

A Lesson in Mythology

By Katherine Erceg – Georgetown Visitation Preparatory School

Would you have set out across the wine-dark sea
If you had known what would come to be?

When the land churned with perennial promise,
Darker, less hazy than the sea foam oratory,
All trees and wrists bound by a certain wanness;
You might have known what would come to be,
Rich fumes promising a tainted plea.

When the land beyond flushed like adonis,
Blood rich with figs and boars and the old tree,
Surely no wine would burn with acrid rawness—

Then you knew what would come to be:
Wine-dark land, too wronged for any deity,
Only faced with the churning of a restless sea.