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Homer's Epic Truth

Barbara Sequenzia

Who is this man who writes of wonder, fear, gripping death. Who pens the demons' cruel daggers, toasted body parts on a platter. Blood drenched quivers to end a score. His thoughts are visions, explicit imagery; An artist's canvas immersed in epic myths.

Who is this man who spins the web of manipulating monarchs, Puppetry on a string with cocked bows, destiny in their hands. Deity amiss lashing at revenge, jovial, gleeful, overjoyed, Never knowing where to end.

Who is this conniving mind that burns the threshold of the loins, Gripping life with emotion, lust, sweat, sex-driven bodies In slow motion like a dream never to be awaken. Loathing, caressing, repulsive, emanate passion, lost fidelity.

Are you really the great unknown? Dipping the soul in a world of ancient expositions; Yet buried deep within lies a venom you grasp, Spellbound, lynching every women.

Spirits driven from time to time Of the golden calf that Awaits its moment of epic truth.