**Medusa’s Day of Rest and Relaxation**

E.N. Loizis

She uses a comb to remember

how to glide her fingers

through a weightless head—a deathless

crown of supple silk, misguided

heroes have no use for

alas! the serpents writhe and coil

around its polished teeth

they suffocate a lipless mouth

until her hands are empty with want

Most days she doesn’t mind:

she’s grown to love their hissing sound

the twisting sway of boneless beauty

dancing like nobody’s watching—nobody is

yet days like this

the tide pulls at her belly

her mouth is sticky with yearning

her body: more water than wrath

and she wishes a life

where her sight turns men

to flowers/bumblebees/honey/

two hands holding her face

like turning to stone

would be the best thing

that ever happened to them