

XIII

Whom the gods love dies young so it goes.
Yet what's the good in that I'll never know.
Though many ills one might escape by this
 Avoid a lifetime of mistakes & ruin.

Lives shattered, scattered across Olympus.
Who can stand the violence of the gods?
 Their meddling doing & undoing
What's fashioned for their own delights.

I once thought I'd never see past twenty-five.
The perfect age to move into the myths.
 The gods themselves guard enviously.
No mortals dare aspire to that true fame.

Young is the way to go into forever.
Nothing behind to grieve; everything severed.