

The Calydonian Boar- simplified in to two parts

Once on a night when the sky was ash
And the lights of the stars had been blown away,
A queen upon her couch reclined
And in the toils of pregnancy lay.

And thus she stared into her hearth
And watched the flames inside leap high,
When suddenly the Fates appeared
Three sisters: cruel and sly.

The first sister spins a life out
The second must measure the length,
And the third and the worst sister of all
Is left to cut its strength.

The second sister glared at the queen
Then she laughed a terrible laugh,
And the others cackled in harmony;
Amongst the dusk and the dark.

Oh

“ See our log amongst the flames
(How it glistens in the dim),
It’s threaded to your little boy
It is the destiny of him.”

“ And should you ever burn this log
Your son he shall burn too,
So listen to our warning
For every word is true.”

But the Fates then disappeared
And left the queen dismayed,
As she stared into the fire place
(with her son she lay)

The log she cast out from the flames
And put inside a hiding place
To make sure that it did not burn
To make sure that her son was safe.

Although she never told a soul
The queen made sure the log was kept
So hid it in her bed chamber
And put it by the place she slept.

Wonderful years went roaring by
Soon Meleager (her son) was no child,
And he got to serve as a warrior
(a wonderful one) for a while.

But then came the news of a terrible boar
(with a prize upon its head),
And money for the hero
Who successfully saw it dead.

Such a trial was just meant for Meleager
And along with many other men,
He snatched it up in the pitiful hope
To claim victory (again)

And on the journey they met with a princess
Atalanta who longed for the prize
And so they continued into the trees
Careful to make their moves wise...

Part 11 Inside the Wood

Amongst the tree boughs
A ghost wind quivered,
And the trampled dead leaves
On the forest floor shivered.

High above in the sky
Not a single bird sung,
And deep down bellow
Not a man spied the son.

Yet Atalanta still smiled
And her dark eyes laughed,
As they rode along
Through the dusk and the dark.

Then not far away,

A terrible sound,
The boar it was near
They were finally found.

“Forward” cried Meleager
“courage my men”,
And the troops darted forward
As the sound came again.

Then out from the bushes,
It leapt with a yell
And as it appeared
They were under its spell.

It then charged at a man
Who was once handsome display
But who died by its tusks
And on the forest floor fell.

For days upon end
The two fierce forces fought
Until princess Atalanta
Her quiver she sought

And shot the beast in the head
Meleager saw the arrows trail
And so tried for the kill
With the hope not to fail

So up from a birch tree
He jumped on its back
And grinned with cruel pleasure
As he started to “hack”.

Then everyone rejoiced
For the boar it was dead
And thanks to the arrow
That shot at its head.
But Meleager's uncles
Refused Atalanta the prize,
For it was Meleager
in their ambitious eyes.

One tried to kill Atalanta

But he took a wrong step,
For with stained sword in hand
Meleager stabbed both to death.

Then the princess turned and smiled at him
“Let us marry with no delay”,
But little did they know this was Meleager’s last day.

For after a moment,
He dropped to the floor;
And Atalanta she wept
For her husband no more.

And away in the palace ,
the queen sat down grim,
The vision log was in the fire:
Her son burning with him.

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