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Zeus

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GENEVIEVE REALL

WORDS

together we shall build
 syntactical Alhambras
 gardens in Luxembourg
 chalets, villas, mosques

moating ourselves about
 with nouns
 clipping our primrose hedges
 in careful adjectives

training our windows' ivy leaves
 with knotty verbal vines
 till we are housed and safe
 muffled, hid, then mute.

CLARA FREEMAN

ZEUS

His damaged beard is overgrown with mold;
 those dry-leaf eyes are sad without the stars
 that made his lusty breath the source of wars
 and struck unbowing mortals deathly cold.
 He curses through the branded halls of old
 and wrinkled temples, throws his sacred cores
 of altar-famished flame (his love-grown scars)
 against a tough-cheeked sky too blind to scold.

The earthfed, fleshly women that he craved
 soften beneath the mother grass while he
 rages at the science-knowledged eyes
 who hear Cassandra, knowing her depraved.
 He sits unmoved when slow against his knee
 a snake sucks at his godly blood and dies.