

A Bad Rap for Thetis

What can I say that you don't already know? My marriage to the mortal Peleus was not a whim, or a moment of passion, but something in the bones that told me

this union was important, foreordained by the gods. I knew nothing of genetics, or that the half-mortal issue of my loins would create a deep, open wound, render

me vulnerable. Some claim I released Zeus from his chains, took refuge with Diomedes in a bed of seaweed, and refused to save a boy from drowning

in a shipwreck. These are mostly lies. I'll admit to some shape-shifting to avoid capture, the goddess of water testing other elements, taking on fiery shapes,

winging it, using ground-breaking measures to achieve my ends. These were the perks of immortality that I wanted for my son Achilles when I dipped him into the briny

waters of the Styx. Who would have thought the thumb and forefinger that held him by the heel underwater would have created a weakness that led to his death and mine

and changed the course of history. Divine intervention is no mere literary device, my friends. If you should see me depicted riding the sea nymph Hippokampos, Achilles'

shield in my right hand, or choose to believe
the lament of the kingfisher that I cut off
the fish supply as a result of petty displeasure,
don't be too judgmental. Remember,

a mother is bound to mourn, the oysters
I bring to banquets are tastier than truffles
and the poet Apollo played at my wedding,
his honeyed lyrics blessing all creation.

GARY GEDDES