

Odyssea

Alone, I greet you – friend or lover, nemesis or husband.
Amongst them all... those following miles behind
With careful glistening eyes, oratory traces back in time,
I greet you with reluctance, in explosive secrecy;
Hi.

Odysseus' *menis*, all consuming, was a catalyst for doom
But what could he be but the archetype his *moira* endowed?
Who is he but what others make of him?
Who is he when his voice is his own?

Atē is to me what *menis* was to that incomparable schemer –
As subtextually proclaimed by Athena in the sacred Poplar wood
The cove I dream of, the cove where in my waking hours
I am lost within.

Sweet Ithaka, your rocky landscape is unsuitable
For a spirit such as mine
Telemachus could not receive
Menelaus' unabridged hospitality, for I too could not
Navigate that liminal zone...
In my dreams, by Zeus, I do.

Destructive infatuation is what I can embrace; its inherence inside of me is
Propertius' rendition: "Fatal lights of sacred Vesta" – eternal,
Yet now,
Snuffed out by change...
A different world awaits.

I am a city. My *atē*, eternal, has numbered days.
Gentle morning candle, burning, dripping onto feet
Glistening sandals, which I retreat
To better, harsher days of fantasticality
In which monsters exist, (the female kind)
Sweet Circe, evil temptress, fall in love with me.
Let my *atē* consume me, one last time, the way the gods intended it to be.

I am a falling spectre of light, Hyperion in disguise.
And thought I will never exhibit my hero's *menis*
I am a woman of *atē*, a woman of the love-sword, a woman who drinks blood
To tell if it is sweet, sour, bittersweet or old.

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