**Wives’ Tales of Troas and Troy**

Mythical illusions were not in mind

as we careened around Canakkale lorries.

Husband John had the wheel, I held the vision:

“Search the Lonely Planet for a seaside vacation.”

John glanced over as I flipped through the pages.

Too late, I can’t hide it, he shouts for joy, “Troy!”

I rant: a fake wooden tribute to death and adultery!

Wisps of smoke tainted the air over Troy.

I had prayed we could still catch the ferry.

Greek warriors had prayed the Trojans would see

the fleet’s exodus as victory not trickery,

and take hold of the hollow-bellied gift,

filled with deceit and lit censors to amaze

by setting Troy’s Ilium fortress ablaze.

I sent John off to the horse. “I hope you find

your inner Spartacus tribe.” I sulked by a spring.

Her shadow wavered at the edge of the water,

her whisper mingled in a trickle over rock,

“Have you seen him? My husband, Aeneas.

I sent him off with our son on the sea

I pray the gods will return him to me.”

Licked by the tongue of the fire gods in Ilium,

Creusa was taken to Sheol, but her spirit would not rest

until she had blessed her surviving spouse’s sojourn.

His fated seed went on to found Rome,

in wisps of smoke, she’s forever alone.

A boy, Eutychus? scurried by, tossed a stone in the spring.

When the ripples had calmed, Creusa’s phantom had gone.

I was forlorn, we had missed the ferry’s docking,

I imagined Saint Paul departed Troas without regretting

his plight, the sail on his ship reflecting the light,

so I prepared to camp like a good warrior-wife.

Somber shadows that night eclipsed a blood moon.

Unlike Creusa, with night as her mantle and woe for eternity,

I had my live hero husband who would always reassure me,

“The light is still there, like the morning star at noon.”