

## **A Mantis Prayer**

**Mindy Watson**

With jade head bowed, you've no doubt come to supplicate.  
The myths you've heard are true, but aged. Few supplicate.

I see within your compound eyes such grievous woe.  
Beseeching me to stir your streams, you supplicate.

The memories my femurs spin once lured great Zeus,  
Who took nine nights inside of me to supplicate.

I'll be your muse as well if you'll fulfill my need—  
My fountainhead draws depth from those who supplicate.

I'm poised to spread my white-veined wings. Ascend my back,  
Unbolt my coxa. Fused as one, two supplicate.

We peak, and you invoke my name: Mnemosyne!  
Revitalized, you've no more need to supplicate.

By clearing Lethe's draught, I've quenched your mind... Now go!  
Flee swiftly or you'll soon find cause to supplicate.

I'll twist myself completely 'round, fierce jaws agape,  
And take your head—no matter how you supplicate.

Remembrance salves, but can't become salvation's gate.  
Mnemosyne consumes the fools who supplicate.