

Poem for Planeswalkers

by Ennis Rook Bashe

You step through the gate locked from all possibility-  
the barred dungeon one sunrise from bleak execution,  
the leap from a rooftop aiming only for down.

There can be nothing in this world for you but the leaving it  
no path but the road between a star and a star.

Your hands must be smeared with blood when the key turns for you. (it cannot be forgiven. It can  
still be your own.)

Maybe a boy thrashed death throes in your arms. Your brother, twisting himself between you and  
the axe.

Maybe you tried to claw off your own skin.

You do not imagine fleeing

the funeral, trial, death march, taunts

but the fire inside you takes longing as kindling, devours everything but flight, puts a map in  
your footsteps and there you are, nowhere:

now you are here.