

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Perseids**

By Jay Wickersham

Clouds out here too thick for meteors  
to break through. End of August.  
I used to tell my sons the Perseus story  
on walks in the woods, or driving north  
to Canada. What did they make  
of the tower filled with a god-king's golden lust?  
Of mother and child adrift at sea?  
Of learning to kill by looking into a mirror?

Fireflies drift above the hillside:  
on/off, on/off, flashes lingering in the sight  
after the glow expires. My sons are almost grown.  
I've given them words; experience will bring  
the journey toward their monster, armed with only  
wits and nerve and the goddess's thin advice.