

ABOUT US

Cassiopeia

I must confess to you
on every still and inky night
I have shut the car door, stood
on the drive, head thrown back to
smile romantically at the stars, I did not feel you.
I joined your dots with my finger, formed the universal 'w',
imagined I was slicing through lightyears of darkness, or
maybe just a few inches of silk. I did not feel
your broken heart beat, see your white
knuckles clinging to your curse
of a throne; Hear you curse any and
all of the gods. I did not know your fear of falling
into a gaping mouth of darkness, lightyears of darkness,
your bitter, freezing beauty, your cosmos-splitting
pain. I did not feel your lonely heart beat,
hear you whisper something about
being a queen, having a daughter.

Elsie Hayward, Top Ten Winner in the About Us poetry competition