

Pandora, Zeus and the Pithos by Caroline Gay Way

Bored Zeus rolls dice along the vacant unworked ground.
there is no human movement down on earth.
there is no people sound

Canto I : Pandora

Shy maiden formed from earth
as Zeus the son of time so wills
her lowered eyes newborn against his gaze
her new moist skin reflecting light
now feels the lick of flames heat haze
Athena overspreads the moth-wing veil with supine hands
Pandora first of woman stands
flesh formed complete from fecund earth
as silver strands
of tumbled lace now slowly fall
over trembling shoulder
glides down her new made breast to earthy thigh
small flowers vie
with fresh grown herbs amongst the soil
pale tendrils slow up-reaching coils ankle deep
as yet her feet still cool are one with earth
alone - her human form the gods made rise
with widely open sky blue eyes
that gaze at Zeus her god with innocent surprise
he embodies force and she
knows nothing of her destiny
an empty vessel there to fill
a daughter made to bend to father's will
she trembles as she feels a curious thrill
of challenge as the templates set
within her vessel being
inquiring innocence and hope are met



Canto 2

Men being curious will say - how will it work?
Old Zeus a gendered male
is curious himself to see
how he - could tempt this new formed curiosity
leaves her the pregnant jar of seed
that he says must stay sealed - and she
is not to lift the lid nor look inside to see
sometimes all alone she screams out - why ?
no echoes answer to her from an empty sky
a pregnant jar - that whispers wind through leaves
a rasp of 'we are tree of knowledge seed
when tempted off enough she'll do the deed'

Pandora's heart-beat is at one with earth
she the first born deep within it to give birth
so deeply now she feels entangled soil
as fire within her soul begins to coil
why am I left alone to wander earth and rain?
she keeps returning to the pregnant jar again
as voices deep within the dark drive here insane
'Pandora let us out - we long to grow
there are many things we wish to know
or shall we rot down blackened in this prison jar
and all be turned to dust
dear Pandora do come close to us
don't wonder far'
she hears their voices groan
it seems forever she's been left alone
in desperation now she lifts up the jar a tiny crack
a sweetly soured smell makes her stand back
voices seethe within to claim and counter claim
'Pandora free us - let us loose' recurs the loud refrain
others whisper urgently from deep inside

There's darkness here - it's best to hide
'Pandora - keep us in this place
not all of us within are safe'

And yet she opens it a tiny crack
a smoke of spore and seed flows out
an active hum becomes now freedoms shout
myriads of small distortions roam about
to swirl and sink into the hearts of humankind
deeply to take root - reshaping mind
reframing Eden with the newly opened gate
with human men and women now exposed to fate
as whirling DNA design faults scatter
out into the world to break and shatter
the stable certainty
 that held perfection locked
the seeds of change are now no longer blocked

What good are seeds if they're not sown?
what good are voices when they're left alone?

Canto 3

In layered years the world
piles blame upon her for its evil state
yet Zeus that formed her reputation's safe
Only Hope is left - Hope lives inside the jar
now Zeus thrusts deep in her the seed of shame
he tears off her time torn clothes
adds spores of Anger to the seeds of Pain
disgrace is heaped upon her generations long
in sunlit breeze or storm cloud tears of rain
we hear the sighing wind - Pandora's song
that sings of earth's fruition in the fields of waving corn
reveals in light her bounty with each dawn

Pandora's time has come as she now takes a bow
she is and always was Gift the giver of the grain
it is time to know her gift of knowledge once again
some say a dreadful truth's withheld from us so long
man like gods take certain pride in doing wrong
Pandoras husband did what he should not
and opened up the secret pot
he told the world a lie that blamed his wife
and sowed the seeds brought misery and strife

However lets be thoughtful and be clever
the gods can't lie to us forever

We know the fact that Hope was left is proof
of good seed in the mix Pandora loosed
much Joy and Laughter too- Goodwill and Peace
with Kindness and compassion were what she released

Pandora even though she's much maligned
maintains the Gift though she's not blind
She still feeds us earth's bounty seasons bring
as through the fields of corn we hear Pandora sing