

Calliope's Wardrobe: A Collection of Poems

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**Here rise to life again, dead poetry!
Let it, O holy Muses, for I am yours,
And here Calliope, strike a higher key,
Accompanying my song with that sweet air**
— Dante, "Purgatorio", Canto I, lines 7 to 10

...Or at least allow me to raid your closet
For a single spell of inspiration
Which will be my guiding flame as I write

Echo

Cursed or heartbroken, is
there really any difference?

Any difference...?

No one will know for
all that's left of poor Echo
Is a voice that will never be her own.

Her own...

Except to only fill
The void of silence with
Fragments of words endlessly thrown away

Thrown away...

Echo would long for the moment she was no longer
Reliant on others to give her a voice, forced
To add nothing new, but only
Envelop the world in their own spoken thoughts.

Spoken thoughts...

If Narcissus pried his shallow eyes from the depths of that forsaken pond,
And looked to the girl who lingered with hope,
He would not see how she fades from the world, limb by limb,
No, he would become transfixed by the pleading ripples

Pleading ripples...

Of her eyes, fathomless caves that crave his attention.
He must meet her eyes to ensure that he is
Everything he could hope to be.
Everything his is, is reflected in her eyes
A new mirror, nothing more

Nothing more...

I finally see my soul, he shouts.

What beauty is there to behold!

To behold...

He does not notice Echo is no longer there,

Just a faint reprise

Any difference her own thrown away spoken thoughts pleading ripples nothing
more to behold a faint reprise...

This is the Last One

I cannot help but pity the body as they lay on a worn mattress, exactly two springs sticking out. Everything is in shades of grey, except for a worn quilted mess, displaying muted reds, yellows, blues, and purples. The body must've made it when their hands weren't gnarled and bruised.

I won't describe the body in more detail.

Though I am only at the foot of the bed, I feel the soul shrink away from me. It retreats further into the lungs, trying to dampen its beacon. But I only tilt my head and my eyes follow its futile path as it tries to hide from me.

Mortals. Don't they know that there is no escape, that there is no running when the host begins to give up and crumble? Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, we must return.

The soul shrinks against the spine, its golden light retracting to a mere shine, taking on streaks of the finest silver that can only be found in the deepest depths where light is hardest to see.

This is the last one.

As I stroke the body's stark white hair, I pass my fingers through to where the soul has been cowering, but something stops me from taking it right away. Instead, I bring my fingers back, and wait.

The corner of my mouth twitches upward.

Humanity has always been afraid of me, and I suppose I can't blame them, but I am and have always been the scavenger, taking what is mine only when it's time. I am always just one step behind in the shadows. Two glowing smoldering grey eyes, a wisp of smoke that children tell each other about in the silence of the dark.

But this is the last one. The final reminder that humans have existed here on this plane.

What of nature now, you might ask? She takes care of her own, just as I've taken care of mine.

The soul moves up through the throat, and hovers in the slightly open mouth. I make no move to coax it out. Just hold my hands out so that I could cradle it against me. As the soul hesitantly comes to rest with me, its light fades to a watery silver, and then a final grey.

This is the last one. And me?

I will be a wisp of smoke snatched along a breeze in the last of the world left behind.

if there was anything that would

tilt, alter, transform, amend,

mutate, modify, replace, change

the way

you saw the world,

what would be your Miracle?

Beyond Measure

A little girl started down the path, her little shoes
Crunch, crunch, crunching, and grinding
On rocks that were scattered along the way.
The ones seen just barely through the dirt
glinted bleached white in the sun,
Dried, old beyond measure.

The rocks began to take shapes of their own,
And the little girl saw remnants of fingers and toes,
Arms that could never reach from the soil again.
But in a blink,
They were just rocks.
And halfway through the wild field,
Her fingers trailing through the rest of the life
Coursing through the tall grass and wildflowers,
She saw how the bees zip in and out of existence,
Bright-colored birds conversing in trees,
Rabbits in a rush pausing only to twitch their noses.

The little girl finally understood and smiled,
Loneliness subsided.
There is one thing that makes all this possible, she thought.
Bending down, she cupped a handful
Of dirt, rocks, and worms
Murmuring,
These are bones of our Mother.

[Untitled]

The sky is dying—
You look over your shoulder
As dull periwinkle and undecided blues outline
The thick clouds above.
You watch for a shadow, a word of praise
Maybe even a hand to your cheek to brush
Back a strand of wind-snatched hair
All the while the skies cover the sun
As you pick Lilies alone.
The sky is living—
I hear you say and I look up.
Creamy swirls of magenta, crisp orange,
blush-red, and lemon centers bursting
and blooming like the Hyacinths and
Queen Anne's lace we used to pick together
to the beat of the earth.
I still feel it, I can promise you that.
In my transparent state the world has swelled
And receded all at once. I see so much more
And yet all I'd like is to hold you in my arms
While I sing you a lullaby.
This field will be imprinted on me
I'd like to stay here forever
Daisies for breakfast and
Roses for dinner,
how nice would that be?

Some Unspoken Truth

we picked up the
four corners of the world
and brought them together
speaking with the same tongue
and interlocked fingers, the
same as tree roots intertwining and
growing together
until...there was no where
else to grow i guess
and our language which
bound us didn't have enough words
now you've gone away
and taken your half
of the world with you
and i have to wonder
when you decided you
didn't need me and learned a
different language.

I. I' Inverno

Fingers blue and painted with crystalized ice

But you will never feel the cold.

As you made your way around the world,

Everything you touch withers and decays.

The sky is purple, bruised

and veined with stars trying to heal--

But you are all that's here.

At least for a time.

II. La Primavera

Now you sense my presence as the days begin to warm.

The nights still belong to you,

but now the stars begin to twinkle with clarity

for they know that I am coming.

Your frost melts the ground with glee,

As flowers burst free from where I trod.

You see my gentle smile, a hand stifling a yawn.

Green eyes flecked with gold, I beckon,

I exhume the warmth you only dream of--

And I can only offer you a nod in thanks.

Universe Flickering into Being

They say the universe began in darkness

First there was nothing

And then

The match struck home,

Let there be light

Just one little flame of orange and red

Was needed to witness the vastness

Of the darkness, how

It pulled and stretched so no one

Could see where it ends

I can imagine it would look

Something like a sparkler being lit,

Suddenly flickering into being

Shedding its sparks,

Each falling ember becoming

The stars, the planets,

The swirling mysteries

Of the cosmos

Filling up the empty night

Of which we were afraid