

## Love Letter to Zeus

by Sarah Jane Hurst

I bathe in pink petals  
and swallow orchid bulbs  
in hopes that a part of you will find me  
alluring.

Maybe if I had amethyst eyes  
and a silver tongue  
I would be more desirable.

If I presented myself—  
naked under the full moon—  
and showed you how my milky skin  
shimmers and ripples,  
would I finally be enough?

Maybe if I sprouted eagle wings,  
adorned with feathers that reflected  
the heavens,  
you would find me more appealing.

Who am I in this narrative?  
Ganymede? Hebe?  
Or maybe,  
I am the water that is borne for the consumption of others—  
never benefitting from one's own fruit.

