

The tragedy of Actaeon

Yr7
Poem by Ayesha Mazhar

Wind sweeps across his face,
The trees bow down to him,
Treading through muddy trenches,
The lion growls.

Exasperated from trying to fight it off,
The monster takes full control,
The forest rumbles,
The lion roars.

The blood smeared across his face burns,
As the blazing sun stares down,
His blood-thirsty hounds back away,
The lion is calm.

Flesh scattered upon the ground,
His calcaneus covered in blood,
He seeks something to satisfy his thirst,
The lion forages.

His mouth is parched,
His legs as if nailed to the ground,
Clothes seeping in blood and sweat,
The lion is distraught.

His dusty grey eyes glimmer malevolently,
As he watched his prey perch upon a rock,
Suddenly his eyes flicker towards something else,

Ayesha Mazhar Yr7

The lion is distracted.

The naked goddess Athena flushes furiously with
anger and spite,
Nymphs rush forwards screeching and squealing
with hatred,
She glares at him fire burning in her eyes,
The lion cowers.

With a swish of her long, thin hand,
Icy water streams down his back,
He looks down to see the dirty, black hooves of a
stag,
The lion is no more.

Oh the agony, the irony!
The daring and unchallenged lion now being
chased by his own dogs,
People whom he had called friends chasing behind
him eager for his meat,
chasing further and further into the heart of the
forest,
Calling his name.

Finally his hounds sink their teeth into his fur,
And the stag lies peacefully on the grass,
Taking his last breath.

-Ayesha