Circe

Julian Schmidt*
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Abstract

40,000 thieves enraptured by undulations of fine-spun jewel wisps and a chrysalis of nectar dreams...
"Well, dear, he's found out everything about your affair with that nice Mrs. Gould. Now, you wouldn't want a scandalous rumor to ruin her art institute and her reputation, would you?"

"There hasn't been an affair!" He wanted to ram his fist into her swelling belly.

"Oh come on, Tony. You've been going to her house nearly every day for two years. What does that spell? You'd better come in and talk to Mother."

He followed her into the house.

**Circe**

_by Julian Schmidt_

40,000 thieves enraptured by undulations of fine-spun jewel wisps and a chrysallis of nectar dreams —
   flowing —
   cirro-cumulus —
   propriumque tuum —
as permeating mist irresistible by evening
   I can wait no longer
like 300 mirrors, incongruous, twisting and breaking, the vision crumbles in blackness —
   swirling in an omnibus of screaming fright and tingling sighs
   but it is also there —
the awe of the unknown and the seduction of the condemned — whispers inaudibly —
dissolves body and soul in mutual ecstasy