

## An Elegy for Medusa

i know that you felt it when your head hit the ground,  
felt the hissing of your snakes slow to a stop.  
your heart was still beating.

you have always been beautiful, always been a gilded  
woman, always held men in the palm of your  
hand.

do you remember the first one you turned to stone? the  
way his body slowly hardened in a way you had  
never seen? do you remember the fear in his  
eyes?

you, of mythological beauty, of terror and anger, you  
have always been the face of it all. men feared  
you, and fear you still, and you become an icon  
to them, an object.

do you remember what it felt like to hit the ground?

my gilded woman, you have always been more than what  
they want you to see, you have always been  
more than they have known. you, with your  
wisdom and your beauty and your burdens,  
you, with the snakes that whisper in your ears  
the sins of those

who will never love you.

take the pain that man has inflicted on you and turn it  
over, turn it on its head and spit in its face. you  
have always been more, will always be more,  
than what the men who wave swords in your face will tell  
you. they are too cowardly to look you in the  
eye, to take in your beauty, for the fear that  
courses through their veins burns more than  
the papercuts they may leave.

i know you can still feel the impact of your fall, know  
that you can feel your snakes curl in on  
themselves. you were so much stronger than  
him,

how did he take you down?