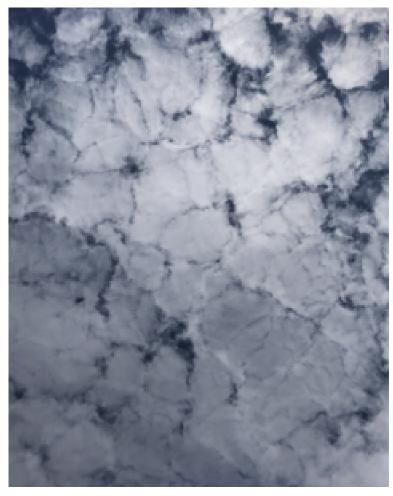
New Poetry by Joddy Murray: "Aphrodite Urania," "Chronos After Castrating His Father," "Grandpa Uranus, Rainmaker," and "Uranus' Genital Blood"



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?