

# Myths

Am I a ship of Theseus,  
The sum of broken parts?  
I traded who I used to be,  
Destroying my old art.

Murdering my very heart,  
For Hyacinth is dead,  
None opposing Fate's own hand,  
To love, to kill instead.

Do I mimic Icarus,  
Longing to touch the sun?  
Tragedy came from a wish,  
Destined ere it begun.

Horses galloping freely,  
Phaethon falling down,  
Someone so much greater claims  
It's best for me to drown

Am I like Odysseus,  
So distant from my heart?  
Sailing off, only to fight,  
And growing far apart

Glancing back like Orpheus  
Now Eurydice is doomed,  
Further down, forever gone,  
All hope has been consumed

Do I reflect Pandora,  
Have I opened the box?  
Unleashing certain evil,  
That was kept under a lock.

Laughs of summer wholly fade,  
Echoing through my thoughts.  
A drink from river Lethe,  
Forget all I was taught.

Do I appear as Hades,  
Stealing another's joy?  
Countless souls all hating me,  
For I, death, do employ.

Winter's hold ensuing now,  
All mourning this great loss,  
Follow her, Persephone  
And sail the sea across

Do I stand among these myths  
And find myself in them?  
Tales of monsters, soldiers past,  
Each one a precious gem.

The difference is these anecdotes  
Tell of those who are dead.  
Unlike them, I'm still alive,  
This story's mine to give.

Will I use this chance of mine  
To make my story whole?  
The future lies ahead of me,  
New history untold.

Days anew now dawning here,  
A life before me lies,  
Journeys left for me to write  
My myth before I die.