

The Wounded Thigh

by Jazlen Chinnici

From the sewn thigh came the maenads,
Their quarrelsome spirit an irrefutable testament of their–
Purblind pledge for uplifting the twice-born God
It is you Brutus, the supreme being who finds–
A second life from your wife's incision

Found just before the knee,
The greatest victim of Procrustes' bed rest
She swears her undying charity
As the wound opens,
She stitches her mouth shut

Caesar, the one you declare as your greatest friend,
And your most heinous foe,
Will never know of your betrayal until your own exposure
For your demise, she'd swallow hot coals
For your trust, she would pierce her thigh with your blade

Why must she?
Why must she, like so many other women,
Mutilate herself to earn your respect?
Must a lover's unconditional devotion–
Always lead to a thanatology?

It is the loss of sanity
That fuels your reassurance
It is the loss of her salvation
That solidifies her
Pain as fortitude

Brutus, must your secrets always be acquired by extremes?
Must they always be at the disadvantage of your closest aid?
You may kiss away her worries,
However, your kiss carries less anguish
Than the wounds she has inflicted for your favor

It is the inadequacy of partnership
That is the true tragedy,
She is your equal and your mule