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Medea

Bonnie Frazier

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Medea

Bonnie Frazier

If you could see
The light in their eyes
Their beauty, overwhelming
Eyes brilliant, gorgeous golden curls
The smell of them intoxicating
Their affection for me bottomless
My children
I swell, I ache

I see their father in their faces
In the turn of their smiles, I see his
With their colors of blue and gold, he appears
Even their words are fashioned from him
Impossible to escape him in them
The man who betrayed me
I, humiliated
Promised to be a second class mistress
A stupid whore, forgotten

My children, now bastardized
Where shall I take them?
And with what provisions?

And if they remain, with her, his new prize?
A woman never wants another woman's children
And I, unable to bear the thought of her near them
Naïve, vacant, she a mere receptacle for him
Likewise, a man never wants children that are not his own
Who will take what is spoiled?
No man will take me with my sons

Incapable of fleeing with them
Unbearable to leave my sons with vipers
I must ruin my progeny
Slaughter them
I will relieve their burden, their pathetic existence
Heirs to nothing

A prelude to their demise:
First the death of his new bride, then her father
Poisoned by my wedding gift
My precious children I will take myself
with no sorcery
Only a knife to slit their throats
Holding them as they perish

My husband will be left with nothing, broken
And I will flee to higher ground

Treasure

Bonnie Frazier

rummaged through a dresser drawer of yours tonight
the one with watches, knives, odds and ends
a treasure chest
ransacked it the way one's child always does
eyes wide, cooing over my spoils

picked a knife and wore it proudly all over the farm
stomped in my boots to the barn, my knife and I
whittled sticks, warded off imaginary predators,
carved my name in the dirt

far from the first pillage
you unaware, my history of plundering the
sparkling menagerie of mom's jewels
carefully, each piece returned to the same location
concealing where I had been
the only pirate to return her prizes, the most
tangible representations since her death

unable to grow up together
denied the pleasure of rifling through your stuff
a relished compulsion for every child
suspecting what I will need to hold onto you,
which treasures shall I take?