



### *Mourning Becomes Medusa\**

This Sarpedon must be  
I'm all out of hope.  
Indeed the land of nightmares!  
One more bad dream  
could bring a fall.  
Not my magical makhaira nor  
Athena's brazen shield shields  
When I'm far from home  
don't call me on the phone  
to tell me you're alone.  
my eyes from your horror-  
It's easy to deceive.  
ravished beauty,  
It's easier to tease,  
but hard to get release.  
O Gorgon!

Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
Were I to gaze into your hematite eyes,  
Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
that mirror twice the depth of aloneness,  
Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
my heart would surely turn to stone.  
Got no human grace,...  
your eyes without a face.

I spend so much time  
But know that all ye chthonic demons  
believing all the lies  
to keep the dream alive.  
–Phorcys’ brood– are from now on  
Now it makes me sad;  
vanquished by a new dawn pantheon  
it makes me mad at truth  
under Zeus’ reign,  
for loving what was you.  
my father.

Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
And when you think you see my back  
–O harridan from Hades!– you only grasp  
Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
your own faceless eyes  
mirrored on Athena’s aegis.  
Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
Pluck them out as Oedipus did  
Got no human grace,...  
or suffer your own  
your eyes without a face.  
petrification.

When you hear the music, you make a dip into someone else’s pocket, then make a slip,  
steal a car and go to Las Vegas –Oh, the gigolo pool!  
When you looked into your own eyes, sickness, death and every known curse  
from Pandora’s jar leapt out at your prosopon of a face.  
Hangin’ out by the state line, turning holy water into wine,  
Know your droplets of foetid blood...drinking it down.  
will breed forth a myriad venomous vipers and adders and asps to  
I’m on a bus on a psychedelic trip, reading murder books, tryin’ to stay hip.  
henceforth befoul the Libyan sands.  
I’m thinkin’ of you; you’re out there, so...  
Now, taste only the potent thrust of  
Say your prayers!  
Hephaestus’s burnished blade as it  
Say your prayers!  
slices through your dragon-like neck.  
Say your prayers!

Now I close my eyes  
and I wonder why  
I don't despise.  
This plague will be your inheritance.  
Now all I can do...  
love what was once  
And until the end of days  
so alive and new;  
but it's gone from your eyes...  
I'd better realize.

Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
your serpent-garlanded head,  
Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
now safely in the sack I carry,  
Les yeux sans visage.  
Eyes without a face.  
will turn many a glaring foe  
Got no human grace,...  
your eyes without a face.  
into blood-red marble statuary.  
Such a human waste,  
As we henceforth all must face  
your eyes without a face...  
your siblings – immortal gorgons!–  
  
And now it's getting worse.  
without no more  
deus ex machina.

\* All text in Calibri font is from the song "**Eyes Without a Face**" by Billy Idol, Steve Stevens & William Broad (1983). Text in Times New Roman font is an original poem by © Pascual Delgado, written on July 18<sup>th</sup> 2018.

Image is a modification of Caravaggio's painting *Murtula* (1596) with superimposition of the face of Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* (1517).