

Cassidy McFadzean
You Be the Skipper, I'll Be the Sea

This time of year, Agamemnon's
tomb is swarming with Beliebers.
If I was your boyfriend, Clytemnestra...
What's the theme of this one, teacher?

We raised our iPhones in the dark
like gold-leaf masked talismans.
Our ringtones were a Greek chorus
calling from the hive to lion guards.

I'm a novel with the pages uncut.
Someone flipped me open and had enough.
Now reading me rips me in two.
What's a poem for? What's it to you?

Whoever said size don't matter lied.
The shaft of the cistern in the hillside
had me on my hands and knees.
I lapped up clay with my teeth.

We were catamarans in my last fantasy,
skipped in this world like a stone over sea.
You stole me away from the treasury.
Freedom, Siri, was a machine.