



Lauren Antrosiglio

Dionysus and Other Poems

↳Dionysus↵

In my finest hour I become Dionysus

No statues with severed limbs

No headless gods and myths of the ages, I have come to live

To exist only in ecstasy

To squeeze wine from grapes with the velvet tips of my fingers,

To drive women mad,

To show you freedom and lust—

To make you believe

Dionysus, I am Bacchus, a son of Zeus, drunk as a bird,

licking my wine off your lips, I can show you freedom, the beauty,

pleasure rising like a utopian wildfire

The simple joys of life— to imbibe! The decadence! Infinite celebrations!

Transcendental orgies of the gods!

In my finest hour, you cannot see my eyes

I, your passionate muse,

I work without words.

I have come to release you--

to be resurrected in the furious night,

I have come to you, in the finest of all hours

to show you the way to paradise,

release you from your chains,

set them on fire

and dance in their flames.

↳ For Nora ↵

It was almost as if

we met for coffee on a Wednesday

and laughed over our teenage hearts

years after the fact

Sharing tales of loss

and of rebirth

Fascinated but not surprised

by the reinventions of our previous selves

and in sporadic moments

traces of those girls

sliding out

under a smile

↪Five to Three↪

I wake up in the middle of the night
to write poetry—
Instead I write a plan for my life
Instead,
epiphanies ring through my bedroom like stars.

↪Self Portrait↪

My fingers
smell like onions and garlic
from chopping and cooking for one
My hands create art
run over the rough edges of canvas
press soil into pots
reach like winter branches across the wind

lips are daffodils
tongue is a wild river
my eyes trickle at sad movies
or the mention of death

I can make you laugh
turn the tired corners of your mouth
wonder why you never loved me
I can make you see the beauty of silence
the blessings of escape
to find your soul in between moments

Words are my breath
I write poems in the shining afternoon
never sit up straight
dance like a child
and send out love
in bucketfuls.

Author Bio

Lauren Antrosiglio has previously been published in *Dilate Magazine*, and will also be featured in the upcoming issue of the *Hidden City Quarterly*.

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