

## Medea was an Aries with a Scorpio Moon

A goldish crown with rust lubed away  
and enough herbs smeared in  
to make a dragon weep from the heat  
of the flames this gift will conjure,  
a smock soaked  
with alcohol disguised  
as the musky perfumes  
of the homeland I left for  
our husband—

when they speak of hell  
and my fury they forget  
that a Colchian girl like me  
doesn't believe in such places.

There is no hell but a fuckboy  
who waits until you chop  
your very brother into pieces  
on the promise of his love  
atop the ship in whose deck  
he hides the magic wheel a goddess  
gave him to bewitch you into wanting,  
then takes you home to meet  
his new bride. Sing me,

O Muse, of the murderous bitch  
they made me. Sing loudly, keeping  
this city awake past dawn with your  
singing so they're good and groggy  
when I set their kingdoms aflame.