

The Judgment of Paris

The art of Europe is unanimous!
The incident that sparked the Trojan War
Apparently retains its worthiness;
Each gallery could dedicate a floor
To all their ancient paintings giving us
Another view of what the young prince saw.
Don't worry though, you shouldn't feel embarrassed
For having not yet been Judgment of Paris-ed.

It's been adored by artists but neglected
By writers, drawn to matters of more weight:
A malady that is to be expected
When every serious novel has the fate
Of loud ovation, soon to be dissected
By students bored but too polite to say it.
Cancer is evil — let that not be doubted,
But why would people want to read about it?

(Just to ensure the line is fully crossed)
The casualties of World War II increase
With every story on the Holocaust,
Churned out by authors that refuse to cease
Until the name of Adolf Hitler's tossed
Around like pigskin, yielding to caprice.
The greatest literature should make you weep,
But never over anything too deep.

Most stories start with glorious summer days,
A doomed tranquillity that cannot last;
For fiction must obscure the beaming rays
Of light with darkness, and disrupt its cast,
And then escort you through a winding maze
That sees two lovers marry when all's passed.
A story ends and often all that stands
Is two protagonists left holding hands.

And here, some old conventions are in place:
We kick off with some peace and quickly fall
Right into trouble's obstinate embrace;
The troupe consists of characters that all
Share far too deep a history to erase,
Yet still have the potential to enthrall.
We must remain respectful while we're bold,
For who would want the new without the old?

Our tale begins with marriage—the first time
A story isn't put to death by vows

Of lifelong bondage—and the vital crime
Of not inviting everyone, which shows
Remarkably a narrative *can* climb
Above the double dubbing of a spouse.
So stay awake, endure another wedding,
Resist the call to fall upon your bedding.

It *is* a vital crime: that hosts deny
Some people entry through their wedding doors.
And here's the answer if you're wondering why—
We crave importance; when someone ignores
Another but will strive to catch your eye,
And strain to hear you speak, your spirit soars.
No party ever gets you all excited
When *everyone* you know has been invited.

At nuptials, there will be some relatives
You've never met before, and won't again,
And often whom the wedding cake outlives.
So why invite them in the first place then?
Just for the TV your Great Uncle gives?
It's much less than the Bible's three Wise Men
Gave Jesus, but then, you are no Messiah—
And if you claim you are, you're quite the liar.

But every wedding guest has *such* a cost!
Regardless of financial situations
It's hard to not begrudge what you'll have lost.
And when you think you're done with invitations
As every listed name is finally crossed,
It's *then* your Mum remembers more relations!
One never has so many 'crucial' kin
As when one's marriage threatens to begin.

Our story starts with Zeus, the god that looks
Like Yahweh (with an even fiercer brow)
In pictures in those maggot-ridden books,
But in his hand there shines a pulsing glow:
His bolt of lightning, ready for the crooks
That rashly spark his strong, tempestuous throw.
But here, a party was all Zeus was throwing:
A wedding banquet, all gods (bar one) going.

Which wedding banquet? That to cheer the pair
To give birth to Achilles, seen in *Troy*,
A film to which the critics were unfair
By savaging its failure to annoy
Its viewers with the ancient Homer's flair
At leaving out the bits we might enjoy.

Critics also neglected to admit
It should have featured even more Brad Pitt.

'Which wedding banquet?' ask all you repeaters.
The one to celebrate the happy hitching
Of Peleus, the soldier, and nymph, Thetis;
That stage of marriage yet to reach the bitching,
And still before they made that famous fetus:
Achilles, fleet of foot, strong in spear pitching.
They married after she could not escape
His clutches: now we call this action 'rape.'

But on to happier things: to make a table,
Zeus had destroyed a forest for the oaks
That gave their lives to make the dinner stable
And form the surface leant on by all folks,
Admired by everybody quite unable
To crack a tree like jesters crack their jokes.
Zeus proved he's never voted for the Greens,
The way he blew those trees to smithereens.

And there across the table was a spread
Of which your nana—no less—would be proud,
Adorned with every type of fruit and bread
And animal that man or god's allowed
To gobble down (but only once it's dead),
Presented richly, set to be devoured.
This zoo of corpses had no meat amiss,
All caught by hunting's goddess, Artemis.

She spent a month pursuing every beast,
Including doves and bears and one huge lion,
For Zeus had asked her to supply the feast
With every animal she'd laid an eye on,
And with her bow she rendered them deceased
Like when she accidentally shot Orion.
Indeed, there is no tragedy more grim
Than finding your true love, and killing him.

By now her aim had markedly improved,
And slayed the animals with total ease,
Unfazed if the more pacey creatures moved
And threatened to vanish among the trees;
Her shots were so precise they were approved
By Cupid, claiming that's his expertise.
About this claim few people would be miffed,
Since most know choosing love is not his gift.

But there was more than merely meat arrayed,

For vegetarians too have appetites.
A veritable Eden was displayed;
The gatherers had made no oversights,
With fruits of such a tang that might persuade
A carnivore to swear off meat's delights.
No golden apples on the spread were strewn,
But one of those will make an entrance soon.

The food was great, as food so often is;
But if it tastes abysmal, wait a while,
As taste improves with every meal you miss.
Heck, even Brussels sprouts might coax a smile
If you're entrenched in hunger's deep abyss;
Save maybe thirst, there is no greater trial.
But, oh, you simply must taste heaven's wine,
It is (anticipate this one) divine.

Supplied by Dionysus—he whose realm
Of godly knowledge and authority
Sees every vineyard with him at the helm—
This vintage had a glorious quality
That didn't fail to wholly overwhelm
Experienced drinkers, guzzling gleefully.
'The God of Wine': can you believe his luck?
It's practically the right to run amok.

The rest of us feel worthy of that rank
When, feeling thirsty, we feel moved to order
Some wine in restaurants that boast some swank,
Pretending that we wouldn't rather water
Despite its advantageous price, and thank
The gracious waiter once he's come and brought a
Bottle of wine—it need not be the steepest,
But just as long as it is not the cheapest.

If known that Dionysus will be there,
A wedding doesn't need an open bar
To guarantee that all the guests will fare
Despite their need to travel from afar.
Attendance can be difficult to swear
Upon until you see the reservoir.
It shouldn't take you long to say 'I'm going'
If Dionysus' wine will soon be flowing.

And this attendance turned out just as Zeus
Had planned, with not a single empty seat,
And such a crowd that viewers might deduce
That *all* the gods were gifted to this treat,
With any squabbles covered by a truce.

But really, invitations weren't complete.
It's time for, with the banquet set and steady,
The absentee alluded to already.

One goddess never did receive a card,
If she had asked Zeus, he'd have blamed the post,
But really he held little high regard
For strife, the trait this woman showed the most.
Her name was Eris, she was easily scarred,
And she received no summons from the host.
Did he forget what he could have been gaining?
For mischief can be rather entertaining.

Most marriages conclude in a divorce
But this one *started* with a separation,
As Eris learnt the banquet's seven course
Array would coincide with her starvation,
That she'd be barred from entering by the force
Of Zeus's fiercest lightning-shaped frustration.
She didn't need to learn that no assault
Compels an exit like a lightning bolt.

We've all known goddesses of some discord,
But this one's truly earned her title;
She causes strife not only when she's bored,
Fatigued, or lonely, but it forms the vital
Crux of her character. So, when ignored,
As prudent Zeus decided to invite all
But her to join the fun and take a plate,
She needed nothing more to boil with hate.

This apoplectic goddess had a knack
For letting others know about her ire;
She wasn't *not* about to get Zeus back
For leaving her out in the mud and mire.
The only question was *how* her attack
Would manifest, yes, how would it transpire?
Well, Eris wasn't one who underrates
A public punishment for those she hates.

It's time a universal truth was shared:
A party's host has less fun than attenders.
The host is wandering round distressed and scared
The shindig might be thought less than tremendous.
And worst is if the host is unprepared
For all the folks that come to go on benders.
A person at the party's sure to hate it
If they can't quickly get inebriated.

And Eris, as the goddess of disorder,
Could well have 'chucked a Jesus' in reverse
And turned the party's best wine into water.
Instead, she thought of something even worse;
She did like strife, but that was not the sort of
Deceitful trick she'd play, no, she would curse
The party in a way they'd never forget—
Never's the truth, gods' lives are infinite.

Eris, of course, had been to Sunday School,
And knew that selfishness lies at the core,
So when she had to find a way to fuel
Disorder at the banquet, settled for
The chance for guests to claim aesthetic rule,
Since naught but envy ever fuelled a war.
So with a vengeful air of bitter glee
She plucked a golden apple from a tree.

Aware the mighty pen can slay the sword,
(Apologies—that concept's not the rarest)
Assured that second place has no reward,
And desperate for the party to be Eris-ed,
With just three words her honour was restored,
By writing on the apple, 'For the fairest.'
She knew this kindled fracas would ignite,
For Eris too had seen the film *Snow White*.

Now, being of an age we'd all call 'old,'
Her method of delivery was sorted:
She got down, kneeling on one knee, and bowled
The piece of fruit, so no keen goddess caught it,
Since clear possession of the gleaming gold
Would mean a greater chance of being thwarted.
Thus, from outside the double-gated venue,
Eris added an apple to the menu.

Inside, the crown of vile debauchery reigned,
As Dionysus' wine performed its task
Of leaving all reserves of virtue drained,
Replaced at tips of fingers by a cask
Of juice designed to leave no vice restrained
And summon madness from beneath the mask.
Though some don't need a thing to lose control,
For everybody else, there's alcohol.

While dinner guests were guzzling and were gobbling,
While kisses were extended past the lips,
While dancing was descending into wobbling
And aimless, vague gyrations of the hips,

While conversation was reduced to squabbling,
The piece of fruit rolled in like an eclipse:
Despite not bringing much by way of light,
It somehow still electrified the night.

The apple rudely tumbled into view
Before succumbing slowly to a halt,
It wasn't seen by everyone, it's true,
But those who saw were given quite the jolt,
The guests that didn't, though, were left askew,
One even asking loudly, 'Pass the salt.'
But not a single canister was handed,
All turning to the apple that had landed.

At any party, every glance is armed,
Prepared to shoot towards the entrance door
In case there's someone who might leave them charmed
And smitten, desperate for a little more.
So guests were quite alert but not alarmed
When something gold and crunchy reached the floor,
They all ran forward, willing to conform,
A group of eager fruit flies in a swarm.

Although it was for Peleus and Thetis,
Do not forget that Zeus was party host—
The role in which one's reputation teeters
Precariously until both doors are closed,
So Zeus rushed over, ran a hundred metres,
At speed of which Usain Bolt cannot boast,
And grabbed the apple, holding it aloft,
And read the words out in a voice not soft:

'For the fairest,' declared the fruit of gold.
Now, 'fair,' back in those days, meant something else,
Not skin on which the sun retains a hold
So strong it gives it giant, joined-up welts,
Not a demeanour well set in the mould
Of justice, lashing criminals with belts,
No, fair meant 'beautiful' in words archaic;
Outdated, but at least not too prosaic.

Once these three words were (rather loudly) spoken,
The men stepped back, the women all stepped nearer,
Their egos simultaneously awoken,
Each briefly thinking it could not be clearer
That *they* were most deserving of the token.
That's what they thought until they each saw Hera
Aphrodite, and last of all, Athena,
Three podium-placers, all in the arena.

The other goddesses weren't fair enough
To beat these paragons of female beauty
Whose visual splendour none could rise above.
No onlooker was so dumb to refute the
Credentials of the goddesses of love,
Marriage, and wisdom, each well equipped for duty.
Although it's nice to think you have a shot,
It's better still to know when you do not.

The fruit, still held by Zeus, was out of reach,
This much was tested by the trio fair;
An arm was thrust towards the prize by each
Goddess left clutching at the empty air,
And taking turns to brazenly beseech
The god of thunder with a holy prayer.
But Zeus, for once, was lacking in conviction,
And bore the face of one in deep affliction.

Zeus knew that any judge that's deemed too harsh'll
Be prosecuted too—he'd learnt from life.
So what he needed now was a court martial
To make the call and take the later strife,
For even thunderous gods can't be impartial
When one of the contestants is *his wife*.
That's right, to Hera's heart his own was vowed,
So Zeus as judge was surely not allowed.

To Hera, though, worse things than nepotism
Could torment that sublime, Olympic peak,
Like transformations, lust, or atheism,
And vices of which mortals cannot speak,
So Hera, now consumed by egotism,
Suggested Zeus *should* manage the critique.
But he refused, for Zeus was far too clever,
He didn't want to hear of this forever.

He said, 'Although this fruit it's I who wields,
Think I do not that this call I should make,
For onslaughts subsequent I've not the shields
Myself to guard from those two hearts I'd break.
Outsource the court I shall to shepherd's fields,
A lad shall judge whose words we'll trust to take.'
And Zeus allowed this transfer to arrest
His sermon on the Mount Olympus crest.

An uproar ran throughout the jumpy crowd,
In doubt that any boy was qualified
To judge which goddess was most well endowed—

Why trust in so inadequate a guide?
With these objections everyone was loud
And offering him their help until Zeus cried,
'Ask you I to refrain from roaring clamorous!
Sufficiently this shepherd prince is amorous.'

Indeed, he *was* a prince, Paris his name,
The character that stands eponymous
Within these stanzas, with a decent claim
To being thought of as synonymous
With legends equal in their loving aim
And in not being too monogamous:
Don Juan and Casanova can't be missed;
Indeed, most Greek gods also make this list.

Young Paris had spent all day with the sheep,
For though he was a prince, they kept him low
By giving him a flock of wool to keep,
How he found time for women we can't know,
But at this moment he was fast asleep,
Until, that is, the contest came below
And woke him up, disturbing Paris's slumber.
Some goddesses approached him—three in number.

Bizarrely, Paris didn't even blink,
Well, no more than he would have anyway,
Apparently he'd give no extra wink
Of wonder at such beauty come to stay,
Or maybe sleep had dulled his skill to think,
His disbelief too obvious to convey.
So, groggily, he stood to introduce
Himself to these three women, and to Zeus.

But it was Zeus that spoke a sentence first
To show himself to be in full command:
'Young Paris, lo, ear up, fear not the worst,
A judging panel need I to be manned,
Decision this is one that's not reversed,
Your sake I hope for that you'll understand.
Boy, please for me adjudicate the heiress
To whom a prize should go that's 'For the fairest.'

Not unlike when Judas Iscariot kissed
The Son of God, Zeus gave Paris his backing,
And thrust the apple into the boy's fist
Who couldn't help but feel a little lacking,
Then Zeus, not caring that he might be missed,
Leapt into the air, sending himself packing,
And leaving Paris wondering silently,

'My God, O why hast thou forsaken me?'

But everything's a matter of perspective,
And Paris soon could see that he'd been blessed:
For now he had the chance to act elective
For three exquisite women scantily dressed.
How anyone could be two-thirds rejective
In such a contest he could not have guessed.
Perhaps *he* coined the cliché for beginners,
The one that tells the entrants, 'You're *all* winners!'

He sat down, ready to deliberate,
His eager head well pillowed by a tree.
The honour of determining their fate
Had not escaped him, flooding him with glee,
For while the gods deserved respect innate
It always seemed a tad obligatory;
Now it was *he* who held the iron rod,
Now it was *he* who acted as *their* god.

The goddesses all recognized the chasm
Between divinity and the young prince's
Susceptibility to pallid spasm,
That movement that conclusively evinces
Man's man-ness, despite our enthusiasm
To think we can avoid those deathly pincers,
Which come alike for gentleman and ladies
To take us to that keen collector, Hades.

Each goddess also knew that being tempted
Has always brought our human minds great joy,
And Paris couldn't claim to be exempted
From any urge that plays man like a toy;
They knew all this, aware that when attempted,
Seduction's even easier on a boy
Of twenty, for his age and gender falls
As totally as later Trojan walls.

In short, each woman thought she'd grab the win
And that it wouldn't take more than a second.
Paris announced, 'Well, ladies, let's begin!'
And with a flourish of the hand he beckoned
For all three to approach, stifling a grin,
Bewildered still that Zeus had ever reckoned
A shepherd suitable for this election,
Although he certainly had no objection.

And with that sigh that dawns the working day,
He started to perform his holy duty,

Examining the goddesses' display,
Evaluating each attempt at beauty,
And this he tried to do in such a way
That looked as if he did all this astutely.
For Paris was one of many adherents
To the idea that work's shown in appearance.

He stared at each of them, entranced in thought,
Considering which one deserved the prize—
That golden apple upwards tossed and caught
Repeatedly before their yearning eyes,
No closer yet to knowing which one ought
To take the fruit that gives this story rise.
And while he wondered, Paris coined a plan
That could be dreamed up only by a man.

Since Zeus had passed the magisterial throne
To Paris, in the thought it might prove grueling,
The shepherd would be judging on his own;
There was no chance of any overruling.
Paris resolved to set the contest's tone,
Though he would have to stop himself from drooling.
So, as he knew to not judge books by covers,
He said 'Reveal what you reveal to lovers.'

Before you judge them (Paris does that—please!)
By how each goddess fails at comprehension,
Consider misinterpretation's ease:
Instructors never have the time to mention
Every detail—orders are amputees
Whose missing limbs don't draw enough attention.
What Paris said to them was far too hazy
So each goddess stared back like he was crazy.

Yes, what he said, 'Reveal what you reveal
To lovers,' was too easily misconstrued;
He'd meant them to remove the chastening seal
Of clothing from their bodies, and be nude.
But they thought his request was more genteel
(Yet, for the context, still a little rude).
For Paris, here, was about to discover
That there are many things one shows one's lover.

Including, although not limited to,
Bad habits, family, secrets—each of these
You'll share with anyone that's dating you,
And though they're sooner shared than a striptease,
They've definitely still got a high value.
So though these things are minor privacies,

The goddesses weren't eager to embarrass
Themselves by even sharing these with Paris.

The female trio was, at once, aghast,
Voicing their horror as a Gothic choir,
Believing that the shepherd had trespassed
On certain rights his role could not acquire
(Remember that this story's from the past,
When privacy was thought of to be higher).
But none desired to be considered less,
And thus, attempted each to acquiesce.

So Hera went first: her interpretation
Of the young princely shepherd's bold demand
Was that he'd asked her for an invitation—
She didn't even nearly understand.
He sought, she thought, a private visitation
With Hera's family, to meet them firsthand.
And once you read again what Paris said
She seems a lot less funny in the head.

So as Hera began to organise
A time for Paris to depart the earth,
Ascend, meet Zeus and all the little guys
And girls to whom the pair had given birth,
The other two were silent in surprise
Until they both gave way to waves of mirth.
But Hera couldn't grasp their cheerful song,
Still unaware that what she'd said was wrong.

But Aphrodite and Athena too
Had misread what the shepherd prince had meant;
Athena thought *bad habits* are what you
Reveal to lovers, someone Cupid-sent.
While Aphrodite, confident she knew,
Thought secret-telling was his real intent.
And both of them mistakenly unmasked
Their answers to a question no-one asked.

Athena answered, 'My habit is bad:
I leave a room and often leave the light on.'
Here, Aphrodite asked, 'Have you gone mad?'
Then whispered to Paris. 'You heard of Triton?'
Well, he's become Athena's foster dad;
Now there's a secret destined to enlighten!
Each goddess smiled, thinking to her delight
She was the only one who answered right.

The prince stared back at them—time to correct the

Mistake at once, and straighten out this debate.
When *everyone* responds *so* incorrectly,
But thinks their bungled answer to be top-rate,
It's then you know to ask it more directly—
The prince's wisdom gained a new update.
He tried again: 'Actually, my request
Was for the three of you to get undressed.'

'The face, I *will* admit, is beauty's heart,
But no heart ever beat in solitude;
The body is community—each part
Contributes to a shared exactitude,
And if I'm to assess you works of art,
Your content, unabridged, must be reviewed.
I hope you've all been kept in good condition,
For let's begin the second exhibition!'

By this point, stocks of rage were getting low;
The three had just depleted all their ire.
Desiring just to get on with the show,
Not questioning if judges *should* require
A bodily uncovering to know
Which lucky candidate should finish higher,
The godly trio shed the clothes they wore
And let their gowns embrace the earthly floor.

Historically, here in the narrative
Should be the point with which you're most acquainted;
This simultaneous stripping scene would give
Artists the chance, without their stature tainted,
To let their load of lustful lechery live,
And, hence, it was the one they always painted.
What subject matter's more often composed
Than female forms, indulgently exposed?

And who exposed the three with greatest skill?
Enrique Simonet, 1904.
So if you'd rather something visual,
If all these words don't do it anymore,
Depart, be gone from here, and let the will
Attain, for once, the thing it's hungered for.
A picture claims to speak for many a rhyme,
So find yourself an image—save some time.

While Paris gazed at nakedness revealed,
The goddesses unbound just stood, adjacent
To each other, emotions kept concealed,
Yet, underneath, a tiredness was nascent,
Unnerved by so much time spent in this field,

Not quite Olympus, growing quite impatient.
Athena, she of wisdom, thought a gift
Might cause the shepherd prince's view to lift.

Now, she was also the goddess of war,
So as a poet gifts his lines to friends;
And hunters gift their freshest, fattest, boar;
And fashionistas share the latest trends;
And each of all identities galore
Distribute that to which their heart extends;
Athena plunged into her present coffers
And only found combat-related offers.

Being past the time for being surreptitious,
Athena got the bidding underway
And blurted out, 'Prince, tell me what your wish is!
I'll make you powerful; you'll save the day
In any war you fight; you'll be propitious,
And, lying dying, enemies will say,
"Curse whenever that boy who tended sheep
Heard Athena," before their endless sleep.'

The eyes of Paris widened. 'That sounds nice,'
He said. 'It's usually Hector, my brother,
That brings about the enemies' demise
And wins the praises of our doting mother.
Yet, maybe something different will entice
Me to award the apple to another.'
And, glancing to Aphrodite and Hera
Gave them a chance to offer something dearer.

Hera spoke first, perhaps with too much haste,
For maybe going last was beneficial,
But eyeing Aphrodite, verbally raced
Her holy foe and ended up initial,
Employing every shred of her good taste
To offer a position more official:
Something to satisfy all men's demands,
Specifically, High King of all the lands.

For Hera's argument went much like this:
'Two kinds of power exist upon the earth;
That of soldiers—immediately dismiss.
Though rugged, strong, they still retain a dearth,
And like the rest, succumb to the abyss
Regardless of their former warring worth.
Yet, death for kings is far more optional
When living as a statue's possible.'

As Aphrodite listened, thought took hold.
The prince was just like any other male—
If power was on offer, he was sold.
And yet, there had to be another sale
To bring this goddess back into the fold.
Aha! She had it, one that wouldn't fail:
She would appeal to that which rendered him an
Excellent judge, for he was fond of women.

Aphrodite perceived the need for a speech.
'O shepherd, prince, fair judge,' thus she began,
'My two competitors have tried to reach
As high as they thought any deity can,
But you and I know their cheap gifts don't breach
Whatever it is that holds you as a man.
Power? Kingdoms? My friends have never learned
That there's *one* thing for which *those* things are spurned.'

'Of course I speak of her from whom a glance
Is all it takes for hearts of sternest stuff
To tremble in a most affected dance,
And make the world seem just not quite enough
To any man who thinks he has a chance
To tempt her heart to wander into love:
The one for any prince or any felon,
The one all men allow is fairest: Helen.'

As Paris heard this final word he fell,
Becoming well acquainted with the dust,
His heart attained a rip amid its swell,
Its restoration needing love or lust
(The gulf between the two he couldn't tell).
To be the home of Helen's heart he must,
For stories of her beauty travelled widely,
And now he had the chance to make her bridely.

But in a crucial instance of forgetting
(The excuse that only satisfies the self),
The moment Hector would never be letting
Paris forget while both enjoyed good health,
The shepherd forgot that he would be getting
A wife already wed to someone else.
A lesson was coming: to take a queen
Is not so easily performed unseen.

As Aphrodite witnessed his reaction,
She couldn't help but pump a holy fist;
She was aware that her proposed transaction
Would take her to the top of Paris's list.

And, eager not to waste a second's fraction,
In case his judgment didn't quite persist,
She lifted Paris up, she kissed his face,
And thanked the shepherd prince for her First Place.

Then suddenly (like just after the Fall),
The goddesses remembered they were nude,
Still wondering why they'd had to take off all
Their clothes to have their beauty be reviewed.
A mason walking past gave a catcall,
And worsened everything by being rude.
So Hera swore that Zeus, who always heard her,
Would get the mason back in vengeful murder.

They swept their gleaming robes up from the ground,
Restoring them atop their noble frames.
Now, having lost, Athena and Hera found
No more continuation in their aims,
Nor any reason why they'd stick around
Now Aphrodite had eclipsed their claims.
Unburdened by the losers' moral grapple,
Neither stayed back to see her get the apple.

That piece of fruit was soon within the clutches
Of that goddess who read the boy's desires,
While arguably she offered not as much as
The other two, she knew that to his eyes
A sumptuous jewel of female beauty, such as
Helen of Greece, would be the fitting prize:
Men have the power, but only want the girls,
And this is how all history unfurls.

In years a few, the famous Walls of Troy
Would soon experience their debut breach,
As Helen's former husband would deploy
Millions of soldiers to the Trojan beach;
Civilisations fall like any boy
Might fall for women in or out of reach.
And Helen, being married, was the latter,
The rest of the story is another matter.