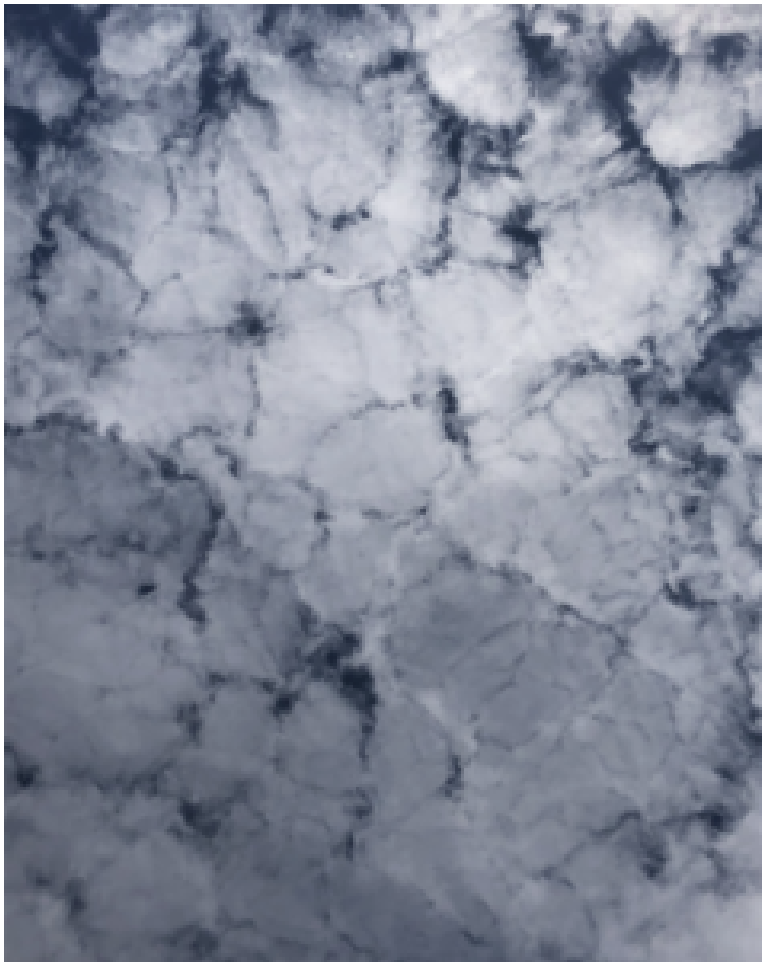


New Poetry by Joddy Murray: “Aphrodite Urania,” “Chronos After Castrating His Father,” “Grandpa Uranus, Rainmaker,” and “Uranus’ Genital Blood”



WOMB OF FOAM / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Aphrodite Urania

From a womb of foam I
came to be a woman, heavenly
gestated from Father, who also brought

weather, seasons. He is a castrate
and timeless, the bluest of planets.
As a warrior, my courage
is to stand by my brother while his
hunger weakens him, devouring
days, years – his children. My
courage is to persevere while
the sand under the waves carve
portraits of Mother – her power
quietly stronger than anything else,
ungrounded, unfathomable.

Chronos, After Castrating His Father

The sickle Mom gave me was super sharp, so all I had to do
was, like, sneak up on the old
man – who always ignores my AWESOMENESS anyway and has so many
fucking kids like
he's the king of the freakin' universe – get underneath that
nasty tunic he wears (with the
blood and guts of all the meals he eats but doesn't need to
eat cuz he's a God and all), and
from behind simply grab 'em, slice, and run like hell. Why did
I think this would be a good
idea? Just because I hate the man, and the way he treats
Mother is shit. But it was easier
than I thought. He didn't follow, just shrunk down to the
ground where his ball blood was
splattered and I could tell as I ran that there would be
giants and furies and monsters
born out of that blood. I hoped the sea would bury his
testicles as I tossed them as far as I
could, standing on a cliff, sure that all would be better now
and my time here would calm.

Grandpa Uranus, Rainmaker

My grandfather no longer visits
with his blued capes that cover everything –
his foamy genitals an island for
Aphrodite. My name, Urania,
is his and my sky is his, the
sodden breezes still spray
my eyes so I look up. Don't bother
charting the skies. Astronomy
is family. Look for me when you
are angry, I'll kiss your temple
and promise you your future
and pray to my grandpa, the
father of giants and furies and
all that I turn from in my shadows.

Uranus' Genital Blood

When my son cut off my testicles
and threw them to the sea, I thought
about those cherries I left for you
in a porcelain bowl by our bed.
His reason, Gaia? You, my darling.
So I'll sire no more children, darken
the skies no more, abate the thunderstorms,
give the bloodied sickle away
and make some Phaeacians as I do.
Time himself, Chronos, betrayed me
and I've set a growing hunger in him.

What beauty could come of this
or the sea? Beauty itself?