

# Sisyphus takes the day off

*by* Ed Higgins

what-ta-hell, fuck this

he snorts brushing  
the dust from his shoulders  
reeking sweat  
a rictus grimace  
bent with aching knees  
ankles a mess  
soles calloused  
and slit

a deserved glass of white wine  
to wash away the exhaustion

yes, wash the guilt too  
hubris-cleverness  
offending Zeus

hopeless addled dreams

God knows he can't be  
switched to a worse punishment

every climb to the sky  
a bittersweet birdsong  
moments later fading into  
echo off eroding canyon walls

his bruised heart over the years  
hardened to grey stitched pain

in the winter  
a fleece of snow

adding to the slipperiness  
of the scree

fuck this, he says again.

