

## What is Aspasia?

What is that female mind - that tenderness of motherhood,  
Licentious leaning, illicit  
desiring, moral deficit -  
What can she know of philosophy?  
What is that mind in a female body  
If not an illusion, if not trickery?

What is that woman mind  
What is that Woman

Clever woman - why do you not speak?  
Oh, she has no voice box it seems.  
How could he have forgotten it, when he crafted  
You so carefully.  
History has lost its memory.  
So how should I write it -

They say this Platonic creation wears your skin;  
Diotima, your eidolon,  
A woman of philosophy - that strange mythology!  
Is she you -  
Held in a prison of your sex and Socratic esteem  
Why should she be?  
And can't there be two?

Metic woman  
What is that form of yours  
What is that female form  
And mind

She is hidden in the words of comics;  
Come out from the words of comics. Our New Medea,  
Wears thespian scorn like a veil that hangs  
Over her eyes.  
Nymphish temptress, reproved woman,  
Knows only the bitten off thorns of their supposing -  
Bite the apple, bite it.

And how should she disturb our histories,  
We remember not her philosophies.  
Her bastard born to Pericles  
That noble general so beloved by Thucydides.  
At least he never forgot her name -  
Woman of thought and speech  
A fiction -  
So, what was it again?

What objective blunts the stony image?  
Where should I ground her?  
And how do I

Comb back through that legacy of degenerative democracy,  
Of concubines and paramours,  
Like that poet of Lesbos before -  
Drowning out praises of hemlock drinkers and new-age thinkers.  
A coat of apathy settles (insidious weight) still to choke.  
Intelligent spectres. All smoke and mirrors.  
She could have told us so herself,

If not; Splinter.  
What man comes to build woman anew  
Bone by bone,  
Teeth and sinew

Until she stands before us - last True skin!  
Spied through filmy time, His voice Hers,  
To tail and turn and spin  
That daimonic woman,  
Female Other.