

Hera Speaks
By Agapi Stassinopoulos

I am hera,
The feminine of hero,
And I am indeed a heroine,
Married beyond my will.
My brother Zeus became a cuckoo
And hid under my arms.
I took pity on him, of course I did,
That is my nature, noble and benevolent.
I was content and happy till he came and ravished me.
He implored me, begged me, seduced me into marry-
ing him
To become queen of Olympus,
To sit on the golden throne next to him.
My pride is well-know,
I succumbed to the glory of ruling.
Three hundred years we mated,
We gloried under the canopy of love.
Then his wantonness arose.
He mated nymphs, goddesses and mortals.
I bore him three children –Ares, Hephaestus and
Hebe.
He bore his own,
Birthing Athena out of his own head.
He humiliated and dishonored me in every way he
could.
Our marriage was disavowed, my heart was broken.
I took revenge, my rage knew no end,
Till one day I left
And went home to Evia,
To live in solitude.
I took myself back intact,
And when I returned, I ruled in a whole new way
Because first I ruled myself.