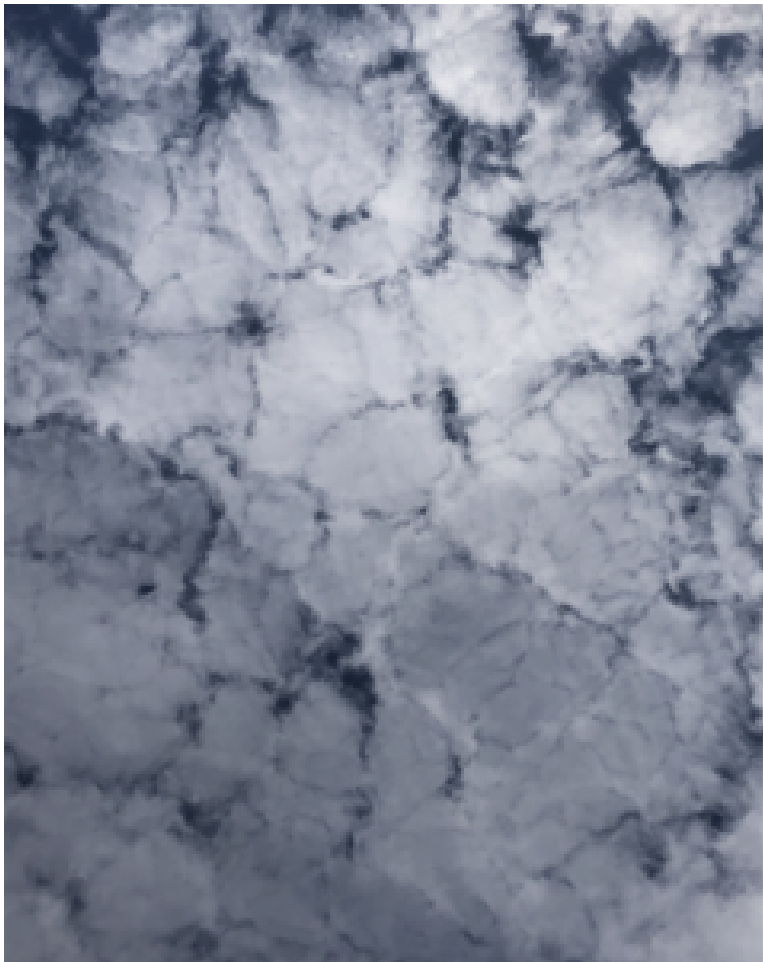


# New Poetry by Joddy Murray: “Aphrodite Urania,” “Chronos After Castrating His Father,” “Grandpa Uranus, Rainmaker,” and “Uranus’ Genital Blood”



WOMB OF FOAM / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **Aphrodite Urania**

From a womb of foam I  
came to be a woman, heavenly  
gestated from Father, who also brought

weather, seasons. He is a castrate  
and timeless, the bluest of planets.  
As a warrior, my courage  
is to stand by my brother while his  
hunger weakens him, devouring  
days, years – his children. My  
courage is to persevere while  
the sand under the waves carve  
portraits of Mother – her power  
quietly stronger than anything else,  
ungrounded, unfathomable.

### **Chronos, After Castrating His Father**

The sickle Mom gave me was super sharp, so all I had to do  
was, like, sneak up on the old  
man – who always ignores my AWESOMENESS anyway and has so many  
fucking kids like  
he's the king of the freakin' universe – get underneath that  
nasty tunic he wears (with the  
blood and guts of all the meals he eats but doesn't need to  
eat cuz he's a God and all), and  
from behind simply grab 'em, slice, and run like hell. Why did  
I think this would be a good  
idea? Just because I hate the man, and the way he treats  
Mother is shit. But it was easier  
than I thought. He didn't follow, just shrunk down to the  
ground where his ball blood was  
splattered and I could tell as I ran that there would be  
giants and furies and monsters  
born out of that blood. I hoped the sea would bury his  
testicles as I tossed them as far as I  
could, standing on a cliff, sure that all would be better now  
and my time here would calm.

## **Grandpa Uranus, Rainmaker**

My grandfather no longer visits  
with his blued capes that cover everything –  
his foamy genitals an island for  
Aphrodite. My name, Urania,  
is his and my sky is his, the  
sodden breezes still spray  
my eyes so I look up. Don't bother  
charting the skies. Astronomy  
is family. Look for me when you  
are angry, I'll kiss your temple  
and promise you your future  
and pray to my grandpa, the  
father of giants and furies and  
all that I turn from in my shadows.

## **Uranus' Genital Blood**

When my son cut off my testicles  
and threw them to the sea, I thought  
about those cherries I left for you  
in a porcelain bowl by our bed.  
His reason, Gaia? You, my darling.  
So I'll sire no more children, darken  
the skies no more, abate the thunderstorms,  
give the bloodied sickle away  
and make some Phaeacians as I do.  
Time himself, Chronos, betrayed me  
and I've set a growing hunger in him.

What beauty could come of this  
or the sea? Beauty itself?