

*On Greek Mythology*

If I could sculpt you from my hands alone, I would. The heat of your flesh molds me, searing your image into the meat of my brain, the brush of your gasp on the cusp of my perpetual desire. But tools must substitute for my fingers: chisels, drills, dust infecting the lungs you breathe into. Perhaps I will die like this, muck staining the fingertips I used to trace the lines of your ancient palm, the dip of your rose water lips. This must be perfect, this must be flawless. Perhaps then the image of you will remain untainted.