

Nights in the Gardens of Priapus

It was the third year of the recovery:
Persephone showed up. Pale, and dusty,

she looked tired; feverish; and the pockets of her coat
were frayed. I'd seen her look better.

'Funny,' she said, some glasses later, 'Funny how that cunt
Oedipus hides his limp so well.'

She chewed a scagged nail.
I felt easier—about the frayed pockets.

Some shook their heads at the state of her
as if they hadn't seen themselves lately.

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'She's a miserable bitch, that one,' said Oedipus.
For two heartbeats, I felt sorry for him.

I should've known better:
the way he looked at me.

Later he'd slip his hand
between my legs

without touching me.

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