

Fury n s of He  
e, your car ren;  
vain you b babes you lo  
passed the table strait  
the dark blue ks, Symplegades  
ched one, how h it come,  
eavy anger on you heart,  
rue! bloody mind?  
od from mortals asks a stern  
for the stain of kindred blood  
ke disaster falling on their homes.  
[A cry fr one of the children is hea  
CHOR  
o you hear th the children's  
you hard h r evill

MEDEA 10-18  
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10

To be lucky in life you must give  
in slide into the frame with the  
others a few hapless mistakes cannot  
ruin you  
a few hapless mistakes can ruin you

11

Let yourself slide into the lines, slip  
in unnoticed  
and live there in the dirt and coarse  
gravel beach  
once we stepped off the boat it was  
difficult to get back on  
we did see the ships coming, laden  
we lived among wealth and so the  
items arrived for trade.  
sometimes I'd walk to the beach  
where the ships pulled up to  
see if I was there, some part of me,  
some eastern black sea part  
but all those red faced men  
dissemble calling themselves from  
no where. from the future.

12

To get to the beginning you must go  
backward.

You must file an affidavit of intent

You must pull up the claims in  
newspaper reports

You must listen patiently to every  
version

You must be prepared to argue  
anything.

You must stop cradling the baby and  
let him go

You must stop cradling the baby and  
murder

13

embark  
sea fairies surround us,  
little twinkles of sea reflected  
that evening we saw dolphins  
who wanted to eat them  
diving toward the prow  
as if they would knock it off  
but it hadn't rotted yet / but nothing  
was rotted yet

14

I would never walk as far as the old

Argo

it stank with survival

(shshshsh the eumenides

there rested in wait for me)

Where did you live?

on that boat.

Was that living?

no it was holding fast

to the mast.

15

It's a shame just to leave it there the  
crackled red paint on her lip,  
now silent and stateless but we hated  
it  
everything it stood for  
the cracked bench that could pinch  
the skin  
days when we washed regret off the  
deck  
did I say regret, I meant blood



16

Climbing while sliding backward  
the old trail covered with tiny  
pointed stones  
slipping backward  
dry dusted mouth  
cracked lips

I am tripartite  
normal, good, or bad  
focus in and out on the sword  
zoom to my goodness, helper maiden  
obedient

17

We arrange our hands in a manner  
fitting  
the station, the requirement of the  
moment

We arrange our hands so as to kiss  
other hands  
if you have begged, just once, then  
you know me the angle of my dress  
folds  
wrung the state of my diversion

18

Do you think I'm apologizing?  
I'm not. There on the hillside coming  
down the path  
my son I have other worries, there is  
no water here  
your hillside bandits don't scare me  
nor your king in Troezen  
by my hand fashioned  
all of this.