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Call me Leda

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Call me Leda

Call me Leda

by

Chelsi Robichaud

Call me Leda,
For that is who I am in all but name.
I, too, was taken by Zeus,
And cries like hers tore from my throat
As we rose in the air, white plumage
Dancing round my head.

Call me Leda, for I too have met a swan.
His head reclined gracefully, peering into my eyes,
His wings wide, his body transforming
Into a creature from Hades.

No longer was he the docile bird
That had enthralled me. His claws
Dug into my wrists, piercing to the bone.
No, I whispered, but he could not hear me.
His talons drew blood, and I was silenced.

Leda, too, must have cried
When she fell to the ground
Only to see Zeus enacting this
Violation
On others.

But I am not she.
I will not speak of Jove, of Zeus, of metaphors.
The plumage scattered 'round my feet
Will become the fletching to my arrows,
And I will watch as Zeus falls from the sky,
Shed of his will to power.