

Do they bring her flowers and stale bread like
the way they used to do to me. They used to worship

at my temple, not a metaphor that they prayed
I would come and grace them with a vision of my rapture.

It is not for me that they come anymore,
that they share visions of sun, the beach,

the mountain, sand falling ever under their lapping shores
and I am the forgotten one. My eyes see nothing else.

They've left me. I was not whole. I was part.
Even as I was a vision they bored of me,

the repetition noxious, their face drifting off towards,
other, lovelier, younger, more bold, more lively.

The fresh wins, a flesh as yet undevoured.
Her secret phrases have yet to be unlocked,

damned, Pysche. I lack the will to compete
on a field that is not my own. She would be

criminal to dare to test me but this does not matter to them.
No feat of wit, no accomplishment can attract the heart

which has strayed too far and however strong
the pull of my orbit I resent possession. So who

am I to complain, we drift on not in free will but as a myth
and I wear my jealousy like a shroud I fight to dissolve,

a coat made of hair, woven from shame and those
bodily fibers strung directly to the heart and slowly

ripped free from the tendon, the long and resentful
stiffness of a full but damaged organ which never rests.

They displease me, insult me both with their indifference and
their renewed capability for devotion. Why is she better than me.

Their attention was the only food I could eat. Worship
fed me, their goddess, now left to be neglected, to be starved

while a mere mortal, one who cannot be sustained by breath
alone is bestowed with gifts they cannot use. Alone I'm left

only with pride and lust, to defend a territory, my fields,
soaked in the blood of the millions forsaken before me.

We all die either way, alone in pride or
adored for hiding our filthy intimations.

How can I remember them, I who dared love them when
all that mattered was that I show them my disgust.

That I elevate myself so far beyond their simple humanity
that they could never mistake any loose gesture for one of love.

My affection betrays me as weak for an individual,
(that is a flaw) what only causes them confusion, opacity,

am I then a god, they might ask themselves. What have I done.
They've devoured all the gifts they once placed at my altar.

My altar is empty and they think they are a god like me.
If only I had never loved them. If I had seen them for what they are,

unfaithful, baseless, incapable of love and true devotion,
insecure, self-loathing, justified in it, all of them. Why

will depression become the most diagnosed disease in their world
they might ask me and I can only tell them, for lack of gratitude.

I love all of them and they only love someone else and then another
and it pours out from them unevenly, in cracks, instead of the divine flow

I was intended to receive. I pity them, unstructured for omniscient love
they break apart like a primitive dam built by children out of rocks when

they only seek a place to swim and not to disrupt a whole ecosystem
which they are ignorant of, which they don't ignore so much as trample

over and over with their imagined classes, I can never remember
if they think they are better than the fish or the slime or if they just

think they are better than each other, all esteem and hatred
superficial and petty until death, did they not notice that

their bodies are so weak the meekest creature, the worm
devours them readily, eagerly, their most patient lover.

I want a lover whose other lovers salute me and fall in line where they belong.
I want a lover whose love plays for me over the next 100 years, black because

it is impenetrable, dark because I know every corner and can walk it blind.
However high my throne I sit alone, and this is what they're all striving for

so I pity them. The pedestal will never be a comfort to them in old age.
The eyes which surround them will only drive them to an insanity,

drowning in a rage of inadequacy like Narcissus my son.
If only I had taught him, it's you who is sought.

It's you who builds places of worship and fills them with flocks.
It doesn't matter that he'll find no one to surpass him. He is

the mirror not the reflection. He is not the reflection.
But this is only for a god or a goddess to understand.

A simple person like him couldn't bear the weight of adoration.
He wasn't fed by the worship, it only fanned his own desires

to find that object, externalize his devotion, something no one
could hold. How to be an object, my poor dead son, how to hold

the stares, grow from them, demand nothing in return.
You're playing them, they're paying you. The dreams

their body could never hold a candle next to.
How could he love them, infantile, prone.

How could they love her, purposeless, lost in self-devotion,
it's domesticity. I can't shame her. I love her just as much as they do.

She's an angel, cherubic, soft, young. There's not a hint of her inner evil
on her unlined face. When she moves even it's soft. She walks and you feel

goodness washing over you. It's an art, her sweetness. She hypnotizes them,
steals them, dangling them from the wallet she just lifted off the undercover

all while weaving in her plodding way, far off her toes,
an invisible magic of steps. She's a crusade of liberation,

a vision of a world without control, without hate
and I adore her every bit as much as they do.

A better me, a me before I grasped that I'd live forever
and reacted accordingly. I love her because I remember

when I was her. I was born like any other and breathed flowers
in my hair in the late days of May and laughed, eating cake

by the shores of the lake, never alone, not like now,
having won every prize, my picture on idols across

the land and even over the ocean, alone up to my neck in gold.
All my old lovers love her like they used to love me and she

and I look at each other melancholy, hers shame and mine pain,
neither of us meant to be treated this way. Neither of us meant for this end.

Psyche, Psyche, not my first love, not my last, maybe for them.
They are like you, but you are like me, only innocent of your charms,

your evil hidden in your deepest heart. You take them from me,
from jealousy, from desperation, because you can. I won't fight you

I can't take another loss, another blow to one of my more neglected
crumpling countryside temples. They're eroding, no longer

are the paths deep into their depths trodden to a slick and
enticing the entrants but grown over with brambles, a thick bush,

the steps wobbly, the depths undusted. Psyche won't build temples for them.
She'd be just their one and only, not the symbol they need to make sense

of their continuing longing, driving you deep past fulfillment
towards soulless and desperate repetition. She'll come again,

and again, and again, every time they will love her more and more.
She's keep her love a secret, as only she knows what is proper.

That the love they say is rarely real, haunts her, dear Psyche,
who they've called my daughter in their attempts to transform her

into what they remember I was to them before they knew me so completely,
knew how I still rage like a mortal, still lust, still occupy boredom

when I've left my body, still spend time with all my worshippers,
the ones I have left, who've never ceased to believe in me. I help them,

love them, mark their boundaries with stones, I possess but I don't own,
these bodies, every one exactly the same in it's own way, every one

quite desperate to be seen in it's own right, as they say. They have the right
to be outraged as I am. I could meddle in their affairs, make them blind

make them see red, make them forget how to walk
make them think they could fly. They'll never be

like mine and me. They'll never understand what
my love means. If I were whatsoever to ever unleash

more than a fraction of this love I hold inside for all of them
the underworld would go direct to 'No Vacancy' and

the earth would be left to the rest of the creatures
the noble that live without hate, without jealousy.