

The Atmosphere

The atmosphere,
So very loud,
Going to the rear,
Of the crowd.

Unable to see,
Cheering and shouting,
Everyone in my head,
This is what he said:

“Everyone that is here today,
The athletes and I hope you are to stay,
This is the first day of the games,
We will sacrifice a lamb and it'll go up in flames”.

The second day,
Of the games,
The sun beating down,
The sound of horses neigh.

The running, the bellowing, the feasting in my head,
All I wanted to do was to go to bed,
“Pelops for the people”,
Is what we read.

Another sacrifice,
Another dead,
It was now the pankration,
All the blood was shed.

The race of armour,
The race of stamina,
Men fainting everywhere,
The twang of the bow of the archer.

The olive crown,
Signalising kings,
They were now the future,
They held all our wins.

By Monty Callaghan