

Like Apollo

You smile as if the sun kissed your lips

You kissed like the love ballads, warm and tender

But like the sun you burned

Hunting with arrows of truth

Spitting out lyrics of venom to delicate muses

Homemade medicine of herbs and spices from kitchen cabinets

You are clay made from dirt

Golden hair and eyes bright as daylight

If you are the sun then I am nearly the moon

There not enough gifts to be like the Morning Star

Only enough to be translated and share your stories

Though it's better to be like Pythia than to be Hyacinth.