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## ***SOLITUDE / SIN***

Chelsi Robichaud

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



### Abstract

Reduced to a great nothingness, a lack of a lack, I wonder where my friends have gone. But surely it matters not in this loathsome sea. ///// I have sinned. Though the masses say it is no crime, I know of the dirt that covers me.

## SOLITUDE

by

Chelsi Robichaud

Reduced to a great nothingness,  
a lack of a lack,  
I wonder where my friends have gone.  
But surely it matters not  
in this loathsome sea.

I have ventured out to find them,  
only to be met by silence.  
They have left, on the winds.  
Not even a nod to our days  
of intimate companionship,

Have I been reduced to this?  
A woman alone on the sea,  
a gaunt figure, surrounded  
by the Siren's call.

This is my dystopia:  
And it is called solitude.

## SIN

by

Chelsi Robichaud

I have sinned.  
Though the masses say it is no crime,  
I know of the dirt that covers me.

I retch, but it changes naught.  
It is the space behind my eyes that has shifted.  
Desires have been valued over life.

How can I redeem myself?  
The gods know what I have done.  
They peer into my soul with their golden eyes  
and judge my heart accordingly.

There is no hope for me.  
I have changed my ways  
but the weight of my crimes  
sits heavy upon my mind.

I will drift about the shores of Greece,  
until Poseidon claims me.