

Never Belonged

A god with a mortal's voice Such a one am I
Fish nor fowl
Never belonged to my own kind Nymphs

Titans
I was never like them

We are not our blood There was no word

For what I was
The word was made For me
Pharmakis
Witch

Prometheus?
What are mortals like?

All different

The only thing they share is death How do they bear it?

As best they can

Life must be a torment to mortal men Like Odysseus — your father
Fate blew his ship to my shores
I saw him and thought

This is something torn that I can mend I have a taste for transformation
When he had to leave, I let him go What could I say?

His road was hard enough
without the pain we'd cause each other

Your father wanted a child But that is not why you live, Telegonus, my son
You are for me

Pharmakeia
Witchcraft
What I loved I fought for

Telegonus
My Telegonus
From the moment you were born into my arms You wanted to flee from them
You looked at the sea and whispered horizon

Now that you have to go, I let you leave What can I say?
One of us must suffer
I will not let it be you

Life is a torment to those who can't die My immortality
A cold eternity of endless grief

There was never a god

who enjoyed divinity less To be a God

is not
the opposite of death but death itself —
to be
forever
unchanging

I have a taste for transformation Pharmakis
Witch
The word made me what I am Now let it set me free

We are not our blood

I speak the word of my will
Magic is mostly work and will

I have a mortal's voice Now let me have the rest

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inspired by "Circe" by Madeline Miller