

A Daughter Betrayed

Lakes are filled with the disasters
Of ancestors. The flowing of blood -
A luckless game - yet still there is only
Love. A daughter is knit carefully into
A womb by a father; the string is cut
By the same hand. The greatest beauty
Reflected in bronze waves and dipped in
Wine. Hands stained deep beneath
Veins and arteries. An altar cannot
Be truly stained - it cannot be altered -
But the small of her back rests
Against the stone. A god must weep.
Yet, The moon does not. She claims to
Protect, but the wires winding through
Her arms, legs, lungs
Are all that will satiate. Iphigenia.
The strongest born. Her white petals
Drip with carmine wax. Crushed under-
Foot. A mother must weep.

Lamentation. Nails scratch cheeks -
The same wax pours out. It hardens
And sticks and cannot be washed off.
It drips over tapestries. They are
Ichor-drenched. Laid carefully down;
They mark the return. Now, it is godless.
Shimmering embers fly across
Glasses of wine - filled to the brim -
They mark the return.
Cheeks are stained. Splashes of crushed
Raspberries float in a bath. Tenderly
Drawn. Dyed in crimson-carmine.
The same wax pours out.
Godless in nature, she does not weep.
There is only mockery. Agamemnon.
A steadfast ship.

A golden chain is broken
Over and over. Each link heavier
Than the last. Skin is taught;
It coats layers of grief in a wrapped up
Gift. Hands shake between the
Hilt. Clutched between the winding
Fingers of siblings. Thread is wound and
Strung and tied between the vermilion
Of Electra and the will of those who

Punish. Who brings retribution?
Those who push needles through
Nails carefully painted and skulls
Carefully crafted? Or those who
Pierce the still-beating drum
Of the living? A scarf is slowly un-
Picked. Line by line, stitch by stitch
By vengefully ruined hearts.
Tender hands guide the blade.
Their love does not fade.

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