

Mortals Are Not Supposed To Love With The Intensity Of Gods

Ana Laura Oliveira Gasull

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“How can I save him?”

“Do not let him kill Hector,” Thetis said.

But I could not keep the wild out of him,
not for long enough,
could not contain the thirst clawing at his throat.

I killed a boy once, did you know?
Years later, when I had all but forgotten him,
his blood was still in my hands,
underneath my fingernails,
staining the tips of my fingers red.
Achilles washed my hands.

He was not made for killing,
and neither was I,
but *war war war war*, that is all we know.
Ten years go by in the blink of an eye, they say.
The air smells rotten even when the blood has all but dried up.

I killed a boy once, and I cannot get rid of his face.
It haunts me still, even if I forget.
Especially when I forget.

Does Ichor run through his veins?
Is that how he managed to get rid of my crimes?
Did the gods bestow upon him Midas' touch?
“Do not sail for Troy,” I begged.
I knew he would not listen,
golden golden golden boy,
but I could not hold him back.
I tried, I swear I tried,
I am made for trying.

“Do not let him kill Hector,” Thetis said,
“That is the beginning of the end.”
She was wrong.
It started when I met him, when I loved him, when he loved me,
when his body was my body,
when his blood beat through my heart.
Mortals are not supposed to love with the intensity of gods,
so I killed him.

Mortals Are Not Supposed To Love With The Intensity Of Gods is a companion piece to the illustration *Heart Aching Lovers*. Both artists worked together to bring to life the story of Achilles and Patroclus through the lens of Chaos and Hybris.

Ana Laura Oliveira Gasull (Governador Valadares, Brazil, 1996) earned a Bachelor's Degree in Literary Studies with the University of Barcelona, which she mostly uses to write articles for the Wall Street International. A lover of well-crafted stories, she devours books with great appetite but is never quite satisfied with the banquet. Still, reading in subways, coffee shops, or while lying on the grass constitutes her greatest pleasure. She has become the type of person who annotates the margins of her books—her teenage self would be appalled, but luckily her adult self is well aware that, someday, someone will inherit her library and they might enjoy reading her (allegedly) hilarious thoughts and criticisms. She also feels very silly writing this biography in the third person, but would feel even sillier writing it in the first person.