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Abstract

Not long ago, the Sisters spoke the fabric of their latest whim: one spun, another wove the thread

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Gossamer; Judith Anderson Stuart

GOSSAMER: A MODERN MYTH

by Judith Anderson Stuart

Not long ago, the Sisters spoke
the fabric of their latest whim:
one spun, another wove the thread,
smoke-brief, but of surpassing quality,
and so a child was born
in blood and sweat and certain wisdom.

Old before her time, from babbling days
she drifted with other saints and fools
so we, slow mortals, called her blessed
or spat, and cursed her mystery.

Childhood years she spun out friendless,
wandered heedless of those winding nights.
Her father left: said he could not conceive
how she had come to be...
her mother said that he was always slow
to understand Fate's deeper meanings.

The silken thread unravels, quiet and fine.
Possessed of pineal sight, she would refuse
To lay her psychic secrets open.
This tonguelessness was acid torment
to the tortured (we who breathed,
then ceased, unknowing but desiring
her forbidden, secret knowledge.)

With witching ways, she understood
both men and moons, yet scorned
a woman's lot: her body often quick
with life which never ripened,
and once she placed her cool
and healing hand upon a child
who writhed with cancerous, decaying bones
and eased him from his pain.

But grief and scales of cautious blindness
caused us to mistake euthanasia's mercy
for malpractice, and crying "Murderess!"
"Bitch!", the stones and editorials flew.
And so commenced her end.

We crowned her with electrodes
in our sanguinary way, gave
psycho-curative processes
with solemnly gleeful ceremony.
Then pronounced her almost fit
for societal re-entry.

Now, as she hangs festively arrayed
with coloured tubes, bags and white tormenters,
the gray handmaidens Shame and Pain nearby,
she calle out "Atropos! Don't forget me!"

One masked attendant chokes on wonder
as the scissors hover

open
in the air--
dovelike,
shining,

then dip...

and she is
done.

