

blades and arrows in hand  
ready to strike at the damned  
poison ichor pouring from the scars  
yet, her heads are out, ready to spar

impurities and resentment litter the lake  
critters and creatures run in their wake  
moonlight and fire kindle her form  
fireflies basking in the brewing storm

creation of typhon and echidna  
born only to wound  
abhorrent and repulsive  
smelled of blood and ruins

formulas for revenge  
pilled up in the frame of a gruesome end  
solely made as a task  
an impossible challenge  
successive in eternity  
never to be thought of again

off with her head  
but she strikes twice  
regrowth and relevance  
to battle is her vice

clean cuts are burned at the base  
blood and water splattered her face  
creature of the sea  
dead by hercules

eurydice