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A Poet's Married Life

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FIGURE #33 Carissa Battaile



Vanity's Temptation

Taurean Hill

It was there in the forest, serene and precise.
Lay a boy transfixed by his looks, beauty and vice.
Longing for the love that only lies in his reflection.
No touch, no kiss, only a wet affection.

Yet a top the holy heights of Mt. Olympus,
Zeus grew bored of his affairs and mistress.
The thrill of the hunt was becoming so passé
It was time for a new man to become his prey.

Over and over he thought who he would use,
Who better than the boy who was his own muse?
Taking the form that the conceited boy preferred,
He chose to mimic the mortal's looks: the perfect lure.

Swiftly and cunning he crept though the night,
Approaching his new lover, cruel intentions in sight.
Narcissus bewildered by the resemblance of the man,
Consumed with lust and the possibilities at hand.

Side by side in a flower bed of white and yellow.
Happily seduced by the similar faced fellow.
A sensual dance under the god's constellations
As the moon begins its transformation.

Dawn to dusk a fool has been fooled.
Narcissus wakes up to a familiar face in the pool.
Leaving the boy unaware that he tricked him,
Zeus moved on to woo his next victim.

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Let's go to bed
his arms whisper,
"Stay awake."
Tossing, turning words
command me,
words
peck on my eyelids,
like a droplet on earth.
His whisper always wins.

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