



“Hyacinthus” by Adi Jones Radford
2nd Place, Poetry 16-18

The sun's blueing over

Hyacinth roams the room

His head pours a slow water of blood and flowers

Through the rift living in his temple

He whispers to me the news of his death

Cloying even at the arms' length

The wind eats the words from his lips

Before they land

Outside, the deep night still reigns

A wall of mourning velvet spans

The tallest depths of the sky; clouds clamber over

Sobs rather than rain come from the air

Hyacinth's lovers fight

He who threw the killing blow

And he who made it land

The voices of the sun; of the wind

Wind pushes the dawn back as far as it will go

Like he can hold the light off

Hyacinth's death

But Apollo always rises—the wind always dies

Morning opens to stillness

Stillness opens to mourning

The sun lifts his head off the horizon

With a corona as bloody as Hyacinth's bare bone

Hyacinth roams the room

A coin for passage cooling under his tongue

The dawn breaks in two

Flowers open where Hyacinth died