Rewriting Cassandra

Christina Wells

I bet it was a beautiful day when they let that horse in the pasture:
Blue skies, sun, grass blowing.
It's never really a “dark and stormy night”
When the real shit hits.
No, gold and blue butterflies dance, and war marches on.

The only thing stranger than a giant wooden horse invading
Is you, with your proverbial broken tongue, and nobody listening
When you warned them it was coming.
And later, much later, everybody's too busy blaming Helen's face for the war
To remember that listening to one woman would have prevented it, or at least,
made it less absurd.
(Who's dormant enough to get attacked by wooden horses, anyway?)

It's a split second cultural genocide
That picked out whose reality to check:
Who got to be crazy
And which prophetic voices got confused by angry gods.