Medusa – Carol Ann Duffy

A suspicion, a doubt, a jealousy grew in my mind, which turned the hairs on my head to filthy snakes **<-- [Allusion | Medusa’s hair were snakes]** as though my thoughts hissed and spat on my scalp.

My bride’s breath soured, stank in the grey bags of my lungs. **<-- [Imagery]** I’m foul mouthed now, foul tongued, yellow fanged. There are bullet tears in my eyes. Are you terrified?

Be terrified. It’s you I love, perfect man, Greek God, my own; but I know you’ll go, betray me, stray from home. So better be for me if you were stone. **<-- [Allusion to Medusa | Turns people into stone when looking at them]**

I glanced at a buzzing bee, a dull grey pebble fell to the ground. **<-- [Imagery]**

I glanced at a singing bird, a handful of dusty gravel spattered down. **<-- [Imagery]** I looked at a ginger cat, a housebrick shattered a bowl of milk. I looked at a snuffling pig, a boulder rolled in a heap of shit. **<-- [Allusion | Medusa turns people into stone when looking at them]**

I stared in the mirror. Love gone bad showed me a Gorgon. **<-- [Allusion to Medusa | A gorgon is ugly, just like Medusa’s appearance]** I stared at a dragon. Fire spewed from the mouth of a mountain. **<-- [Imagery]**

And here you come with a shield for a heart and a sword for a tongue **<-- [Symbolism]** and your girls, your girls.  
Wasn’t I beautiful?  
Wasn’t I fragrant and young?

Look at me now.