

5-1-2006

Diana in the Autumn Wind

Julie Jewett

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Recommended Citation

Jewett, Julie (2006) "Diana in the Autumn Wind," *Forces*: Vol. 2006 , Article 37.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2006/iss1/37>

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Pietá

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.