

Poem by Anne Elezabeth Pluto

The Fall

Ilium. Sterile promontory  
where Astanax was cast  
from battlements; my ashen-  
headed mother, weeping over  
Andromache, my sister-in-law—  
and you Helen, Greek strumpet  
busting amongst us: *Call her  
Sister*, brother Paris hissed.  
No!—no sister at her loom  
and for all her weaving  
our fates into all that fabric  
she wrapped about herself.

I knew it too soon—he felt  
light in the dark of my flesh,  
but I refused to give him  
another Helen or Achilleus,  
then he cursed me back  
to the fallen. *No one  
will ever believe.* You—lord  
of men, host of black ships—  
I miss your golden tongue,  
the swerve of your lips, a grin,  
my world; the future, your dark eyes.

*Lord, your wife will kill us both!*  
She sharpened the knife,  
cut your son back into the past,  
second daughter haunts  
a palace filled with furies  
and O the sacrifice—  
Iphigeneia!—in Aulus, still  
breathes. Did you really imagine  
Artemis would shatter his best piece?

***Bio:***

**Anne Elezabeth Pluto** was born in the Bronx and grew up in Brooklyn. She is Professor of Literature and Theatre at Lesley University in Cambridge, MA where she is the one of the founders and artistic director of the Oxford Street Players. She was a member of the Boston small press scene in the late 1980s and the editor of *Oak Square Magazine*. She started *Commonthought Magazine* at Lesley 24 years ago. Her chapbook, *The Frog Princess*, was published by White Pine Press. She has been a participant at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in 2005 and 2006. Her e-book of poetry *Lubbock Electric*, available from the U.K.'s Argotist Editions. Her most recent publications are in *Shadows of the Future an Otherstream Anthology*. She lives in Boston with her family.