

Old Stones

What is this place,
this sacred way?
Kings once trod here
conquerors too.
Slaves found rest,
young men counsel.

In the theater there,
Poets wrote new plays.
Euripides, Sophocles
and others unnamed.
All walked these sacred stones
up onto the mountain
and further beyond
where clouds touch the land
here the road led.

To white columns of stone
the deep, dark place
where the woman,
answered in the voice
of a God.

Phythia who now
sits upon your stool?
Who will once more
for the Gods speak?