

Gregory Crosby

## **The Truth About Athena**

She had to pry them open,  
one by one, her skin a squid's  
blue-black, eyes already strung  
with words, just to leave  
His gestating fist, clenched  
as it was like a hand hooded  
by chalk, the clue to the  
killer's name held fast  
in a tight, cold bud.

But His head *did* ache.

Her eyes deep as  
India, her stomach  
smooth as slate. Much later,  
during what passed for  
her adolescence, she cried  
*What's the good of wisdom  
if you aren't born a fool?*

A wise child who knows  
her father. As for Him,  
He can't tell them apart,  
unless He bends  
close enough to recognize  
the faintest whorls  
on her immortal face: His

fingerprints (the only set  
they'll ever find).

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Gregory Crosby's work has previously appeared or is forthcoming in *Court Green*, *Copper Nickel*, *Paradigm*, *Rattle*, *Poem*, *Jacket*, *Pearl*, [sic], and *The South Carolina Review*. He is a recent winner of the Marie Ponsot Poetry Prize.