
SHARA MCCALLUM

Inheritance

my first was sound

wielding an ax

rending flesh

torn from a throat

a child rendered orphan

an ocean

and feed

no sound

also of her hands kindled

dredging blood out of

blood that

blood

that falls

end nor any water

any riverbed

brought forth from her hands

and severing the necks of fowl

from bone that sound

the sound she made

a child taken across

hungering to feed

the second was

no word but fire

lighting kitchen walls

the sea's memory

tilled soil

not even rain

and falls without

we cross

stone can absolve

Voyage

For days, our ship listed in storms
but tonight waters stilled. The sea,
become a sheet of glass, reflects back
only moon and stars and cloudless sky,
as if all that was was dream.
Above and below our vessel
lies a firmament but we, marooned
by memory, are the netherworld, the between.
In the wake of tempests, the sea
offers faint reckoning—wave upon wave
dimly echoing the lashing of rope.
This night splinters into every night,
and the stars, uncountable as those
sunken to the ocean's depths,
number the routes we must take
to recover the wreckage of ourselves.