

### Category 3 – Creative Writing

## **Prometheus Poem**

Prometheus survived the Great War,  
With one other Titan what a bore.  
He meets three Fates,  
And they become mates,  
They tell him that his kids will inherit earth,  
But he had no kids, none he gave birth.

He wonders how this can be,  
Then he remembers he buried jars, only three;  
Filled with his mother's flesh,  
Earth that was fresh,  
The blood of his father,  
And the sky which was farther

He finds the jars and kneads the contents together,  
Shaping them into men and women some made of heather.  
They come to life,  
Huddling together, eyes full of strife.  
All but one remains,  
But it dies in pain,  
It falls to the ground with a thud,  
Landing in the mud.

Meanwhile in cave dark and dusty,  
The threads of life are being spun golden and musty.  
The threads are being measured and cut,  
Oh what luck!



*By Charlotte Mansi*