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Leda Afterwards

Peter Huggins

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Leda Afterwards

"She married a smaller man with a beaky nose,  
And melted away in the storm of everyday life."

Mona Van Duyn

They were his children, but he didn't help me.  
He went back to his wife, the bitch, and left me  
To fend for myself. I had to marry this man  

To give my life an anchor, for I was drifting  
Out to sea and would have drowned if he had  
Not come along and taken me ashore.

He's not much to look at, but he works like an ox  
In the vineyards and returns to me with a smile  
At the end of a long day. Believe me,

That helps a lot. And he knows the babies aren't his,  
Yet he's kind to them, even when they act  
Superior to him, and demean their provider.

I don't miss that other one, that brief rush  
He gave me, it was no pleasure, and I don't wish  
Him back for all the gold and myrrh in Egypt.

Peter Huggins