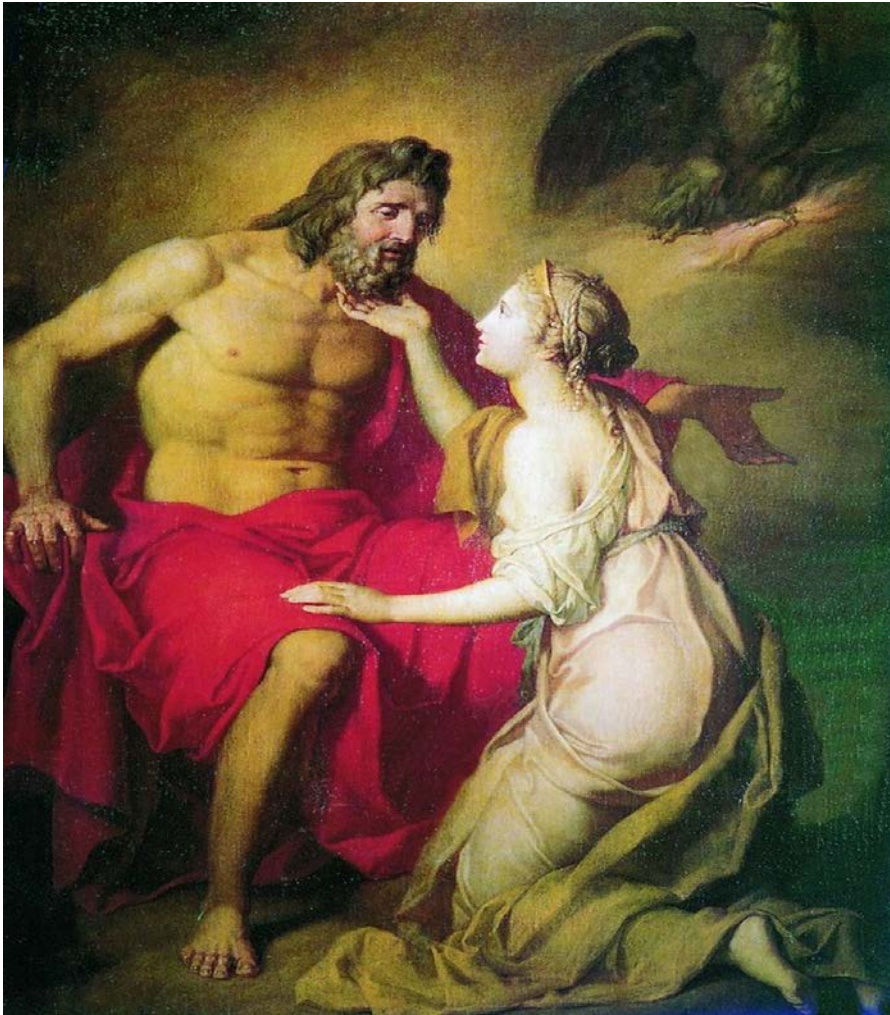




Zeus and Thetis

Stronger than Zeus is the mighty Fate.
The fire of destruction is clutched
By the bird of a fearful prophecy.
Its wing casts shade on this scene.
This is a moment of defeated, powerless Zeus –
A tragedy of God.
She is Goddess herself and young.
She kneels in front of her beloved,
Her gown slipped down,
Her maiden breast bare,
Her shoulder exposed.
Up towards him – the face brimming with trust;
Up towards him – the wide open eyes.
The glistening beauty of her flesh
Brings light to this scene.
Touching his chin softly,
She seeks the encounter of eyes.
But God's palm turned upwards raises a question
That absorbs him completely.
Inward are looking the eyes of Zeus.
There, in disbelief, he already sees
The futile splendor of her wedding,
The unavoidable rumbling of golden apple,
The great human lie about causes of wars –
And The Shield of Achilles.

Zeus and Thetis by Anton Losenko, 1769., Oil on canvas. State Russian Museum, St. Petersburg.