

Sisyphus

by Ed Higgins

He's more than a little pissed at all this eternal boulder rolling. But what-ta-hell-forever can he do about it? Duck fate? Never. Not that he wasn't with plenty sins enough to roar up Zeus against him. Oh, my. It's the given implacable, inescapable journey of all hubris-cursed life. Sometimes you're craftily high-than-up; other times you're Sisyphean damned down. As in Zeus-fucked eternally: redundantly boulder-shouldering up/up and then redundantly boulder-chased down/down. Again, again, and yet again.

