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Pieta

Julie Jewett

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Pietà

Julie Jewett

My upward bent legs beneath the blankets,
 in the gray light of the
 just before daybreak,
 make me think of The Madonna's great legs: like
 half a giant hiding under a swell of marble fabric.

Her knees surge upward like
 two of Tethys' ancient fingers,
 and the surface of the ocean rises with them without breaking
 to join the smoothly downward flowing stream
 that is her son's dead body.

But she was no Titan;
 she was a real person.
 Could her legs really have held up
 all the troubles of the world lying there
 like a toppled Roman column across her lap?

What Your Lover Is Really Saying

Julie Jewett

I need you like oxygen.
 I want to suck you into my lungs.
 push you through my roller coaster bloodstream
 until my entire body is fed,
 then spit your wasted cells out for the trees to fix.

Diana
In the Autumn Wind

Julie Jewett

She fell in love with a mortal man
 who could not understand why so many
 girls loved him.

He let her know that even she was really not
 so special, but one among many.

So now she laughs and sets loose the hounds on
 any unlucky
 who happens to stray too close.

And will end her life as a mound of
 dried leaves, blown away by the wind.

I want to say that you belong to me
 until you begin to resent everything;
 When I tell you, "No, you can't go out with your friends,"
 the always automatic grip on your arm and
 the way I look at the moon like I own it.