

The Choice

He comes before us
this proud masculine beauty
with head slightly bowed.
Blue eyes downcast
demur.
Stern mouth curves gracefully in
a delicate compassionate smile.
Golden curls adorn
broad, strong shoulders.
He towers.
Head touching the sky.
He is the hunter,
the Guardian,
the bay bearer,
who wards off evil.
He is the healer,
the far-darter,
the singer,
the protector of youth
the leader of the muses
of the light and
of the wolf.
And
in each hand he bears a gift.
In the left; the Lyre,
In the right; the bow.
The Lyre for art, music, poetry and song.
The bow for dispensing justice, death, war and plague.
In a voice like soft thunder
with the depth and melody of the sea;
“Your choice, oh mortals, your choice, not mine,”
Paian asks us to chose.