

The Twelve Labors of Vesta

by Cortney Bledsoe

To be served first, and the first servant.

To be the hearth without being warmed.

To remind the Olympians to at least aim for the bowl if they refuse to sit down to pee.

To endure the melodrama of all those bickering virgins.

To ignore her envy of Minerva's smell of fur and sweat, the pollen in her hair.

To be the earth, even on bad hair days.

To water the apple tree when the Hesperides are too hung over.

To be the one to call the Ice Giants to borrow money to make rent.

To call Saturn on father's day and make sure he's not dead.

To retie the knot that is forever being severed.

To be devoured and reborn not only at birth and death, but daily.

To forgive. To forgive. To forgive.