

Sisyphus

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I feel like Sisyphus as they choke and whisper
One more time I will push this stone
And with hope drowning, watch it fall again
Down
Down
To the depths of forever—
In recovery there is such triumph
But it always falls away again
Into a blue so sullen it engulfs with each battle
Picking away at every bit of grace,
Every word of poetry
Until there is but a hollow shield.

And alone, again, at the end of every war,
I sit and ponder, and tremble, and weep.

I feel like Sisyphus as they choke and whisper
“One more time”
And if this time I become too weary
Will they be strong enough to let me go?