

What Remains of Olympus

by Alice Trantum

How pitiful, to live upon a crumbling tower
and have no one to tremble at your power.

They do not roam their mighty mountain any more,
preferring to condemn their ancient birthplace
as they themselves live on in lore
and their impending doom embrace.

Zeus and Hera strut about the colossal amphitheater
attempting to outdo the other, and prove that they were right,
the other was wrong, and assert which one knew better.
Goading the other, and angering them out of spite.

Poseidon lounges near the pools, not daring to peek
at the rage engulfing his haggard, aging face.
Instead he watches, as the ignorant meek
swim circles among the reeds with blissful grace.

Athena shakes her spear at her foes
daring them to challenge and fight her,
distracting her mind from all that she knows,
but she is too wise to forget and too sure.

Hades watches Athena fight, only half seeing
the death of all those Athena has slain.
His to collect, were he truly a godly being,
he would surely be man's truest bane.

Yet it remains untouched, forever unchanging--the same.
the magnificent stonework erodes with each unearthly gale
the temples crack under the weight--unworthy of their name,
And the sparse trees and wispy flowers grow ever frail