

The rallying cry of the gorgons

by Charlotte Newbury

The flesh
You are in is
Unstable by nature
Fragile as a newborn child, like
Spun glass.

Brittle.
Beyond cold skin
Metal scaffolded veins
Unfold along our insides and
Hold us.

We'll build
From the inside
Out. Create new temples
Worship our own hallowed hallways
Of blood.

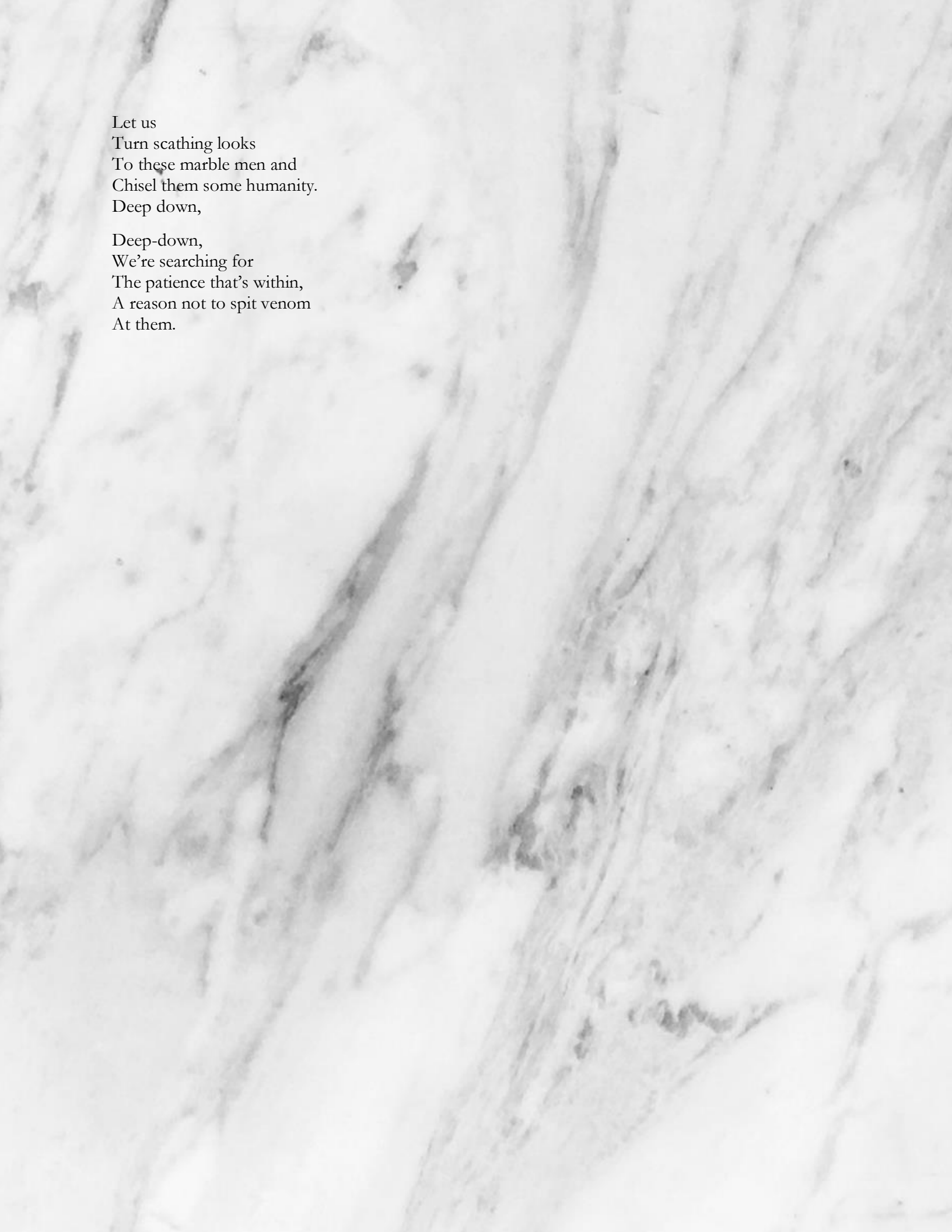
No shame
In writhing hair
Where flowing locks should be.
No shame in being as we said
We'd be.

Small fangs
In each swept hair
Bite down upon the thought
Of hope. Still too heavy it is
To hope.

The old
White-knuckled grip
That cracks the skin and stings
Can be released, can be refused
Let go.

Look up...
Towards a sky
That heralds a new dawn
Of snake women without their eyes
Covered.

To see
Our faces clear,
Unapologetic.
Avert your eyes if you can't stand
Our gaze.

The background of the page is a light-colored, marbled paper with intricate, swirling patterns in shades of grey, white, and cream. The patterns resemble natural stone or marble textures.

Let us
Turn scathing looks
To these marble men and
Chisel them some humanity.
Deep down,

Deep-down,
We're searching for
The patience that's within,
A reason not to spit venom
At them.