

The Titan

It was all too often the case that, for
all his majesty, the Titan bore his great heart
upon his stony sleeve, and when the upstart
people below allowed it to fall apart,
his was a yearning to settle the score.

His boot would split from its mountain base,
and his mighty footfalls would shake the earth, besetting
dread into every soul, bellowing about regretting
their transgressions against him, forgetting
it was they who carved his face.

He would overshadow their guilty forms and elect
to give no quarter, the backs of men shattered,
the hearts of women torn, their mighty palaces battered
and beaten into the ground, and their glory scattered
by hands that once swore an oath to protect.

It was so that the Titan's fury was first double
and then none, sated by token
strikes upon the precious, the people spoken
of alive, unharmed, yet broken,
and he stood proud; the Titan amongst the rubble.

by J. Diego Medrano

