

a winged victory

Paige Gant

a goddess of Parian marble touches down on the ancient expanse of her homeland
flawless, free of imperfections
except
she's missing a head
and her arms
and her ship is in ruins
grounded and broken on an invisible wave that crests but never crashes
where does she fly with no eyes to guide her?
just a heart thumping in her breast, lungs expanding with crystal-cool air
soft skin cut from marble; blood flooding through warm organs
cold to the touch
clothing soaked by the spray of the sea sticks to the curves of her body
she stands perched at the bow of the ship
a symbol
how do her clothes appear damp?
the supple flesh of her midriff contours in effort
she's a warrior, warding off danger with feminine grace
wings splayed out behind her, feathers ruffling in the unforgiving gust of the wind
the people rushing by dare a glance at her headless form in lewd curiosity
for she is not a corpse but a beacon, her victory carried across the sea
stirring up a memory as I marvel in awe at her beauty and magnitude and power
others shoulder past me in pursuit of different riches so I stand alone and wonder
who cut off her head?
how did they make the marble appear soft?
they don't create anything
she is a living form
one who breathes life
collects experience
wages war
and love
master of her own fate
Nike of Samothrace, north of the Aegean Sea
lost fingers outstretched reaching
fly home from your Parisian entombment
your beloved Paros awaits