



THE HIPPOLYTUS INFRACTION

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DUSIE

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Phaedra

Illness

I have made myself sick with it
inconvenient and unrequired

I rise only to revolt myself with
my own prurience

You glide by with your song and flower wreath
not a care

a garland for Artemis
from virgin meadow from virgin greenery
Hippolytus places reverent
from his pure soul
As much as he hates Aphrodite, she hates him
as much
her altar bare
but scripting death
the lopsided stage
as much as children make one
impure
the night's labors
her catastrophe a secondary consideration

two sided
if it is true that the childless make the
best midwives
then Artemis protects the entrance to the birth cave
the death pallet
ripe with rot
a song of the bright white daylight
she whispers,
if only lush meadows
a Thracian spear
not city walls, palace walls
not fountain
a defrocked head is madness
the pebbles and olives from a Cretan wood
inside lies illness
outside lies madness
Nurse, hide my head again

Bee woman

*The bee consorts with the flowers to
contrive her yellow honey*
her Cretan erotic history
the chastity of matrons
the taking of the honey for their own work
unfettered by desire
the bee woman makes
the quality of excess Pandora's
fascination
clotted waste
a bed produces attrition
the binary pornographic gaze
still the bee women move on

Theseus

Gone to Apollo's faraway business
exiled and expatiated
for that mistaken black sail
for the Cretan daughters
scattered Aegean
to the sickly marriage bed
He is older now
his garlands freshly contrast
adventure in hand with disaster
a Troezen treason
the house shrieks to him
he cannot guess who
then cannot guess why
frozen by suffering
or by some event?

Naxos

Already born into sexual construction
Pasiphae, the bull dance
a thread pulled out of the darkness
her optional fever, descent
seven miles along the shore of Naxos
the piney forest hiding the sisters
who left on their own accord
who were brought, discarded
how to become a star of a story
when one is inconsequential

The standard of modesty
under things in the breeze
prayer and loathing lie beneath
the over pruned fig tree
not an accident of the body
the sack of which
the body's boundary of contents
he an empty vessel a hollow instrument
she a sack of chips and clots

Provenance and Manuscripts

She owns the sense of what it means not to be him
Bound inextricably to these walls
dark and wet with breath
coverings of veils and chants
She owns it but not the text
she owns the outsides of the words
both jagged and round vowels
the sharp serifs belong elsewhere

Surmising the abundance of verbs
we looked for her on the sides of buildings, the
symbol of a stone mason's
double axe under
then under and facing sideways
the inconsequential still leave a mark