

Now, let me take you to our hero's place,
Here is their pantheon among the trees.

The stone was carried up the mountain top,
And marked with the blood of serpents slain.

Each pillar a finger of stone, where the
Bulls of every land rammed their heads
And unable to unravel themselves,
Became entwined, forming the weaving ivy.

The branches of these trees curl
Because they came from each of the horns...

... of the hero's goats.
For these goats cried and cried, as they were hungry.
But! They were so hungry, they ate the grain from this trough.
 Though this was no ordinary grain!
 It had been grown by a great king, Shep Herd.

In anger, Shep Herd cursed the goats, and used
Rat poison! Here on this very land.

But as the goats grew sick and ill, their bleats
 Summoned Dionysus before the hero
 Who thought the goats were drunk on these grapes.
 Taking joy in such a sight, the god told the hero,

 'Bury these goats' horns,
 and may they party forever'

And thus, from these sad, hungry then sick goats
 All these twirly branches came to be.

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MAGI POST

In response to this week's theme of 'Place', I wrote a short story in the form of a poem. The story is about an old hero's home in the woods, and the remnants of the hero's trials at this place.

By making these descriptions progressively more and more ridiculous and less heroic, I wanted to play with the readers expectations. In subverting these conventions of epic poetry, I wanted to poke fun at the way history and myth are processed by the environment.

This was heavily inspired by Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which includes a variety of narratives that similarly lure the audience into a sense of familiarity, only to make fun of them for falling for it. Moreover, Ovid's work is well aware of the way its audience understands place, and utilises both familiar poetic settings and the inhabitants of these settings to communicate a variety of short stories.