

Discord

The golden fleece
polishes the golden apple
McGuffins
peacefully forgotten
in the ravishes of war.

Nobody wants
these tranquil, aureate reminders
of scarlet bloodshed.
There are stains and scars
inherited from these
flawless
reflectors
of the human condition -
finding anything
even the brightest,
sweetest tones
to war over.
They bear the blemishes
not the fruit.

Midas was only one of many
to trade a silver crown,
a silver lining,
for this hot, irrevocable gilding
that embalms fates into the brightest path to darkness.

The polisher
sighs.
Her name is Helen,
they died in her name.
Forgive her for her vanity
but she knows
her beauty
is deadly.
Forgive her for her
guilt.
But she knows
the guile
was all for her.
Forgive them
it was only
human,
and gods
they ought not meddle
too.

Yet distracted
by the shine
of these McGuffins
blood and gold.