
The Second Handmaid of Hades on Time

Time is an orbit to Hades
It passes me by but holds me in
A moat
I cannot swim it
It drags me under to where
Yes— I might find peace
But there is no death for the dead
And it rebukes me
Shuttles me back to my ending place
My beginning place

I make no confession
I am weary of confessions
For they are empty and I am blameless
Those who live in wakeful death
Fearful of sin
Regardless find themselves in my place
Though with more quiet transition
There is power in transition
Which unnoticed is harmful to the soul
Which noticed wakes the soul
Finds the heart which has not quite stopped beating
Mine beats painful yet it beats
And still I am Clytemnestra

Melody Layne