Atlas

However long it lasts,
Only Zeus knows for those who lose.
Lament your fate, lyrical and laconic,
Despair sits as you trudge.

Tritan's oceans crush down,
Hills, valleys, mountains and skyscrapers,
Earth's weight, Gaia’s child.

Wamble, wage through the cosmos,
Orient yourself to the solar system,
Rotations, revolutions, rennaissance.
Long endless seconds, years and millennia,
Days and a forever fluctuating moon.

Ultimate punishment, carried on your shoulders,
Pressing down eternally.