For a long time I have been thinking about stories that…I've been thinking of the villains in stories, the person with whom the reader does not automatically identify with. And I read somewhere that Medusa was once a very beautiful woman, and she and Poseidon, I think, made love in the temple of Athena, and Athena got very angry and jealous, and so she cursed Medusa, and that's when Medusa's hair would turn to snakes and whatever would look at her would turn to stone. And I also read somewhere that she and her two sisters, they live at the end of the world by themselves and this incredible image of desolation stayed with me, and I wanted to do a poem from the point of view of Medusa, and the poem is just called "Medusa".

I must be beautiful,
Or why would men be speechless
at my sight? I have populated the countryside
with animals of stone
and put nations painlessly to sleep.

I too was human. I who now live here
at the end of the world
with two aging sisters, spinsters
massaging poisons into our scalps
and sunning our ruffled snakes,

and dreading the night, when
under the warm stars
we recall men we have loved,
their gestures forever refusing us.

Then why let anything remain
when whatever we loved
turned instantly to stone?
I am waiting for the Mediterranean
to see me: It will petrify.
And as caravans from Africa begin to cross it,
I will freeze their cargo of slaves.

Soon, soon, the sky will have eyes:
I will fossilize its dome into cracked blue,
I who am about to come
into God's full view
from the wrong side of the mirror
into which He gazes."

And so she dreams
till the sun-crimsoned shield
blinds her into nightmare:
her locks, falling from their roots,
crawl into rocks to die.
Perseus holds the sword above her neck.
Restless in her sleep, she,
for the last time, brushes back
the hissing curls from her forehead.