

Medusa

The day your heart pumped
green blood,
and your forehead
sprouted baby snakes,
I charmed you.

I loved you.

You blinked fermented tears, quicksilver
settled in the cracks, but I fingered
that cast drift wood, a fashioned flute
to charm you and
to love you.

Your snakes shed wilted skins,
swept your hair, and so I
cracked cement caked
knuckles, tended the graveyard
in your wake. You complimented
my eye for detail.

I cherished those peep-hole
scars into your brain.

The courtyard was scattered with old love.

I rubbed the stone
from my eyes, saw
you for the first time.

I charmed you.

I loved you.

I froze there for you, only you,
a memorial for you, only you.

-- Eli Nelson