for one dedicated to artemis

by M. F. Sullivan

artemis is but a mincing fawn;
no sacred bitches need i in my ranks,
nor hunting dogs to tear a man apart
when i have teeth enough to bruise fine flanks.

some goddess of the hunt when she can't see
man's the finest game there is to seek
but for one moment while the wild virgin bathed
her suntanned body in a sheltered creek.

when actaeon there stumbled by
to gawk, the voyeuristic beast,
she in offense turned man to swine
to watch his hounds upon him feast.

but even then, she missed the thrill,
a chance at creativity;
what fun, when prey seems predator,
yet meets his arrows willingly!

how much better would it be
to lure the brute into her arms,
and make herself a dog, of sorts,
through use of holy, wicked charms?

so you, my friend, named devotee,
birthmarked to praise mercurial whims,
you'd make a better devotee to me--
i've no ambrosia, but immortalize in hymns!

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