

Galatea

you don't know me by name,
though you've heard of my husband, of course--
Pygmalion.
the myth ends with our marriage.

then the real story begins.
(no, the *real* story begins a year later,
with our divorce.)

it shouldn't surprise you--
i mean, look at the courtship:
it really didn't involve me:
he spent months romancing his own private image
of the perfect woman,
not me.
(that happens a lot.)

then, as you know, he visited Venus,
she was impressed with his passion,
and made his sculpture,
(his archetype of the life-sized inflatable doll)
come alive:
he proposed immediately,
and, i accepted.
(why, you might wonder.
well, it's not uncommon for a disproportionate
attachment
to develop toward the agent of,
no, the first encounter after,
one's sexual awakening.
in my case, since the awakening included
my entire
physicality,
i think my initial infatuation, and hence, consent
is understandable.)

however, over the next little while,
i found out what everyone knew:
that he had spent years creating
this beautiful statue
that when it was done he started dressing it,
talking to it, bringing it gifts.
that he caressed it, kissed it--

(i also found out what few people knew:
that he had left a hollow space in the right spot,
and lined it with moss
--he was fucking it too.)

so let's face it, the man has problems:
womb envy
delusions of grandeur
displaced narcissism
misogyny
stone fetishism
inability to cope with reality

so when he brought home this huge block of marble
one day

i left.