

Open Letter to My Crew

Ava Love

Come on guys,
all I wanted to do
was take a nap,

dream about Penelope's
waiting arms
and ivory thighs.

We were almost home –

close enough to see
the shepherds tending their fires,
and smell the perfume of our native soil.

In a few hours we would have been
hugging our wives and sons,

but you had to open that bag
the one I told you not to touch.
I didn't think I had to tell you why.

I didn't think I needed to label it:
bag full of winds, do not touch
or we can't get home!

You doubted me,
you wanted treasure,
wanted a windfall, eh?

Who knows how long it will take to get home now,
I can only hope that some of you get eaten
by cannibals or turned into pigs.

And I swear to the Gods if it takes nine years
to get home now, I'll never speak to any
of you again.

~Odysseus