

THE ORACLE

Time moves in spirals,
we are flotsam on Time's sea.
Time moves in spirals
and repeats its tragedies.

This story is about two boys,
separated by centuries,
parted by myth,
divided by reality.

Two boys hoping to be men.
Two boys severed from their fathers.
Two boys searching a maze of manhood.

One in Ancient Greece
from a time of Magic and Mythos.
One in modern London,
a city of delusion and gloss.

I am the Oracle,
your thread through this maze
as two boys start their journeys.
No step will escape my gaze.

Let me hold your hand
through these dark and winding lands.
Let us discover together
what it means to be a man.