

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.

