

MEDUSA

by

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I.

Her hair is a million thirsty tongues
ready to devour the misery of the world.
Her breasts could feed the seagulls
but she has no milk, no will.
Her eyes are the smallest holes to the universe
but no one dares to look.
Those stars, those suns,
those shapes.
People are condemned to the ground's dirt.
The universe sometimes cries the saltiest tears
each drop a wave big enough
to drown a ship full of lost sailors
constantly crushing on two eyelids
that will not sleep.

She owns winter's most wrecked cloth.
She wears the dresses of each woman
dead from a man's love.
She knows no color apart from black.
Her bed is single and her soul infinite.
She's lost count of the times
she screamed without knowing
a girl must accept a God's will.
A girl must not try, but be.
She loved eternal water
but she forgot the world's oceans
and let herself drown
in his sweat's slightest drop.

II.

Poseidon put a chair in the middle of the ocean.

A chair for her,
for her wavy hair.

His whole wet kingdom for her.

For the girl whose name
he cannot remember.

His intention was made of corals
full of dead fish.

Sea creatures do not know how to love.

After taking what he wanted,
he seized atonement
without a single movement.

He laid her down and cried sea water
into her eyes.

He saw her life in her resigned wrist
and her pain
in all five fingers
lying ignorantly on his hand.

This must be pure happiness.

III.

Poseidon was sinking in the bed,
shrinking next to her.
His breath so full of guilt.
He stretched his arm and grabbed her hair,
I love you, he said.
She thought they would sail forever,
if forever did exist.

A mirror hung on the ceiling.
The reflection of the bed framing
two bodies whose breaths
did not meet.
The room evaporated
little by little,
her face scratching the coral bed,
her mouth turning into a whirlpool
for him to get lost in,
little by little.

IV.

She was once a beautiful girl,
but she failed to serve the Goddess of Wisdom.
Wisdom and Love do not have hands
to hold each other.
Wisdom is armed with a mirror shield
and Love hates reflections.

Poseidon stepped back a hundred steps
and fell into the sea,
the only safe place to be,
his dirty little pool.
It's easier to rule the waves
than a girl with a tide in her heart.
She was too transparent.

Athena sneaks into people's minds
and makes them caricatures of their existence.

Caricatures longed for beasts,
for a gorgon whose only mistake
was getting lost in a small wave.
For she stands for impudent love,
for midnight's lust.
People have no eyes and she has one.
The eye of the ocean is not blue,
but pure black.
A black pearl in a black black ocean.

Athena decided she would kill her.
A single needle could kill.
But then she thought, I'll transform her
into a creature
unable to love.
And there has been no harsher punishment ever since.

Medusa blinks
She kills

Men that taste like water.

V.

Perseus had never seen the sea

but he had heard stories.

Water penetrates the lungs,
crashes the bones,
washes off the color of the eyes.

He had a duty,
simple as four letters strung together:
'kill'

He had a sword
made of gold and regret.
His neck had never felt the caress of a woman.
His saliva restless,
longing to meet a soft female tongue.

She was calm as a tree with no leaves.
Her cave small and sultry,
crowded with reflections of all kinds.
A crippled horse.
A blind fire.
A young boy playing with water.

She approached his naivety.
She lowered her head,
opened her mouth
and let a wave of snakes
lick his neck,
mixed his hair with a pinch of sand.
Men are not born to kill.

And then he saw
so much water
a single glimpse,
an opening of his eyelids.
So much water bursting from
her eyes, her breasts,

her womb.

It tasted like the first milk of his mother,
like her sweat in birth,
like the blood he was bathed in.

They say the first time you see something,
your ignorance dies.

They say death is another kind of birth.

There he was,
surrendered and deceived,
looking her straight in the eyes.

And then
he saw for the first time.

Medusa was the sea itself.

VI.

Water does not die.
Its audacity circles life endlessly.

She entered life without knowing
mortal creatures
are the ugliest.
So ugly
she would turn to stone
just by looking at their anguish.

They always take the night bus home.
They never know what the manual is for.
They have the dirtiest dreams.
They seek to spin the wheel.
They think misery is a casual thing.
They look for happiness in a dirty sink.
They vomit their fears twice a week.
Their blood so salty it pierces their veins.
In vain they aim to kill the pain.

The Gods have long been dead.

Medusa rises and screams
in a foreign language no one speaks
and no one ever will.

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The Medusa poems examine what a monster is and what elements define it. My main goal was to give Medusa the voice she had been deprived of, and to show that after all, a monster may not be so different from a God or from a human. My intention was to approach the famous gorgon from a different perspective by examining her life rather than just focusing on her death. I felt like I wanted to defend her, because she strives to survive in a world where others act upon her. Given that she is the symbol of female vengeance, my poetry constantly tries to justify the wrath that burns inside her. By refreshing this particular myth, I have finally given Medusa the chance to tell her story and even make it to our present society, since her figure and the things she represents are universal. Perhaps the most important element of this series of poems is that Medusa does not die, but she manages to remain alive and kill Perseus by using the element of water that once hurt her. In this way, she transforms her weaknesses into strengths. This exploration of a famous monster has given me an insight into my own perception of her, and after writing these poems, I feel emotionally attached to my anti-heroine.