

Calypso

She who conceals things, Have you started to become me?
My name is laden with many Meanings that escape even me,
unspoken but aching desires. I sense in your expression
The unraveling of things I weave: The wavering heart
whose hands have done the work of the ocean,
here, building my love to withstand A seven-year storm. I know
the cold I feel as you brood, Far away from me, years later,
back turned, staring out to sea I know you will still be thinking of me.

Try, and fail to leave me behind.

Persephone

My mother's voice carries far The goddess weeps all winter
As she searches, though I am gone. She bargained with hell;
I could not cry out. I fight Through the betrayal, her weakness,
With everything I have. I am lost. My captor drapes me in jewels.
To be released seems impossible; Taken below where it's warm, I'm unsure,
I am fighting Death each day, Crowned and unable to enjoy myself
Even though I am only a girl, and I once dreamt of gems like these,
Dreamt of wide blue skies To see how they'd gleam beneath the sun.

Freedom is brief, and a pomegranate sweeter.

Hagar

It's not often, but sometimes I curse God with each breath.
When I'm by the river My arms are tired and my back aches,
Washing my mistress' clothes, Woman is barely human, even to God.
I dream I might glide away Totally alone, is there a place I may go,
On swift currents, away from here, Where I pray for shelter, and maybe
Escape from this desert; Another angel to guide me
To where my womb is mine, Somewhere safer?
I determine to whom I'm given. Yet I must return, this angel says,
One day I might escape, but My reward is in the next life; he warns
Today and tomorrow demand so much. Cruelty may look like love in a desert.

The angel comes, but I don't stop searching for water.

Dido

Nymphs sang at our wedding And in the dark
do you remember the cave I held you at my
 entrance, with trembling heart hesitating,
 voice and hands, heavy-limbed, falling
eyes and promises blazing into sleep. The dream
 like lightning: this love you dare, the dream
you give could build cities you still might lose.

No walls will ever contain you.

Andromache

My windows open onto the sea. A thousand bonfires dot the night.
There's always sunlight Flaming on shields arrayed, the tide of men
That floods in, or moon Hidden by a giant, hollow horse.
And the armor in the corner A dubious prize coveted,
Glimmers and gleams, Rings loud when struck with a spear.
When I remember to dust it off The altar I prepare is heavy with offerings.

Must I also fight a man's war?