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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.