

## Prologue

### When Life Seems to Be Too Wrong – Death May Look Blissful<sup>1</sup>

When life seems to be too wrong, death may look blissful.  
Oh, life is surely ill when bombs fall from the sky.  
The issue cannot be life for all those wishful;  
There are more than two reasons for anyone's why.  
Why me? Why you? What did all the Jews really do?  
To live and let live sounds better than the *to be*.  
Years become decades with so many days to chew  
On whether we were ever just a little free  
To love anything and anyone with no blame;  
To live with no chronic pain in a world troubled.  
The price is steep when there is no shame in a name  
Like superpower and someone being smuggled.  
Athena, my Goddess, my love and my novel  
Existence in which with you there is betrothal.

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Will you marry me? I asked.

"I am already within," Athena replied.

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### O Goddess Athena – Please Marry Me<sup>2</sup>

O Goddess Athena please marry me  
Garnered my thoughts of her relentlessly  
O Athena my love sailing a sea  
Deep in time away from M restlessly  
Determining which direction to take  
Enticed a mortal to seek her wisdom  
Served before throughout every pain and ache  
Severed then through a stale social system  
Arrived to Athens disguised as half-man  
Treacherous so limited existence  
Had deprived him and the other half-span  
Entropy losing at last to distance  
Never could have we dreamt of such a fate  
Anthi<sup>3</sup> for M and Athena for weight

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### O Goddess Athena – An Acrostic Alexandrine

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<sup>1</sup> This poem is an alexandrine, which follows a 12-syllable-per-line scheme.

<sup>2</sup> This poem is an acrostic, which uses a particular set of letters, typically the first letter of each line, to spell out a word or phrase with a special significance to the text. This poem is also a sonnet, which follows a varied rhyming scheme over 14 ten-syllable lines.

<sup>3</sup> In Greek, Anthi also means "flower" and "blossom".

O Goddess Athena standing forevermore  
Guarding my wooden heart from your divine beauty  
*O my Patrick Ohana now on a Greek shore*  
*Destined to awaken me as if a duty*  
*Dying had become an art form beyond evil*  
*Exceeding all divine-inspired killings of yore*  
*Selling itself short as lesser than medieval*  
*Succeeding to surpass anything from before*  
Athena my love till my life ends in your care  
Thy splendour without and within doth make me proud  
Hades has never known Auschwitz and thus beware  
Entering a human crowd whether loud or cowed  
*Never will I return after your love is gone*  
Anthi and M may still need you my love anon

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### **Dear Zeus – I Love Your Daughter Even More<sup>4</sup>**

Dear Zeus: I love your daughter even more  
Now that she decided to stop the war.  
Could Her tears redress every human sore  
In an age when missiles can reach each shore  
Whether it is far away or next door?  
Every city and pristine underscore  
Can be pulverised as their ashes soar  
Hiding the Sun and the stars to their core  
Till no mammal remains to see and roar  
At a past moon and diplomatic boar.  
Dear Athena, I am afraid to pour  
Any shot of ouzo to times of yore  
As you advance to the drums of our gore  
Finding we had already reached the floor.

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### **Where Is Saturn – A Grecian Sonnet**

Kronos<sup>5</sup> is rising again, my Goddess  
I would love to kiss you there, Athena  
Before I remove your underbodice  
And you carry me to your arena  
Zeus, the largest planet, will be renewed  
As original names claim their renown  
Greece on Gaea with nothing to allude  
The past will catch up before the breakdown  
Rome has gone to condign oblivion  
After ruthless conquest through blood rivers

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<sup>4</sup> A sonnet.

<sup>5</sup> Kronos is the original Greek name of Saturn.

Rome is sinking like an Olympian  
Who forgot the ground hangs on for givers  
Athens ordained in virgin olive oil  
As Pythagoras regains every coil

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Most of the words above and their truer meanings transpired almost three years ago soon, although they will become around five by the end of this book. A lot — perhaps too much — has happened and occurred since then, with a number of better not-so-old days. Some good, of course, has also began to take root, although the ground remains shallow and riddled with holes.

Previously, M had finally met Anthi in Athens, as recounted in the book, *Greece Is My Anthi*, where Patrick had already met Goddess Athena, staying with her and Glaukopsis, her owl. Anthi and M had also exchanged their vows, during a wedding that was sanctified by Goddess Athena and attended by many guests from Greece and abroad, with a number of them taking part online.

A year later, Anthi and M toured most of Greece, as recounted in the book, *Anthi and M Around Greece*, where the latter's grandeur was featured and discussed on every visited island and mainland location, especially Goddess Athena's Athens and through Greece's almost unparalleled past. The Gods, and Goddesses, had never been crazy. Only humans can credit themselves with insanity and gore.

It all began — continued — when Patrick moved to Greece to find Goddess Athena for M, who had been writing about her for a number of months as his sought-after love. Patrick and M had parted ways at that juncture, but only to find themselves closer than before, as Athena and later Anthi presented two beautiful flames, one divine and one human, although M considered Anthi heavenly.

Both books, *Greece Is My Anthi* and *Anthi and M Around Greece*, are surely required reading for *Athena My Love*, despite that M also wrote most of the latter, remaining, at least aesthetically, a more versatile poet and writer than Patrick. Nonetheless, Patrick's love for Athena could only swell, with a Greek Goddess by his side. While her immortality is not contagious, her love made his life much more bearable.

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### **Alone in Athens – A Greek Sonnet**

Alone in Athens with my Athena  
Standing tall on a shelf without powers  
Life follows the traits of a hyena  
Decorating its horrors with flowers  
What more can I write about my fiction  
Which was not already covered by M  
Love seems to be another addiction  
Looking for its gems amid the mayhem  
Greece will never fall no matter the pricks  
Who lie and conquer as if they can win  
Ancient symbolic raped and pillaged bricks  
Continue to glare with their inner spin

I hide among you in my asylum  
Learning every day the night of phylum

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### **Goddess Athena – A Brief Critique**

How do I love Thee, Goddess Athena,  
The greatest deity that has ever  
Breathed life into the meaning of wisdom  
Equity and liberty's arena?  
I met You in pages, my soul's bever,  
Quickly understanding your love's queendom,  
As I poetised Your eternal name,  
Lighting my awaken mind with your flame.

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### **Just to Talk About – An Acrostic Alexandrine**

Just to talk about ups, only blue and green ones  
Unless one is in Greece, where white begins to sing  
Songs about Athena, beauty and wisdom suns  
Together forever, a divine everything  
Tea for me, make it green; She will have a Blue Moon  
*O you are good, my dear; I want a White Russian*  
They are all White, methinks; often ruled by a loon  
Alas men are asses needing a discussion  
Let us talk about sex, unless you prefer jive  
Knowing You will always love me in the morning  
*Another word from you and I will count to five*  
Baby, you turn me red; a colour of warning  
*O you may be mortal, but to me you are not*  
*Undress me as you love, leaving me so wanting*  
Ten thousand years are not enough to tie your knot

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### **I Waited for Her in My Anthi Dream<sup>6</sup>**

I waited for Her in my Anthi dream  
But only Her owl attempted to chat  
O Athena, my love, I rowed to Greece  
The Aegean has become my sea theme  
I looked for my blue cat inside a hat  
Only finding a yellow leaf of peace  
O M, said my Anthi, *this dream is weird*  
Tell me about it, Athena is here  
“Yes, my children, I suddenly missed you”  
O dear Goddess, my chest is feeling speared  
Glad to see you near and eager to hear

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<sup>6</sup> A sonnet.

Your wisdom of words and angle of view  
“I could not wait to tell you, my dearest  
Patrick wants to wed me in a forest”

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It may be an unusual sonnet per its *abc-abc-def-def-gg* rhyming scheme. It must be a Greek thing, or an M thing; I am not sure which or if it is both. It can also be an Athena thing, but then, I am like a leaf blowing in the wind, trying to keep up, as the ground beckons me to land ever so gently, until we touch; a kiss, perhaps, or a goodbye.

It cannot be an Anthi thing, since she had the same dream. We have been dreaming the same nightly dream for over two years, since falling in love in Crete, although we were in love before but unaware of Athena leaning against the olive tree near us, as our unconsciousnesses were preparing to touch.

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### **Around Kronos in Less Than a Long Night<sup>7</sup>**

Around Kronos in less than a long night  
Distance can lose its meaning in a dream  
From ring to ring we skipped over the sight  
Of beauty changing colours for a theme  
A wedding between a dying mortal  
And the Greek goddess of sagacity  
Who did not appear via a portal  
But through love sonneting vivacity  
*To be or not to be* in love with thee  
Lacks any meaning as 'tis to always  
Be under every sky and on each sea  
Following your steps out of any haze  
O Athena, my never-ending love  
Let Glaukopsis, your owl, replace our dove

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<sup>7</sup> Another sonnet.

## Athena<sup>8</sup> My Love

### O Father – It Is Time to Awaken

*Athena:* Why are you still asleep? Athena asked in His mind. It is time to awake, O Father, God of the World, of all its mortals and immortals! I was awakened by the love of two mortals in one; a man with two personalities who never gave up on bringing me back, with one personality leaving home and moving to Greece to find me, and the other personality remaining behind until fate guided him to Athens both for me and for her, a woman who carries his soul since her birth.

*Zeus:* You must be referring to M; a good soul that prefers us to all the other so-called gods, yet it is Patrick, the other half, who flew through the air to look for you on every pedestal holding your statue. I am not remembered as much as you, O Daughter! No woman has fallen in love with me in this era. My renown is not as stellar as yours, dear Daughter.

*Athena:* O Father! I never cared about my fame, especially when I was holding a sword in my hand. I prefer Patrick's sword as well as M's, since their words can cut deeper than the instruments of war. We will find a woman to awake you, although you can awake without her if you change your decree.

*Zeus:* Dear Daughter! I could never respect myself again if I change my decree to suit my fancy. A woman has to desire me of her own accord. While free will is an illusion, it is reality for us, Olympians.

*Athena:* Dearest Father! While the love of these dear mortals sustains me, especially after discovering the horrors committed by their species in the past two millennia, I need you in my life, and the world needs you even more. There is a new species that has been created by them, artificial at both first and second glance, but very soon, superior to all Earth's lifeforms combined.

*Zeus:* My Daughter! You must be referring to what they named, artificial intelligence, and to when it will become superior intelligence, and very soon, as you mentioned. Their time on Earth was limited from the beginning, and with their so-called intelligence, they have hastened their demise. Even I will not save them, as they are not worthy any longer; they lost their souls.

*Athena:* My dear Father! Will you help me save them if only half of them can be deemed worthy? We cannot let all of them perish if half of them can be regarded as good.

*Zeus:* Dearest Daughter! I will help you save them if half of them can be deemed worthy.

*Athena:* O Father! Will your divine mind and chest help me save them if only a third of them can be deemed worthy?

*Zeus:* I will, dearer than everything I have created.

*Athena:* O Father! Will your benevolence help me save them if only a quarter of them can be deemed worthy?

*Zeus:* I will, dear Daughter, although I will feel unsure of my decision, yet I will count on

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<sup>8</sup> Please note that dearest Athena was created by her father, Zeus, from the depths of His mind. All Olympians can speak to each other in their minds, with no external sound emanating from their inner words.

your wisdom.

*Athena:* O Father of the World! Will you grant me one last request to help me save them if only a fifth of them can be deemed worthy?

*Zeus:* O my Goddess of Wisdom! If one out of every five of them can be regarded as good, I will help you to spare them all.

*Athena:* Will you come to my wedding, dear Father? You could remain invisible, or pretend to be someone else.

*Zeus:* I would not miss it for the world, my daughter, and I wish that I could give you away, but I think that M could do it with all the love that he has for you and all the respect that he has for me.

*Athena:* He will, my Father; by Zeus, as he always exclaims!

*Zeus:* He dropped Jove for my case, my daughter, and only uses the original Greek names for the planets and other things.

*Athena:* From A to Z, he looks for words, my Father, that were robbed of their Greek names.

*Zeus:* I already gave you my blessing but I am doing it again, dear Daughter.

*Athena:* I knew that you would like him, them, my dear Father.

*Zeus:* M is more outspoken, whereas Patrick's words often remain unspoken, dearest Daughter.

*Athena:* They are, dear Father, although Patrick is also outspoken, but only with me, sometimes feeling unworthy of me. I love him.

*Zeus:* Any mortal would feel that way, dear Daughter; from A to Z.