust with envy.

She must persuade
the knife, give it
the nudge it needs
to penetrate the heart
like love or jealousy.
She must persuade

herself. She must
nudge herself into the light
to embrace her shadows.

(N.B. This poem is an ekphrasis, done in response to the painting, "The Murder of Agamemnon," by Pierre-Narcisse Guérin, shown below.)



Bedtime

at night we listen
to the dark we hear
the dark and it is
silent
circling the city
with violent eyes