

Breanne Mc Ivor

Nέμεσις

Personification of God's idle perfection,
Epochs before this have claimed you,
The archaic gods will make you
An example in your death.

Curst to know yourself, vain paragon,
Your tears will recreate Cocytus and Pyriphlegethon,
Carrying your burning wails into Acheron
Your river of woe and death.

Never to taste, never to touch
Drift amidst the scattered echoes
Of long forgotten lust;
Dead gods rise and so I
Dispense with this your justice
(It is not vengeance but justice)
This I give to you.
Drift, despair, dream
Of lips never to kiss
There's none to hold you
Here's Thanatos to claim you,
You will never know the wilderness of mirrors
For you there is naught but this.

No do not flee! Do not leave me!
Stay! Desert not him who loves thee!
Cruel one! Forgive me!
I know not what I've done!
This passion!
Compassion!
I will surrender
My love, surrender
Hear me gods! I will surrender
All
All to you
Just grant me this one wish I beg you
No flowers for my grave I pray you
Mercy! I implore you
A taste to slake this thirst.

Naïve one, mercy,
Is not something to which you should aspire,
Do you not know that mercy
Is the spider's web that catches the spider?
All is not yours to surrender
I take even your liquid mirror
Is there no more you can do
Than whine with your final breath?
I am one of those dread ancients
Dispensing justice, not mercy
I grant you, then, your justice
You will still be beautiful in death.