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MEDEA 1-9

SARAH ANNE COX

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Dusie kollektiv #4

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1

Blank, scribbled red in the eye
sojourn, that unending sea boat,
ride sick
the death of children
murder , suicide , mercy
the mourning started long before
that
churning flee
pieces of brother
what is jettisoned
from the ship
from the conscience
or before in a grove
secret vestige “old ways”

oath making is oath
breaking history's
wreckagedoom was already
mountainous travels
not that ship again
sojourn and finally
this page pronouncing failure
jettisoned

Bronze mirrored girl
poor flower
crocus offered
sweetness glauke
sweetings princess
but no stepmother likes
his children.
not gazing
banish, murder

3

When it rained on the ship we
huddled
under tented hides
wet fleece soaking through
later the sun would dry us out
brittle
cracked earth, cauldron
the cup rolled from side to side
with the tilt, empty
head over the side
could see forever to the bottom
see our own wreckage resting
down there
couldn't dive deep enough to
reach it

always floating just below the
surface
that's how fate survived
unchanged

4

Until now couldn't
reach my own doom
claimed
resurrected
killed
in a box is the terror
that will undo you
keep it closed Pandora and do
not look
pass into darkness
my box open

Who gives up kingdoms?
even after feats of magic and awe
striking deeds
oath breakers shake the pillars
deceit breeds deceit
two daughters cut up their father
and drop him into a pot
a mercy killing
the children bloodied yet whole
fly off to other plots their names
their poisons unknown
expatiation equation
yielding 40 days,
300 days, in exile
for x and y axis plotted

they sing here on the turn of the
year
at one time they were innocent

6

The sea air makes even the dry
seem wet
grains between the fingers melt
left bitter salt
and cork screw hair
we jettison the we for the I
“When I came here from Iolkos,”
he says “as a stateless exile,
thwarted.” et cetera
I see myself in him
stateless and
ruined
the wretched who pull
themselves
up on the backs of friends

7

Killer of brother king child
each claiming mere jealousy
an empty bed
a tiresome bed
the creak of old bones
we have not moved from this
spot.

8

Beginning with sea trip
fantastic lark and times when he
would break down and
weep for himself
his statelessness, his curse, his
lucky sandal damned
by Hera loved by Chiron
Pelion Wood

9

In the scheme
he wavers handsome and
despised
it was already decided
no returns no give backs
a bit of dirt on his shining skin
weary
paralyzed
we watch the scene unfold