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TANTALUS' CEMENT

A POEM BY BROOKE HARDY

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My father has sent me to hell
For being what I call
Filanthropikos (charitable)
Evgenis (kind)
He has never felt compassion toward a mortal's inescapable fate

Buried in tempting waters up to the chin,
One droplet would suffice,
But she withdraws at the approach of my parched lips.

A tree bearing luscious fruit
dangles her branches just above my brow,
She offers me a taste but torments me instead.

I beg for their poisons so that I may crumble in their arms,
But they feel ecstasy in the wake of my torment.

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