

Ambition

Beverly Easterling

We rush to the cities,
Determined.

Knowing, hoping,
that if
we throw our energy
with enough precision,
into the thrall,
our moment will be defined,
and unchallenged,
rest in time.

We struggle,
we bruise,
we heal,
we seek,

we turn, and then grow to learn
that these are the very stars
under which Cleopatra wept.