

The Gorgon's Lament

*Stone is your visage, cold and hard,
that just was warm and soft.*

*Foul Gorgon's deed to turn the bright so dark,
and I the Medusa whose true face none can endure.*

My mask has slipped again.

*Or have I let it slip,
in impossible hope you could love me as I really am?*

*With sun and new company,
the stone you now wear will soon fall from your countenance
to lie forever as another course on the wall between us,
mortared by the silence of statues
who dare not speak of the spells that petrified them.*