



The Pleiades

Daughters of Atlas
and beautiful Pleione,
There's a woman down below
That has asked every terrestrial about you

She is able to see the future,
read the signs and tell no truth,
Capable of transcending time,
Crying starpaths for the majesty of you.

By Zeus and by Poseidon, she never got rid of,
The tears and the loneliness
The passions of her earthly form

People say, and could have sworn
The sky reflected in her eyes,
When rage was born, it was the price,
a star would fall from grace.

Orion, almighty
as the myth itself determined,
His lighted belt stolen by her
Forever to be taken

She killed him inexplicably,
His glory faded from the sky,
Her sisters glorious as they stood
Agreed all to disown her

Condemned in time limitless
She never did forget them,
She loved them 'til the end of time
For them she mourned with prayers

But fate was inevitable,
Her yearning skin, her burning eyes
"Is that how being a human feels,
for I was not mistaken"

"They told me when they prayed on me,
when I so wisely listened
I never longed to walk on earth,
to let the fire burn me,
But if it's so, the feel of love,
my sinful tears may drown me"

This was created by students taking part in the programme
"Four Seasons in the Sky"

