

Caught in the Myth

by

Alison Stone

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Actaeon's Hounds

Fur, hooves, antlers didn't fool us—
we knew his scent at once,
its undertones of arrogance
and wine. Years we chased
game for him in all weather,
paws bleeding from brambles, and not one
Good boy or scratch behind the ears.
If the prey escaped, he drove
his boot into our bellies, our soft snouts.
He never even gave us names.
When we smelled his fear, the wolf
inside us triumphed. His flesh
opened like a kennel door.

Endymion

Life can't compete.
Why trade lush dreams
for labor, moon-kisses
for the frustrations and fading
of ordinary love?
Neighbors see me spellbound,
sprawled. They click their tongues,
sigh, *Shame* and *Such a handsome boy*.
My parents beg priests
and physicians for a cure.
They don't understand
I'm care-less. Free. Cool
soil soft against my skin. All
striving gone. Every night the silver
lady with her hands of light.

Pandora

I'm a hot mess, ravishing
disaster, blown into town
under a blade-sharp moon.
Men, you quiver as I slink by
with my lipsticked smirk and box
of troubles, ache at the sway
of my skirt. You've never seen
a woman's hips before, never touched hair
soft as ash. My fingers and dismissals
burn like stolen fire, punishment
so sweet you can't tell if I entered
through the ivory gate for false dreams
or the carved horn gate for true.

Sorry, Perseus,

but my Medusa triumphs.
Designer shades and sword-sharp
cheekbones, a seething mass of curls—
she's the "It-girl," often snapped
gliding from a club at 3 AM, front-page
for her fling with a volatile rocker.
He hasn't been seen in weeks.
Tabloids speculate he snuck away to rehab
or to some exotic island with the maid.

Bra strap askew, crimson
lipstick smeared, Medusa
hails a cab with one green-gloved hand.
She swings her leather boots onto the seat,
stares at the back of the driver's head
as she recalls her ex's stony expression
when she left. No more
Please, Babe, one more chance.
No more shame about the changes
to her face. No more, the sour twisting
of victimhood. That story
ended when she opened her eyes.