

Mad Poetry Project

By: Emily Wolff

You Are Lost Even Before You Wander: 'Tis Fate

I

The Fates are cruel as they snip

snip

snip.

No regard for the lives attached to those glowing, golden threads.

Her eyes faded first

then

her

body

crumbled.

Down she fell only cushioned by my arms.

A brief shimmer in the air where she once stood tall,

but

that

too

went

down.

Her vibrant soul encased in violet,

lost to Hades and the underworld far before it was her time to go.

II

The King of the Underworld,

the Lord of Souls:

Hades.

Had we not a deal?

A promise that my love would have a lifetime to flourish.

Why then have you forsaken your word oh Mr. Lord of Souls?

A contract written in blood far more binding than the blackest of inks,

today you have made yourself an enemy.

For I swear it upon my own life,

I shall seek my love and bring her back among the living.

Her cold flesh shall flush with a warm blush again,

and her dry cracked lips shall moisten with the finest of wines.

Mark these words Hades for I am coming for her so help whoever steps in my path.

III

One would have thought the mortal entrance to the underworld far more difficult or at the least guarded. I have found this to not be the case.

Although the sign did warn:
He who enters here does so at his own risk.
For there is one simple path in but many deceptive paths out.
Fail to leave after a day's time and you will be lost to the Fates forever.
Now do you dare to descend the steps to doom.

I dared, and so I stepped first one then two until I reached the bottom where I found death dressed in a worn, black cloak scythe in hand. He stood perched upon a wooden dock with boards rotting and nails rusting. His yellowed teeth curled up into something deceitful.

A bony finger wagged:
If it is the River Styx you wish to cross, make your oath here and now.
But beware break your oath and to the river you shall belong.
Do you wish to shudder for eternity or have you a word stronger than the Gods?

A word stronger than Hades, that I did.
A word stronger than Poseidon, I could only hope.
A word stronger than Zeus, I would say yes upon my single lover.
So there to death I made my oath and sealed it.
I seek my lover and shall not leave her behind.
For she belongs amongst the living as a thriving life.

IV

I boarded a boat cocooned in thick fog.
Fog made to choke, but I held fast and using my sleeve covered my mouth.
I lurched slowly f o w a r d.
A gentle sway nothing more than a mother uses to rock her baby's cradle.
Rocks, rocks, and rocks. That is what lined the other shore. One weighty shift and a wreck I would be. Hold fast believe you have stared into Medusa's eyes. No, not even a breath.
Feet—land—o n w a r d
My love for you I journey risking life and limb, not a thing could keep me from you.

Hades,
face me now or be the coward your brothers see you as.
That's right, I dare to taunt for not even you will hold me back.

