

Pandora

*After the sculpture by Chauncey Bradley Ives
with lines from Hesiod*

Help me dismember
the myth of me.

Let it begin with a question:
did I give you everything
or was I given all?
Answer: the blame for your deception,
your misery.

who by her charms and beauty

I am remembered simply as

ruin of man

and from that moment all miseries came down

I came not from rib, but from the earth itself,
molded. The way they tell the story,
it's my fault.
How dare I move, how dare I think?
I am with you Eve, in these false embraces,
these remembrances.
Let them dismember
my arms and their hands
after my thoughts and their execution.

came down upon men

No one asks if I hesitated,
if I pondered the implications,

all the blessings of the gods
which would have been preserved
had not I—

opened the vessel

but I gave you every gift molded into one:

hope

all be glad of heart while they embrace their own destruction