

Zeus

Somewhere behind that part of the mind we call the heart,
behind the tongues and eyes we face the world with,
tucked away between memory and the degradation
products the popular imagination calls dreams,

where out of touch with each of the others we call ourselves
we say what cannot be said without slaughtering
the innocents, there squats a humanoid
who swallows his children and erstwhile lovers whole
while tossing thunderbolts here and there for the hell of it.