the courtship of danae

he hands her a bouquet of black dreams
before watching her fall

asleep on the couch,
her eyes parturient with slumber.

she cannot recall
if it was a green pill or a yellow one,

if he hauled her to into the room
or is she meandered there herself

in a stupor of dizzying wakefulness.
she sees the chalice filled with wine

red not like the aegean, but a relic
of menstruation. she cannot stomach

the five fingered hand with its six rings,
the proud bearing of his heavy chest,

she could not reconcile her ideal
of that god of gods with his grey beard

and crooked smile; his hand a mallet,
his lips lacking the thunder of legend.

later writers will say he rained upon her
in a flurry of gold, but her memory only holds
the quick finish and the smell of mold.

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