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Feminine Rage

Caitlin Scheresky

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Two Poems

Caitlin Scheresky

Feminine Rage

When Aphrodite emerged from seafoam
Into a world of prying eyes and wandering hands,
Body becoming all
And pleasure drowning sorrow,
When swans and doves became her,
When beauty entered darkness
And pearls emerged from the filth
The depths had to offer,
I was there.

When Zeus took the swan,
Robbed it of its beauty and of Leda's
Choice, when she screamed,
Belly swollen,
Chiton stained red
And throat raw,
When the Gods turned away
From righteous tears,
I held her hand.

When Helen—
Stolen away in the night,
Hidden behind the walls of Troy,

And the cage of expectations
—Took the fall,
When her beauty was to blame
For man's ignorance,
When the rope became her,
I felt the snap, and
I wept.

Too easily she fell,
The weight too much,
Lash after lash,
The crack of the whip kept
The wheel rolling
To no avail.
Who is she?
I.

I was there
When the skies fell
And the Earth split in two,
When time stopped
And only she remained.

I call her name,
I name her rage.
Sacrilegious rage,
Knife-in-hand rage,
Blood-curdling rage,

I hold it all,
The weight of their fear,
The burn of their agony,
I drown in their tears,
Shielding my heart
And unsheathing pain

Millenia old,
And feminine rage
Becomes me.