

# Prometheus, The Clever Trickster

Prometheus, the clever trickster  
Is all tied up in chains;  
Emaciated and weak, he is  
And Zeus delights in his pains.

'How did this happen?' you may ask  
'Why is Zeus so full of spite?'  
Prometheus played tricks on the gods  
And he was not contrite.

Every night, vultures come  
With their cruel beaks like steel,  
They peck out his liver  
But in the morning, his wound heals.

Soon tired of this gruesome game,  
Epimetheus falls into sight.  
'This will be good,' Zeus laughs  
As he grins with sheer delight.

He creates a young woman,  
Her beauty quite unmatched.  
He breathes life into her soul  
And then his plan is hatched.

Behind that charming, pretty mask  
Her true personality is brewing.  
Arrogance, pride and conceit,  
Are all key parts of her undoing.

But the most dangerous thing of all,  
Zeus explains with a sly smile,  
Is her blazing curiosity,  
That burns like a roaring fire.

"You shall be Pandora," he says  
"It means 'a gift to all.'"  
"You shall play a crucial part  
In humanity's downfall!"

Her beauty and her grace,  
Her smile like a sunray,  
Epimetheus is enchanted  
They are married without delay.

His love for her knows no limit,  
Anything she wants is hers.  
Jewels, clothes, chocolates,  
And the shiniest of pearls.

However, he makes one rule.  
Epimetheus owns a box.

The outside is embroidered with gold  
And swaddled in chains and locks.

'Pandora! Listen!' he says.  
You are not to touch this, ok!  
'Terrible, terrible things will happen;  
'Things that I can't say.

'What are you hiding?' she demands.  
'Tell me! I want to know!'  
She screams and cries and stomps her feet,  
But each time, he says no.

Curiosity overwhelms her.  
She just won't give in.  
She longs to open his magic chest  
With secrets deep within.

One day, she's had enough.  
She thinks, 'I'll just take a look!'  
She wrenches open the patterned lid  
And what she sees leaves her shook.

Out fly the evils of the world  
Shadows of swirling black and grey,  
A tangle of horns and scales and fangs.  
She screams, 'TAKE THEM AWAY!'

More spill out; it doesn't stop.  
Terrible sounds fill the skies,  
She covers her ears and sobs.  
Until eventually, the roaring dies.

Total silence fills her ears.  
Pandora slams the lid down.  
'Finally, the box is empty,' she rasps  
But wait- then what's that sound?

She hears a little creature,  
Saying 'Let me out! Please try!'  
Pandora gently lifts the lid  
There lies a small butterfly.

'Who are you?' Pandora whimpers.  
'I'm Hope,' it says. 'Don't cry,'  
'Not all is lost,' she says as she soars  
On wings the colour of the sky.

Now when people are bereft,  
When they feel sad and cry,  
Hope is always, always there  
To stay right by their side.

By Rhianna Bailey (TTGS)