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SOLITUDE / SIN

Chelsi Robichaud

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Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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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.