

Odysseus in Sky
November 09, 2004

(For Skyler, who as Othello will someday take the world by storm)

Karekin M Yarian

For Sky, says “dark night;
the infinite blackness of her skin,”
A ripe fruit, full
of savor, complexity.
Oh, “a man – brooding,” For such as she is,
full of masculinity; says,
“She is devastatingly simple,”
When looking at Sky, a tangent,
a straight line touching very near
the curve. Without traversal,
she is a beautiful woman still.
In her face of shifting sands;
of opposite beginnings; “*male and
female, he created them,*” oceans rise.
When Sky speaks aloud says,
“her voice is a tale on vellum
made of lambskin.” Without blemish,
Deep as welcome, she causes worlds to break.
Because of this there is nothing;
an inadequate word.
When Sky walks alone, says “a cliffside,”
because her power is –
because her body is granite,
I have searched for words
at the sight of her that must remain unspoken – I think
I should remain here, on this page as nothing.
When I speak of Sky, forever Odysseus
on the wide open sea, I am neither.
She is both, always.

She is
when I look at her,
a midnight plum.
“That woman is a man.”
She is a metaphor,
An unexplainable unity.
for she is tangential,
without intersection;
She is man, woman;
a subtle *parataxis*.
Unapologetic ambiguity
inscribed in a warrior’s skin,
She is Odysseus.
An armor made of brass,
her skin shimmers;
a pure flame.
She is a writing quill, poised;
epic tales yet un-fashioned from
roiling black in the ink well.
She is a waterfall of tears,
a deluge. A great mountain
unmoved, and so I AM.