

My Dinner with Athena

She enters in gossamer white, aqua shawl
A huge golden pendant resembling an owl

She lays down her sword, puts it under the table
Tosses her ringlets, fingers her sable

I start with some questions, she stops to confer
Can our waiter bring sea bass with olives for her?

He nods yes of course, his voice very low
Says our wine is divine, we should try Orvieto

Interrupted by flagrant toasts to her gardens,
And then by her boasts of sculptures, tall fountains

I start to forget why I wanted a mentor
She blithely neglects the reason we met here

So, I endure long tales of her party,
Held in plein air, right next to the priory

Barbequed lamb, golden flames burning brightly
Her fans all brought gifts, they know she's quite arty

She relished the game of putting that guy down

The one with the cloak, sharp trident upturned

Both were aware of their upcoming skirmish

Wily and fearless, she knew she would vanquish

I stop her mid-story, as I scream, "Athena!

I need you to focus! Pay attention to me—

Tell me how did we get here? Pray, what do you know?"

She takes a small sip, hazel eyes start to glow—

Then she chants:

Life is dangerous, thrilling and glorious

Work hard in your fields, don't make it laborious

Spin marvelous magic, be tough and ambitious

Keep reading, keep reading, be slyly capricious

Help all of your babies, give parties for friends

Do magnificent deeds!

And that was the end

She never explained the way we all got here

She was late for a séance, and readied to go

Floated up to the spot where her entourage waited

Climbed into the carriage and wrote on a scroll

I think she recorded a thought from our meeting

Silver ink— perhaps it was something I said?

She waved from her chariot, looking resplendent

Murmured a blessing—personal, transcendent:

May the gods be with you!

