

## Two Poems

Caitlin Scheresky

### Feminine Rage

When Aphrodite emerged from seafoam  
Into a world of prying eyes and wandering hands,  
Body becoming all  
And pleasure drowning sorrow,  
When swans and doves became her,  
When beauty entered darkness  
And pearls emerged from the filth  
The depths had to offer,  
I was there.

When Zeus took the swan,  
Robbed it of its beauty and of Leda's  
Choice, when she screamed,  
Belly swollen,  
Chiton stained red  
And throat raw,  
When the Gods turned away  
From righteous tears,  
I held her hand.

When Helen—  
Stolen away in the night,  
Hidden behind the walls of Troy,

And the cage of expectations  
—Took the fall,  
When her beauty was to blame  
For man's ignorance,  
When the rope became her,  
I felt the snap, and  
I wept.

Too easily she fell,  
The weight too much,  
Lash after lash,  
The crack of the whip kept  
The wheel rolling  
To no avail.  
Who is she?  
I.

I was there  
When the skies fell  
And the Earth split in two,  
When time stopped  
And only she remained.

I call her name,  
I name her rage.  
Sacrilegious rage,  
Knife-in-hand rage,  
Blood-curdling rage,

I hold it all,  
The weight of their fear,  
The burn of their agony,  
I drown in their tears,  
Shielding my heart  
And unsheathing pain

Millenia old,  
And feminine rage  
Becomes me.

## **Cold Yet?**

I hold my chapstick like a cigarette.  
Lit between my two fingers,  
I think it makes me look cool.

Minty fresh, it's Christmas in July,  
Or October, or whenever the hell I want  
To feel like celebrating myself.

I feel warm whenever I want to.  
I make my own sunshine and lightning,  
I light my own fire; I fill my cup,

And empty it day by day.  
Maybe I don't fill it every time,  
Maybe it takes a lot more liquid than before.

Habits are hard to break, like a bone but unlike  
A promise to myself, to you, to  
The ice in my chest.

Warmth is nice, but sometimes I want the bite.

What's the point of a fireplace if you don't light it?  
Will the placebo make up for the mint on my lips  
And the frost on my fingertips? Does my lightning hurt?

Maybe it's enough to play pretend  
With my chapstick between my fingers,  
Cool breath on my lips,

And words unspoken on my tongue.

**Caitlin Scheresky** is a sophomore English major at UND. When she's not reading or writing ideas in her notes app, she's petting every dog she can, drinking her body weight in coffee, or listening to music.