

The Love of the Century

Arche

Venus, in her bare softness,
with hardly a cloth to conceal her beauty.
The goddess of love, of seduction,
of wanting her own victory.
The embrace of her lover, Mars.
His icy coldness, his fury, his blood-thirst.

She begins to disarm him.
His body armor and weapons, forsaken.
His promises and his shield, discarded.
She strips him, weakens him.

In longing and secrecy,
surrounded by their angels,
in the seclusion of her husband's forge.
Enthralled. Ensnared. Entangled.
She is caught up in moments.
In a dream of love. Everlasting love.
But it is all just moments.

The century is coming to its end.
As will they, soon fading to nothingness.
His hardened heart, her fruitless wish.
A wish for just a little more time.
For nothing is fair for Love and War.

She believes in this moment, in their own peace.
In a lie, that they are meant to be.