



lie here and let Zeus do his best.

Now away with you mortal man, if Zeus sees you talking to me he is likely to tie you to a rock and somehow I doubt very much that your liver could take as much punishment as mine.

*To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite; To forgive wrongs darker than Death or Night; To defy Power which seems Omnipotent; To love, and bear; to hope, till Hope creates From its own wreck the thing it contemplates. . .*

*Prometheus Unbound.* Percy Shelley.

Written by Alastair Rosie 1998 ©