

GRAEME HETHERINGTON

THESEUS

(1)

I'd left the dark island behind,
The minotaur deep in the maze
Who maimed me with one of his horns
Before I destroyed him with mine

And fled with the help of the girl.
Determined to alter Fate's course,
She led me to Naxos with love,
With offers to heal my gashed groin

And later to set the white sail,
When Phaedra parading on deck
In tusks woven into a crown
Inflamed my unhealable wound.

(2)

The man who slew the minotaur,
I womanised my way to power
Till impotent from guilt I lost
The queen's love to my virgin-son.
A hobbled beast, I potter round

And never meet a female eye,
Or bellow when my memories
Of Ariadne deeply thrust
Like daggers into wounded pride
And slowly bring me to my knees.