

## **The Titans**

They are the large men, the muscle men.  
They transform and they trample.  
They strive and strut.  
They are never beaten.  
They are never stopped.

No god humbles them.  
No rules bind them.

Like their brother Prometheus, they carry fire,  
in the mind and in the eye.

Like their brother Saturn, they create the next life,  
with their bodies and with their spirit.

Like their brother Atlas, they manipulate the world,  
by their hand and by their wit.

Like their sister Rhea, they mother,  
with their words and their might.

Like their brother Ocean, they renew life,  
for their own sake and their love's sake.

They never rest; they never sleep.  
Age does not dim them.

Star-blessed, moon-tossed, sun-bronzed.  
Without attachments, without obligations,  
without chains.

Playing, frolicking, laughing,  
they cannot be hurt,  
they cannot be shamed,  
they cannot be blamed.

Every bodily comfort they have.  
Every object they possess.  
Every moment they fill.

Reaching one goal, they leap to another,  
They are famed, but it does not move them.

Wind and water,  
Fire and rock,  
World and life,  
'Til time gives space to the next round of gods.

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