

Persephone Lost

Like the eternal mother
I have been robbed.
Not you my daughter
but your soft child-light
gone missing.
And as I search my myth
for answers, for direction
the earth grows old
and cracks
beneath the weight of my grief.

And how I misread the story!

Preparing frantically, obsessively
for the hand of Hades
I blinded myself to the power
of Aphrodite.

Disguised in promiscuous white
riding ashore on hormonal waves
rising...falling...rising
cresting, finally, above you
she stopped atop the impending crash
to contemplate the victory
then, as one, the wave and she
swept you deep into the mystery
drowning your innocence
in an ocean of perfume
and foamy white puffs of mousse.

Dreaming the Goddess

In my version of mythology
I like to picture you
as Hestia
all virgin and sacrificial
by choice.

Your father believes
he can keep you
by swallowing you with rules.
But you are patient
waiting the day he is forced
to spit you out.

And then, my blended goddess
you will run like Artemis among the wild.
Satisfying your narcissistic bent.
Slaying all the beasts you can
with only a mirror.

And you will try to forget me
Oh Athena!
As you war within yourself
you will deny my part in it
until I visit you in dreams
of your children.

Myth of My Son

You were conceived
with timber and fire
and August.
A multifarious forging
of teak and yew
and metal.

You came to me early- summer
commanded my sky.
You were marked from birth
with radiance and shine
and fiber.
Your chariot
awkward, at first in your youth
became rhythmic and composing.
You grew wise in revolutions.

And now it comes to this.
I must give you these reins
and content myself with a vision

of you
stretching your curious limbs
up and out toward the goal
toward the gleaming nimbus
you dream of at night
my son
my Helios
my light.

The King of Thieves

You were born with the wings
and the stealth of Hermes.

Each time your tiny hand brushed my ribcage
I should have known
you were practicing your art
of trickery. Convincing me you loved me
while becoming the thief
that would steal my heart.

Inches Away

I walk across your half empty room
past the solitary pile of laundry
the single book-bag
lying haphazardly on the floor.

These walls have housed the three of you.
Now, your older sisters remain only
as flashes of memory
as inch-long marks on the door jamb.

And I realize, that those last marks,
the topmost, lying within inches of each other
are the ones that mark their leaving.

As I sit on the edge of your bed
tracing my life in these lines
I notice your mark
growing closer to theirs
and suddenly
I feel lost.