

Ave Terra, Morituri Te Salutant!

I.

Do you see them, on One?
Scars now decorate his sturdy, once smooth, trunk...
As they were being drawn, he bled and bled, in painful bliss.
A simple, almost childish, drawing, to declare an evanescent longing-
Shame on the Bold, their initials eternally separated by a 'sin'!
Meaningless words of love, spoken only to be heard
Carved only to be displayed, even when they are untrue.
Tremble the deeds of the naively enamored, gazing at the stars
Mischievous Cupid Scarred One!

II.

And do you know about Dhyo?
Many still have no clue, of the atrocity that occurred
It was with the echo that she met her end
The sun used the clouds to cover his eyes, but earth and sky couldn't but witness
the day that He, the savage, took his weapon on his ally
He was taken over by a sadistic joy as he amputated the limbs
The hands were rid of first, pleas or random attacks would be a nuisance
She couldn't run, her legs were roots, but were chopped off anyway
And then She was gone, and He thought it was Good!
And, without Her, He died, but She would live on to laugh...

III.

And did you hear about Tria?
Resistance fatigued her to the point of shedding tears
Slowly she is transforming into a fossil, consciously slipping into death
If only she could cut herself off from her spring of life
But her nature condemns her to take a sip of poison
If only she could deplete that poison on her own
So that she could save all her loved ones, even Him, who depended on Her
The irony of embracing your executioner!

[Response to Sofia Kyriakaki's paintings,
'Women in R. E. D.' exhibition.]