



# **Competition for students at King's College London**

Creative writing on the Parthenon Galleries in the  
British Museum, inspired by audio description

2024

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Booklet designed by Dr Ellen Adams, King's College London

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<https://mansil.uk/kcl-competition-2024>

**Organised by:**

Ellen Adams, Reader in Classical Archaeology and Liberal Arts, King's College London

**Panel of judges:**

Thomas Harrison, Keeper of Greece and Rome, British Museum

Sarah Howe, Lecturer in Poetry, King's College London

Jonny Marshall, Royal National Institute for the Blind

Jaime Prada, Equality, Diversity and Inclusion Manager, British Museum

Will Wootton, Reader in Roman Art, King's College London

## Introduction

A standard line in essay feedback is to complement the information gathered but then to comment that it is 'rather more descriptive than analytical'. Academia rewards analysis, the marshalling of facts into the order of an argument. While agreeing that this skill is key, I sometimes wonder whether rich description is undervalued; it is, after all, appreciated in most media and prized as an entertainment and educational tool when delivered well. There is even a field of study dedicated to the vivid, verbal translation of the visual and sensory – *ekphrasis*. A practice-led form of this kind of translation occurs in audio description (AD), provided for blind and partially blind people in live performance (theatre and dance), film, and museums.

My research project investigates how museum access programmes for people with sensory impairments facilitate different ways of seeing and sensing artworks and objects, including AD and touch tours for blind people, and British Sign Language tours for Deaf people (see [www.mansil.uk](http://www.mansil.uk) for more details). AD is a creative form of spoken language, seen as intermodal translation. It can be set against creative poetry and prose, as in the [Many Lives of a Snake Goddess](#) project (with Nicoletta Momigliano and Christine Morris), to consider how these different genres shaped our responses to these figurines. This pressing pause to facilitate 'slow looking' at the objects allows so many depths and layers to emerge.

It was a wonderful opportunity to run a competition for students at King's College London to produce an AD or piece of creative writing based on the Parthenon Galleries at the British Museum. Some [guidance](#) was given on AD, writing about art, and the Parthenon sculptures, but students were encouraged to produce personal responses to their experiences of the sculptures.

Some of the participants agreed to contribute to this booklet. I find this collection a fascinating mix of description and imagination, history and contemporary relevance. Participants have blended soaring inventiveness with close detail to great effect, whether in poetry or prose. The description not only reflects the materiality, but also stimulates the mind. Many thanks to all involved in this project, particularly those contributing to this booklet.

**South Metope XXXI**

It sits quietly in a near perfect square. Where once lines would meet in a delicate straight edge now lies the product of erosion and decay. The form still recognisable - now softer where time has cut away. The panel's highest corners are missing, the tips prised away from the facade where they once sat proudly on the Parthenon's south face. In another time, the frame would lie alongside its fellows, dancing atop the mighty marble columns, singing to those who walked below. Now it sits stark against the wall - not alone, yet fixed apart from its attachments, fractured to serve its own protection and preserved against the glare of the sun it used to bask beneath.

It sits a dull white - just beyond a square metre of peerless marble. Its once bright colours now replaced with a chalky paleness, the white streaked with dull powdery lines marking two outlines, who sit alone against the background, blank save for the bar which runs along its peak, waiting to join the other squares from which it has been torn.

A pair of figures emerge from the stone, their form cut carefully to give the impression of flesh turned to stone. From the left runs a rippling beast, the chest of a man sprouts from the abdomen of a horse as the centaur rears towards its enemy. White hair sweeps over the white marble ground as its tail swishes against its stalwart hind legs. A missing hind foot fails to hinder the powerful stance of the man it struggles against. The two forever locked together as they wrestle for control of the panel.

The centaur's right arm is lost as it is swung back in a crippling arc. A clean break and an empty wound are all that's left of its once frightening fist, the arm's gaping hole the only dark blemish upon the ancient imagining. The left arm still survives, held firm against the lapith's throat found in its grasp. Muscles ripple from its wrist and weave about the centaur's chest, firmer still than the stone portrays. The same stiff, waving hair cascades over the beast's shoulders, it curls

about the centaur's stoney features, and joins the immaculate flow of its pale beard like waves across its face. Its features sit amongst the tide of hair. Its eyes are blank, washed over with rage and a thirst for its foe's submission.

On the right-hand side of the metope, the lapith is locked in its embrace. Wrestling with the half-man, his right fist reaches forward to strike its sturdy cheek, the hand at his own throat forgotten as he drives towards his assailant. An arm of his own has been lost to the battle that has cost both of them more than the simple passing of two millennia. Like a dancer, he perches on one outstretched foot, his balance matched by the stone's steadiness, his god-like form made for battle. His right leg heaves towards the beast, entwined with the front hooves, the wrestlers become one tangled form as they jostle for a dominance each knows is unattainable.

Regardless of the pitiful eternity of their war, neither ceases in his struggle. Determination is wrought across the man's face, shaven and clean cut to mark him from the brutality of his attacker. His face cast in a defiant image of neutrality, his perilous resistance to demonstrate even the slightest grimace or quiver.

Despite the thousands of years of combat, neither gives an inch, preferring instead to remain locked together, their gaze fixed upon the eyes of the other, a grappling tangle for the crowds who wander past. Amidst the rage and bitterness sits an empty thanks, for without the other, each is alone.

Two figures carved from a bright stone adorn a wall they do not know. At least they may fight on, echoes of a time long past; their softened forms do not wither as they wrangle and box, determined to brawl for each new generation.

## **Mia Jones (second prize)**

### **East Pediment L and M**

Tell me, O Muse, about a mother and daughter, tell me about their journey into creation, and how they oversaw the city of Athens from their rooftop, and where they went when their duty of overlooking was taken away. Tell me about their journey over the seas, and where they ended up. Tell me, O Muse about their journey from the workshop, to the Parthenon, to the long, crowded hall. Find the beginning.

They began as limestone, metamorphosed into marble in extreme heat, but that wasn't them, not really. They began to take shape in the 5th century BCE, when they became themselves, with limbs, faces, and touches. They became themselves at the hands of a sculptor, meticulously chipping away at the solid, giving their robes the appearance of silk. Did he think of his own mother when he carved the stone? Or his own wife and daughter? I'd like to think he did.

They once looked over Athens. The mother and daughter sat, kissed by sunlight, as close to the heavens as they could ever be. In the clouds, Olympus just out of their grasp. They saw the plagues, the end of the Peloponnesian War, Alexander the Great, Athens burning. They saw the Romans, Ottomans, and were hurt by the Venetians. They did not see an independent Greece.

They felt the waves beneath them, on their odyssey along the Mediterranean at the hands of an imperial collector, after whom they would be named. Aphrodite and Dione become a part of the Elgin Marbles; but with their faces destroyed by man's violence, they would not hear this. With their faces destroyed by man's violence, they would not see the inside of this boat. They held each other tightly as they braved the waters near Sicily, Morocco, Napoleonic Spain, Portugal, up across the Atlantic.

There is an effort to bring them back home, but they cannot hear it. They were taken by a father of six daughters. Was he thinking of them when he ripped them away? Did he think of his wife when he defaced those walls? Or did he think of the glory? The money he hoped he'd make? Did he think his name would be celebrated in the history books, rather than next to the words 'plunder', and 'theft'?

They are in front of you, but they do not see you. Their marble clothes blend into one; one tender form. They are peaceful, ignoring the chaos around them; the tour groups, the school trips, they cannot see them. They see nothing, sense nothing but each other's hold.

There is a mother and daughter next to you. They've been standing there as long as you have. They've read the label over and over again, but they do not say a word. They see themselves in the stone. They are entirely still, in the midst of wanderers. They see love in every glister, their own tenderness in every fold of marble fabric kissed by artificial light. It reminds them of Sunday mornings, reclining in dressing gowns watching boxset reruns, talking about nothing. There are fresh flowers on the windowsill. They are safe, they are loved. The daughter will reach to hold her mother's hand, and they will move on; to the fates, to the swords, to the mummies. They will look back as they leave, to see themselves from a different angle one last time.



## Edward Parr (third prize)

### The Gallery

Time has eaten them. The stone shines through and consumes them whole. To see these sculptures not as broken fragments of a larger structure, but as if their final forms sit before us entirely as the artist intended is to encounter bodies once modelled on living tissue, withered by time, now appearing grotesquely mutilated. Decapitated women lie prostrate, handless arms raised as if to shield themselves from an engulfing fate; motion is frozen in the horror of eternal corporeal torment – the severed head of a horse, coppola-esque, mounted on a stone pillar. Byron's call to 'survey this vacant, violated fane' of 'thy hapless bosom gored' rings true, regardless of where these statues are housed.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps due to the inevitable difficulties of exhibiting fragmented artefacts, the unavoidably grisly descriptions which occasionally appear in the exhibition's labels, i.e. 'This arm partially covered with drapery belongs to the messenger goddess Iris. Her torso is displayed in room 18 next door', are not without their ironies: Hermes's feet, too, are displayed in a different gallery from his 'much-battered torso'.

Up close, the pale, waxy, haze of the marble, with its strangely skin-like mottling, seems to overtake the carved forms. In the most damaged artefacts, the struggle to discern the craftsmen's work from the natural contour of the rock sends the eye oscillating between patterns of sweeping lines and edges, chance and intention. In the warped surface of battered stone, a pale hand emerges, gripping a sheet of light cloth which hangs loosely as it falls, melting into the surface of the bone white marble. It is in these preserved moments of isolation, where the smallest details remain contrasted against the naked rock, that the staggering mastery of technique is at its most striking. The sheer brilliance of the craftsmanship is undeniable. The delicate sinews of a horse's leg, a long vein running up the side, appear as if frozen in a moment of surging blood and heat. In the more complete metopes men and centaurs lock limbs, entwining together in the seething throes of a rigid death grip, their forms displaying an anatomical accuracy of the purest sculptural mimetic aesthetic. Urgency is everywhere, as if those calloused hands that so patiently hued shards of white marble into dust in violent dialectics with a material formed by darkness and myth asserted their mark onto a deeper time: 'Remember me – here I

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<sup>1</sup> George Gordon Byron, *The Curse of Minerva*, (1811) L99. ; *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812) Canto 2, XV, L8.

am'. But that's precisely what one would think, gazing now at accumulated artefacts positioned in a museum built to reify history in an architectural style thousands of years its predecessor.

The museum was built in the classical Greek Revival style of the 1800s. The great columns seem otherworldly, almost organic in their splendour, exuding a kind of silent domination, a muted power. If, as Plato claimed, 'the art of representation is something that has no serious value' then the comparison of these thick, rippled stems of cut stone to, say, the redwoods of California would be unhelpful at best.<sup>2</sup> At worst, you may now be imagining a museum facade strangely hybridised; erect sequoioideae twisting into the crumbling entablature – a vision of the future maybe, when the ruins of the building are finally re-claimed by the organic. For now, children duck and weave under the shade of the columns, their shrieks echoing upwards.

For cultural critic Walter Benjamin, any reproduction of a work of art inherently lacks the 'aura' of the original: the unique 'presence in time and space' which radiates from the object.<sup>3</sup> To stand before the milky, pupil-less eyes of Dionysus, carved over two thousand years ago, is to feel the subaural thrum of deep time; an eerie sensation of invisible hands working from stone the face of a living god, the resonance of which remains imprinted in the body of the rock before you. This is one kind of 'aura', un-reproducible only in that it depends almost entirely on the small placard of white plastic set beneath each artefact, the neat typeface unobtrusively positioned, the black text meticulously spaced. Respectfully presented, the format of the in-house style is rigorously observed: steadfast Roman numerals for the artefact, Arabic for the gallery numbers. Capitalisations and parentheses hold the information together in a comforting uniformity, signifying expanding levels of classification. Like flesh pickled in brine, the medical precision of the little labels imposes another systemic layer in the history of humankind's innate compulsion to categorise. To observe the statues is to see trace layers of imposed religious and ideological order:

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<sup>2</sup> Plato, *The Republic*, Part X, 602b.

<sup>3</sup> Walter Benjamin, *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction* (London: Penguin, 2008)

Optic nerve  
Museum  
Greek Independence  
Collector  
Venetian imperialism  
Sunni Islam  
Christian crusade  
Heruli muscle  
Delian confederacy  
Hand on stone

Thoughts of the corporeal naturally draw my eye to the crowds around me. A young girl sits in a deep squat, head at an angle, a vague and placid boredom on her face as she gazes upwards in the misty glow of the stone. An obnoxious booming voice mixed far too high in the background hum jerks my ear toward the scarlet face of a stout, grey haired man on the eve of late middle age. My line of sight is soon broken by a jacket of black leather moving slowly in the opposite direction on long, sunburnt legs. Gazing down from their plinths these marble traces of Great Apes – Homo sapiens – betray all of our aggression, sexual drives, will to power, desire to protect, envy; a record of our hierarchies, systems of power, domination, our faith, and our endless, endless narcissism.

Figures of women, in the bloom of youth, walk together carrying vessels and cloth. Young men press their heels into the soft sides of their bucking mounts. Reluctant heifers are led with taught ropes clasped by straining knuckles. The procession of Athenians in each panel, resplendent in their youth and vitality, moves always onwards. But to where? From the end of the gallery no individual is discernible from the throng of bodies. Seen as a whole, the frieze appears a mass of bubbling patterns: an umbilical cord.

## **Amabel Smith (special mention)**

### **The Birth of Athena**

The love of a God is not a force to be sung;  
Like a mighty warrior, it strikes to kill.  
You fell victim to a blade that thirsted for blood,  
As you ached and you pined for her heart!  
But she was cursed by a prophecy, sealed by fate,  
Her offspring would conquer your rule.  
You spiralled in fear, yet still longed for her touch,  
Until longing turned to hunger, fierce and strong.  
Her face you kissed first as your cheeks turned to red,  
Skin to skin, you devoured her sweet nectar.  
She blighted your name, it wailed through the wind,  
Until the end of your last embrace.  
Did the fire of her rage burn your cruel tongue?  
Was her heart as sweet as you thought?  
Now you've eaten your fill and stretched out your limbs,  
Her scent is still haunting the air.  
She is tied to you always, her body is yours,  
And how her blood makes your heart beat with vigour!  
But a woman's anger is undying, never truly erased,  
And that stain on your teeth does not lie.  
A part of her remains, too tough for digestion,  
Your stomach churns as you feel me grow.  
Imprisoned I may be, but I shall climb this bony cage.  
Hear my voice! Father, can you hear?

I reach the peak, I build a bed of your thoughts,  
Folding your dreams to rest my young head.  
I crave your attention, let me binge on your love,  
On your skull do my little fists pound.  
I bombard, I attack, then I lick my fingers clean,  
Are you sick, father? Are you pained?  
Your flesh, your blood, it is no longer yours to keep,  
For your sins, I will have you repent.  
You fed of me once, but now I feed of you,  
And how tender your lovely limbs are!  
Your divinity burns and rages through my veins,  
Every libation enriches me further.  
I am the laurel crown that adorns you with pride,  
Day by day, new leaves sprout, branches thicken.  
They slice open your flesh to find blood running cold,  
Mouth open, I am ready to feast.  
Then one day, as I lie full, I see celestial light  
I hear the bones of my cage start to shatter,  
My eyes, they are blinded and tears start to stream,  
As a face spies my bloody visage.  
'By Zeus!' she cries, thunder piercing the sky,  
And grabs hold of my glistening armour.  
I am dragged from my post to find a world filled with splendour,  
You examine my stature in awe.  
An immortal is born, with vigour and might,  
Athena, god of wisdom and war.

## **Ruxandra Toma (special mention)**

### **Internal hermeneutics**

I enter expecting an objective history

But the room displays my egó.

It knows all of my forms -

From times gone by,

From times to come,

To now.

It shows me with all my achievements,

My losses,

And my scarring decisions.

I was carved by others

In the name of Wisdom and Goodness

With the purpose to exist, to endure, and to survive -

ego sum illo tempore.

Pardon my Word,

I've skipped a few ages -

I gaze

Frame by frame

At all these lives

To find myself

In the Procession, carrying the nectar that will suspend mortality,  
In the Frieze, being blazed because of someone else's mistake and lack of  
foresight  
(Athena would be disappointed by this lack of *metis* on my part),  
In the Metopes, losing my limbs to Lust, Debauchery, and Gluttony,  
On the Pediments, noticing from afar the much-battered body of my now-  
motionless herald.

I can't move or touch the shallow drapery that others put on me.  
I don't have a say in how I am moulded when I am spoken into existence.  
I am conditioned to watch myself -  
Until you come and take my place...  
How deus ex machina of you.

Heraclitus was right -  
"For wisdom, listen not to me but to the Word, and know that all is one."<sup>4</sup>

In our case,  
For wisdom, we must listen to the Room  
Because it shows all our achievements,  
Our losses,  
And our scarring decisions.

This is our dowry to history.

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<sup>4</sup> Heraclitus, *Fragments*, fragment 50.

**Ruxandra Toma (special mention)**

### **Refined thoughts on some sneering emotions**

The first time I came here was to meet up with a friend. It would have been more cultured of me to pay attention to the artefacts and their story, but I was more interested in my friend's laughter and charismatic nature.

The second time I came here it was for an early viewing, after sleeping for 4 hours and a rushed commute through the London underground.

This is my third time... I'm hoping to invoke the gods for some guidance in this man-made temple. It's interesting to look at other people's reactions to the nicked and ground marble onto which millennial stories were projected.

I love the statues. In my eyes they're honest. I love how liquid, forceful, and naive they are. I love the fact that so much time passed since they were made that they almost seem devoid of any human participation. Neither natural wonders nor human inventions - just proof of a reified imagination.

I want to play a little game. I'll be someone who has no fear of an intellectual faux pas.

I look around and project onto the walls a collection of shattered identities that are reminiscent of different stages of an individual's metamorphosis: you lose your first face when you grow up and cannot sustain consistency; you lose yourself by becoming a mounted tapestry because of the compromises that you have to make to be accepted by others (yes, Foucault, I hear you... epimeleia heautou and all that jazz... or is it something else? I might have skipped that class).

I'm switching characters. I feel how haunting it is to look at a work of art made out of a material that is similar to bone, in gradience and coldness. By these standards, what's the point in keeping track of time - and even aspiring to win the game - when Mandelstam's *The Age* is the cautionary tale that keeps us humble?



I'm switching again. I'm looking at the crowd. Look at all these poses! Bless you, social media! You're wearing your happy face! However, I think it's amusing and inappropriate to show a peace sign in front of the remains of a duel between a Lapith and a Centaur. Socrates' fourth definition of beauty from *Hippias Major* (you know... beauty as appropriateness...) might look down on us for being so unaware of their rituals. Hey, social media! You're using orange earplugs to bring you closer to the story of this temple, but you're still lacking the touch of the Muses and their tunics. This place forced the gods into the spotlight, where every facet of their material being is exposed. But it's not enough - we're still denied (or we're denying) touch. Unless it's in room 18B, which doesn't count because it's not "authentic"; its artefacts have been coloured by those before me (I can see their mark at the base of the column).

I'm switching again (this one is condescending, just so you know). Let's talk about the survival of the temple, shall we? Were the 40 photos you took within the space of 10 minutes worth your 2-pound donation to the custodians and the adjacent personnel? Or are you leaving the survival of the GLAM sector to the pocket change of the über-rich? Good for you! You weren't its recipient anyway.

Tell me, Athena, was this game proof of my polymetis, or was it just an excuse to project my 21st-century rage onto your 5th-century BC sacred marks? If that is the case, strike me. My lack of belief in current times is showing. I think I could have been a good neighbour to Diogenes, but even he was more levelheaded than me.

Before coming here I read Greek philosophy, had a look through some contemporary retellings of ancient myths, and ate moussaka for dinner. I aspire to integrate nicely with Hermes' remains in the Western pediment, but I haven't been shaped by time and the violence of others enough to take my place amongst Athena's ruins.

**Caryatid**

At night, I stand there, cold and alone, nearly two thousand miles from my sisters. 1,989 miles, to be specific. I feel the ache for their embraces like the stone of my stomach, I feel the loneliness encompass my stoic figure, radiating from the top of my elegantly braided hair to the bottom of my sandaled feet.

I stare at the same wall, every second of every minute and every minute of every day. I can almost glimpse a sense of my reflection, perhaps I've stood here so long I'm imagining it. I can see my almond eyes and my broken nose and lips. I wasn't always broken, once I was beautiful. My stone drapery swoops and flutes around my figure, a symbol of the skill of my creator. God forbid it merely be a symbol of my beauty. My arms are lost, they end abruptly after my elbows, exposing the shiny marble of my interior. I can see my left knee bend slightly in front of my right, creating balances and contrasts in the way I hold myself. My peplos pools around my sandals, and I have been rid of all of my brightness, all of my colour. I have been changed, to fit the beauty ideals of the times, perhaps this is how I am most alike to a real woman.

The white marble of my skin emits the softest glow in the darkness of the museum room. Although my skin looks as soft as flesh, it is hard and unmalleable. The coldness of my physique only adds to the coldness I feel within, the stiffness of my stance mirrors my unmoving future. They argue, the people who gawk at me daily, about where I belong, where I deserve to be presented, and they all think themselves right. But only I, and my cousins in the room behind me, know. We know where we belong. We belong with our family, with my sisters, across the ocean and over countries, where we were born, we yearn to be returned.

Sometimes, I feel as if I hear them, in the room behind me. Calling to me, begging me to join them. I am separated from my cousins, I am not even allowed in the same room as them, I am outcast to a room by myself. Subject to the onslaught of people, but the way they observe me ranges.

You have those who pass me by, they do not care for me. Those who momentarily pause, read the plaque about me then continue. Those who view me for a while, noticing some detail in my hair or my attire. Then there is one, a young woman, perhaps how old I would be if I were real, who stops directly in front of me, she stands there for what feels an eternity, staring up at me, slowly walking around me, taking in every aspect of myself. She looks me in the eyes, as if she can see through

the marble and actually see me. Her eyes are heavy with a look I can never perceive. A fury, most definitely, a pity, a sense of awe perhaps. I enjoy when she visits the museum. I feel seen, I feel, in some way, understood. How could she understand me, alive but not living, for almost 3,000 years, torn away from all I've known only to be stuck in one place, seemingly forever.

I almost feel as if a single tear might finally well in my eye, I urge it to, just to release some of the pain I suffer. Of course, I cannot, I never have and never will be able to. I am forever imprisoned within this marble cage, not a column, not a person, not a woman, I am the sixth sister, the lost sister. I am the Caryatid.

### Parthenon Frieze Ekphrasis

She sits there, her face blank as she gazes at him. Slowly, as if not to frighten him, she draws the shawl over her, hiding in plain sight. She is regal. Her garments fall off her in a controlled waterfall. The man's gaze lingers on her as he leans back on his throne: a king in every right. The couple is completely immersed in one another, ignoring the festivities that dance around them. The goddess of rainbows, now standing colourless and bleak, fixes her hair, her face being cut off by time. The remnants of festivities were evident on the marble but now stood desolate and lifeless - a distant echo of the glory that they once were. The procession continues and I glimpse another life. I could hear the distant excited chatter echo across: the sound of laughter, the strumming of a lyre, shouting, the heavy footsteps as people lug baskets that are full of fruit in an array of colours. My heart stutters in my chest as I envision another figure glimpse up at the frieze in a land far away, the sun glimmering on coloured marble that kissed the sky - a marble that was closer to the gods. I imagine the warmth on my face and a brief burst of happiness explodes within me. It is fascinating to be in the presence of something so much older - to know how many other lives have glimpsed the same art, felt similar types of emotions only lived in worlds completely alien to ours. I often wondered what it would be like if the gods were still alive today. Would I be overpowered by the grandeur or simply amicably pleased by its aesthetic?

I turn my gaze. War rages around me - the polar opposite of the jovial procession. The marble burst into action as the horses gallop across. With grim determination the soldiers power on; the air was thick with the stench of war. I can almost taste the blood in my mouth. My heart begins to race and the techno music pulses in my ears. I could imagine the chaos ensuing around me: the yelps of the fallen soldiers, the clash of swords, the overpowering gallops pelting the ground. The roars of victory ring in my mind. I follow the horsemen and land in a clearing. Grandiose statues (old gods) glare down at me as the violence ensues around me. I watch futilely as a Lapith is seized by the neck by a centaur who suffers two tragic blows. I wince in sympathy for both figures. I look around and watch as remnants of humanity fall apart: disembodied bodies littering the museum in media res. A headless Athena looks upon the carnage, her expression forever

lost. I look away, no longer wanting to be surrounded by headless horsemen and angry goddesses, and speed walk back to the procession, feeling myself swallowed up in the excitement once again.

## The Frieze

*This metope was once in the collection of Count Choiseul Gouffier,  
French ambassador to Turkey.*

*A young Lapith is embraced by a Centaur.*

*The Lapith's missing right arm is brought up to resist the monster's advances, but,  
overall, the action is less violent here than in other metopes. Here, no weapons of  
war are visually employed.*

*The Lapith's head is in Athens.*

*The upper part of the relief is restored.*

## South Metope VI, British Museum

War cries echo  
When written in stone. At  
the beat of a drum, Soldiers  
march by—  
Red in the sand.

There is a song—  
A hell that is silent—  
Wanting to be freed,  
Taunting like so,

'Mind and heart;  
Body and soul,  
Ruthlessly ripped open.

Dove white, they once say, Dove  
white, you once were.

The flesh and blood  
Of a broken  
Nation parts  
In two:

One Native and One  
Acquired.'

Apathy, oblivious to what Was  
once a realm of Great warmth.

Golden chariots, cups of gold,  
Authenticity and might;  
Like the land,  
Its beautiful statue's torn:  
Murder has triumphed Over  
time.

