

When the Grape Became Purple: The Aged Genii Recalls the War of His Kind Against The Moisture Duchess

“ . . . Then the mother genii’s belly opened;
Then, disgorging their arrows and their armor,
Her babies, slithering like cobras, were siphoned
Into the light; The Duchess began her war;
Her clouds arced over us, like dinner plates,
Exploded , and the shards massed into black skeletons;
They climbed towards us over the walls of burial plots;
Then her hot rain burst into our scalded bones,
And we climbed onto wolves and rode away, cowards;
It was autumn when finally we felt safe;
The grapes were shiny and ripe, unbled, uncolored
Still by their shame of us; we slid their soft
Skins back, like the shut eyelids of dreamers, and in
We curled, stunned, waiting . . . for the world to be naïve again . . . ”

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