

Cutting wood within a deep dark forest
My axe created whistles, hacks and thuds
Making sensual rhythm out of death.
The fraying, dead bark, how it crackled!
Leaves they fell quite forcefully upon me
In a sort of vain to stop the harvest.
On and on, and back and forth I had swung
Thinking how this winter would be warmer
When suddenly my eyes came upon her.
A ghostly, gorgeous female soldier
Was stripping out of her noble armor
Into dazzling beauty quite unheard of.
She swiftly jumped into a deep, blue lake
That, in that spot, I had never realized
Flowing far down what now were golden hills.
Being ever the cordial gentleman
I cared not watch from stealthily afar
Rather joined her in the water naked.
She did not even scream or look surprised
However, seemed a bit more curious.
With a pride-filled gaze she intr'duced herself:
Athena, mighty daughter of the Gods!
Not to be outdone I would raise my sword
saying, 'Hector, mighty son of Priam!'
Her heart was won; she gently kissed my lips
Her godly hands rubbed fast upon my chest.
A divine light shone off her sparkling breasts
Ever sweetly encompassing us both
She let a shrill like wail that made me wince
Nails then dug into my muscled shoulder
I felt small dewy drops of blood leak out
They heated and they rose ambrosia smoke.
Minutes passed; unlikely passion soared
We sunk beneath the thrashing of the waves.
I could not help but stop to contemplate

She had never been an honest virgin
From the tender sort of way she loved a man.
We shared great much fluid in the fluid
Rolled deeply in the tangled matted sea weed
Sediment in every orifice.
Schools of fish in a hurry whisked away
A crawdad child watched through parted hands
The mother catatonic with her shock.
At last with one more pushing, kingly thrust
We returned back to the water's surface
But Athena had a look of sour rage.
She screamed that I should never tell this romp
Or else she would end my life in battle;
'Thus she faded back to her white, still cloud,
Her paranormal armor followed her.
Despite her angst I blew goodbye a kiss
Then went back to the cutting of dark wood
With belief in miracles and heaven.