

Render Unto Caesar

By Robin Lipinski

Golden coin covers the deed done.
Nightly visit to the chambers, the Senate becomes weak.
Blade of Greek steel could not pierce what her smile could wreak.

Coliseum warriors were lucky, they bed and they died, honor in just being a man.
Gladiators all, they took as they wished, payment for future strength.
Yet in the masses outside the gate, it was not the same.

Every man, woman, and child fell under her gaze,
This Medusas,
This subtle way.

Aphrodite was a kind goddess, yet she too, fell powerless as her followers strayed.
Thrusting white pillars of marble,
Shadow from her, the one of ages, cast dark the inner chamber of mankinds heart,
Oh woe to the one who could resist,
Who did resist,
Forever now doubting even though surviving,
Until death.

Harken you who know this, hear what must be said.
Let what you know resides inside, stay put.
For once released,
She wins.

The one of whom it is written,
Of whom who must avert your glance,
She is the Whore of Babylon,
Definitely no princess.

You doubt me?
Look into a mirror and in your face,
Deep into your eyes,
You will see her kiss.

The End