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Medusa's Severed Head

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ELLEN WEHLE

Medusa's Severed Head

Gazes from a Grecian urn strangely peaceful,
Demure. Serpents tranquil.
Floating down the gallery hall, motes of
Opera keep expanding my body's
Cubic volume and who wouldn't rather be her?
Sleek black hair, black velvet bow: the Japanese soprano.
Sometimes I think Joe's daughter
Woke up angry the morning
She was born. Fourteen years old, beauty that
Switchblade she can't stop rubbing
Absently with one thumb.
I married them. Certain days her silence
Shimmers our house
Till roof-tiles twitch and burn.