

To My Therapist

by Tanya O’Nan

Once, I was a goddess
and my veins throbbed with life.
I stood atop mountains
and watched my empire worship me.

I gave birth to gold;
it was seductive and pure,
weaving its way through my hair.
I wore a diamond-dust crown placed by the masses;
it brought dread to the nonbelievers—
it would strike them dead if I so wanted
and I did. They dropped like swatted flies.

I dressed in low-cut, red lamé dresses,
creamy white evening gowns;
my hands were soft as spun sugar;
my thighs were honey;
my eyes the color of the Aegean Sea
and I was as glorious as fire.

Total strangers trampled one another
just to catch a glimpse of my breasts,
always heavy and firm, ripe with milk.
Desire for me was rampant;
it tore through cities and boiled and burned—
there was chaos all the time;
and I felt ravaged from the sheer number of my lovers.

Once, I was a goddess
and held everyone spellbound.
One day, after I had parted the sea, Poseidon asked,
“Why part the sea when you can walk on water?”