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In Awe of the Coliseum

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Circe

Karen Carlin

On your island all alone,
With only Nymphs and tame beasts,
On behalf of company
Circe, of dire beauty and divinity,
Immortal daughter of grand Helios.

Sings your sweet song,
To lure masculine company.
Indulging them like mighty Kings,
With feasts of cheese, and barley,
Toasts of Parmnian wine,
Seasoned with potion,
Of divine conception.
You tire of lonely sailors hastily,
And change their form from man to swine.
Your preference to the company of beasts.

Circe, of dire beauty and divinity,
Immortal daughter of grand Helios.
It is your trickery that is the cause,
On your island all alone,
With only Nymphs and tame beasts,
On behalf of company.

In Awe of the Coliseum

Rebecca Horchak