

A Dowry for Us

None more famous in song and story  
than Odysseus, but Penelope—  
locked on the rocky Ithaca,

nothing mechanical or predictable,  
nothing of his veering lust,  
nothing of his dust.

A weaver she was,  
the mother she remained,  
the lover she became

again in the olive tree bed.  
Penelope is the zenith, the one  
the songs should herald.

She weaved a way  
through hordes of men,  
made a shroud to vanish them.