

## Fallen

With red streaks in your hair  
You lay, breathing shallow  
Life need not flash before your eyes for  
You have lived every second  
as if it were the first  
(How you wish that were true, yet  
What life have you known but  
One hidden away behind walls?)

To watch through a misted veil as your homeland is torn apart  
It will be you tumbling  
to the ground  
soon  
Rather than shattered  
stone and crimson marble  
(Statues which you prayed amongst have more a beating heart  
Than the Greeks who now seek to destroy them.  
Or you)

Cry not, dear child  
You cried enough when Menelaus first besieged your lands  
And when swift-footed Achilles tore them part  
on wings of fury  
Your grave is the earth and your vigil the moon  
Whose borrowed light illuminates the death of your brothers  
The rape of your sisters  
(You shut your eyes and wailing, pleading  
Descend an atonal symphony  
Upon your ears)  
You shut your eyes  
And pray.

You pray to statues, broken though are they  
Reminiscence of the times when they stood strong,  
comforted you. Kept your company in the frozen sanctuary  
(Your husband colder than the stone floor  
should he want for nothing  
at the moment)

Rest well, sweet girl, amongst your confidantes  
Of marble, with painted-on loving gaze  
That had assured you were worth life and love  
and not appeasement in the form of cloths and jewels  
(When your mother was still more than a memory far gone  
Is she alive? Is the husband  
for whom you were snatched from her?)

You pray to escape the old  
Though fear the new  
At the end, one thing remains,  
It is not you:  
The glory of the gods will reign eternal  
You forgotten in its wake  
Go enjoy your life infernal  
Away from living's constant ache

...

And yet, the Greeks you wish you could destroy  
As they did and do, now, to your Troy.

©AnastasiaZelenskaya