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Sonnet XLIII: Old Hero

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care, when she disembarked and began walking, about the three-headed canine monster that sniffed her as she went by; she did not even care about the dark palace off in the distance, which housed the gods of the dead. She kept walking, walking through groves of slender willow, cypress, and various still pools, until she came to a silent field of asphodel. There seemed to be a sort of low-lying fog around the meadow, a gray mist, but not so dense that she could not see someone standing among it, waiting for her. A ghost, a young man, without his armor, a crown of laurel leaves encircling his head. He was waiting for his bride. Polyxena came forward.

--The End--

Sonnet XLIII: Old Hero

by John Gangnagel

There was a single cause for his demise -
his frozen, stony tongue could never tell!
He gazed into a Gorgon's lifeless eyes
in search of love to raise him from his Hell.
The story is a classic, ageless myth -
a quest for love gone horribly askew.
A trusting soul who trusted too much with
his heart, leaving his mind behind to rue
the carelessness of love, the faith misplaced.
And now he stands, a statue of remorse,
with love's trite hope chiseled into his face,
and eyes e'er ope'd to love's misleading course.
I wonder if his frozen, icy gaze
looks back to find some wiser yesterdays.