

He is Apollo

In literature class,
We learn that the moon is feminine.
The sun is masculine.
I wondered why.

In mythology class,
We learn that Apollo is the
God of the sun.
Maybe that's why men walk
Like they are gods.
They survey the world as if they
Shaped it in their hands. As if
They breathed life into my lungs.
He draws the sun across the sky.
Bow,
And hail him.
All hail the sun God Apollo.

This is the same class
Where I learn of Cassandra.
The sun had burned her,
Left her with scars for the world to ignore.

In science class,
I learn that the sun is a ticking
Time bomb.
One day,
It will kill us.
It will explode and collapse.
Somehow, I'm reminded of my
Father.
He explodes, a dazzling show of rage
Fire pouring from his mouth
To burn lacerations against my skin.
He collapses, a pathetic display
When caught being unfaithful.
Water pours from his eyes,
Against his nature as the sun
Still searing guilt into my heart
For my own rage.

The moon is feminine.
They think of the silver waves.
The lapping of the shore
At the feet of the sand.
She is below even the Earth.

In mythology class,
I learn of Artemis.
Apollo's twin,
his opposite.
She is only the negative of Apollo.
Cold where he is hot.
Celibate where he is not.

I hear the tales of her hunts.
The women taken under
Her silver wing.
To hurt them is to incur her wrath.
It is a challenge, cry
Men.
She is Troy. She is
A conquest.
If she will not have him, she will be
Brought to her knees.

It is only the shadow of male gods that protects her.

In science class,
I learn of the moon.
She brings the tides
On which men perch and
On which men drown.
She changes,
Waxing and waning,
She eclipses the sun, regularly and on time,
An event we are shunned from witnessing.
To see Artemis eclipse Apollo is
To go blind with your eyes
Wide open.

She is Artemis.

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