



Crowned in Serpents, Not Sin

Poseidon's mind was divided, his dalliance excited, yearning deliberated by the crashing of waves, in the blackness of night, overcome by the sight, a fragile promise dangling just out of reach. Where ocean meets sky, he endeavoured to satisfy an ache that lingered in the spaces between his thoughts. He let out a groan; desperate hunger could not atone for that craving-chasm abyss set beneath the skin.

His wife, Amphitrite, caught unawares by inconsequential cares, was veiled by Luna's pale, feathery lace. All was lost by the throng of Aphrodite's bona fide song, skillfully threading its silk in the wind.

Pheobe divining foretold, in those writings of old, of that serpent's ravenous cravings consumed. Overcome by the flame, though hardly knowing her name, he quenched his thirst as he drank from her cup.

Athena's temple walls shook as her virtue he took, by Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, of origin, to note. Rendering Medusa unchaste to be a priestess of that space. Poseidon lay guiltless of the violation and the sacrilege he committed. In retribution for the law, which Athena now saw, no other choice but to change Medusa's hair into snakes. Her face once bemoaned, now turned onlookers to stone, a victim cast out for one man's irreligious disgrace.

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