Goddesses

by Sian Barbara Allen

The man she loved did not love her. At first she prayed to Athena for strength and steadiness. She began to knock on wood, spit on her finger and whirl in doorways. She did not understand her actions. She did not feel the spinning while she spun.

She poured libations to Diana in the back driveway. She left a piece of paper in the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem--what had happened? What had gone wrong? Had she not used enough force (or enough gentleness) to put the paper in the Wall in the right way... so that it would be heard by God?

"Getting a little crazy here, sister", she joked, knowing she had gone too far.

She felt herself growing more distant. Words had once rushed from her pen like blood--now the words were clumped with sand and wind and would not come.

For years she had been melancholy and did nothing about it. What did the world owe her that it had not given her? She decided to be quiet so she could fill up with words again.

She dreamed she was a fish bearing the deep orange colors of the moon with black gypsy markings on her sides. The fish swam instead of spinning. She smiled up at the bright starry sky.

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