

Must I of cast pure
as my helmet and shield,
sprung from my father's head,
uphold my place in the face of chaos,
employ my strategies against
noble sisters whose smiles
I now enjoy? Some purpose,
then, must beset the battle to come.

Cherished Honor, are you
inscribed in this orb? Does its
metal carry fair weight?
Can Justice demand choice
between such goddesses –
Desire embodied, and the Lady
in name so cruelly treated,
Protectress of sweet Seasons?

Athena Considers the Apple

They have such devious ways,
those mortals on which he preys
in perverse abnegation of me.
These goddesses though are worthy
combatants. See my arms on theirs'?

Golden apple?
I own a tree with golden apples
safe in the Hesperides
a wedding gift from Mother Earth
to Zeus's Queen. She knew.
Each day I scan, dispatch
hunters to find his lovers,
kill their bastard babies,
yet those wretched twins
with quivers, arrows shot
with perfect aim, still
they sit at my table.
Blind rage becomes me,
a fire to cast rivals in stone
or burn them to shadowy ash.

Hera Scorns the Apple

Please recycle to a friend.

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origamipoems.com
or email us at:
origamipoems@gmail.com



Origami Poetry Project
THE GOLDEN APPLE
by MARY C. MUELLER
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BY
MARY MUELLER

But the goddess Eris, who had not been invited (to the marriage of Themis and Peleus) was determined to put the divine guests at loggerheads, and while Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite were chatting amiably together, arm in arm, she rolled a golden apple at their feet. Peleus picked it up, and stood embarrassed by its inscription: "To the fairest!" not knowing which of the three might be intended.

Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*

Aphrodite Reflects on the Apple

How odd that apple did not
like a dove take flight
to alight on my hand –
perhaps with my arms entwined
I was impossible to find.
Now I must scheme
for what is already mine.