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**Medea**

Carl Buchanan

for Savannah

I see my babes in simple colors: blue sky,  
green sea, and red, red, the red that returns  
and washes their faces like killing coals, hot  
as Hades. But now I see my babes cool  
and pure as spring snow, I walking my boy  
to the corner stall for a pink sweet he adores,  
a point of joy he must remember, he must,  
somewhere beyond this red world. My little girl  
running away to me  
from a boar I hexed into a frog at her feet,  
her screams stopping, puzzled silence, and the bell  
of her laugh as I pulled off its legs  
and heaved the soft rock-shaped body hard  
against a wall. She ate the legs with me,  
but by then, dinner time, she had forgotten  
her point of fear. To be a woman is to know  
all the points of fear and joy, not as a man knows  
only in the mind. A woman's body by her fortieth year  
is a cauldron of wound and kisses, bubbling blue  
and green and a deep, deep red. The moment  
of their death was a point of joy and pain  
no worse than the day of their birth,  
less blood perhaps than when I squeezed them  
into this world of colors out of the soft dark,  
my body that knew how to make lives, my body  
that is empty as a cloud I walk through,  
a merely local mountain, godless, dead fog.  
I am a goddess, prophetess and demon witch  
now to the people who survived my husband's hate

and my love, his love and my vengeance.  
Soon I will ride the paired dragons from the sky.  
I am full of empty knowledge: Jason and the kids  
I killed because he abandoned me, his new bride  
I poisoned, my cool days as a pining queen. Winter  
is spring, I know so much. I'm ready for the shedding  
and new chances, but I've been waiting for the dragons  
so long. The snow, so sweet. Perhaps they came  
and brought me here, no people and no avenging Jason,  
and little to do. This could be a solitary isle  
of exile, I haven't seen a soul in years,  
I think, except the children. They visit me,  
faces twisted in seaweed, their broken teeth strung  
along the sea's shore, washing hands  
of the land's ache, pushing as a woman  
pushes to give birth.  
The dragons, where?  
Perhaps they are calling me like Sirens, somewhere  
in the solid green sea. I have sought them on clouds,  
in the low mountains' peaks. I am empty,  
and I must go on. I love you Jason, Jason come  
make love and murder me, I'm alone,  
we are still married in the eyes of the gods,  
if there are gods, if there are dragons,  
if there is a chariot, riding on the wave tips,  
wheel of foam backed by the sea.