

SONNETS

Nathaniel Myers

Part of a larger play entitled *Phaeton Falls*

Phaeton's Journey

Pompous and proud he boasts a demi-god;
Phaeton was all but lacking in demure.
They mocked his tale, proclaiming him a fraud,
"What proof have we, your story to ensure?"

Phaeton, though certain, did accept yet still.
On to his father's temple did he flee.
The palace shone of topaz on a hill,
Where Seasons whirl and waltz from time set free.

"Tis Truth, my son! Your name itself doth shine!"
"As proof give me your chariot to guide!"
The court was hushed, awaiting the divine.
"My son ask not what I cannot provide."

But Phaeton, proud, his wish he did insist.
Though prouder still the God could not resist.

Phaeton Falls

Sunrise awaits the chariot and its liege.
Aflight in fear the horses onward forge.
Too high they flew, the earth began to freeze.
Downward they flew, the earth began to scorch.

Yet still his hubris held fast to the reins.
"I am my father's son. I am Phaeton!"
The damage young, the gods could not refrain,
Struck down was he; he knew his fate was done.

Downward he fell into the river Po.
His mother grieved; His father did but shy.
Now still his sisters line the banks with woe.
As poplar tree, with amber tears, they cry.

"Who bears the fault, it matters not," they said,
Whisp'ring "Phaeton is dead. Phaeton is dead!"

