

## Reality

1

Suicidal pleasure, unknown in stars  
And similar planets orbits who know,  
Constellations are Artemis' arrows;  
Indignation relaxed by timeless Mars  
For loneliness never forgave the loss.  
She seeks sensation but strays submissive  
Apprehending speech from trophies fallen,  
As consciousness is yet to awaken.  
Solemn arrows, high strung, now orbiting  
Protons, like lungs, for I worshipped the sun;  
Bathing in warmth while seduced by Psyche.  
Knowing Nymphs never worshiped the psyche  
Of Aphrodite, for frost on her face;  
Can Cupid shoot lost wavelengths before thawed  
Still stalled like a pivotal nebula?

2

Will I vanish in Hippolyta's hands?  
Hercules was nothing without electrons,  
Could he figure out his charge without them?  
If Até's the mistress of reality  
Did Diana distress virginity,  
When reflections drip devotions not hers?  
With chasms starved for time, overdosing  
Bloody Sacrifice falling from the cheek  
Of divinity damned immortality,  
To expectation of moderate creeks,  
Glancing back to say, "desire's calling";  
Hitting shadows of muses in the rain.  
In perilous betrayal of shooting  
Stars; so pure her tattoos are like light prisms.  
Leaving no trace of that salty mixed taste.

3

Creeks of mist gave Apate and Peitho  
A messenger of hue, from Mania  
Given clouds of sin, lynx shaded her grey;  
So when it rained she drenched light on mermaids.  
Lurking through space like stars stealing travelers,  
Who's Nereids navigated angers cost—  
"Passions have sacrificed a sorcerous  
Menace, locked in masked muses!" —Like mermaids  
Fighting for breathe in transparency's fire,  
Ashes from scales, Urania's drawings, of  
How Erato danced with Polyhymnia.  
Sparking electromagnetic defeat—  
Cupid cries, "during superposition  
I missed."— In between photons PHEME was hit.

When truth hid with Nyx, these lies fed Keres.

4

Oh Selene; “An Egyptian summons me,  
Pearl skin, *maroon floral sprouting from her  
Intellect*, with blue eyes blazing green haze;  
But when praising her red-orange pyramids,  
Bloods pierced with purple ashes, what’s yellow?”  
This everlasting pale white soul, has stole  
My rotation, for desire found sun  
In Calypso offering a kiss of wine,  
Though sublime, without seven deadly sins  
Coloring my mind, she’s torching my skin,  
Like angels losing wings while still falling  
Or Sirens calling—“Love is delusion;  
Lusts restless passion from lynx’s device.”  
Illusively addictive worshiped songs—  
Hera’s *swan*’s story of swooning Sparta.

5

Hecate hollers, “I can sooth voices of  
The dead, luring you to temples  
Once built for futures never discovered.”  
Silence shadows the future with past tombs;  
Seeking for Venus and finding Luna,  
In virtuous damnation from Elpis.  
That passionate charm that seduced Zeus;  
The wings of control for Cleopatra,  
Air christening lust from her enemies.  
A divine intervention Hera freed  
And caught when the *Star Maiden* felt envy;  
Nervous systems of the golden apple.  
Graveyards seducing answers to a wish,  
Giving magical gifts like the minds myths;  
Never knowing Nymphs of pearl floral.

6

I’ve bathed blood, though not Spartan and have  
Survived withdrawal birthed from Athen’s actions;  
As Hera cursed Echo, Iris paints pangs  
Like Athena generaling free thought,  
Prevailing but always seeking the hunt.  
Does Artemis gaze or muse unknown stars?  
Or only desire swooning the moon?  
Melpomene breeds divine emotion:  
Being lost at sea brings seeing sirens,  
When exploring the sea mermaids are seen;  
But Clio claims to have saw water *Nymphs*.  
In mist our eyes define what words can’t sell  
Off frozen lips blazing in hesitance,  
Like desire’s chirality, sighing

Isolation now scorched, framed by her flame.

7

Hidden pleasure silent but prominent,  
Worships Kotys by teasing their passions;  
Aching for escape trembling in angst—  
“Substance won’t drown the voices, her whispers  
Won’t kiss your desires like teal flowers.”  
The moon jinxed me with these like a disease,  
Trying to steal rare warm genes from Helene;  
Promised with purple ash refracted black,  
When yellow prisms purified sunlight.—  
“Your forgetting my shadows in silence.”—  
Echoes Psyche, “My insecurity  
Mimics my beauty.” The charm was corrupt  
Cracking from choice for the golden apple.  
Passion called logic for cursing advice—  
“The mind desires ancient sacrifice.”

8

A charm, a muse with various faces,  
A shapeshifting nymph, a mystic mermaid,  
Surmise, “We serve goddess’ desires  
Flowers facades of a singular cause.”  
I felt, in the skeleton of motion,  
Amour’s prayers, “Aphrodite’s face like prism,  
Iris filters with light of delusion;  
Helene had hair shining like Mars, colored  
From wars where Athena’s elegance won;  
Psyche’s beauty censored Cupid’s cursed call,  
Casting lynx’ zealous vigour, catching Zeus;  
The blood of Selena baths in moonlight,  
Alive due to Artemis’ kind nature.”  
Muses master meaning art manifests,  
As heart and mythology of the mind.