OLYMPIC

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Sink me down

to the bottom of a salty

grave with bricks,

mortar, or even calamity

far out of my control.

The unsinkable fell;

I wish to beat her time.

Falling to the darkest

dark, a section few lights see,

only rust will see,

see me and eat

at me slowly.

But do I want this fate?

The pressure of the rust,

of the eternal bed

where I cannot see

light or sun. Blind

with loneliness and rot.

My sister, broken in two

Slowly and alone fell.

And the youngest of us all

tore herself open

in the lightest blue,

her green innocence visible

only by the mother

of our demise. Rust

has eaten her away.

Rust or pieces?

Sink me down

missiles of war, hatred

hating sisters and competitors

from long ago. I wish

to rot from rust.

I am iron;

it’s mathematically, chemically

written. Pieces

do not make me notable

or memorable. Cut me down.

Let tears for me,

for those on my back

give a memorial

to the hellish world

around me.

Sink me down

to the bottom of the ocean

and pull me from this imploding

hell, before it’s too late

and I end scattered

in scrap yards, unburied,

unremembered.